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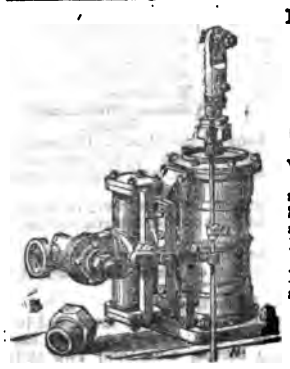

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REVIEWS.

"*Christmas comes but once a year*"—a jovial song—words by John Oxenford, Esq., music by M. W. Balfe. (Boosey and Sons).—A right "merrie carol," most appropriately designated a "jovial song," written in good homely vernacular of the olden stamp, with an exhilarating burthen at the end that might have been indited in the days of Queen Bess. The words are full of "Christmas," as the reader will own when he has devoured them with the same relish as ourselves:

Christmas comes but once a year,
Thus our fathers sung;
With their noisy, jovial cheer
Vaulted ceilings rung.
Boar's head and wassail bowl,
And loving mistletoe,
Joy'd the hearty Briton's soul
In winters long ago.
Christmas comes but once a year,
Hang the holly tree;
Thus our grandfather's sung,
When England was young,
And so sing we!

Wassail bowls no longer flow,
Bristly boars have fled,
Still the loving mistletoe
Dangles over head.
Deeply our fathers quaff'd,
When daintily we sip;
But like them we hail the draught
From beauty's rosy lip.
Christmas comes but once a year,
Hang the holly tree;
Thus our grandfathers sung,
When old England was young,
And so sing we!

Christmas comes but once a year,
Brief his joyous reign!
Shall we all assemble here,
When he comes again?
Some rise while others fall,
As moments swiftly flow,
Yet a living thing to all
Will be the mistletoe!
Christmas comes but once a year,
Hang the holly tree!
Thus our grandfathers sung,
When old England was young,
And so sing we!"

By such suggestive lyrics could Mr. Balfe fail to be inspired? The melody, in fact, smacks of the mistletoe and holly, and is as merry as a "Cricket on the Hearth." The whole song is a perfect "Christmas Carol."

"*Moore's National Airs*," with symphonies and accompaniments for the pianoforte, edited by Charles William Glover—No. 8. (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.)

The present number of this edition (the "People's") contains twelve songs, two or three of which, it will be seen, attained great popularity in their day. The set comprises "Those Evening Bells," "When Love was a Child," "See the dawn from Heav'n is breaking," "Oh! come to me when daylight sets," "Oh! days of youth and joy long clouded," "Who'll buy my Love-knots," "Farewell, Theresa," "Bring the bright garlands hither," "Go now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumbers," "When thro' the Piazetta," "Oh, no! not even when first we lov'd," and "The Bashful Lover." The work will be completed in ten numbers, so that the purchaser, for ten shillings, will become possessor of the entire collection of "Moore's National Melodies," which, if inferior in point of interest and merit to the "Irish Melodies," are at all events deserving of a place in every lady's Canterbury.

HANDEL'S "HERCULES."

(*Edition of the German Handel Society*, II. 1.*)

WHEN, last spring, the day came round on which, one hundred years previously, George Frederick Handel died, all classes of the German nation were penetrated with anxious fears as to the fate the future might have in store for them. Not that, on this account, they were forgetful of the debt of gratitude they owed the great master;—that they were not, the statue now erected in his native town of Halle bears witness—or that the day was passed over without being duly celebrated. No! from countless throats resounded those tunes which he has bequeathed, like some rich legacy, to us. But men's spirits were bad, their attention was distracted, and the festive sounds, as a necessary consequence, died away only half heard. We have not yet made the legacy, left us by Handel, so entirely our own as to know how to extract from it the utmost profit in every phase of life;—as to know how to derive from it the purest, noblest enjoyment in days of calm, as well as manly strength, combined with confidence, whatever may turn up, at periods of painful uncertainty.

Meanwhile, though, the project of publishing all Handel's creations, and thus naturalising them in the hearts of the people, has progressed bravely. The latter numbers of the work published by the Handel Society have proved beyond a doubt that the future of this worthy monument is assured. On the publication of the first volume, containing the oratorio of *Susanna*, a practised pen directed public attention to the importance of the undertaking as a whole, and threw out some hints for the conception and rendering of the above work, previously quite unknown to us. The other works for the first year were:—a volume of pianoforte music, part of which was already known in Germany, through an edition published by Peters, Leipsic, and the public performances of artists of repute; and, in addition to this, the pastoral of *Acis and Galatea*, into which Chrysander enters at length, at the end of the first volume of his Biography of Handel.

A third oratorical work—*Hercules* was issued, as the first instalment of the series for the second year, a few weeks since. There is hardly any other so well calculated to gain fresh ground for Handel's genius. If we look around the circle of those works of Handel, which are more or less known, we shall find none immediately near which, on account of the mere subject, this powerful *Hercules* can be placed. This fact affords a proof of the master's boldness, while the manner in which a subject so foreign to our usual train of thoughts is inspired with musical life, and made evident to us, serves the more to dissipate both prejudice and ignorance, and to establish the *universal* character of Handel's art. The work treats of the return of *Hercules* to his home, from the destruction of Œchalia, of his wretched end, through Dejanira's jealousy, and of his exaltation into the blessed sphere of the gods. The author of the text—according to the short remarks affixed by Chrysander to the score—a clergyman of the name of Thomas Broughton, found, in the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles, a classical model for his task, which, from its nature, requires to be treated with reverential devotion. He had, however, evidently so identified himself with this antique subject that, in his hands, the figures of the heroic world were moulded into a new *ensemble*, perfectly in keeping with the requirements of the story, and, at the same time, adapted in a manner hardly to be surpassed to the purposes of the composer. If, on the one hand, the merit of the author appears less great than it otherwise would, because he drew his inspiration from a source which furnished him with more than the mere subject, it must, on the other hand, gain considerably in our eyes, when we remember the numerous versions with which we have been favoured of classical models for so-called musical purposes. There is a natural means of satisfying every want, and that musical *art* which, from its want of character, has lost the art of musical characterisation, would scarcely dare to complain—and, indeed, would never *seriously* do so—of the barren infertility of the sister

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

muse. Just as, in this case, frivolity and loathsome stagnation on the one side pre-suppose the existence of the same qualities on the other, the skilful, independent, and yet subordinated work of the author of the words, in the case of Broughton and Handel, justify us in concluding that a corresponding standard of æsthetical excellence was adopted by the composer.

The personages of the piece are precisely the same as those of the Greek tragedy. Dejanira, Hercules, their son Hyllos, Iole, the Œchalian captive, and the herald Lichas. There is, however, this material difference: Iole, who, in the tragedy of Sophocles, is only a mute personage, is, in the modern piece, more intimately connected with the plot, and thus not only do we gain a series of the most valuable scenes, peculiarly suited to the composer, but, also, an element essential to the symmetrical and harmonious structure of the whole, as a musical drama.

Our attention is first directed to Dejanira, the deeply sorrowing wife of Alcides, who has been absent for several months, and of whom no tidings have reached his home. What the sun is to the world, the hero is to his passionately fond wife. Racked by sad presentiments, she bewails, day and night, the pangs of separation. Meantime, Hyllos has consulted the priests of Jupiter about his father's fate:—

"I see the hero dead upon the ground!
O'er Œta's head the flames rise to the sky."*

Such is the mysterious response, which completely extinguishes all hopes in the bosom of Dejanira. Already does she dream she is united to the beloved-one in the Elysian Fields, to part from him no more. Hyllos, however, a son worthy of his father, acts differently. Neither the biting frost of the North, nor the glowing heat of a Lybian sun, can deter him from resolving to undertake a pious pilgrimage, either to find his father or perish in the attempt. A magnificent chorus, full of solemn earnestness and reverential courage, express their approbation of his resolve. Suddenly intelligence is brought that Hercules is returning from Œchalia, which he has razed to the ground. Dejanira's joy is as boundless as her grief has previously been. Although her presentiments, a short time before, would not yield to comfort, she now giddily banishes from her mind all recollections of the menacing response of the oracle. It is sufficient for her that her husband is returning, returning as a conqueror, and she rushes out hurriedly, with all around her, to receive him; the herald and the chorus of the Trachinians are more moderate in their joy, and, when we hear that, in the eyes of Lichas, the changes of suffering and joy appear as day and night, as ebb and flood, who would not be struck by the idea that the flood of Dejanira's joy, also, will ebb, and her delight be followed by sorrow? We now have a fresh picture; the captive princess, Iole, in the midst of her maidens, bewails the bitter fate which deprives her of liberty. Hercules enters to a grand march. He is full of the joy of victory, and the proud feeling that he has pacified the rage of Juno, and, crowned with fresh glory, reached the end of his labours. He determines that all around him shall rejoice as well as himself, and fancies he can easily dry up Iole's tears by presenting her with liberty. The rough warrior fails to observe the fearful emotion produced in the soul of the unhappy maiden by his appearance. Then again arises in her mind, with irresistible violence, the picture she was once obliged to behold of her father slain by Hercules before the walls of Œchalia, and her fancy once more subjects her to all the pain of this torture, until the vision at length makes way for a calmer and more soothing kind of pain. Who cannot recognise in all this the qualities which stamp it as the peculiar property of the musician? And how indisputably has Handel proved himself the potentate destined to take possession of such a subject, and hold it beneath his sway? What a magic perfume has he not cast over the whole, and with what treasures has he not endowed, from out the inexhaustible abundance of his genius, the songs of the young girl!

Let us come to the conclusion of the act, the chorus: "Crown with festal pomp!" This is one of those pieces which pour forth their golden stores without stint or hindrance, and enchant the hearer with their very first tones. Schœlcher (*Life of Handel*, page 290) concludes from this chorus, and the march mentioned above—those being the only portions of *Hercules* he has heard in England—that "If the remainder of the score equal these two magnificent pieces, *Hercules* is a master-piece unknown to the public." We are quite willing for anyone, allured by these two pieces, to make himself acquainted with the whole, but he must be prepared to find that the magnificence of the apartments will easily cause him to forget the side-door which served him as an entrance.

The second act developes still more closely Iole's purity of soul. Dejanira, her breast heaving with passion, now visits the maiden—gloomy jealousy has gained possession of her mind. She fancies it was simply to obtain Iole that Hercules destroyed Œchalia. On beholding the fair girl, enveloped in the charm of silent and patient grief, she seeks every plausible ground for jealousy, and thus, with busy hand, nourishes the flame destined to bring destruction with it. In vain does the innocent object of her wrath warn the blinded woman of the self-created pangs of groundless suspicion; in vain does Lichas praise the pure fidelity of his lord. The dart has entered too deeply, and she who is wounded by it will not be cured. A most true and touching delineation of this suicidal fancy, which, with contemptible delight, produces horrible torture, from vain deceit, in the heart of its victim, is presented to us in the next chorus, which concludes the scene. But away, for a moment, with such gloomy pictures, and let us unroll a scene full of the purest beauty. Dejanira has a correct estimate of the charm which suffering beauty exercises on the heart of man! The spell in which she imagines, without reason, her own husband to be held, has seized on Hyllos. It is in *his* heart that Cupid's dart is buried, and the fair creature's sufferings, in which the powerful god has dipped his weapon, have entirely turned the young man's heart to pity and love. He seeks her presence. But a deep abyss separates the two, who appear so completely formed for each other: "How can love exist in the sad heart filled with care—and love, moreover, for the son of the harsh man who slew my father?"—thus does Iole reject his suit. Then begins the lovely air:—

"Banish love from your breast:
'Tis a womanish guest."*

in which she bids the young man renounce love, and, by deeds worthy of his father, prove the vigour of his race. Her warnings and exhortations ill conceal, however, the fact that her heart is fighting a hopeless fight, in order to rescue her from the bonds which are drawing her to Hyllos. Is it astonishing that she merely throws oil on the flame? Her wishes strike him as an act of blasphemy towards the god whose power has driven even the immortal deities themselves from heaven, in order to enjoy, for a while, on earth, the sweeter heaven of love; this thought is taken up by the chorus, who sing, in swelling tones, the praises of the all-powerful boy-divinity. Dejanira re-appears, accompanied, this time, by her husband; the petty punctures of her sarcasm produce no effect upon his calm and great mind; nay, he does not even take the trouble to inquire the cause of her jealousy. He resolves to give a feast, to celebrate his victory, in the temple of Jove; meanwhile Dejanira is left to get rid of her groundless suspicions. She is the only person who remains behind, sinking still deeper in her delusion. It suddenly strikes her that she will employ magic to regain the estranged heart of her husband. She has preserved a rich garment soaked in the blood of Nessus, who was slain by Hercules, and which, according to the dying centaur, is able to revive extinct love. The unhappy woman

* Not having the English original by us, we have been obliged to translate the German version, which is as follows:—

"Ich seh' den Helden todt dahingestreckt!
Es steigt die Flamm' auf Oeta's Haupt empor."

TRANSLATOR.

* "Banne Lieb' aus der Brust;
's ist ein weibischer Gast."

sends this to her husband. She is not aware, however, of its fatal power, nor does she know that, by her own act, she is fulfilling the menacing response of the oracle. A sham reconciliation is effected. This furnishes Lichas with the subject for a beautiful little air ("Lasting love," &c.), and is embodied in a duet between Dejanira and Iole, being taken up by the chorus at the conclusion of the second act.

Meanwhile, the seeds sown by jealousy are shooting up with fearful rapidity. An instrumental symphony serves as the introduction to the third act, and prepares us for the wild deeds of the latter. After Lichas has announced to the Trachinians the fall of their king, a piece of news of which the chorus immediately appreciate the results, the picture of grief itself is presented to us. It is difficult to decide which is the more deserving of the prize: the pourtrayal of the horrible pangs with which the devouring poison racks the body of its unhappy victim, or the fearful picture, worthy the models we have received from Hellenic antiquity, of Dejanira, pursued by the Furies, whom she has herself called up, and in vain seeking repose in the gloomy shade of night. In truth, neither of these delineations is inferior to the other; the most we can perhaps assert is—that, as the pangs of a soul conscious of its guilt far surpass all mere bodily pain, the first place in artistic worth must be assigned to their pourtrayal. Only a short, and very characteristic air of Hyllos ("Be silent, O, be silent,") follows the first of these two pictures, and a charming song of pity, from the lips of Iole, the second. The *dénoûment* is not retarded by anything else, and particularly not by the chorus, which is silent until nearly the end. The conclusion is rapidly brought about.

The priest of Jupiter announces the elevation of the hero from the flames of the funeral pile to the blessed abode of the gods; and, after this happy event has been eloquently celebrated in an air of Lichas ("He who was the pillar of heaven"), the priest, in obedience to the will of Jove, unites Hyllos and Iole, who express their joy in a charming duet. Now, at length, the chorus again comes forward, and, in a simple and expressive song of praise, extol the glory of the founder of freedom, before whose heroic arm arbitrary caprice and violence have disappeared from the earth.

It is evident that it would be no easy task to find another foundation so well adapted, by its nature and arrangement, for the hand of the musician to rear his structure on. To the four persons whose fortunes constitute the essence of the piece, so to say, Lichas is added as a support, and the representative of the declamatory character. He partly serves to introduce or bring about, in various ways, the different transactions, and partly—this fact more especially constituting his musical worth—mirrors, according to their moral importance, the dreadful deeds that take place; being less affected by the grief and joy they produce than the other characters. His connection with the chorus is thus manifest. Perhaps it may be allowable, while treating of this particular work, to say a few words on the choruses in Handel's oratorios generally. That the directors of musical societies, when selecting a work for performance, mostly first take into consideration the number and musical beauty of the choruses, is an undisputable fact, inasmuch as the solo parts, and the conception of them—whether justly, is another question—are left to the private study of those to whom they are entrusted. Such a course is not only easily to be explained, but is an honourable proof of the endeavour to accomplish, with the means at disposal, as comprehensive a task as possible; but such a course has been, and still is, one of the principal reasons of a number of the most magnificent works being subjected to the great injustice of undeserved neglect, not to mention the disgraceful mutilation of others, which have still to make their way gradually in their original form. If, in *Belshazar*, the weight of whole nations, in action, as it were, is thrown into the scale; if, in *Israel*, the chosen people sing the wonders of the land of the Lord, *their* God, with epic breadth and fulness, before which the voice of a single person must be dumb; if, in *Judas Maccabæus* and in *Joshua*, the same people, gathered around their leaders, chosen and inspired by God, undergo sufferings and do deeds—is it so much out of the way to suppose that all these subjects necessarily comprehended within themselves the elements, of their artistic fashioning, and that it is a fundamental error to seek similar combinations from completely different elements, and a similar structure on quite different foundations? Would it not be worth while to follow confidingly the same master, even in those instances when he had neither the *wish* nor the *power* to dash in his artistic pictures with so few broad strokes, but when his genius was *obliged* to work with gentler, more numerous, but wonderfully consistent touches, in order, out of the various individual forms, to produce a rounded whole, full of life and truth? We would have the present work, and particularly the choruses, considered in this light. It would take too long to point out in detail the means the artist's hand has employed, or to enter deeply into the manner in which they are turned to account. Besides, numerous musical examples would be requisite, and what we could give would in some cases be too much, and in others too little; for those who are well acquainted with the work, such examples would be far too much, while they would be too little for those to whom it is quite new. It should be forcibly represented to the persons of the latter class, where they have to seek for beauty and enjoyment; they should be exhorted to remember that no portion of the work, however attractive its charms even when detached, can retain its full value anywhere but in its proper order, in the place which the master assigned it. The work is to be procured; let the public judge for themselves.

Tübingen, 26th November, 1859. G. S.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE adjourned annual general meeting of this society was held on Thursday evening, at the society's rooms, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street; Mr. H. Ottley in the chair.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said that this was an adjourned meeting from the 15th of December last, for the further consideration of the report of the council, adopted upon the motion of a member of the society, seconded by another member, both formerly members of the council; and he regretted to find that neither the mover nor seconder of that motion was present that evening. What grounds they had for moving an adjournment, therefore, he was at a loss to say; and he should regret if members had been, through their action, put to the inconvenience unnecessarily of coming down twice for the one purpose. The council, however, were glad of any indication on the part of members of taking a direct active part in the conduct of the affairs of the society, and he thought it not improbable that some valuable suggestions might be educed through the circumstance of this adjournment. Before formally putting the question that the report be adopted, he might be permitted to make a few observations upon the scope and purpose of the society, which were not fully appreciated by those who had only taken a superficial view of the matter. The promoters of this society went upon the principle that the fine arts were not merely a luxury, an elegant enjoyment, but a necessity in the mental culture of mankind; that they were as necessary to the full enjoyment of our mental endowments as food, raiment, air, and light are to our physical condition. Viewed in this sense, anything which tended to spread the influence of these arts amongst the general community must confer a benefit upon society by enlarging the field of enjoyment, and elevating the character of our kind. By these means, and this was in itself a great consideration, we established a common field open to all—high and low, rich and poor—when the cares of the world and the dross of worldly pursuits are forgotten amid aspirations of beauty, leading to communion with the Creator of all beauty and all good. (Hear, hear). And this position, which he ventured to advance, was no new one; it had been recognised ages ago, in the remote ages of antiquity. Plato spoke of "the beautiful and the good," if not as identical and the same, at least as being inseparably allied, and he described the love of them, which is implanted in the human soul, as "the inextinguishable desire which like has for like, which the divinity within us feels for the divinity revealed to us in beauty." This being recognised as a principle in nature, should it not be held as common to all,

of universal influence through all possible forms of manipulation. (Hear, hear.) One essential feature in the organisation of this society was that it recognised and brought together all the fine arts, whether appealing through the ear, or the eye, or the thoughts, in common union; and, curious enough, a modern authority, almost within our time, had, with exquisite *naïveté*, given an illustration of this idea. Goethe said: "One ought, every day at least, to hear a little song, and read a good poem, and see a fine picture; and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words"—implying that that which tended to elevate and purify the mind through the influence of images of beauty improved the capacity of men for rational discourse. (Hear, hear). He was glad to be able to announce that the opening *soirée* of the season, to be held on the 26th instant, would be signalised by a union of the arts of music and painting in an agreeable manner. The *soirée*, by kind permission of Mr. Wallis, would be held at the Suffolk-street Gallery, where that gentleman's splendid collection of modern pictures were exhibited, and the Vocal Association would give a performance of madrigals and other choral music, conducted by M. Benedict and Dr. Pech. (Hear, hear.) There was nothing in the report which was not in strict conformity with what had been set forth by the society in its prospectus on its establishment, and which had been approved and confirmed by the members. One of the most leading features of the society would be the award of prizes, which would not be esteemed so much for their money value as for being sheer testimonals of merit. This practice prevailed in societies in Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, and other towns, and the prizes given by the art societies in those places were eagerly sought after by even the highest men amongst artists themselves. The system of prize-giving in the arts had been adopted above 100 years ago by the Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures and Arts, which distributed awards not only in the manufactures and in workmanship, but for productions in painting, sculpture, and engraving. The prizes were, at first, of small value, but they afterwards rose to the sum of £140. Mr. Pye, in his work entitled the "Patronage of British Art," said, "Subsequently, it gave to persons of mature age, as rewards of merit in painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, gold and silver medals, and sums of money, various in amount. The premiums of painting and sculpture, as the society acquired strength, ranged from small sums, as high as to £140 each; and manufacturers and commerce were equally encouraged. The annual distribution of prizes was a scene of great ceremony and display, witnessed by an immense number of persons; reports of which being spread throughout the country by the daily papers awakened fresh emulation; whilst the various residences of the successful candidates gave frequent evidence that the society's influence had extended to the continent of Europe and America. And the City of London became so sensible of the society's importance, that in 1765 the Common Council voted to it a benefaction of £500. From its commencement in 1754 to 1778, it distributed in premiums and bounties £24,616 4*s.* 8*d.* of which £16 219 19*s.* 8*d.* was given to reward merit in science, and £8,325 5*s.* to merit in the polite arts." The Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, next gave prizes as encouragement to young students in the fine arts, and he knew personally that Sir Thomas Lawrence greatly prized a silver pallet which had been given to him, when a student, by that society. The Society of Arts, however, had now abandoned that system of prize giving in respect of the Arts of Design, it having been superseded by what was done at the South Kensington Museum in that department of the fine arts. The prizes that their society proposed to give, were not intended for boys, for copies of the antique, but being a society with a high appreciation of art, it would give prizes to the artists of the day, to those who had executed works which brought distinction to the art of the country. A number of unknown critics wrote in the public press on the fine arts, and artists were either gratified or depressed, according to the opinion that was there passed upon their productions, but how much more would artists appreciate the opinions passed upon their works, when the men who passed them were capable of judging of art. This society was at present but in its infancy, but he believed that the day would come when the prizes it awarded would be looked to as the highest honours that artists could receive. A great principle that the council had in view was to unite all the arts, including poetry and music—and, indeed, with respect to poetry, a gentleman had given £5 towards a prize to be awarded for the best essay on the relation of poetry to the fine arts. He would now resume the motion which had been put at the previous meeting—that the report then read be received and adopted.

Mr. C. D. Lewis asked a question as the means of the society to give prizes, and

Mr. Alfred Gilbert suggested that a prize be set apart for music.

The Chairman said that the prizes would not be of any intrinsic value, although they would not be beneath notice, and he opined that the society would have ample means to provide them, seeing that it had been calculated, as had been stated in the report, that there would in the ensuing year be a surplus balance of £90. They intended to give two prizes in painting; one would be a square ivory or wood pallet, the "Reynolds pallet," with a silver handle, and that which would be awarded for landscape or *genre* would be a silver pallet. A bronze medal would be given for sculpture, and the same for architecture. He believed that all the prizes could be given under the stated sum of £40. As to the omission of music among the list of prizes, it struck him as being unjust; nay, considering the valuable assistance they had already received from the members of the musical profession at their *soirées*, it appeared to him as ungrateful. But it was in a great measure an oversight on the part of the council, as too much importance could not be attached to music as a branch of the fine arts.

After some remarks from Mr. Atkinson,

The Chairman said that on the 26th of this month they were going to have a grand assembly at the Suffolk-street Gallery, by the kind permission of Mr. Wallis, whose splendid collection of modern pictures adorned the walls. The Vocal Association had volunteered their valuable assistance on the occasion. M. Benedict and Dr. James Pech would conduct on this occasion—(Hear, hear)—and there would be sixty of the finest voices of the association. Under such circumstances it could not fail to be a most attractive meeting. A circular would be sent round to all the members, each of whom could have two tickets, which would be transferable. (Cheers.) They had lost some members of the council, who had resigned, but he believed that that would not be productive of any, the least, injury to the society, as it would come out this year with, if anything, a stronger and more vigorous council. The chairman then read a list of the new members, who amounted to twenty-three.

Mr. Gilbert moved a resolution that poetry and music be added on the list for prizes.

Mr. Blakely suggested that until the society gained strength they should be careful as to the adoption of too many proposals, as nothing could be done without means.

The Chairman said the society had the means of adopting their proposals. By their adopting such proposals, the public would know what they were, and in due time would appreciate them. They would not then want to go about and ask noblemen to join them; they would not require tinsel and tawdry; for their value in the art-world would be acknowledged, esteemed, and appreciated.

The amendment having been put, was carried unanimously.

The Chairman said, that as some difficulty might be felt in giving a prize in music, he would like to hear Mr. Gilbert state his views on the subject. Thereupon,

Mr. Gilbert said, men of acknowledged reputation, such as Mr. Balfe, and others, were not at all likely to compete, but that the competition would be very ardent among rising musicians. He would suggest that a prize should be offered for the best essay on the "Science of Music," as in these days music was almost entirely neglected as a science. He would also suggest that there should be a prize for the best production in music, such as for a symphony or an overture; and he believed that there were hundreds in London who had the ability to

write symphonies and overtures, but who had not the means of getting them performed.

The Chairman said that the suggestion should be instantly taken into consideration by the council, and he trusted that Mr. Gilbert, from whom the suggestion had come, would help them in carrying it out, by inducing other composers to send in their music, which would be tried by the society once a month at a meeting, when competent judges would be present to decide as to its merit.

Mr. Rosenthal asked why engravers in the fine arts should be excluded, seeing that good engravers must necessarily be good artists. He moved a resolution accordingly, which Mr. Edmeston seconded.

Mr. Stuart said he was glad that engraving had been mentioned, as he considered that it was in need of encouragement, line engraving particularly, which, unless encouraged, threatened soon to expire. By their encouraging line engraving, the society would really be doing a great deal of good.

After some further discussion the motion that engraving be added to the list of prizes was carried unanimously.

The Chairman said that the council would take into consideration these suggestions, and if they found a difficulty in carrying out the scheme which had been just proposed, they would take an early opportunity of communicating with the members; though they would certainly make great exertions to accomplish what had been suggested. He believed that another matter worthy the consideration of the society was whether cases of struggling genius should not be singled out for wrapping the bronze prize in a £5 bank note, and whether a small subscription should not be raised for that purpose. He knew artists who were now living in flourishing circumstances, who, a few years ago, were involved in the greatest difficulties. There were many such cases, and he thought that if in such instances, besides giving a prize testimonial of merit, they gave, say a £10 note, the money would be valued at that time more than it would be at any other period of life.

Mr. Z. Bell moved a resolution that the prize committee consist exclusively of professional men.

Mr. Rosenthal seconded the motion.

A discussion ensued, in which the Chairman, Mr. Edmeston, Mr. Rosenthal, and other gentlemen took part, and Mr. Bell, at last, at the suggestion of the Chairman, agreed to withdraw his motion, in order that it might be more fully discussed at a special meeting on the subject. It was further agreed that in the circular convening the meeting, which would be sent to all the members, notice would be given of the motion.

The report, as amended, was then agreed to, and there being no further business to be transacted, the meeting separated, after a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

CHURCH MUSIC.—HARMONIUMS FOR CHURCHES.

(From *The Church Remembrancer.*)

An acquaintance with the mechanism of musical instruments, and the physical agency by which "effects" are produced, very frequently imparts a new pleasure to the music itself, and the intelligent listener may, to a great extent, realise the gratification of the more amply endowed artist, who by lip, bow, or touch of finger, has the power to call sweet sounds into being. But there is one instrument from which neither has, till very recently, been able to derive unalloyed gratification—one whose inventor had to do fierce battle with strong prejudices, as well as with sound objections, being meanwhile sensible of an existing defect beyond the grasp of a countervailing remedy. We allude to the Harmonium. When first introduced by M. Debaine, the inequality of power distributed through the key-board, and the peculiar character of sound, which was harsh and disagreeably metallic, left a strong impression on the mind that such an instrument was not likely ever to become a favourite one with the public, or that it would ever extend itself beyond the rank of a huge sound-creating toy. Once brought into notice, other minds beside that of M. Debaine were exercised upon improvements, and thus the first crude idea gradually unfolded itself, until M. Alexandre, of Paris, and Mr. Evans, of London, succeeded in bringing its powers and beauties into full view, and have thereby given instances of the triumph of genius to an extent bordering on the marvellous. Notwithstanding the various changes and extensions made during this progress towards perfection, the original principle pervades the entire range, whether the instrument be confined to a scale of four octaves, or is by some clever contrivance spread out to seven. The sounds are not produced from wood or string, but by metal strings termed reeds, which are made to vibrate by a current of air generated from bellows put into motion by the feet of the performer. By this contrivance the powers of the instrument are rendered subservient to an individual, and a complete band of music can be represented without any assistance from a second party. Armed with such an advantage, in conjunction with others yet unnamed, the harmonium is really an instrument of great value, and, becoming rapidly known as such, the progressionists—those whom we have specially quoted—are now "leading the world in their train."

The uses to which the harmonium chiefly commends itself are the church, the drawing-room, and the school-room. That designed for the services of the sanctuary does not possess the compound stops of the organ. It has only double and single octave stops; any note may be made to produce its octave and double octave: nothing more. Very satisfactory reasons are given for this, but chiefly that the harmonic thickening would produce disorder by the inevitable inversion and spreading of the chords—ninths would give out seconds and sevenths; seconds, sevenths, and ninths; and so with regard to the whole series—and because, in order to remain in true musical condition with such stops, it would be needful to use them only in pieces written in counterpoint invertible in octave, which is not done. The drawing-room harmonium differs from that of the church in its varieties of tone and power to imitate different instruments. With a full complement of fifteen stops the music of a complete band is at the disposal of a single performer, although a critical ear would very soon discover the distance of the relationship assumed by some of the solo stops to their great orchestral prototypes. For educational purposes the school harmonium is admirably adapted, seeing that it has sufficient capacity for the carrying out many a needful and an invaluable project. There is also another well worthy of attention viz., the Piano-Harmonium, an invention that gives the player the power of sustaining for an indefinite time a note, chord, or an arpeggio extending through the compass of the key-board after the fingers have ceased to press the keys. The prolongation of sound may occur with different degrees of intensity according to the register appended to it. Affixed to this instrument are two "knee-pieces" put in action by the knees of the player; the one to the right produces a prolongation of the sounds on the treble side; that on the left applies to the bass register: the swell and diminuendo are blended in a way similar to that of the ordinary harmonium, viz., pressure of the foot upon the bellows. The instruments thus far referred to, are of French manufacture under M. Alexandre; but there is yet another and a more extraordinary one named "The New Patent English Model Harmonium," with two rows of keys; and, as if to anticipate every want of the highly skilled as well as of the less gifted organist, this admirable deputy for the king of instruments is supplied with a complete set of German pedals of two octaves and a fourth, with independent pedal reeds—so that the Organo-Harmonium which owes its paternity to Mr. Evans may and ought to be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of the art, as it is in fact the nearest approach to the organ, both in point of delicacy, beauty, and usefulness, that has hitherto courted public examination.

Varied as the purposes are to which the instrument may be made available, its own proper sphere is that where sacred vocal music requires artificial aid. The sounds of the harmonium, being of rather slow emission, are better adapted for the legato style than any other, and peculiarly suitable to tender melodies and slow movements. It also possesses other important claims to notice, especially from those who take an interest in the singing in churches "remote from cities." The time has passed away when the clerk was your only singer, or the few unskilled monopolists in the gallery were allowed to distract the mind of the devout worshipper with conflicting ideas of music by their unmeaning sounds. The time has arrived for "the art divine" to assert its power, and to show its importance when rightly directed. Who can calculate its future triumphs, or set limits to its reign? Musical knowledge must extend; and it is incumbent upon all who are able, to aid in its diffusion. The efforts that are being continually made by the clergy and others in crowded districts, in order to further congregational singing, are well worthy consideration by every true friend of the Church in every nook and corner of this highly-favoured isle; and there appears to be no impediment whatever to successful attempts. In small country churches, where there are no funds to purchase an organ, or where, if a patron be found to present one, an organist could not be paid, the harmonium ably supplies its place. The ease with which

sufficient knowledge of the instrument for playing purposes can be obtained, is another strong recommendation for its adoption. Some clergyman's family may readily be found to carry out the service. A few simple chords, that produce but little effect on the pianoforte would, if transferred to the harmonium, make "heavenly music." For the sum of ten guineas, an instrument of five octaves can be obtained, and this is quite capable of guiding the congregation in the way to singing "with the spirit and with the understanding also." A greater outlay would purchase greater power and a richer quality; but, as before remarked, the same principle exists in all. The vocal services in many of our country churches require attention; and as the mission of music will be incomplete until from the united family of man ascend the morning and evening hymn of praise to the beneficent Creator, the introduction of the harmonium appears to have been invented as likely to work out, in a great measure, so desirable an end.

DEATH.

ON 4th inst., Mr. William Appleby, aged 41 years, the faithful and devoted servant of Messrs. Davis and Phillips, of 25, Berwick-street, music-printers.

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1860.

LAST week we quoted a French advertisement, or rather, an advertisement in the French tongue, as something to be admired; this week we introduce to the notice of our readers a concert programme, as something to be contemned. While music is making such strides over the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, it is sad to find one of our *literary* and *scientific* institutions entertaining its subscribers and patrons with such an interminable and uninteresting hodge-podge as the following:—

PART I.

Solo, Organ, Overture to the opera of "Oberon" ...	Weber.
Song, "Rage, thou angry storm"	Benedict.
Song, "Crossing the moor"	Weiss.
Grand Scena, "Softly sighs the voice of evening" ...	Weber.
Song, "Sally in our alley"	Old Air.
Canzonet, "Ye maidens in spring time"	Meyerbeer.
Aria, "Ombre légère," (Shadow song)	Meyerbeer.
Scena, "Still so gently o'er me stealing"	Bellini.
Solo, Trumpet	Harper.
New Song, "We were boys together"	Weiss.
Song, "Where art thou wandering, little child?" ...	F Mori.
*Quartette, "Spinning-wheel"	Flotow.

PART II.

Solo, Organ, Selection from "Acis and Galatea" ...	Handel.
*Duet "The Rataplan"	Donizetti.
New Ballad, "Margaretta"	Balfe.
Ballad, "The beating of my own heart"	Macfarren.
Ballad, "Thou art so near and yet so far"	Reichardt.
Christmas Song, "What bells are those"	B. Richards.
Song, "The queen of the sea"	Schlosser.
Naval Song, "Tom Bowling"	Dibdin.
Air, "Let the bright seraphim"	Handel.
Old English Song, "The wolf"	Shield.
Scotch Song, "Bonnie Prince Charlie"	Old Air.
*Quartet, "The fisherman's good night."	Bishop.

Four-and-twenty solos, "all in a row." We should have preferred the same number of blackbirds, in accordance with the old song. Not that the blackbirds would have warbled more sweetly than Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, or shouted more mellifluously than Mr. Sims Reeves (who, like Bottom, can, when it pleases him, "roar ye like any sucking-dove"), but that they would have warbled and shouted, for the major part, in a less monotonous tone. The "blackbirds" would, doubtless, now and then have twittered and sung in pairs, chirped inquartet, or screamed simultaneously, the whole "24" —if not in pedagogic harmony, at any rate in ornothologic unison. That is what we mean by being less monotonous. But at the Beaumont Institution, Beaumont-square, Mile-end, every feathered biped (except in the three instances signalised by asterisks)—from Mr. Reeves and Madame Lemmens to Miss Robina (Robin?) Bellingham—made melody in egotistic solitude, and thus, in the end, wearied and palled upon, instead of continuing to ravish and delight, the ears of the packed and solo-ridden witnesses. Two of these solos, too (for example the overture to *Oberon* on the organ!), were more curious than enchanting—"not quite beautiful," as Herr Molique would have said.

One might have imagined that the premonitory bit of counsel which stood at the head of the programme was wholly superfluous:—

"On account of the length of the programme, visitors are requested to refrain from encoring; they are respectfully reminded that the artists, and many of the public, reside at a long distance."

Not so, however; the Eastern *dilettanti* have very eager stomachs at a feast of music, and scarcely aware, perhaps, of the glut in store for them, began "encoring" at an early stage of the repast—in other words, insisted on being helped twice to more than one of the "plats" served up for their gratification. Thus before the second course (which contained, as may be gathered from the programme—*carte*? several "pieces of resistance"), the majority had had their fill, and with hunger and thirst assuaged, and stomachs overcharged, felt indifferently apathetic about what was to come after. To speak in trope—they had swallowed six dozen of oysters before they commenced dining. This the case, it might have been concluded that the author's premonitory piece of advice at the "heels" of the programme was just as oppressive as the one that figured at its "nob" was superfluous:—

"NOTICE.—Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully but earnestly requested *not to leave their seats until the conclusion of the Concert*, as much annoyance and confusion is sometimes caused amongst the audience by persons moving in front of them a few minutes before the conclusion."

Such, however, was evidently the opinion of no end of yawning amateurs, whose ears were loth to drink in further sounds, whose eyes began to wink, whose heads to droop—in spite of Miss Robina Bellingham, when she tripped on to sing of Christmas and its bells. "What bells are those?"—sang the lady of the red-breast prename; but the assuaged mob, or rather the most thoroughly used-up section of it, would not wait till she had answered her own question, in the epigrammatic words of the poet, around whose neck Mr. Brinley Richards, while under the influence of the festive season, has, on this occasion, hung his lyre. How, indeed, was it possible to sit out, stand out, or even gape out, such a heavily multifarious infliction as this same banquet of solos?

Seriously, an institution like that in Mile-end-road ought to set a better, if not a graver, example. Why should they look at every other subject from a dignified point of view, and treat music as a toy with hardly skill enough in its construction to attract the curiosity even of thoughtful children?

THE death of Mr. Edward Wright is not so much felt as an actual loss by the playgoers of the present day, as it awakens a melancholy reminiscence of past merriment. For some time the prince of *farceurs* had been afflicted with a malady from which recovery was deemed impossible, and his name therefore had not lately stood on the list of our effective histrionic force.

If the demise of most other actors has caused us to lament an irreparable gap in the ranks of theatrical art, the death of Mr. Wright may be compared to the cessation of a dynasty. The late Mr. John Reeve, in the zenith of his popularity, connected with the post of Adelphi low comedian a sort of supremacy over the London public to which there was no parallel in any other theatre. To the holder of this exalted post belonged, of right, a freedom of dialogue which would not have been tolerated elsewhere, for a strict adherence to text was altogether impossible, where the mirth-seeking audience expected their despotic humorist to entertain them with a perpetual succession of new pleasantries. As the so-called "tyrant" of the ancient world was generally dependent on the democracy, so did the leading comedian of the Adelphi depend less on the rulers of the establishment than on the mass of the public who applauded. He was not only the admired artist; he was the merry companion, the jovial friend who made his hearers laugh away the troubles of the day, and was always ready to devise a new joke for their refreshment. That abnegation of individual identity, that absorption of self in the assumed part, which we admire so much in the Daddy Hardacre or the Sampson Burr of Mr. Robson, was not required in the Adelphi low comedian; nay, it would have been completely adverse to his interests. "The pet" theatre of London—loved on account of its very ugliness—was expected to show the pet actor himself unobscured by any artificial disguise. When Mr. J. M. Morton gave to one of his best farces the title *Seeing Wright*, he exactly expressed the humour of the Adelphi. The admirers of the great *farceur* actually did go to see Wright; not such and such a personage, sustained by Wright, but Wright himself. Those parts which will go down to posterity in connection with his name are precisely those in which he was most free to exhibit his own idiosyncrasy,—Muster Grinnidge, in *Green Bushes*, and the rheumatic gentleman in *Harvest Home*.

The Adelphi throne, left vacant by the death of John Reeve, was exactly fitted for Wright. The theatre seemed to have been made on purpose for him, and he to have been born for the use and behoof of the theatre. His *début* at the St. James's, more than twenty years ago, successful as it was, did not raise him to anything like a first position among the comedians of the day; his migrations, after he had once established himself at the Adelphi, were rather unfortunate than otherwise. As Ravel belongs to the Palais Royal, so did Wright belong to the Adelphi. There he shot up like a rocket to the acme of his fame: moved from the old boards, his lustre at once began to lose its brilliancy.

The curious in coincidences may dwell upon the fact that Mr. Wright did not long survive the demolition of the old theatre in which he gained his glory. We have said that he belonged exclusively to the Adelphi—we are inclined to limit the expression, and say that he belonged exclusively to the old Adelphi. The new house, admirably qualified for spectacle on the grand scale, is not favourable to the establishment of that intimacy between audience and actor which belonged to the days of Reeve and Wright.

No, the dynasty of farce despots is extinct. New generations bring with them new manners. Not only is the monarch dead, but the throne is crumbled away.

MR. ALBERT SMITH.—It gives us infinite pleasure to make known that Mr. Albert Smith has entirely recovered from his late severe attack, and that he has announced the resumption of his entertainment in the Egyptian Hall next week.

LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.

THIS now well-established institution has taken up quarters at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, where its first concert for the season was held yesterday afternoon in presence of an audience both numerous and appreciative. Mr. Land, to whose talent, industry, and zeal the London Glee and Madrigal Union owes its honourable position, and who, besides performing excellent service as tenor, presides with musicianly skill at the pianoforte whenever accompaniments are required, was again at his post as director; while Mr. Thomas Oliphant (Hon. Sec. to the Madrigal Society), one of the most noted of our musical antiquarians and commentators, officiated with his accustomed earnestness and ability as literary illustrator,* prefacing each composition with apt and interesting remarks, and conveying a good deal of valuable information in a manner at once intelligible and unobtrusive. Mr. Oliphant touched briefly upon several important subjects connected with the rise and progress of vocal music in this country, in the course of his observations paying a marked and deserved tribute to Mr. William Chappell's admirable work called *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. The respective appreciations of Samuel Webbe's glee, "When winds breathe soft," and of the late Dr. Horsley generally as a glee composer, may have exhibited Mr. Oliphant rather in the light of an enthusiast for particular manifestations of somewhat ordinary (however respectable) talent than as a severe critical judge; but such enthusiasm as his tends in a healthy direction, and cannot possibly be injurious.

The first part of the programme yesterday—comprising specimens of an early period, up to the beginning of the seventeenth century—is worth quoting:—

Ancient Round (six voices), "Summer is icumen in"	Unknown.
The Kynge's Balade, "Passetyme with good companie"	Attributed to Henry VIII.
Madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale" (as originally set for the voices of men	Festa.
Kentish Wooing Song and Chorus, "I have house and land in Kent"	Unknown.
Madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed"	R. Edwardes.
Maypole Song and Chorus, "To the maypole, haste away"	Unknown.
Three Men's Song, "Strike it up, neighbour." (From T. Weelkes's "Ayres or Fantastic Spirits.")	
Song, "My song's of a maid that charms our vale"	Traditional.
Dialogue, "In the merry spring"	T. Ravenscroft

The round for six voices ("Summer is icumen in") is one of the oldest specimens of English vocal part-music extant, and

* "PROLOGUE.

"My title here is of a novel nature,
They've dubb'd me *Literary Illustrator*:
But what that means is rather undefined,
In fact, I've not yet quite made up my mind.
'Twould seem that I'm to play a part like *Chorus*,
Who in the ancient drama comes before us
(Whene'er the audience are with doubts perplext),
To tell them plainly what is coming next.
Or like policeman, who with lantern dark,
In hidden nook or corner placed to mark
The movement of some thieving, roguish elf,
Turns his light full on all things but himself!
If such my duty here—then be it so.
I am content, if light I can put throw
On our performance—and will not complain,
Though I, policeman like, in shadow still remain."

fully as quaint as it is ancient. "The Kynge's Balade," though attributed to Henry VIII.,—a famous musician for a king—was known in the time of Henry VII.; its precise origin, however, is scarcely worth disputing, its merit being by no means on a par with the curiosity excited by its reputed authorship. Of all the compositions introduced in the first part—the incomparable madrigal of Festa, and the delicious Elizabethan "Maypole Song" (the solos in which were delivered carefully, if a little too slowly, by Miss Wells) excepted—the madrigal of Edwardes, "In going to my lonely bed," was the most attractive, both as an example of what sort of music could be written at the very commencement of the sixteenth century, and as a model of lyrical expression. Such words, it is true, might have inspired a contemplative musician in an age when music was still young:

"In going to my lonely bed
As one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child
That long had mourn'd and wept.

She sighed sore, and sang full sweet,
To lull the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still
Upon its mother's breast.

She was full weary of her watch,
And grieved with her child;
She rocked it, and rated it,
Till that on her it smiled.

Then did she say, 'Now have I found
This proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends
Renewing is of love.'"

All the above pieces were sung in a very efficient manner, more especially the madrigals, which, nevertheless, we are accustomed to hear with a large number of voices to each part—certainly a more effective if not a more legitimate method. (It should be mentioned that the London Glee and Madrigal Union includes two ladies, Miss J. Wells and Miss Eyles, and four gentlemen, Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Lawler, and Land, who are employed, according to the number of voices which the various compositions may call into request.) In the second part, familiar (too familiar!) glees of Webbe, Horsley, and Bishop, and Webbe's excellent catch, "Would you know my Celia's charms"—in which, notwithstanding her "*fortit(y)*-tude," and her "*thirty* lovers," the age of Madame Celia, the tender point of the argument, is shown to be "fifty-five"—were hit off to perfection. The solo-ballads, too, were remarkable, and above all, "Barbara Allen"—to the English (and as Mr. Chappell truly says, the best) melody, although Mr. Oliphant's compression of the Scotch words was used. This was sung with exquisite feeling by Miss Eyles, who imparted both to the poetry and the music the true and genuine expression, the audience being so pleased that they called upon her to repeat it. Miss Eyles was no less successful in "Weel may the keel row;" while Mr. Lawler, in Mr. Oxenford's capital song to the old tune of "Three merry men of Kent" ("May he who wears a sulky face") evinced the right kind of spirit. Encores were also awarded to Bishop's glee "The Fisherman's good night," and to the merry catch already cited, the salient points in which were "caught up" with infinite zest and humour by Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Land, and Lawler, the usual hilarity being provoked at Celia's expense. Altogether the entertainment was first-rate of its class, and worthy the growing reputation of the "London Glee and Madrigal Union."

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. Brinley Richards' "New Year's Concert" (so-called) on the 2nd instant, partook largely of the character formerly denominated "popular," ere that term had become associated with those Monday evening gatherings now familiar to every lover of good music. Not that we would thereby infer that the selection was by any means un-popular, as the crowded state of the room and warm applause frequently testified that a large section of the public can be delighted with a programme made up almost exclusively of light materials. The name of the *bénéficiaire* is of itself sufficiently popular to bring many of Mr. Brinley Richards' admirers, while the announcement of Miss Balfe, Mesdames Badia and Fiorentini, Herr Reichardt, Signors Sivori and Bottesini, would add considerably to the attraction. The audience, however, were doomed to be disappointed of the first-named lady, for reasons which were extensively circulated all over the room by means of a printed statement, with copies of the correspondence between Mr. Willert Beale and Mr. Balfe. Mad. Corbari (who will be remembered at the Italian Opera) supplied the place of the absentee, but was prevented from doing herself full justice by the fatigue under which she was evidently suffering, consequent upon a long journey, and to which allusion was made in an apology delivered by a gentleman evidently "unaccustomed to public speaking," and which only provoked a general titter. The "tempestuous" speech was, moreover, quite unnecessary, as the facts had already been made known by means of the circulars above mentioned.

Mr. Brinley Richards contributed two solos: the first, Mendelssohn's *Andante and Capriccio;* the second, of his own composition, a clever and brilliant *fantasia* on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor;* both were heartily applauded. Signor Sivori, who has not been heard in England for some years, gave *La Clochette* of Paganini, and his own *Tarantella*, in a style which drew forth the warmest approbation; while Signor Bottesini, in his marvellous contra-basso solo, on airs from *Beatrice di Tenda*, evoked a furor, but wisely resisted the attempted encore, contenting himself with bowing his acknowledgments, in which example he was followed by the famous violinist. Mad. Badia displayed great energy in her *chansons*, "Nenella," and "Vive la belle," and was also recalled. Herr Reichardt, in his own charming and deservedly popular song, "Thou art so near and yet so far," produced a marked sensation, and elicited an encore so unanimous that it could not be resisted, and the Hungarian tenor repeated the last two verses to the delight of all. Mad. Fiorentini's *scena* from *Maria di Rohan*, and Herr Engel's harmonium solo, gave much satisfaction; and Mr. Benedict conducted with his well-known ability.

A YOUNG ENGLISH MUSICAL GENIUS.—The *Impartial de Boulogne sur Mer*, of the 29th Dec., contains the following paragraph:—"Several musicians and amateurs of this town have spoken to us of the very extraordinary talent manifested by a young child of eleven years of age, Mdlle. Annie C——, brought up in Boulogne, and belonging to an English family. This surprising child is endowed with the sentiment of music to so eminent a degree, that she reads and sings at sight music the most difficult, by whatever master, and of whatever style. She is likewise a pianist of considerable proficiency and power, but it is especially as a singer that she displays exceptional and most astonishing qualities. We are led to hope that this young artist will be allowed to sing at one of our forthcoming Philharmonic Concerts, for the benefit of the poor."—[We believe that the young child referred to in the foregoing paragraph is the daughter of a gentleman connected with the London press, who is well known in musical, dramatic, and literary circles.]—*Morning Star*, January 5.

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

THE wind rudely whistles, whilst here I sit alone;
As mocking my misery, in harsh exulting tone,
But, though friendless and poor, and none to care for me,
Rude Boreas shall hear, I still can happy be.

Through the crannies of my hovel, he sports with my rags,
And laughs down the chimney, with voice like some old hag's;
Let him laugh, let him howl, 'tis nothing unto me;
My fiddle and my bow shall bid him blush and flee!

No fire is in my grate, no firing in my store;
Nor had I so much food, but I could have taken more:
So I'll warm and fill my soul—this, this must do for me—
Come, old fiddle, you and I will sing right merrily!

Like you, I cannot see; like you, my soul has wings;
And both by music toe are blest, deep down in our heart's strings:
Full many a weary mile, companion—all, to me
And poor, lamented Tray; old fiddle, loved are ye!

We've sang by many a hill-side, in summer's burning heat;
And many a sordid spirit stirred within the busy street:
We've faced cold frost and snow,—in all still true to me,
Old fiddle, thou hast ever been: few couples so agree!

Thy wailings and thy sorrows, thy griefs, thy every joy,
Have all been mine, since when I was a poor blind boy:
Without thee had this world been a desert blank to me—
Kind Providence well mated us in happy unity.

Rememb'rest thou the old churchyard, the cypress trees that wave,
Beneath which we a requiem sad sang o'er my mother's grave,
Ere morning dawned, and ere the sun, which gives no light to me,
Illum'd the west—'tis said, old friend—in glorious majesty?

Oh! when shall I go where she is? and shall I see the light?
Oh, call me, mother, up to thee, from this long, dreary night!
Yet, old companion, oh, that you could go along with me,
And share my joy; for, in my woe, no friend could truer be!

Then, whistle on, rude Boreas! whilst I sit here alone;
Myself and fiddle will, for that, ring out a merry tone:
Though friendless too and poor I am, there's One who cares for me;
He'll call me to my mother yet, and give me eyes to see!

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—It is not often, says the *Manchester Guardian*, at least in the provinces, that such a constellation of vocal talent as that formed by Mad. Catherine Hayes, Mad. Louisa Vinning, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, makes its appearance, and therefore the large attendance at the Free-trade Hall, on New Year's Eve, was a thing safely to be calculated on in this music-loving city of Manchester, especially as the programme was lengthy, miscellaneous, and popular. No tax was laid on the imaginative powers of the audience, who had only to listen and enjoy. The tax was rather upon the artists, for, from the commencement of the concert, a system of encoring began on the part of a small section of the audience, unjust towards the artists themselves, and most offensive to the great bulk of the audience. It might have been thought that a programme consisting of no less than nineteen pieces was sufficient to satisfy even a musical gourmand; not so on this occasion. The tax seemed to press most heavily upon Mr. Sims Reeves. He was set down for three songs, but the unruly section alluded to had determined that these three should be six at least, and not repetitions, but different songs. Mr. Reeves, to his honour be it recorded, did what on a recent occasion he did in London, he made a dead stand against this un-English and tyrannical attempt at coercion. Twice he acknowledged, by a bow, the applause that followed his "Come into the garden, Maud," but resolutely declined either repeating it, or substituting anything else. When he again appeared to sing Dibdin's song of "Tom Bowling," he was greeted with groans and other marks of disapprobation. He had, however, taken up his position, and announced respectfully, but firmly, that when silence was restored, but not till then, he would commence his song. Honour to Mr. Reeves; his is the true English courage, and not the bullying demand for six things when three only have been paid paid for. Facts like these point to the necessity of abolishing the absurd system of encoring altogether. If Mr. Reeves himself will on all occasions do what he did on Saturday evening, and if public artists will always exhibit the same courage, the thing is done. Let us now briefly return to the performances themselves. In the "Irish Mother's Lament," Mad. Catherine Hayes was magnificent; her "Auld Robin Gray" was almost as good; but the beauty both of Moore's melody, "The harp that once through Tara's halls," and "Home, sweet home," was damaged by a dragging of the time for which there does not appear to us any justification. The happy criticism of Dr. Johnson's style by Goldsmith, that the great lexicographer made the little fishes into great whales, might not inaptly be applied to Mad. Hayes. Mad. Vinning's best effort was Bishop's song "The ray of hope," with accompaniment on the clarinet by Mr. Lazarus, which was beautifully sung and beautifully accompanied. Miss Huddart had her usual success in Hullah's "Three Fishers." Not in any way behind the other vocal performances were Mr. Santley's rendering of Mr. Brinley Richards' characteristic "Suliote War Song," and the romance from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, "Ah, now I feel the burthen," both of which exhibited vigour of conception as well as artistic vocalisation. These pieces are, of course, smaller things than the bass songs of the *Messiah*, which he sung so finely on a recent occasion; but they, too, exhibited, in a marked degree, the stride Mr. Santley has made in his profession. A pianoforte solo, by Mr. Osborne Williams, and two clarionet solos by Mr. Lazarus, agreeably relieved the vocal programme.

BIRMINGHAM—(*From a Correspondent*).—The concert given by Mr. Glydon, at our Town Hall, on Thursday evening, brought a crowded audience. Rossini's "L' usato ardir," by Mad. Louisa Vinning, Miss Fanny Huddart, and Mr. Santley, was followed by Brinley Richards' spirited "Suliote War song," given in a manner by Mr. Santley that fully confirmed the favourable reports of the metropolitan press. Mr. Santley's rendering of the romance from *Dinorah* was also excellent. Miss Fanny Huddart, by the pathos she threw into Hullah's "Three fishers," obtained an enthusiastic encore. Madame Vinning won a warm encore in "'T'was within a mile of Edinbro'," to which she responded with "Coming through the rye." The clarinet playing of Mr. Lazarus was marked with its usual beauty of tone and refinement of style. The concert would have been in every respect enjoyable, had not the pleasure of the evening been marred by the disgraceful treatment received by Mr. Sims Reeves at the hands of a portion of the audience. The great tenor, on his *entrée*, was received enthusiastically; and he gave his first song, "Under the greenwood tree," in a manner that called down immense applause, mingled with cries of "Encore" Mr. Reeves returned to the orchestra, and bowed his acknowledgments. Immediately on his retirement a gentleman appeared and addressed the audience, stating that Mr. Sims Reeves begged indulgence towards himself in the matter of encores, as he had only recently recovered from a long and severe illness; that, however willing he might be to comply with their wishes as to repetitions, he must refrain, inasmuch as, if he did not, he felt he should not be able to fulfil his engagements elsewhere on the morrow. Mr. Reeves' second song was "Margaretta," for which he received a redemand; but, trusting to the effect of the apology which had been made for him, he again merely returned and bowed. Later in the evening, however, on his appearance to sing "Come into the garden, Maud," he was received with applause mingled with loud hisses, and, in two or three instances, with expressions that would have been deemed coarse in a gin-palace. After the symphony had been twice played, Mr. Sims Reeves began his song; but he had not proceeded far when, overcome by his feelings, he fairly broke down, and addressing the audience, inquired why he was to be subjected to such indignities? He stated that he was there to do his duty; he had done it up to that moment, singing everything set down to him to the very best of his abilities; but he frankly confessed, that astonishment at the reception he had just experienced had at once taken away his power of singing altogether. The volley of applause which followed these few words, proved that the bulk of the audience had no sympathy with the assailants, who, we hope and trust, for the character of the musical audience of Birmingham, were strangers to the town, drawn hither by the festive season. Really, it is time that a step should be put to the nuisance of the continual encore system, a system that has been begotten by the vulgar greed of getting from a great singer six songs instead of three, as bargained for, and fostered by the determination of ill-conditioned gents to enjoy frequently the most trashy works at the expense of the time and patience of those who can appreciate music as an elegant art, and enjoy it with moderation. Encores, under such circumstances, must soon cease to be considered an honour by true artists. Mr. Reeves, like most men who have attained eminence by their own exertions, has been subjected to calumny. Habits and caprices, which we are in a position to know are quite foreign to his nature, have been industriously imputed to him. We sincerely trust that, for the future, he will resolutely refuse to comply with the demands of the encore nuisance, and thus prevent his detractors from filching

his voice from him as they would his good name. By such a course, he would do justice to himself and to his profession, and confer a benefit on all who can enjoy good music rationally.

COLCHESTER—(*From a Correspondent*).—The third popular concert of the new series took place in the Public Hall last evening, and was in every respect successful. The hall was filled, while the utmost order was maintained throughout. The programme was of the usual diversified character, the most noticeable piece being Haydn's *Toy Symphony*, performed by two violins and a violoncello, with accompaniment of penny whistles, Dutch trumpets and other toy instruments. The symphony, though composed by the great musician expressly for the amusement of children, was very successful last evening in affording amusement to hearers of a larger growth. The duet "What are the wild waves saying?" and the song "I cannot mind my wheel," were cleverly sung, and a selection of instrumental music performed in excellent style.

GLASGOW.—The City Hall Concerts maintain their popularity. Change is ostensibly and necessarily the order of the day. From the commencement the Union have seen this, and, consequently, scarcely a night passes without some change, while once a month we have a clean bill of fare. On Saturday last the principal attraction, and for one night only, was Miss Rebecca Isaacs, from Drury Lane and the Italian Opera. We confess we have listened to her in better voice; nevertheless, her performances were rapturously received by the large audience. Mr. Fraser is decidedly the *genteelest* comic vocalist, we think, yet brought forward at these entertainments. Mr. D. Lambert, by his performances, did not belie his metropolitan celebrity, while the band of the Royal Sussex Militia kept most excellent time and tune.—*Glasgow Gazette*, Dec. 24th, 1859.

WORCESTER.—The performance of the selection of Handel's *Messiah*, at the Music Hall, passed off exceedingly well, and added another laurel to the many already won by the indefatigable secretary to the Harmonic Society, the Rev. R. Sarjeant, by whom, and the active members of a committee, all things were arranged. The attendance was very large, there being nearly 700 persons present, the majority of whom were connected with the manufacturing establishments of the city. The performers were local, with the exception of Miss Amelia Hill, of Birmingham, who acquitted herself with great credit. Messrs. Mason and Briggs, of the Cathedral choir, and other gentlemen, aided the managers of the concert with their presence, so that each department was rendered complete. Mr. Jabez Jones ably officiated as conductor.

RYDE—(*From a Correspondent*).—On Christmas Day a new mass, by Dr. Holloway, M.A., of this town, was performed, for the first time, at St. Marie's Catholic Church. The composer himself presided at the organ. Considering that the music is somewhat chromatic and elaborate, the singers deserve much credit for the careful manner in which it was executed. The cornet-playing of Mr. H. Austin was instrumental in no small degree in promoting the success which attended the first performance of a new work of no small difficulty.

BURY CRITICISM.—*Accrington Choral Society.*—This society gave, for the first time in Accrington, Haydn's grand oratorio, *The Creation*, on Friday evening, December 23rd, in the Assembly Room of the Pee Institution. The audience, as usual in concerts, was large, being composed of the *élite* of the town. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss; principal instrumentalist, Mr. Carrodus. We have seldom heard Mrs. Sunderland in finer voice. She is an exception to the generality of these designated "stars," for her pronunciation was so distinct and clear—her words so well expressed—that we were not only enabled to admire the beauties of the music, but the sentiment of the poetry. We do not know anything so much overlooked in various oratorios as the clear pronunciation, which, to our ear, is one of the greatest beauties of correct singing. When the pronunciation is associated with musical ability, its effect finds its way both to the head and the heart of the audience. Mrs. Sunderland in this particular is a pleasing exception. Her voice, her gesture, her general intonation in the solo, "The marvellous works," appeared to us to be the climax of sublimity. Mr. Lockey, although not possessing that graceful gesture which distinguishes Mrs. Sunderland, yet the correct taste he exhibits, blended with his fine broad tenor, in a great measure compensates for what is wanted in gesture. His rendering of the air "Now vanish before the holy beams," was a gem, and it fully developed his musical abilities. We should be glad if Mr. Weiss would dispense with that stiff attitude which appears so ungraceful in singers. It is a matter of surprise that that gentleman, possessing great musical abilities, combined with excellent voices, admirably adapted for the part they take, should neglect such an important element as correct gesture. If they would devote a little more attention to the study of nature, observe the various abilities and intonations of voice, as expressed in the development of the passions, such as grief, anger, and joy, and combine these natural intonations with correct musical taste, then what a wonderful effect would be produced upon an audience, to what refinement it would lead in this particular branch of art, which at the present time is so much cultivated by all classes. In spite of these drawbacks, it would be unpardonable were we to say that there was nothing attractive in the singing of Mr. Weiss. The air, "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," was highly appreciated by the audience, and his powerful bass voice was fully developed. As regards the chorus singer and instrumentalists, it would not be right on our part to begin to distinguish—there was such a just appreciation of the composer's idea, such a unity of action from all the members, numbering upwards of 160 performers, that we do not feel inclined to select any one for particular criticism. Great credit is due to Mr. Barnes, the conductor, whose fine conception of taste, and just execution, are so well known to the musical world. It is really pleasing to note the great improvement that has taken place of late years in reference to the working people's taste for sacred music. A few years back it was considered a prodigy to hear or see any working man take part in Handel's *Messiah*, Haydn's *Creation*, or the compositions of Mozart. Not so now. In every town where the population numbers 10,000, a choral society may be found, whose instrumental and vocal performances exhibit a correctness of taste which, a few years ago, would have been applauded in any aristocratic saloon. This proves that the people are growing more refined in their taste for the sublime and beautiful.

[We have copied the above from the *Bury Guardian*, because it combines with its extreme oddity another welcome proof of the continued advance of musical taste in this country.—ED.]

WINDSOR CASTLE.—The choristers and the following gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, St. George's, viz.: Messrs. Mitchell, Bridgewater, Knowles, Marriott, Dyson, Whiffin, Bransome, Barnby, and Lambert, under the direction of Dr. Elvey, had the honour of singing before Her Majesty, at Windsor Castle, on Saturday, the 24th.

SCHINDLER'S LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.*

(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*—Boston).

OUR readers have, many of them at least we hope, some acquaintance with an English work known as *Moscheles' Life of Beethoven*, the name of the real author not appearing upon the title-page. That author is in fact the above named Anton Schindler, and the body, of the English work is but a translation from the German. Schindler's first edition appeared at Münster, in Westphalia, in 1840; a second with a few additions in the appendix, in 1845; and now in October, 1859, a third, "re-written and with additions."

Schindler has for more than twenty years been one of the "best abused" men in Germany. In how far he has deserved the treatment which he has received from Spohr, Mendelssohn, Dorn, and from the partizans of each in the German musical world, it is not our purpose to inquire. He has certainly never hesitated to express his opinion as to the manner in which those great musicians have thought proper to conduct Beethoven's works at festivals, and in terms perhaps more remarkable for plainness than politeness. Musicians in all parts of Germany will warn you against Schindler, as being unworthy of credence—and yet whoever writes upon Beethoven plunders him! From a pretty extensive examination of the musical literature of Germany which can by any possibility throw light upon Schindler's statements, not excepting the controversies, which have appeared between him and others in the *Kölner Zeitung*, and other non-musical newspapers, we venture to say, that as Wegeler and Ries' *Notizen* are the grand fountain of our knowledge of the younger years of the great composer, so Schindler's book is the most important work upon his later years. As *biographical authorities*, the books of Lenz and Marx are contemptible. This new edition of Schindler's work is a new *addition* to our knowledge of Beethoven, and contains very much important and interesting matter. And precisely because it is so important and

* *Biographie von Ludwig van Beethoven*, verfasst von ANTON SCHINDLER. Dritte, neu bearbeitete und Vermehrte Auflage. 2 vols. 8vo. Münster, 1860 (59).

interesting, and because we hope it will yet find its way into the world in an English dress, we propose to give our readers the means of correcting certain mistakes into which the author has fallen.

Schindler lives near Frankfort-on-the-Maine. He has there revised his work and prepared it for the new edition. But Beethoven lived and died at Vienna, and no one, who has not by long-continued labour collected the scattered authorities in that city, can hope to write of his early life, the period of his great productiveness and activity, without falling into many mistakes. When Schindler speaks from his own observation and experience, we are rarely, if ever, able to correct him: in all other cases he is as liable to be misinformed as any other, who writes without the foundation of broad and comprehensive research. We repeat: because we think so highly of the importance of Schindler's work, it is that we give the following list of some of the principal errors into which he has fallen.

Vol. I., p. 3. For the spider story, see Disjouval's *Arachnologie*, or Schilling's *Lexicon der Tonkunst*, where it will be found it rests upon a mistake, confounding the names *Berthaume* and Beethoven.

P. 4. Schindler supposes Neefe had left Bonn and settled in Frankfort in 1782. The fact is, that Neefe was there only by leave of absence for a short time. Bonn remained his home until August, 1796—nearly four years after Beethoven had left it for ever. This is important, as at once clearing up divers mystifications, in which Schindler is here, on pages four and five, involved.

P. 6. Schindler is a year too late in the date of the publication of the Waldstein Sonata, op. 53,—for 1806 read 1805.

P. 10. The Sonatas copied into Bossler's' *Blumenlese*, Mr. S. thinks are utterly lost. We have reason to think they are the three youthful Sonatas of which we know one copy of the original edition is to be seen in the Royal Library at Berlin, and which have, within a few years, been reprinted, both in that city, and by Holle, in Wolfenbüttel.

P. 11. Note. The variations on a March by Dressler, we have reason to believe were written when the author was twelve years old, and that they preceded the Sonatas, notwithstanding on the title-page of the latter we read "by Louis van Beethoven, aged eleven years." Our reasons for this opinion we reserve for another occasion and place.

P. 44. Beethoven was in Berlin certainly in June 1796. That this was his first and *last* artistic tour is not correct, if Tomaschek may be trusted, who says expressly that Beethoven gave concerts in Prague in 1798.

P. 50. Mr. S. says, (referring to his catalogue, pp. 56, *et seq.*,) "It may be taken for a certainty that no one of the works noted farther on was written before the year 1794." To this we simply say *here*, "doubted."

P. 54. Mr. S. doubts the anecdote related by Reis, that the Trios, Op. 1, were played in the presence of Haydn, before they were published, on the ground that the great composer left Vienna in 1794, and the Trios appeared while he was still in England, in 1795. Haydn left Vienna, January 19, 1794, and Beethoven advertised his Trios to be printed by subscription, May 16, 1795. This is true, and yet we trust Ries in this case, and that they were already written and played to Haydn before the close of 1793. We have no space here for our reasons.

PP. 55—58. In regard to the date of publication of at least half the works mentioned on these pages, Mr. S. is a year out of the way.

P. 57. The first performance of the first concert for pianoforte in C, says Mr. S., was in spring, 1800. We know of its having been performed in public twice during the year 1795. It was the second concerto which was given with the septet and first symphony.

P. 78. The ballad, "Prometheus," greatly extended in form by Vigana, with much selected music, instead of and in addition to that of Beethoven, was produced at Milan, May 22, 1813, from whence it went the round of the principal theatres of Italy.

P. 93. As to the *Christus am Oelberg* (Christ on the Mount of Olives), Ries says expressly, that Beethoven was putting the finishing touches to it upon his arrival in Vienna, in 1800, (in the spring). Schindler intimates that it was not performed until 1803—probably correct—and then only once given. We know of three performances of it within the space of a year—from April, 1803 to April, 1804.

P. 95. Mr. S. says, that the "objects of Beethoven's autumnal love was well-known to him," and that she was Marie L. P——r (Pachler). He is nevertheless *mistaken*. The "autumnal love" dated, as Mr. S. shows upon the same page, at least five years before 1816. We know that Beethoven had a project of marriage in his mind in 1810, from another source—and this must have been with the object of the "autumnal love"—*i. e.*, when he was thirty-nine years of age. "Mark how plain a tale," &c. In 1810, Miss Koschak was sixteen years old, at the age of twenty-two—in 1816 she married Dr. Pachler, and in 1817 came, for the first time, to Vienna! while Beethoven never was in Gratz, her native place.

P. 97. The date of the letters to Julia Gruiciardi was 1801. Of this we have proof.

P. 99. Mr. S. dates the first performance of the second symphony, and the C minor P. F. Concerto, July, 1804. They were both given in the spring of 1803. Before that?

P. 101. We understand Mr. Schindler to make Bernadotte ambassador to the Austrian Court in 1804 or 1805. In fact, he reached Vienna in February, 1798, and left April 15 following.

P. 112. "The American ship-captain Bridgetower." What can Mr. Schindler mean? Bridgetower had been a "wonder child" as violinist, and came to Vienna as a *virtuoso*, and indeed one in the service of the Prince of Wales (George IV.). Rudolph Kreutzer was not in Vienna in 1805, so far as we can learn—had been there seven years before. As to the variations, op. 35, they preceded the Heroic Symphony—they, were not "*etwas später*," (somewhat later).

P. 118. Paer and Beethoven were at work, the one upon his *Leonore*, the other upon his *Fidelio*, at the same time—although Paer produced his a year in advance of the other.

P. 119. Beethoven's opera was *never* named *Leonore* upon the theatre bills—we have seen all that belong to the years 1805-6. Perhaps upon the large street bills, but this we doubt.

P. 126. "So rested the opera again, and again full eight years passed," before it came upon the stage. Not at all; hardly a year of the eight in which it was not given, and in fact several times.

P. 140. "Of the grand works, except the Sonata in F, Op. 55, in this year (1806), none appeared." Our list gives the following:—

Sonata in F. op. 54.
Trio for two oboes and English horn.
Trio arranged for stringed instruments.
Andante Favori, in F 3-8.
Nos. 1, and 2, and 3, of six gr sonatas for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, op. 60.
No. 1, 2, of three grand Trios, op. 61.
16 variations for pianoforte, violin and viol oncello, op. 44.
Sinfonia Eroica.

Quite a difference between us and Mr. Schindler.

P. 141. Four symphonies in *one* concert! An error, as we think.

P. 184. Beethoven was not in Linz in the spring of 1812, and the memory of Count Brunswick (who is the authority), has here failed him and misled Schindler. But the passage is worth translating. "According to his account (Brunswick's) written me in 1843, the composition of the *Ruins of Athens* falls into the first month of the year 1812; at the same time the plans of the two symphonies (7th and 8th), of which the eighth, in F, was wrought out during Beethoven's to his brother Johann, in Linz, in the spring. Thence he journeyed to Teplitz, where the overture to *King Stephen* was written. After his return, the strengthened master went to work upon the symphony in A, No. 7." Now it is curious to see how many errors can be contained in so few words.

1. Beethoven was *not* in Linz, in the spring of 1812.

2. Both the *Ruins of Athens* music, and that of *King Stephen*, had been composed, sent to Pesth, rehearsed, and made ready for performance on the 9th of February.

3. The eighth symphony was not written out in the spring of 1812, at Linz—as Beethoven was not there!

4. The seventh symphony was not written out after Beethoven's return from Teplitz, having been already finished before May 8, 1812.

5. The overture to King Stephen was not written in Teplitz, 1812, having been performed six months before, and not in Pesth alone.

6. The first notice of the eighth symphony is in a letter of Beethoven, written in the spring of 1813.

PP. 207—212. These six pages of the dates of first performances and publication of works by Beethoven, contain many inaccuracies of more or less importance; the more important ones, however, may be corrected from the foregoing.

Having now reached the period at which Mr. Schindler made the acquaintance of the great master, we have only to thank him for the amount of valuable and interesting matter which he gives us in relation to Beethoven's later years. One curious mistake, however, we cannot pass over without notice.

In Vol. II., p. 129, is a note from Beethoven to Stephen von Breuning, which was sent with a picture of the composer. "Behind this picture, my dear good Steffen," &c.

This note Mr. S. dates 1826, and says the picture was the lithograph, by Stieler. In fact, the picture is a miniature on ivory, and was presented to Breuning before 1810.

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The rays of the morning appear on the land;
O, haste with thy burden to life's narrow gate,
Ere the night shadows falling proclaim thee too late.

Knock, little pilgrim, it shall not be vain,
Thy feeble entreaties admittance shall gain;
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I never more will grieve thee:
All joys are fled and hope is dead
If I indeed must leave thee.
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken;
I did not dream those cherished chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly.
Then take me to thy heart again.

"I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER."

Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN.

Price 2s.

Prithee tell me, gentle sir,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me?
It is not *Love* torments me so:
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me!

I try to sing—my voice is sad!
I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can *you* not tell? nor *you*? nor *you*?
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here, *he'd* tell me what to do,
To bid the demon slumber!
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm *sure* 'twould cheer my heart—but then,
"I'm not in love, remember!"
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Not the mere friend of summer day,
But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
And sad the spirit sighs alone;
Then marvel not that thus I twine
My thoughts around this gift of thine,
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I loved dear Margaretta,
I know not what it means,
I cannot now forget her.
That vision of the past
My head is ever crazing,
Yet when I saw her last,
I could not speak for gazing.
Queen of rural maids,
My dark-eyed Margaretta,
The heart the mind upbraids,
That struggles to forget her.

My love I know will seem
A wayward, boyish folly;
But, ah; it was a dream
Most sweet, most melancholy.
Were mine the world's domain,
To me 'twere fortune better
To be a boy again,
And dream of Margaretta.
Oh! mem'ry of the past,
Why linger to regret her?
My first love was my last,
And that is Margaretta.

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TO CONCERT AND SOIREE COMMITTEES.

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I cannot now forget her.
That vision of the past
My head is ever crazing,
Yet when I saw her last,
I could not speak for gazing.
Queen of rural maids,
My dark-eyed Margaretta,
The heart the mind upbraids,
That struggles to forget her.

My love I know will seem
A wayward, boyish folly;
But, ah; it was a dream
Most sweet, most melancholy.
Were mine the world's domain,
To me 'twere fortune better
To be a boy again,
And dream of Margaretta.
Oh! mem'ry of the past,
Why linger to regret her?
My first love was my last,
And that is Margaretta.

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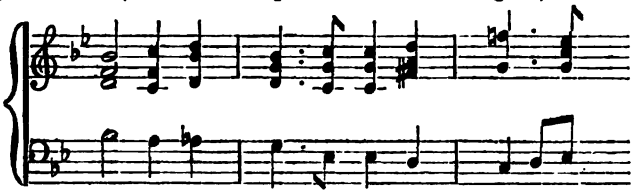
REVIEWS.

"Les Arquebusiers;" "La Fandango;" "Brise Mystérieuse;" "Hymne à la Vierge;" "Air de Danse;" "La Ronde des Clochettes;" pour piano—par Felix Godefroid—Ops. 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, and 87—(Cramer, Beale, and Chappell). Mozart and Beethoven used to make six elaborately-contrived quartets stand for a single *opus*. M. Felix Godefroid (the Belgian Parish Alvars) here allows six little bagatelles to pass for six *opera*. Not much lamp oil, or sweat of the brow, can have been wasted on them. *N'importe;* these six bagatelles have the merit of being original as well as pretty. They are not hashes, concocted of the leavings of the Opera, nor glasses of punch mixed from the rinsings of Meyerbeer's bottles, Such as they are, they belong exclusively to M. Godefroid. Though all of them are comparatively easy, not one of them is, in a strictly musical sense, uninteresting. Besides being well composed, there is a certain freshness of thought about every one of them which alone would render them acceptable. *Les Arquebusiers* is a spirited march, with a thought timidly stolen from Auber—at the top of page 3. *La Fandango*, less new in its *allure*, while styled *Danse Péruvienne*, is so Spanish in character as to yield presumptive evidence, were presumptive evidence needed, that the Spaniards had set foot in Peru. *Brise Mystérieuse* is styled a *caprice*, the "*caprice*" seeming to be involved in the following direction :—

"Ce morceau doit être éxécuté très légèrement, et *constamment avec la pedale sourde*,"—

which, as we have no great faith in a perpetual employment of the deaf pedal, and as the *caprice* is attractive enough without having recourse to any such expedient, we recommend the player to disregard, if not wholly, at any rate in part. *Hymne à la Vierge* is in some respects the best *morceau* of the six; nevertheless, the following progression is objectionable (we have transposed it an octave higher) :—



and the subjoined fragment of melody (a remarkably melodious fragment), is (less timidly) stolen from Schubert's *Ständchen* :—

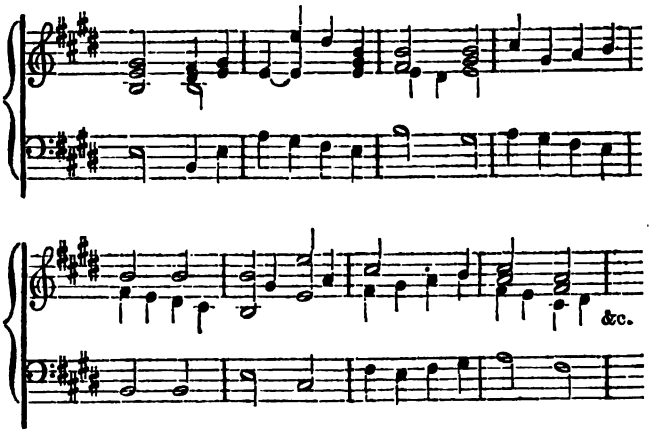
The *Air de Danse* is a tolerably happy (but not so happy as we should have expected from M. Godefroid) imitation of the ordinary theatrical *pas de*—no matter how many—of which Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer have produced the most faultless and genial examples. The *Ronde des Clochettes*—of course in B minor, with F sharp for the *clochettes*—though not by any means so good as the rondo from Paganini's famous concerto, is, for a piece of such moderate difficulty, both brilliant and effective. In conclusion, though not quite so sterling as some pieces of similar pretensions from the same pen which were reviewed about two years since in these columns, these new compositions of M. Godefroid are so much superior to the ordinary run of such trifles that they may be conscientiously recommended to masters and students.

"Psalmodia, simplex et selecta"—"consisting of a very choice selection of psalm-tunes, adapted for four voices, with an accompaniment for piano; interspersed with numerous interludes and preludes, attached to each tune respectively, and a double set of words IN LARGE PRINT" (Tallant and Allen). The preface appears to us the most valuable feature of this compilation. That others are not of the same mind, however, may be gathered from the following advertisement (puff?) which the publishers have printed on the back of the cover :—

"The following critical remarks on *Psalmodia* have reached the author through the medium, and great kindness, of the printer. They are of the most disinterested nature, and were never intended to meet the public eye, having been elicited spontaneously, from the pen of a gentleman (who is utterly *unknown* to the author, except by name and reputation) on his perusing a copy of the prospectus prior to its publication :—

"'I may be mistaken, but I fancy this work must become a popular one. The whole arrangement, which is at once novel, interesting, and useful, strikes me as being '*just the thing that is wanted.*' An organist, or pianist, has before him (or her), the tune itself, a prelude, and interludes, (containing, in my humble opinion, really lovely bits of harmony), and, on the opposite page, two sets of words in most unmistakeable characters. So excellent an arrangement has certainly *never come under my notice before.* The truth is, I could look upon this book as upon a pet child of my own, in which I should have much hope of a fine career.

Regent's Park.'"

We also "may be mistaken" (who among mortals is infallible?); but surely the following prelude would not be lightly put forth (even "through the medium and great kindness of the printer") by ever so spontaneous and disinterested a gentleman, as either a "lovely bit of harmony," or as "just the thing that is wanted :"—

If so, we own that *Psalmodia, simplex et selecta*, would not be "a pet child of ours," nor could we reasonably predict for it "a *fine* career."

In "*selections*," from *Dinorah*, *Martha*, and *Satanella*, M. Emile Berger has culled, with great industry, all the flowers of tune from each opera, and arranged them in so familiar a manner as to come within reach of even the most amateur-aspirant to honours as a drawing-room pianist. M. Berger has not missed a single favourite bit; so that each of his selections may fairly be likened to a Christmas pudding gorged with sweets, the most luxurious pudding of the three being unquestionably the *Dinorah*, which is so full of plums and spices of all kinds that you can scarcely believe that it has been made up of anything else.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 12th.

LAST week very few novelties occurred in the lyrical world. At the Italian Opera the *Puritani* was revived with complete success. Signor Giuglini was charming as ever, and surpassed himself in the air of "Cerca il sonno." He was ably supported by Madame Penco, Signors Graziani and Angelini. He will, however, soon be missed by his admirers, if it be true that he is only engaged for twelve performances, as he has already sung seven times in the *Trovatore* and three times in the *Puritani*. The curiosity with which the public have been waiting for the new opera by M. G. Braga has at length been gratified. But whether the opera itself has afforded much gratification, I doubt. The first performance was given on the 2nd January. The *libretto* is written by M. Viave. The principal parts were filled by Mesdames Borghi-Mamo, Nardi, and Leva; and Signors Gardoni, Graziani, Zucchini, and Casaloni. Although the great expectations that had been raised concerning this new composition have only been partially realised, that it possesses merit and is the work of a man of talent, no one can deny. But it is wanting in those brilliant flashes that raise the man of genius at once out of the crowd of ordinarily talented men, and place him, like Meyerbeer, far above his compeers. *Marguerita la Mendicante*, the title of M. Braga's work, is a lyrical melodrama in three acts. The principal defect of the piece is that it has no striking or dramatic situations. The interest of the work is concentrated in one person, and that of course renders the piece monotonous. It has evidently been the object of the authors to create a part in which Madame Borghi-Mamo can display her talent in all its fulness; and they have done it in such a manner that but little is left for the others. There is no doubt that, to a certain extent, to compose on such a system must result, as experience has ever shown, in failure. The favourite operas are those in which there are several good parts, and in which the interest is kept alive in all the varied details of the piece. In the first act, the opening chorus of the journeymen armourers, "Armajuolo canta e ridi," and the air, sung by Othon (Signor Graziani), "Fu perfido con noi troppo il destino," gave fair promise of what the opera would be in the hands of such artists. The second scene, which passes in the Palace of Mulrose, between Rodolphe Berghen and his wife Marguerite, is also good. In the second act Signors Gardoni and Graziani did their best, but all their efforts could not throw into it that fire and passion which a melo-dramatic work demands, not having the materials to work upon. The second scene in the act is the best. It is the fair at Leipsic: the chorus of the miscellaneous crowd of people who compose the attendants of a fair is well and tellingly written, and the entrance of Margherita, as a mendicant afflicted with blindness, is a very striking situation. Madame Borghi-Mamo sang the air (in which she asks alms) "Tu nome del Signore, udite I miei sospiri," in a highly artistic manner. Zucchini sang a buffo air very well. The finale of this act obtained a well-merited encore. The third act, which brings about the *dénoûment* of the piece, is the weakest and least interesting of the three. That M. Braga *can* compose, various parts of this opera prove, and also that he is capable of something superior.

At the Grand-Opéra the *Trouvère*, *Guillaume Tell* and *Sylphide* succeed each other, and the rehearsals of Prince Poniatowski's opera go on actively.

The Opéra-Comique gives us nothing new. At the Théâtre-Lyrique, the *Reine Topaze* will be revived, in which Madame Miolan-Carvalho obtained such a brilliant success. Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, now making a continental tour, with ever-increasing success, has just made its appearance at Rennes, and will shortly visit various other great French towns.

In the drama little of any importance has taken place lately. A piece, called the *Marchand de Coco*, in five acts has been brought out at the Ambigu—but brought out from where, or brought out from what, it were difficult to say. The trash and refuse of the present literature of fiction, which even the least particular of authors have left in its native mire, MM. Dennery and Duqué have served up, without any of those condiments that help to disguise the equally nasty dishes of MM. A. Dumas, &c. Another drama is shortly to be brought out at the Théâtre du Cirque Impérial. It is said to be one of great interest. The title is *L'Histoire d'un Drapeau*. Of course the victories of "La Belle France" will occupy a very prominent part—indeed, form the basis of the piece. While the rehearsals are actively going on, the theatre is being re-decorated and improved in a very superior style.

The concerts here are numerous, and some of them well attended. It is a source of general regret that those of Sivori and Ritter have come to an end. Sivori is called to London; Ritter has left for Marseilles. Their concerts here, however, will recommence on the 1st of February.

I think I told you some little time since of the great displeasure the King of Naples had manifested at seeing how badly the theatre of San Carlos was managed. It has been going on from bad to worse; and a correspondent of *L'Europe Artiste*, gives a rather absurd account of its proceedings. All confidence has been lost in the Duke de Satriano, the manager, and he has been obliged to resign his post. For a long time a system perfectly ruinous to the interests of the theatre has been pursued, and so great was the mistrust of each other exhibited by the members of the committee, that none were sent to other countries to see and judge for themselves of the merits of the various artists they engaged. A rather curious scene took place some little time since at the San Carlos. According to *L'Europe Artiste*, Signor Negrini forgot for a moment the respect due to the public, during the first act of *Norma*, which he sang in a very unsatisfactory manner; he was hissed, and replied to the hisses by bowing ironically to the audience in a manner expressing the utmost indifference to their opinion. Upon this, there were redoubled hisses and cries of disapprobation. The tumult was at its height, when fortunately the arrival of the Court put an end to the disgraceful scene. Their Majesties were warmly received; their arrival had not been expected, and now came another scene. In the programmes sent to the Court, it was announced that the principal performers in the ballet would be Mdlle. Boschetti and M. Walpot. The play-bills, on the contrary, had announced Mdlle. Salvioni and M. Baracana, who accordingly appeared. The displeasure of the King, on the appearance of these second-rate artists, was so great that he rose and left the theatre, after expressing great displeasure to the Duke of Satriano. The audience applauded this mark of the King's disapprobation in the most enthusiastic manner; and when the Duke de Satriano appeared in his box, the hisses and groans gave him to understand that his reign was over. He sent in his resignation, which has been accepted. It is not yet known who is the new manager.

M. Roger is engaged at the Italiens, and will make his first appearance as Don Giovanni, in Mozart's opera.

COLOGNE.—The third Gesellschafts Concert, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, took place on the 22nd ult., in the Gürzenich Hall. The programme was as follows:—

FIRST PART.—1. "The Naiads," overture by W. Sterndale Bennett. 2. Aria, from *La Donna del Lago*, Rossini, Mad. de Luigi, from Paris. 3. Symphony, No. 3, by J. Rietz (first time).

SECOND PART.—4. Concerto for the violin, by Beethoven, played by Herr J. Grunwald. 5. "Frühlingsbotschaft, *concert-stück* for chorus and orchestra, by W. Niels Gade (first time). 6. Variations from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, Mad. de Luigi. 7. Overture to Spontini's *Cortez*.

This concert offered two novelties, which the public here, though, as is well known, not very eager for anything new, received very favourably, welcoming Gade's charming idyll with manifest pleasure and fond applause, and greeting Rietz's symphony with marks of appreciative admiration of the whole, the second movement (*scherzo*) being more especially distinguished. The same may be said of the *adagio*. The work has all the merits of an interesting and clever composition, as was to be expected from such a master as Rietz; there is, however, we think, more thought than "dash" in it, so that it may, perhaps,

be properly classed among those works which improve upon acquaintance.

The gem of the evening was Beethoven's violin concerto, and the beautiful manner in which it was rendered by Herr Grunwald. This gentleman possesses a peculiar strength of tone, which is capable, however, of all the more delicate touches, without becoming effeminate, and this quality is necessary in order to do justice to the noble style of the concerto. Correct conception, perfectly pure and sterling play, and beautiful, feeling expression, very rightly gained for the artist thunders of applause, especially in the *adagio*.

Mad. de Luigi, by the mere choice of the pieces she selected, carried us back to an antiquated period of art, though out of the varied crop it produced we still admire some magnificent and lasting shoots; we need mention only *Guillaume Tell* and the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. But the two pieces this lady sang in no way belong to the cheques upon immortality which the muse of music has drawn for her favourite, Rossini. It is possible that Mad. de Luigi was a popular singer, when the above period was at its best, but, in her performance on this occasion, there were only a few faint indications which could justify such a supposition. Unfortunately so evident and general a feeling of dissatisfaction as that excited among the audience, is often not to be pacified by the best productions of a different kind. This should not be, it is true, but, as men are constituted, it cannot be prevented.

The chorus had but little to do. It sang, however, the "Frühlingsbotschaft," by Geibel and Gade, very beautifully; the audience would willingly have had the piece repeated. The orchestra was excellent in the two overtures and the symphony; the last, especially, had been rehearsed with great care.

The fourth concert of this series was given on Thursday, the 6th inst. The following was the programme:—

FIRST PART.—1. Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*. 2. Air of Clytemnestra from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* (Mdlle. Emilie Genast). 3. Concerto for the violoncello by Molique (andante and finale), played by Alfred Piatti. 4. "O weint um sie," words from Byron, for solo, chorus and orchestra, composed by F. Hiller. 5. Fantaisie on a theme from *La Sonnambula*, for violoncello (A. Piatti). 6. Cavatina, "Una Voce," by Rossini (Mdlle. E. Genast).

SECOND PART.—Symphony, No. V., in C minor, by Beethoven.

The existing telegraphic arrangements now render it possible to send an intimation of an artist's being indisposed four-and-twenty hours before a concert, even from Berlin to the Rhine. The directors of these concerts were on this occasion reminded of the above fact, seeing that the singer engaged for the baritone part in Hiller's *Ver Sacrum* begged to be released from his engagement on the score of sudden hoarseness. However, a chorus and orchestra such as ours valiantly go through their task, when such a course is absolutely necessary, without any long preparation. We were obliged, it is true, to forego the performance of the *Ver Sacrum* at this concert, but, instead of it, we had the short, though exceedingly beautiful and popular vocal piece by Heller, "O weint um sie," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. As the solo performances, also, were very favourably received, the concert proved one of the most successful and satisfactory of the season.

This could be the case only with an audience which, fortunately, is always inspired and carried away by works like Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus* and the C minor symphony; which follows with the most anxious attention the excellent performance presented to it; and, by the interest visible on every countenance, is raised to that elevated frame of mind which such productions cause in persons possessed of an undepraved feeling for what is really beautiful and lofty in music.

Mdlle. Genast, from Weimar, manages with skill and science her voice, which, though not powerful, is very pleasing. The consequence is that her execution in the kind of song to which Rossini's air belongs, as well as of the German *Lied*—of which we have heard some very praiseworthy specimens in private circles—possesses a certain charm and nobleness of character, rendered still more captivating by a natural manner and an absence of pretension.

Besides hearing Herr Alfred Piatti at the Gesellschafts Concerts, we heard him several times at the first concert of the Männergesang-Verein, on the 8th inst., besides listening to him at private houses, where he played in Beethoven's A major sonata, in a sonata by Hiller (Op. 22), for pianoforte and violoncello, and in quartets by Mozart and Beethoven. His most eminent technical skill, his certainty in every possible case, his magnificent purity, etc., call forth the admiration both of the general mass and of professional judges; but we place his rendering of the melody, his way of singing on the strings, which sounds as of the best period of the Italian vocal school, and which every singer now-a-days should take as a model, and, combined with this, his peculiarly fine quartet play, far higher than his mere technical skill, although the latter is certainly most admirable. In his quartet play the manner in which he devotes his energies to the success of the composition as a whole is truly artistic. Never does he show us with an air of contempt what a virtuoso he is; but he proves himself to be really a master, capable of embodying in tune, most nobly and purely, the spirit of Mozart and Beethoven, and of rendering it manifest in the most beautiful form. There is, probably, no one equal to him for modern virtuosity and classical play, in the whole sphere of stringed instrumentalists.

STUTTGARDT.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has been produced here with immense enthusiasm. The composer was present at the first performance, and was called before the curtain several times.

MUSIC AND MYSTERY.

(From *Punch*.)

PERSONS who like puzzles might often find amusement in the musical advertisements which are put forth in some of the weekly prints. Here is one, for instance, which contains so hard a nut that even *Notes and Queries* would find it difficult to crack:—

EWER'S ROYAL PAVILION, SHAFTESBURY, DORSET.—WANTED, Three Musicians to join immediately, double-handed would be preferred. For particulars, &c., address as above.

Does the advertiser mean to say, that musicians with two hands are so seldom to be met with, that he thus avows his preference for those who are so gifted? If it be true that as a rule musicians have one hand more commonly than two, the College of Surgeons should be acquainted with the fact, and should set their wits to work in some way to account for it. As far as our experience and memory will carry us, we cannot call to mind that we have ever seen a one-handed musician, and this makes us the more curious to hear, if we can do so, some statistics on the subject.

In the same paper we find another nut to crack, which, for hardness of its shell, compared to the foregoing, is as a Brazil nut to a Kentish filbert:—

TO PIANOFORTE PLAYERS.—WANTED, in a first-class establishment, in the North, for a Spirit Bar-parlour, a good pianoforte player who can also sing. A lame man would be preferred, the salary being moderate. The party suiting the engagement would be permanent. Address, &c.

Why a lame man should be here preferred because the salary is moderate, is a problem of more puzzlement than we have brains to solve. A lame man might indeed find it hard to use the pedal, and his piano-playing therefore might be somewhat imperfect. But this does not account for the preference professed for him; because, however moderate the salary might be, one would fancy that the advertiser would wish to get as good a player as he could for it; and might just as well have tried to get an able-legged performer, supposing one were not more expensive than a lame one. If we wished to please the public we should certainly not choose a lame performer for so doing; for however good a hand he might be with his fingers, he never could make much of a quick running accompaniment.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The annual oratorio, usually given at the Concert Hall, took place on Wednesday night, the composition chosen being the *Creation* of Haydn. There has been shown, of late years, a disposition on the part of certain critics to depreciate this beautiful music. Comparisons are made between Haydn and Handel, and between Haydn and Mendelssohn; but one thing is very certain, that so long as a taste exists for what is truly beautiful, in a simple form, so long will Haydn's oratorio hold its place. The directors of the Concert Hall showed much discrimination in their selection of the solo vocalists on this occasion. Madame Louisa Vinning essays everything, and every style. The music, however, of the *Creation* might have been written for her, so thoroughly does she enter into the spirit of the work. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Santley were the other vocalists. The band and chorus were excellent, and it may be added, that few representations of Haydn's *Creation*, in Manchester, have been more entirely satisfactory.

THE BEALE TOUR.—Notwithstanding the *contretemps*, to which we need not allude, the touring party, under the management of Mr. Willert Beale, have met with that eminent success which invariably attended their progress in former seasons. They have already visited several towns in the provinces, and the impression they created may be gathered from the following account of their doings at Manchester, which we glean from one of the local journals :—

"FREE-TRADE HALL.—There has been no concert given in Manchester for many years past which has included a combination so varied in talent and novelty of character as that of Saturday evening last, at the Free-Trade Hall; and it was gratifying to find such enterprise so warmly appreciated, the applause, on more than one occasion, rising to enthusiasm. Sivori, the genius of the violin, received quite an ovation on presenting himself to the audience. Striking as are all his accomplishments, he never lets you suppose for a moment that they are difficulties; he commands your attention rather with the music of his instrument than startles you with his skill, though the latter exceeds, perhaps, that of any other living violinist. Next to this talented player came the astounding Bottesini on the contra-basso, who was rapturously applauded in his solo, the people becoming wild with excitement, whilst the duet with Sivori could scarcely be said to have been less fortunate in the pleasure it afforded. All who have listened to the very agreeable compositions of Mr. Brinley Richards, would be glad to see him in such goodly company, and to find that he is a most accomplished pianist. He selected his own arrangement of 'Cujus animam,' and a clever original composition, entitled 'The bird and the rivulet,' in which imagination, as well as the imitative art, are called into requisition. The style and touch of Mr. Richards are elegant and brilliant, and we shall be glad to hear him again. Herr Engel contrived to bring out the qualities of the harmonium with remarkable skill. The audience were much pleased with his 'Operatic airs.' The vocalists were all of high character. Mdlle. Corbari, with her rich voice and legitimate style, won considerable applause for Verdi's 'Sempre all' alba' (*Giovanna d'Arco*), and most deservedly, for it was most ably rendered. It is some years since Madame Fiorentini visited Manchester; we feel disposed to think that her voice since that period has developed in volume, and found greater richness of tone. She gave the grand scena from *Der Freischutz*, the Italian version, and brought down, loud plaudits. Madame Badia, the third lady on the list, is a novelty in this country. The Brindisi, 'Viva la belle amanti!' is the composition of the husband of Madame Badia, and we venture to think will become a favourite *morceau*. We regret it was not repeated for the encore. All know the value of Herr Reichardt in a concert room, and we have only to add that he sang his well-known and much-admired ballad, 'Thou art so near,' in a manner that delighted his auditors to the extent of a recall. The humour of Tagliafico is of the right order, and we never heard his voice tell so well as in the Free Trade Hall, where he sang for the first time. He gained a warm encore for Rossini's exquisite 'Tarantella.' The ensemble of the vocalists and instrumentalists in two or three pieces during the evening, and more particularly in the finale, 'Dal tuo stellato,' proved how much can be accomplished with first rate talent, however limited the group. Let us not overlook the ability of Mr. J. L. Hatton as conductor, nor refuse our thanks to him for adding to the pleasure of the evening by his facetious songs. The concert was a great success, and the audience sufficiently large to show that good music is duly appreciated in Manchester."

BRISTOL.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given at the Clifton Victoria Rooms, on Monday evening, the 26th inst., the principal vocalists being Mrs. P. J. Smith, Miss Julia Bleadon, Miss Dolby, Mr. W. Cooper, and Mr. Weiss; instrumentalists, Messrs. Blagrove, Reynolds, Nicholson, Hutchins, Mann, and T. Harper. The full band and chorus were supplied by the Clifton and Bristol Harmonic Society. The whole performance was most excellent, the choruses being rendered with an effect seldom surpassed, and Miss Dolby, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Weiss, as usual, were admirable in their respective parts. One of the most interesting features of the performance was the execution of the principal soprano music, by Mrs. P. J. Smith, wife of the conductor, who acquitted herself in such a manner, as to command the hearty applause and elicit the highest encomiums from amateurs and professors. Her reading and general conception of the music allotted to the Widow were of the most appropriate character, while the vocal ability with which the great song, "Hear ye, Israel," was delivered, met with unanimous and marked encomium.

BATH.—(*From a Correspondent*).—A grand performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was given at the Assembly Rooms, on Thursday evening; the principal vocalists being Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. A good band, led by Mr. Blagrove, and a small but efficient chorus, under the direction of Mr. Bianchi Taylor, materially enhanced the well-going of the oratorio. The room was crowded to excess.

LEEDS.—EXCITING SCENE AT AN ORATORIO PERFORMANCE.—The *Messiah* has for many years past been given in this town on the Saturday evening nearest to Christmas Day; and before our noble Town Hall was built, there was no room large enough to contain the thousands who were desirous of hearing that ever-fresh and glorious creation of Handel. Last year the annual performance was first given in the Town Hall, which was comfortably filled by about 2,000 persons. Last Saturday, however, a scene occurred of the most exciting description, and one plainly indicating the immense popularity of the *Messiah*, and its Yorkshire interpreter, Mrs. Sunderland. During the week, a report was assiduously spread to the effect that Mrs. Sunderland (who was engaged for the Saturday performance) had died suddenly. This was discovered to be untrue; and it is thought that the report had its origin with some persons who had arranged an "opposition" performance of the *Messiah* on Wednesday. However this may be, the rumour re-acted in favour of the Christmas Eve oratorio, and coupled with the fact that the other artistes were our great English basso, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Miss Crosaland, with Mr. Spark, the popular conductor, an immense demand for tickets sprung up. The doors of the Town Hall were besieged for an hour before the time fixed for the opening, and the crowds extended across each street. Within a short time after the audience were admitted not a seat could be obtained; and ultimately, not only every inch of ground, but even the pilasters around the hall, the orchestra steps, and the organ recesses, were crowded with music-loving people. Still more room was required, and, to gain this, the doors at the south end of the hall were thrown open, and about two hundred persons were content to stand in the vestibule, where, by the bye, the effect of the choruses was truly magnificent. The number of persons crammed into the hall was no less than 3,300, being 1,300 more than were present at any of the grand festival performances, and at least 500 persons were unable to gain admission. Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Weiss never sang better; and the choruses, rendered by the Leeds Madrigal Society's Concert Choir, aided by a few singers from Bradford, created immense enthusiasm. Mr. Spark performed his work admirably; and the band, led by Mr. Broughton, contributed to ensure success throughout.

WINDSOR—(*From a Correspondent*).—The second of the Concerts for the People took place on Tuesday evening week, at the Town Hall, like the previous one, under the patronage of Thomas Nixon, Esq., Mayor. Notwithstanding the exceedingly unfavourable state of the weather, the hall was again well filled—the middle of the room and the sixpenny seats being much crowded, while the stall seats were occupied by a large and respectable audience. There were several improvements effected in the arrangements and details, foremost of which was the erection of a small platform for the performers. The instrumental

part of the entertainment was also increased, being taken by Mr. Schroeder, of Her Majesty's private band, on the violoncello, Mr. G. Pearson and Mr. Custard, pupils of Dr. Elvey, on the pianoforte. The vocalists were, Miss Ransford, Miss Louise Jarrett, Mr. Dyson, and Mr. Lambert. The singing of Miss Ransford is entitled to much praise. Mr. Schroeder's execution on the violoncello was one of the chief attractions of the evening; while both pianists acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. The most attractive pieces of the evening were Adolph Adams' aria, "Love rules the palace;" the Scotch song, "Logie o' Buchan"—both of which were most spiritedly given by Miss Ransford; "The Village Blacksmith," and "All in the Rifle Corps," by Mr. Dyson; and the buffo duet, "The A B C," by Miss Ransford and Mr. Lambert. Sir Henry Bishop's well-known trio. "Maiden fair, a word I pray," by Miss Ransford, Messrs. Dyson and Lambert; Lover's Irish song, "I'm not myself at all," and "The bashful man," by Mr. Lambert; the song of "The two cousins," by Miss Ransford and Miss Jarrett; and the ballad, "A young Lady's No!" by Miss Louise Jarrett, who accompanied herself on the pianoforte, were more or less applauded. The whole concert passed off in a most satisfactory manner.

EDINBURGH— (*From our own Correspondent*).—Among the recent musical doings to be chronicled, are a series of four classical chamber concerts, which were given in the Freemasons' Hall under the direction of Mr. G. Hausmann. No better proof could be given of the rapid advance in musical taste here, than the manner in which these concerts have been supported. The audiences were large and fashionable, and listened with the deepest interest to the admirable selections provided for them by Mr. Hausmann. At the first, among other pieces, were performed Quartet (Mozart), No. 1, in G, for two violins, viola, and violoncello; Quintet (Beethoven), in E flat, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello; and sonata for violin by Tartini, "Le Trille du Diable." At the second, Quartet (Mendelssohn), in D, for two violins, viola, and violoncello; Larghetto, for violoncello, by Mozart; Duetto, for two violins, by Spohr; Solo, violin, by Sainton; and Double Quartet, by Spohr, No. 3, in E minor. At the third, Quartet, by Haydn, No. 78, in B flat, for two violins, viola, and violoncello; Adagio and Fugue, for violin, in G flat, S. Bach; Quartet (Schumann) for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello; and arrangement, by Gounod, of quintet from Mozart's *Cosi fan Tutte*, for pianoforte, harmonium, violin, and violoncello; and Quartet (Beethoven), No. 9, in C, for two violins, viola, and violoncello; and at the fourth, Beethoven's Quartet in D, No. 3, Op. 18; Trio, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by W. S. Bennett; Duo, by Kummer, for violin and violoncello, "Sur *Guillaume Tell*;" and Quintet (Mozart), in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello. Vocalist, Miss Witham, who sang "Vedrai Carino," "Die Post," by Schubert, and "Frühlingslied," by Mendelssohn. The talent engaged for these concerts was such as to cause the rendering of the various *morceaux* to be highly satisfactory. The violins were M. Sainton, Herr Carl Deichmann, Mr. William Howard, and Mr. Otto Boothe; Violas, Mr. R. B. Stewart and Mr. Taylor; Violoncellos, Mr. G. Hausmann and Mr. F. Boothe; while Mrs. James Cotton and Mr. C. J. Hargitt officiated at the pianoforte. M. Sainton, who appeared at the Second Concert, was in splendid tone, and fully sustained his great reputation. Herr Carl Deichmann, who played throughout the series, made his first appearance in Edinburgh, and created a most favourable impression by his pure tone, his skilful execution and refined taste. His performance of Bach's *Fugue*, and his share in Spohr's Duet, won for him the highest encomiums. Mr. Hausmann has added to his great popularity, not only by organising these delightful concerts, but by the way in which he sustained his part in the performance. His playing of a *Larghetto*, by Mozart, was graceful and expressive. I cannot omit to mention the excellent, though unobtrusive, viola playing of Mr. R. B. Stewart, whose services were invaluable.

Among other events have been the *Matinée Musicale* of Miss De Fabeck, a young pianist of much promise: and the First Lecture—Recital of Mr. J. Thorne Harris, which I was unfortunately prevented from attending. We have just had a performance of *The May Queen*, of which, more anon.

TONBRIDGE.—*Tonbridge School*.—The seventh annual concert by the school choir, given on Tuesday last, was in every respect a most successful affair. The chief applause fell to Estridge's solo, the duet by H. and R. Bird, and Neville's solo, in Part I.; and to Smith's and Nussey's solos, and "Come where my love lies dreaming," in Part II., all of which were encored; but we may also single out Horsley's "See the chariot at hand," and Stevens's glee, "Ye spotted snakes," and the two pianoforte solos, as remarkably well done. Indeed, the whole concert went off in such a manner as to reflect the highest credit on Mr. Gilbert, the conductor.

ROYAL WINDSOR THEATRICALS.

THE third dramatic performance this season took place at Windsor Castle on Wednesday evening. The following was the programme:—

A Play, in Five Acts, by Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, entitled,

"THE HUNCHBACK."

Master Walter	Mr. Howe.
Sir Thomas Clifford	Mr. W. Farren.
Lord Tinsel	Mr. E. Villiers.
Master Wilford	Mr. Braid.
Modus	Mr. Buckstone.
Master Heartwell	Mr. Cullenford.
Gaylove	Mr. Courtney.
Holdwell	Mr. Wetten.
Simpson	Mr. Moyse.
Fathom	Mr. Compton.
Thomas	Mr. Clark.
Stephen	Mr. Coe.
Williams	Mr. Weathersby.
Waiter	Mr. Hill.
Servant	Mr. Lane.
Julia	Miss Amy Sedgwick.
Helen	Miss Swanborough.

Under the management of Mr. George Ellis; and under the direction of Mr. W. B. Donne, her Majesty's Examiner of Plays.

The theatre arranged and the scenery painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

Shortly after eight o'clock the Queen and Prince Consort, with the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, Prince Arthur, Princess Helena, Princess Louisa, Prince Leopold, attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, and accompanied by the dinner party, entered the theatre in St. George's Hall, when the performance immediately commenced.

The orchestra was composed of Her Majesty's Private Band.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

AT the seventh concert, on Monday evening, the instrumental pieces were by Mozart, and comprised his quartet in D minor (dedicated to Haydn), his quintet in A for clarionet and stringed instruments, his *great* sonata, for pianoforte alone, in F, and his *little* sonata (quite as beautiful as the *great*), for piano with violin. Herr Becker led the quartet, joined Mr. Lindsay Sloper in the violin sonata, and played first fiddle in the quintet; in all, giving satisfactory proofs that the praise which has been awarded him was not undeserved. Mr. Lindsay Sloper played the *solo* sonata in that finished style for which he is noted; and Mr. Lazarus executed the clarinet part in the quintet as only he *could have* executed it. The second violin, viola, and violoncello, were, as usual, in the hands of Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti—in better hands they could hardly have been.

The vocal music comprised, among other things, Meyerbeer's delicious "Shepherd's Song," and Spohr's no less delicious "Bird and maiden," both with clarinet *obbligato* (Mr. Lazarus), the former sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, the latter by Madame Lemmens Sherrington, who, together, gave Rossini's chamber-duet. "Mira la bianca Luna." Madame Lemmens also introduced "Ombre légère," from *Dinorah*, while Mr. Sims Reeves repeated the "two *lieder* of Beethoven, "The Savoyard," and "The stolen kiss," which at a previous concert gained him so many laurels, and which, to judge from the enthusiastic encore bestowed upon the last named, lost nothing on more familiar acquaintance. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal music, and the audience, which filled St. James's Hall in every part, were evidently delighted with the whole entertainment.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last night Handel's oratorio, *Samson*, was performed, with Miss Banks, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Weiss as principal vocalists.

CONCERT AT THE NEW ST. PAUL'S SCHOOLS.—On Monday evening the Choir of St. Paul's, assisted by Miss E. Ward and Mr. P. Williams, entertained an audience of upwards of 500 persons with a performance of Glees, Madrigals, and Part-Songs, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Kinkee, organist. The programme was well arranged, the music efficiently rendered, and thoroughly appreciated. "Here in cool grot" was amongst the pieces encored, and the laughing chorus by Miss Ward, Messrs. Williams and Kinkee, was repeated three times. Mrs. and Mr. Kinkee presided alternately at the pianoforte and harmonium.

ORGANIST AT BRUNSWICK CHAPEL.—(*From a Correspondent*) —The organist's situation at Brunswick Chapel, Upper Berkeley-street, having become vacant by the sudden death of Mr. Abbott, was competed for on Thursday evening, the 5th inst. Each candidate played a chant, hymn tune, and a piece. At the conclusion of the trial the vestry sat, and announced Mr. A. H. Lowe as the successful candidate. The organ is a very old one, but capable of very beautiful effects.

A TESTIMONIAL, in the shape of a valuable gold watch and chain, was presented by the Messrs. Broadwood, on Saturday, Jan. the 7th, to Mr. Alexander Finlayson, a foreman, and for many years employed in the establishment at Westminster. Mr. Finlayson's father had been a workman in the manufactory, and his son and grandson are in the Messrs. Broadwood's service. The following inscription is engraved on the inner case of the watch:—

"Presented to Mr. Alexander Finlayson, by Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, as a mark of their appreciation of his integrity and worth, on his entering his 60th year in their employment, 1860."

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

ADVERTISEMENTS *are received until Three o'clock on Friday Afternoon, and must be paid for when delivered. Terms:—*

Three lines (about thirty words)	2*s.* 6*d.*
Every additional line (ten words)	0*s.* 6*d.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. G. C.—*As our correspondent magnanimously informs us that he "does not require payment," not to be behindhand in magnanimity, we have inserted his brief communication* gratis.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14TH, 1860.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S Manchester concerts are becoming the vogue with all classes, from the rich merchant and manufacturer to the middle-class tradesman and *bourgeois*, and from the middle-class tradesman and *bourgeois* to the respectable and thrifty, albeit humbler, artisan. His last essay, the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Gluck, appears to have been a positive triumph. The fact of such a work producing so great an effect in a concert-room should put to shame the managers of our lyric theatres, Italian and English, who have so obstinately presented a "cold shoulder" to the Patriarch of dramatic music—to Christopher Gluck, immediate predecessor of Mozart (though not of the same family), legitimate father of Spontini, and no less legitimate grandfather of Giacomo Meyerbeer.

The principal characters of the *dramatis personæ* were thus sustained at Manchester:—

Iphigenia (High Priestess in Tauris)...	Mad. Catherine Hayes.
The Goddess Diana	Mdlle. Merei.
Priestess of the Temple	Miss E. Thorley.
Orestes (brother of Iphigenia) ...	Mr. Santley.
Pylades (his friend)	Mr. Sims Reeves.
Thoas (King of the Scythians)... ...	Mr. Thomas.
Minister of the Sanctuary	Mr. Arnold.

From a very interesting account of the performance in the *Manchester Guardian* (of Thursday) we extract the following:—

"In our impression of Saturday last we gave a brief account of Gluck and his works, and a statement of the principal incidents of his *Iphigenia in Tauris*, the opera performed last night. It will easily be seen what scope they afforded to a musician of Gluck's calibre. The emotional elements are many, and of the most interesting and exciting character. Iphigenia is alternately agitated by grief at her unfortunate position, the loss of her country, the anguish on learning the fate of her kindred, especially of her dearly-loved brother Orestes, pity for the unknown Greeks who have landed on the fatal shores of the Scythians, and misery at being called upon to sacrifice her new-found brother; Orestes is filled with remorse for the murder of his mother Clytemnestra, and by having led his friend into such imminent danger; while the heroic breast of Pylades is filled only with love for Orestes and a desire to save him at all hazards. Around these three principal characters are grouped the Priestesses of the Temple, who reflect the feelings of Iphigenia; the superstitious and bloody Scythians, with Thoas at their head, and the dread avenging Furies.

"The *Iphigenia*, first produced at Paris in 1779, consists chiefly of airs, but they are short, and while they carry on the action of the drama, express in the happiest and most striking manner the feelings of the soul. There is but one duet, and one trio, which are not concerted pieces, but rather dialogues. The choruses are several; indeed, they play an important part. The principals are named above; in addition to these, there was a chorus of about 180, Mr. Hallé's own fine orchestral band being employed in rendering the accompaniments. This was, strange to say, the first performance of *Iphigenia in Tauris* in England;* and, considering how little Gluck and his works are known here, it must be a gratifying fact to Mr. Hallé, who has been at infinite pains in getting it up, and to all acquainted with the transcendent character of the music, to find so very large an audience assembled to hear it, especially considering that it was denuded of all stage accessories. The performance was entirely successful, principals, band and chorus exerting themselves to the utmost to do it justice. The whole being uniformly of the highest character, it is difficult to select special points for commendation. One of the most striking pieces is a chorus supposed to be sung by the Scythians on learning that Orestes and Pylades are about to become their victims. The thing is savagely grand, and called forth warm plaudits from the audience. It was not a little heightened by what is called 'ballet music' being introduced. It is, however, very unlike what is understood by that in modern acceptation, being a series of war dances, of a strange but very exciting character. We may also refer to the invocation of Orestes to the gods to let loose their wrath upon the bloody Scythians, magnificently given by Mr. Santley—as indeed was the whole of the music allotted to him; the chorus of the Furies, in which the band accompaniments are appalling; the entire third act, which embodies the struggle between Orestes and Pylades as to which shall be sacrificed; and a beautiful hymn to Diana—simplicity itself—which was enthusiastically re-demanded. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the immense audience, who paid Mr. Hallé a perfect ovation at the close of the opera; which will, we hope, determine him to give another performance. The production of such a work for the first time in so complete a manner, very strikingly exhibits the musical resources of this city; and, if it have the effect of calling forth other performances elsewhere, with or without the aid of stage resources, it will be a benefit conferred on musical art."

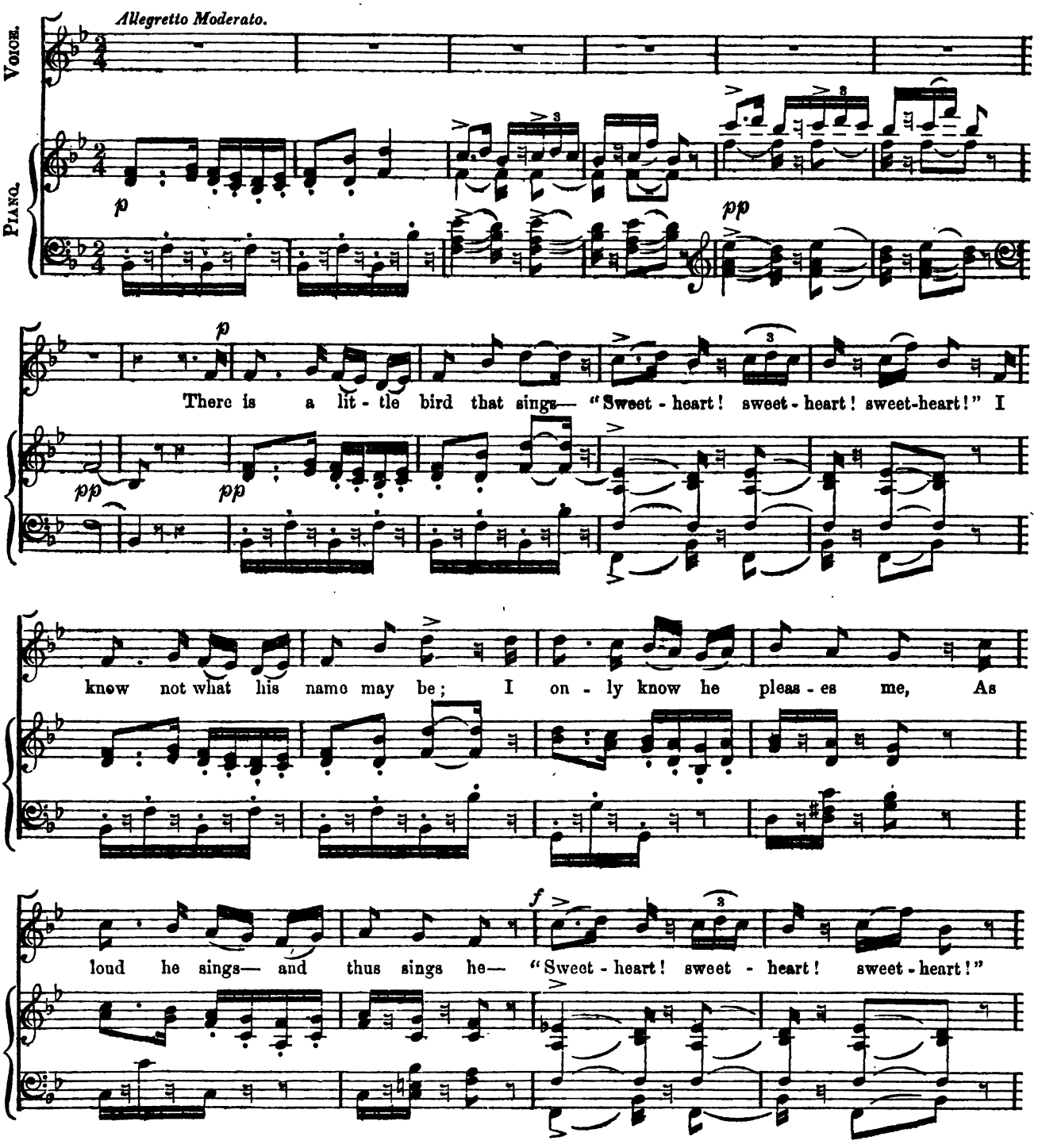
The Manchester Examiner and Times, in the midst of a glowing and enthusiastic panegyric, transfers to its columns the narrative of the plot of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, from Boosey's *Standard Lyric Drama*,† which, on another

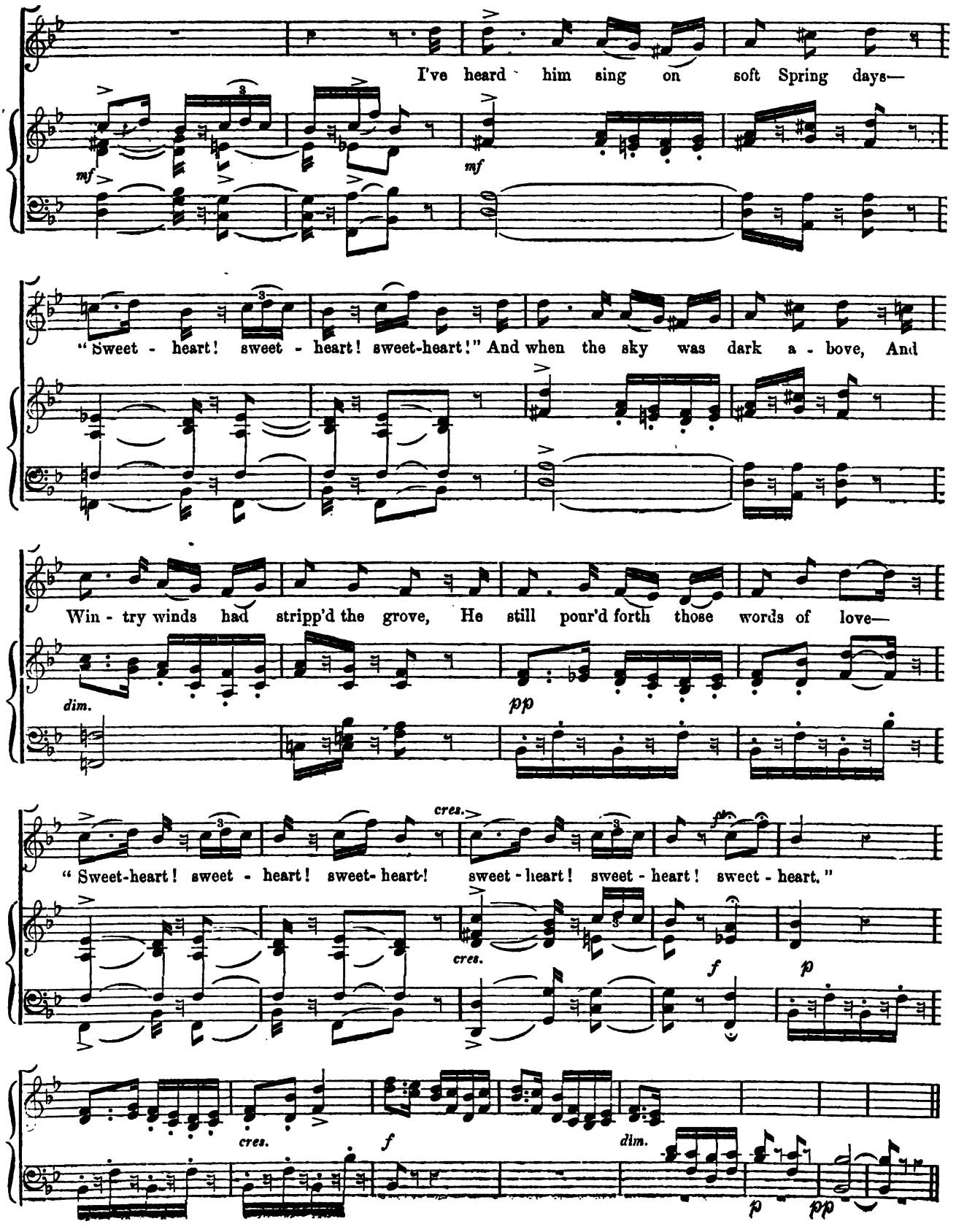
* This is erroneous. *Iphigenia in Tauris* was given at the St. James's Theatre, in 1840, by a German company, which first made Herr Staudigl known to the English public.

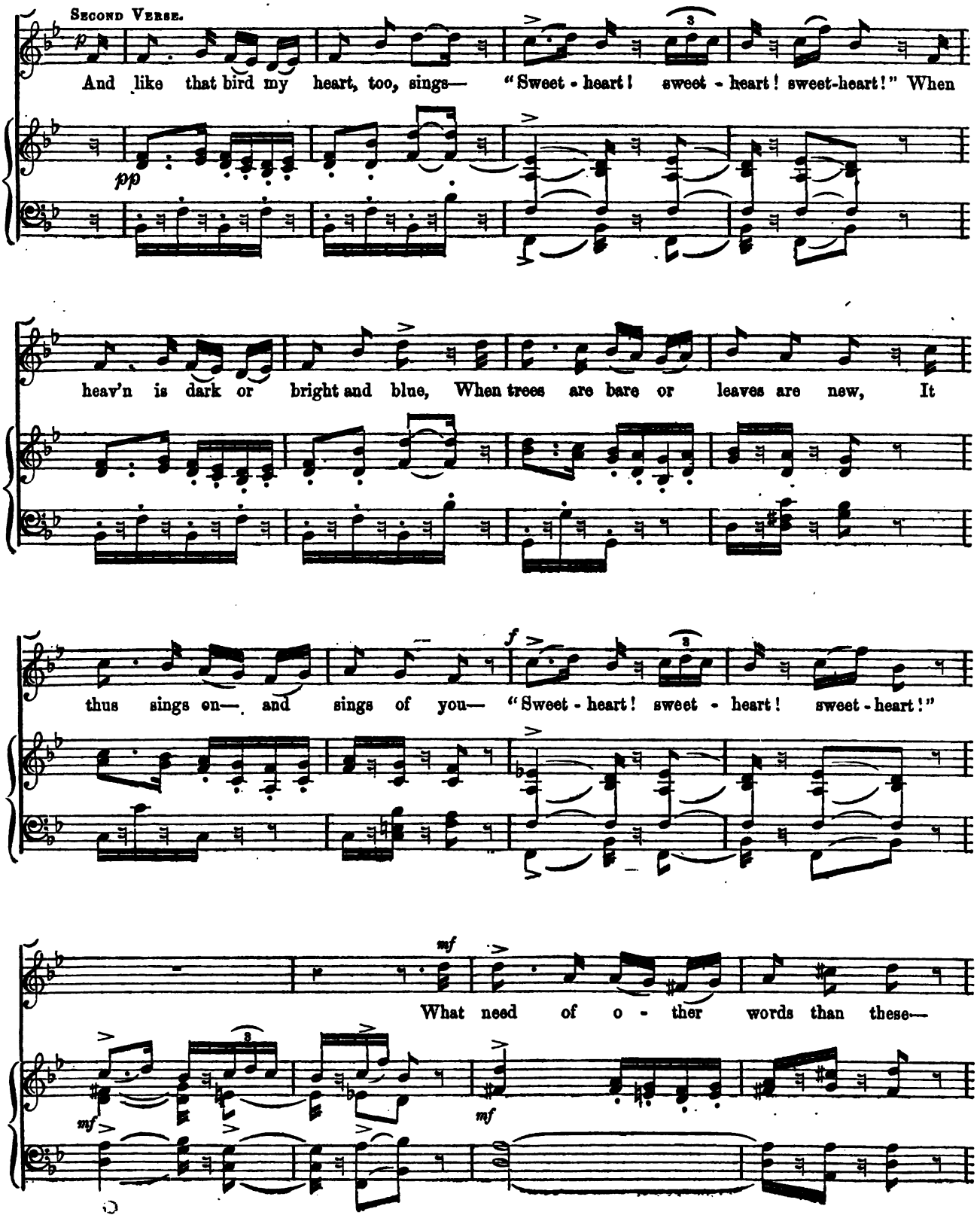
† "*Iphigenia in Tauris* is considered one of the finest productions of the classical drama of ancient Greece. The *libretto* to which Gluck

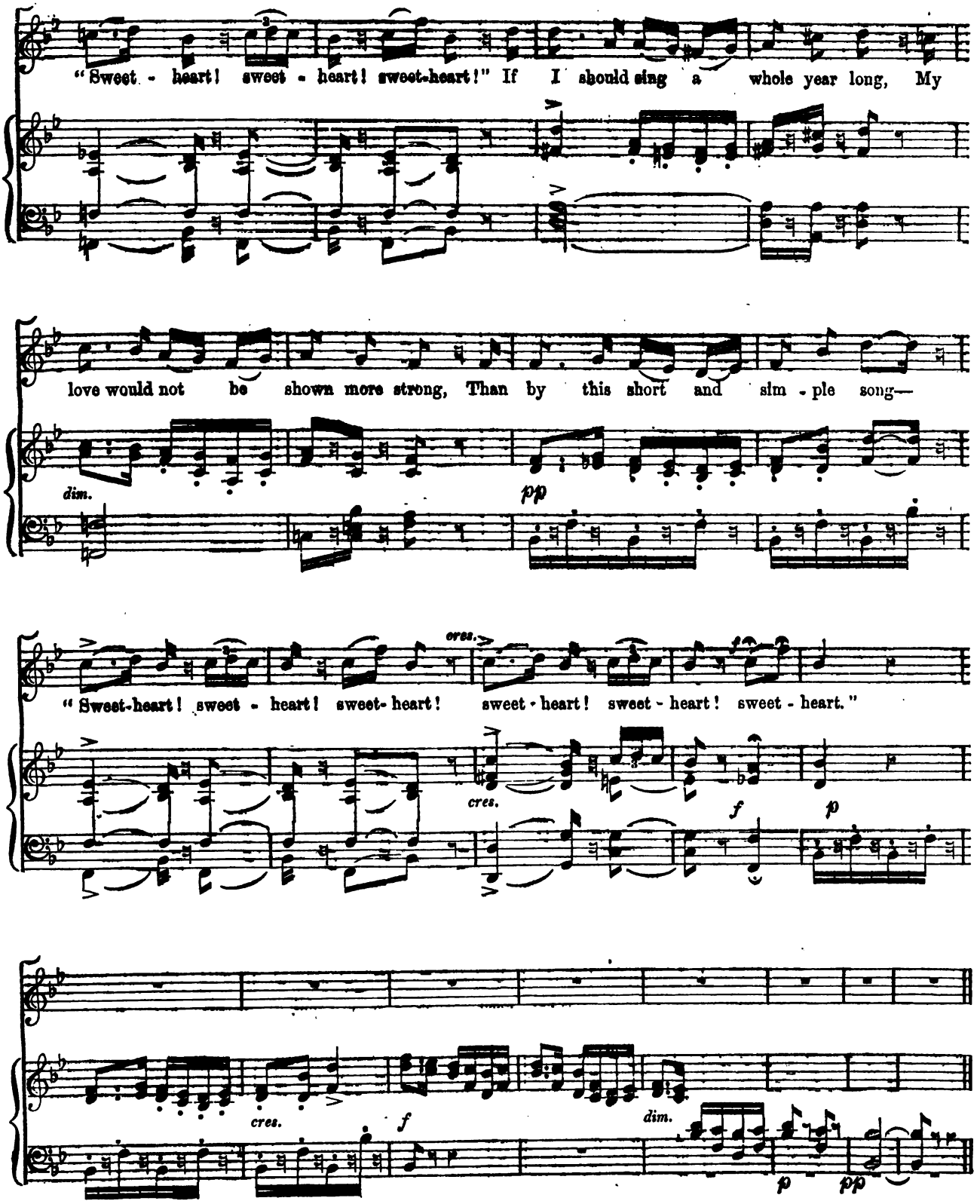
Sweetheart.

A BIRD'S SONG.

The Poetry by AUGUSTUS GREVILLE. The Music by M. W. BALFE.

Allegretto Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
There is a lit - tle bird that sings— "Sweet - heart! sweet - heart! sweet-heart!" I
know not what his name may be; I on - ly know he pleas - es me, As
loud he sings— and thus sings he— "Sweet - heart! sweet - heart! sweet - heart!"

SWEETHEART.

I've heard him sing on soft Spring days—
mf
mf
"Sweet - heart! sweet - heart! sweet-heart!" And when the sky was dark a - bove, And
Win - try winds had stripp'd the grove, He still pour'd forth those words of love—
dim.
pp
cres.
"Sweet-heart! sweet - heart! sweet- heart! sweet - heart! sweet - heart! sweet - heart."
cres.
f
p
cres.
f
dim.
p
pp

SWEETHEART.

SECOND VERSE.
And like that bird my heart, too, sings— "Sweet - heart! sweet - heart! sweet-heart!" When
heav'n is dark or bright and blue, When trees are bare or leaves are new, It
thus sings on— and sings of you— "Sweet - heart! sweet - heart! sweet - heart!"
What need of o - ther words than these—

SWEETHEART.

"Sweet - heart! sweet - heart! sweet-heart!" If I should sing a whole year long, My
love would not be shown more strong, Than by this short and sim - ple song—
dim.
pp
cres.
"Sweet-heart! sweet - heart! sweet- heart! sweet - heart! sweet - heart! sweet - heart."
cres.
f
p
cres.
f
dim.
p
pp

occasion, we recommend M. Charles Hallé to print in the programmes of the evening.

An amateur, who was present at the performance in the Free Trade Hall, writes as subjoined :—

"I was really very sorry not to see you on Wednesday evening at Manchester. You would have been highly pleased with the whole performance. I have seldom witnessed such enthusiasm, such waving of hats and handkerchiefs, such unanimous applause and cheering. It was a sight worth a journey to Manchester, more especially when it is considered that the demonstration in favour of the music of Gluck (so subtle and grand a master—so profoundly *dramatic* a genius) was made by an audience of more than 3,000 persons, an audience that filled the large hall from extremity to extremity. With regard to the *performance* itself, I can assure you it was admirable, and you would have found very little indeed to criticise. The success was so unequivocal that I am informed it is the intention of Mr. Hallé to repeat the same opera, with the same performers, on the 8th of next month."

Mr. Hallé is entitled to our heartiest good wishes, as he is entitled to those of all real lovers of genuine music—music that, not only time, but the universal verdict of civilised Europe (in accordance with that of Gluck's own "Fatherland") has proclaimed "classical"—or, in plain language, *imperishable*.

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composed his music, was adapted by the French poet Guillard from a poem by Goethe, who has, of course, observed the main incidents and treatment as developed by Euripides. Orestes, coming to Tauri, in Scythia, in company with Pylades, has been commanded to bear off the image of Diana; after which he is to meet with a respite from the avenging furies of his mother. His sister, Iphigenia, carried away by Diana, from Aulis, when on the point of being sacrificed by her father, is expiating a dream that led her to suppose Orestes dead, when a herdsman announces the arrival and detection of two strangers, whom she is bound by her office to sacrifice. On meeting, a mutual discovery takes place, and the brother and sister plot their flight. Iphigenia imposes on the superstitious fears of Thoas, and, removing to the sea coast, they are on the point of making their escape, when they are surprised, and driven back by stress of weather. Thoas is about to pursue them, but Minerva appears, and restrains him, at the same time procuring liberty of return for the Grecian captives, who form the chorus.

"Gluck's opera opens with an instrumental movement, depicting alternate calm and tempest, during which a prayer is offered up by Iphigenia and her priestesses to Diana; we have then a succession of fragmentary recitatives, interspersed with choruses for the priestesses, until Thoas appears, and expresses to Iphigenia his dread of the danger impending over himself and house. His entrance is followed by a chorus of Scythians, introductory to the entrance of Pylades and Orestes. A wild burst of joy from the Scythians, at the prospect of being able thus to propitiate the Deity, closes the first act. Act the second opens with the display of mutual friendship between Pylades and Orestes; Orestes loading himself with reproach for having been the instrument of hurrying his friend into danger. Pylades endeavours to console him; when the friends are parted, as if for ever, by the edict of their barbarian foes. Orestes, left to himself, becomes a prey to the avenging Furies; Iphigenia appears in time to soothe his half-maddened brain; and elicits from him, without apprising him who she really is, the destinies of her father Agamemnon's family since she herself was snatched from the sacrifice at Aulis. The act closes with the lamentations of the priestess for the sorrows of her race, and her grief at the supposed death of Orestes. In Act III., Iphigenia, interested in Orestes, but still ignorant that he is her brother, endeavours to save him; Orestes declines to avail himself of a rescue which Pylades cannot share, and the two refuse, each in behalf of the other, the boon held out to them by Iphigenia. The act ends by Pylades, at the earnest entreaty of Orestes, consenting to take a letter to Electra, Iphigenia's surviving sister, at Mycenæ. During the absence of Pylades, the preparations for the sacrifice of Orestes are carried on. Iphigenia delays the rite; but when at last she is advancing towards Orestes with uplifted knife and faltering step, he declares himself her long-lost brother. Their mutual transports are cut short by the entrance of Thoas, who determines, in his blind fury, to sacrifice indiscriminately both priestess and victim; but at this juncture Pylades stabs the barbarian monarch to the heart, and delivers the sister of his friend and her attendant captives from the thraldom that has so long oppressed them. Diana then appears, and directs the Greeks to set sail, bearing with them the statue erected to her honour in the Temple of Tauris."

WHEN the "Classical" Series of the Monday Popular Concerts was commenced last season at the St. James's Hall, the question naturally arose whether the epithets "classical" and "popular" could be applied with appropriateness to the same entertainment. The word "classical" is variously interpreted, and is frequently employed in a sense manifestly incorrect (as in the case of certain orchestral and chamber compositions which resemble the works of the great masters only in form); and it would be easy to prove that what often passes for classical music, is not at all popular. If a work is to be called "classical" merely because it is correct in form, and written in intelligent and more or less exact imitation of undeniable master-pieces; and if by "popular" is meant that alone which appertains to the mob, then it is evident that "popular" and "classical" are incompatible terms. But no production of art can fairly be spoken of as classical until it has stood the test of time, and also, we are inclined to think, of expatriation—perhaps transpatriation would be a better word. Racine, for whom the taste, in Madame de Sevigné's opinion, was to pass away like that for coffee, is still considered a classic in France; but while all Europe retains the use of the berry which heats but not enlivens, not one foreign nation has adopted Racine, or any other of the French poets. The great comic dramatist* of France, on the other hand, is known and appreciated everywhere. "Every man who learns to read," says M. Sainte-Beuve, with almost as much truth as ingenuity, "is another reader for Molière," and it is quite true that thousands of playgoers who have never even heard his name are familiar with jokes, scenes, and characters which are borrowed or imitated from Molière's plays. Shakspere has passed more triumphantly than any other poet what may be called the tests of time and space; for no other writer is so much read in the present day, and while some of the greatest authors of modern Europe, from Göethe to Victor Hugo, and from Göethe to M. Guizot, have made his works the subject of their earnest study, his dramas are played in some form or other in the "popular" theatres of Germany, France, Russia, and probably many other countries.

If we turn to what is vulgarly and absurdly called "art"—as if to the exclusion of all other kinds—we find in Raphael an example of a painter whose works seem to acquire fresh vitality with each succeeding century, which live equally in all civilised countries, and which delight all classes of men. M. Ingres, who by the consent of his own countrymen, is the greatest, or one of the two greatest painters of modern France, has dedicated his whole life to Raphael; even the pre-Raphaelites do not spurn him—they only wish modestly to go before him, which, according to them, means beyond him; the photographs from the cartoons are ordered (thanks to the enormous demand for them they cannot now be bought) by thousands at the South Kensington Museum; and there is not a more "popular" design for the picture-brooches sold in the Palais Royal at Paris than the world-famed "Virgin of the Chair."

The notions expressed in the above remarks, however much they may partake of the nature of truisms,

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* Query—How about Beaumarchais?—*Printer's Devil.*

deserve to be repeated from time to time if only for the benefit of those who maintain that works of the highest genius cannot be appreciated by the great bulk of mankind, and they have been suggested to us by the enormous attendance at the Mozart concert last Monday at St. James's Hall, when the whole of the area was filled long before the entertainment commenced; and by the applause with which the various compositions were received, the slow movements of a quartet and a sonata being positively redemanded. We suppose if any music can be called "classical," it is that of the composer who ceased to write seventy years ago, and whose melodies are still as fresh as any—the most beautiful or the most recent—that have been given to the world since his death; whose pre-eminence as a "great master" is acknowledged by all musicians; whose tunes are known in all civilised lands; and whose operatic works are played in every European language. Nor can the epithet of "popular" in its widest sense be applied to any composer, classical or unclassical, so justly as to Mozart, inasmuch as his works, whether heard in the theatre, in the concert-room, or in the humblest private dwelling, through the medium of an orchestra, a quartet, a single instrument, or a voice that is capable of ordinary musical expression, are more generally appreciated and admired than the productions of any other master, great or small.

Of course it would be a sad error to argue from this coincidence in respect to one great composer, between the most thoroughly educated and only very slightly educated tastes, that any fair estimate of the value of works of art can be arrived at by taking the opinions, or rather the likings and dislikings, of the masses. We have no doubt that if the votes of Mr. Bright's friends could be collected on the subject, they would prefer some nigger insipidity or monstrosity not only to the *Jupiter* symphony—which would also be the case with numbers of their superiors—but even to "La ci darem" or the "Addio;" while in France the seven millions who elected Louis Napoléon to the Imperial throne would probably pronounce in favour of "La cus-quette du père Bugeaud" if called upon to choose between that and "Il mio tesoro." An utterly uneducated boor at a concert of high class music hears no more than a cow sees in presence of a magnificent landscape; but there is this important difference between the two animals—the latter can never become a connoisseur in painting, whereas the former, if he possesses the ordinary qualities of a man, may learn little by little to love music, and thus acquire a new and elevating pleasure. As every individual partakes of a common nature, there cannot be any very wide fundamental differences in matters of taste and sentiment. In nature similar objects produce similar emotions in all men; thus, all are impressed by objects of striking grandeur or of surpassing beauty. And, in the same way, every one a little removed from the condition of the brute finds something to charm him or to excite his admiration in the music of Mozart. Sunrise, the stars, lofty mountains, the sea, have beauty for every human creature, and, by analogy, it is easy to understand how the greatest of composers must, in a liberal interpretation of the word, be also the most popular.

RARELY do we see general delight more plainly and strongly manifested than we did on Tuesday last, when Mr. Albert Smith re-appeared before the public in his own Egyptian Hall. In the applause of the audience, and in the look of the "entertainer," there was something that seemed like the whole world joining together in the brief proposition, "It's all right," uttered with a vast deal of emphasis.

The great Albert was affected; there was a friendliness in the greeting which could not escape his notice, and which brought the tears to his eyes. And he hit the right nail on the head when he declared his conviction that there is a sort of friendship between himself and his patrons, this conviction being based on the receipt of divers letters during his illness, written by persons of whom he had never heard, and all expressing the deepest anxiety for his recovery.

Certainly no one is more widely known in this country than Mr. Albert Smith, or enjoys a more extensive popularity. First in the field of all the modern "entertainers"—sedulous in keeping his entertainment distinct from that of all competitors—combining the character of the traveller with those of the comic vocalist and actor,—provided beforehand with a large circle of private friends,—Mr. Albert Smith has unquestionably made of himself a metropolitan institution of no small importance. Photographic artists have been anxious to catch the similitude of his physiognomy, and to suspend it among the choice works, wherewith they would engage the attention of the passer-by. We will run the risk of an Hibernicism, by declaring that everybody has seen Albert Smith, and everybody else has seen his portrait. If a child of five years old, looking at the likeness of Albert Smith, professed ignorance of the person represented, it would denote a state of benighted ignorance, demanding the immediate attention of the Earl of Shaftesbury. When Albert Smith had newly returned from the oriental trip, on which he based his first entertainment—the "Overland Mail"—some folks laughed at the beard, which covered his previously smooth chin. Short-sighted mirth! With that beard will Albert's face go down to a posterity who will believe that he never existed without it. There is now in our possession a portrait of Albert without a beard—but this is not the Albert of Mont Blanc, of Baden-Baden, of Canton; not the Albert who threatened to depart from us a fortnight ago, and and thus caused all London to shudder.

While the recovery of the popular idol was yet uncertain, we abstained from remark on the subject of his universally lamented illness, beyond the mere record of the fact, thus avoiding the gross indecency of the many newsmongers, who no sooner heard of the calamity than they at once inferred the most lamentable results, and spread their surmises about the town. On Christmas Eve the decease of Mr. Albert Smith was asserted in every place where men connected with periodical literature do congregate, as the great occurrence of the day, with all the *aplomb* of the most profound conviction. Had we chosen to follow in the train we might easily have filled our columns with all sorts of sepulchral bubbles, which would have been regarded with grim interest by a gaping multitude. But we have reserved the record of these impertinences till the present time, when Albert Smith is on his legs again, and he may fairly laugh at them as gabblings representing no truth, save only the interest with which he was universally regarded.

Yes, we will tell thee now, dear Albert, that on that dismal Christmas Eve thy untimely end was bewailed to an extent, far beyond any extent thou couldst have surmised, even on the receipt of thy numerous letters, the very rapidity with which the sad rumour was circulated amply demonstrating how much thou art cared for. The news of Wright's death had already depressed the spirits not a little, but Wright had

for some time been withdrawn from public gaze, whereas thou, Albert, wert in the plenitude of thy glory.

Not a whit too far do we go, when we assert that the supposed decease of Albert Smith was one of the mournfulest instances of the uncertainty of human affairs. Had an unprecedented combination of rare talent and singular good fortune led to no other result than this? Was the Egyptian Hall to be prematurely closed, and stand like a sort of modern antique mausoleum, marking the site of the merriment and good-humour which had promised to delight the London public for many years yet to come?

There is an old proverb to the effect that we only know the value of our treasures by the loss of them; and we have had an opportunity of testing this proverb in the case of Albert Smith, without experiencing the calamity that usually pertains to such trials. Thanks to over-busy tongues, the world was made to fancy for a moment that it was without an Albert Smith;—and, lo! here was a gap in the cycle of entertainments,—nay, more, here was a gap in the many, many circles over which the genial Albert, in his private moments, was wont to shed the radiance of his hilarity. The solar system, with one of the principal planets knocked out by an intrusive comet, would not look more incomplete than the London season bereft of Albert Smith by the untimely snatch of destiny. Only fancy, all those portraits in the shops changed into semblances of one who was no longer living. Should we not seem to be walking in a city of tombs, as one would wander through the mazes of that great Pyramid, which itself grew lively under the footstep of the ever-cheerful Albert?

We would not venture on these ghastly reflections, did they not refer to a calamity that has proved itself unreal, like one of those ghosts that vanish as soon as the investigation dares to touch them. Christian is allowed to smile at the Valley of the Shadow of Death when he has left its terrors behind; nor is whistling, when one is fairly out of the wood, ever deemed presumptuous. We dwell on the dismals, that we may be the better able to appreciate the joy we now feel, pleased to realize the old Virgilian consolation—*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

Yes, we write these lines shortly after a visit to the Egyptian Hall, where we have seen the Achilles of "entertainers," not as Odysseus saw the Achilles of Greece, amid the shades, but alive and kicking the weight of uneasiness from the hearts of countless admirers. He is not only well planted on the surface of this sublunary globe, but he looks, talks, and laughs, as if he did not mean to be uprooted in a hurry, and we still feel the effect of the pleasant apparition. A word that, by the way, is here to be deprived of its common connection with ghosts.

A happy new year to Albert Smith, and may it be long before we are terrified again with even a dream of losing him.

THE LONDON ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of this Society took place on Saturday evening at St. James's Hall, when upwards of sixty amateur instrumentalists were present, and very creditably performed several overtures and symphonies under the able direction of Dr. James Pech. The next meetings are announced to take place every Saturday evening, terminating in June.

LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The performances of the Union at the Egyptian Hall during the past week having proved eminently successful. Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street, has made arrangements for a second series of entertainments, commencing on Monday next, when the programme will be varied. The audiences have been numerous and fashionable, including many of the nobility *at present* in the metropolis.

GLASGOW MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

SCOTLAND, at last, seems bent upon acquiring musical distinction. The prospectus of the forthcoming musical festival at Glasgow looks like a genuine festival prospectus; and to show that we have none of the ill feeling towards our Transtweedian neighbours which divers irate personages from Aberdeen, and sundry less irate, but more sulky, from "Auld Reekie," have chosen to insinuate, we insert the introductory remarks without suppressing a word, not even excepting a paragraph which is manifestly an advertisement:—

"The musical festivals held triennially in England have been productive of results so generally appreciated in the South, that their non-introduction into Scotland has been matter of frequent regret. It was well understood, however, that the production of celebrated musical works north of the Tweed, on a scale sufficiently great to constitute a festival, involved an extent of risk which rendered the undertaking all but impossible. Indeed, until within a comparatively recent period, the performance of a single oratorio in a suitable manner, generally resulted in pecuniary loss, and as a natural consequence, works of that class have been produced less frequently than their pre-eminent merit demands. But during the last few years a gratifying improvement has been perceptible in the public taste; an increased interest has been manifested in the highest class of music; and it is therefore believed, that the time has now arrived when the design of a musical festival will obtain adequate support, and be regarded as an appropriate expression of the public appreciation of one of the most ennobling of the fine arts. And while the *fact* will record the progress of that taste for classical compositions expected in a country so peculiarly rich in national music, the *result* of such a festival must operate powerfully in advancing the study of music, and in extending its elevating influences.

"These considerations have induced the proposal to celebrate, on the 24th and three following days of January, 1860, and under the auspices of the Glasgow Choral Union, the first Glasgow musical festival, in aid of the funds of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary and the Asylum for the Blind. The musical arrangements are on a scale suited to the character of the undertaking. The festival will embrace three complete oratorios and a grand miscellaneous concert; and the Directors have satisfaction in stating that a new oratorio entitled *Gideon*, written for the occasion by Charles E. Horsley, Esq., the eminent composer of *David*, *Joseph*, and other sacred works, will be produced for the first time, along with the *Messiah* and the *Elijah*,—the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Handel and Mendelssohn. It is apparent, however, that the practice followed on such occasions in England, where the oratorios are generally performed during the day, is impracticable in Scotland, and the concerts will, therefore, take place on the *evenings* of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

"Eight solo vocalists have been engaged, of acknowledged excellence, accustomed to interpret the works of the great masters in sacred music; and it may be stated, that the principal soprano, Madame Novello, comes from her residence in Italy for the sole purpose of attending the festival. The band is composed exclusively of eminent artists, from the London Philharmonic Society; and the chorus will consist of the Glasgow Choral Union, numbering *four hundred* voices.

"At English festivals, with most extensive hall accommodation, the price of reserved seats is one guinea each, and at such a rate, it is evident, not only that a heavy expenditure can be sustained, but that a considerable surplus can be available for charitable purposes. In Scotland, on the other hand, the adoption of such a price would, to say the least, be a hazardous experiment, though the public halls will not contain audiences so large as can be accommodated in Birmingham, Leeds, or Bradford: the City Hall of Glasgow, where the concerts will be held, being capable of containing, at such performances, only from 1700 to 1800 persons. From calculations made by the directors, however, it was found that they were in a position, from various circumstances, to organise a musical festival, in every respect worthy of the name, at the published rates of subscription; but it is presumed that many will be disposed to promote the objects in view, by increasing their subscriptions, in which event a corresponding supply of additional tickets will be issued.

"The Subscription Book closed on the 21st December, and the remaining tickets will now be issued by Messrs. J. Muir Wood and Co., 42, Buchanan-street, Glasgow. The subscriptions are deposited in the Commercial Bank of Scotland, at Glasgow, in an account styled 'The Festival Fund.' And, in conjunction with the treasurer and secretary of the Choral Union, Alexander Harvey, Esq., Govanhaugh, James

M'Clelland, Esq., accountant, and William Paul, Esq., Commercial Bank of Scotland, honorary members of the society, have consented to act as trustees of the fund so created, and to issue the necessary drafts for the purposes of the festival.

"The free proceeds of the concerts will be devoted to the Glasgow Royal Infirmary and to the Asylum for the Blind, in equal proportions; and the attention of the public is respectfully directed to the fact, that the festival is not merely a great musical demonstration, but a medium through which, it is expected, a surplus will be available for the most important charities connected with the West of Scotland.

"For the information of those who may not be conversant with musical matters in Glasgow, it will be satisfactory to describe, shortly, the character and objects of the Society under whose auspices the proposed festival will be conducted. The Glasgow Choral Union was instituted in 1843, for the purpose of diffusing a knowledge of classical works, and cultivating the public taste for sacred music—a subsidiary object being to aid the benevolent institutions connected with the city. Previous to the formation of the Society, the oratorio and works of a similar character were almost entirely unknown in the West of Scotland; but, since that period, the Association has produced, in many instances repeatedly, the oratorios of the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *Creation*, and *Elijah*, besides the *Dettingen Te Deum*, the *Lobgesang*, Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, and other miscellaneous works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Horsley, &c. And though many difficulties have been encountered by the Society in prosecuting the objects embraced in its constitution, it is gratifying to find that by its efforts the cultivation of music in Glasgow has been powerfully and successfully promoted.

"It has been impossible to contribute so much to benevolent objects as could be desired—not only in consequence of the difficulties referred to, but also from the expensive nature of the arrangements necessary for first-class concerts—all the profits, however, have been devoted to charitable purposes. And it is important to add, that the society is composed entirely of amateurs, and that the exertions of the members are disinterested; gentlemen pay an annual subscription, and no member derives pecuniary benefit."

The above may stand both as an apology for the past and a promise for the future—and in both instances may be accepted as eminently satisfactory. The only obscure point is that which explains (or rather fails to explain) why the oratorios cannot be performed in the morning just as conveniently in Scotland as elsewhere.

The Festival is to be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th of this month. The principal singers are: Mad. Novello (with an honorarium, we hear, of 400 guineas—a costly item, where so many others have to be reckoned), and Miss Whitham, sopranos; Miss Dolby and Mrs. Lockey, contraltos; Messrs. Sims Reeves and Lockey, tenors; Messrs. Weiss and Winn, basses; Mr. Henry Smart to preside at the organ; Mr. H. Albert Lambert (organist of Glasgow Cathedral), to be conductor. The executive committee is composed of the members of the Glasgow Choral Union; the trustees of the Festival Fund are as follows:—

Alexander Harvey, Esq., Govanhaugh.
James M'Clelland, Esq., President of the Institute of Accountants and Actuaries in Glasgow.
Wm. Paul, Esq., Commercial Bank of Scotland.
The Treasurer and Secretary of the Choral Union.

To show that the band will be very efficient—"superior" (as the prospectus states), "to any which has hitherto appeared in Scotland"—we append the list of players, all of whom are members of the London Philharmonic Society:—

VIOLINS.—Messrs. H. Blagrove (Principal), J. H. B. Dando, J. T. Willy, J. T. Carrodus, Pollitzer, R. Clementi, J. B. Nadaud, Jacquin, Wickett, Max. Vogell. SECOND VIOLINS.—Messrs. W. Watson (Principal), J. Newsham, E. Perry, S. Bort, J. Schmidt, J. Kelly, J. J. Calkin, J. P. Colchester, J. B. Tourneur, Zerbini, jun. VIOLAS.—Messrs. R. Blagrove (Principal), W. H. Webb, J. Westlake, Boileau, Tolhurst, W. W. Waud. VIOLONCELLOS.—Messrs. G. Hausmann (Principal), W. F. Reed, Daubert, A. Guest, Goodban, H. R. Reed. CONTRA-BASSES.—Messrs. J. Howell (Principal), J. Reynolds, T. Edgar, W. J. Castell, Blakiston, J. P. Waud. FLUTES.—Messrs. B. S. Pratten (Principal), and Rockstro. OBOES.—Messrs. A. Nicholson (Principal) and T. Smith. CLARIONETS.—Messrs. H. Lazarus (Principal) and Tyler. BASSOONS.—Messrs. Anderson (Principal) and Nobbs. HORNS.—Messrs. C. Harper (Principal), J. W. Standen, Hayward, A. Kielbach. TRUMPETS.—Messrs. T. Harper (Principal) and J. B. Irwin. TROMBONES.—Messrs. Hawkes, Webster, Healy, jun. EUPHONIUM.—Mr. Phasey. DRUMS. Mr. Chipp.

The members of the Glasgow Choral Union number 400, which will thus make a vocal and instrumental orchestra nearly 500 strong. The players are already "proven;" let us hope the singers may be found their worthy associates.

The order of the programme is as subjoined:—

Tuesday evening ...	...	*Elijah.*
Wednesday evening	...	Grand Miscellaneous Concert.
Thursday evening ...	...	*Gideon.*
Friday evening ...	...	*The Messiah.*

The miscellaneous concert is remarkably well selected, and presents both interest and variety, the only thing wanting being a solo or two for pianoforte or violin—a point to the great importance of which, as an agreeable relief, Festival Committees are not always sufficiently alive. The welcome afforded to a new oratorio from an English pen is honourable to the Glasgow people, and as Mr. Horsley will conduct the performance himself, it will be his own fault if the execution is not all that could be desired. As a grand rehearsal is announced to take place in St. James's Hall, on the evening of the 19th instant (Thursday), our readers may possibly like to know how Mr. Horsley (or rather, the Rev. Archer Gurney, his poet) has arranged the materials yielded by the subject he has had to treat. We therefore append a digest:—

"The subject of the oratorio is taken from the sixth and four following chapters of the Book of Judges, and forms, with a few inevitable modifications, a somewhat faithful reproduction of the sacred narrative.

"The poem comprises three parts:—The first is opened by the wailings of the people of Israel for their sins, under the dread of the invading hosts of Midian, followed by the denunciation of God's anger against His people, from the lips of a prophet; the reckless scorn and revelry of the worshippers of Baal—Ebed, and the rest: and the expostulations, on God's behalf, of his prophetess Zillah. We then trace the fears and aspirations, in solitude, of Gideon, and his call by angels to the field; the overthrow, by himself and his servants, of the altar of Baal, the erection of an altar to the Lord, with songs of praise; and the part concludes with a chorale, sung in the dead of night, by the servants of Gideon, to the honour of the Lord Jehovah.

"In the second part,—we have the fierce cries of the worshippers of Baal—their demand for vengeance upon Gideon,—the reply of his father Joash,—and the summons of Israel to the field, by the chosen warrior, who speaks under the inspiring influence of the Spirit of God, and calls forth an answering fervour in the hearts of all His people.

"The Third Part embraces the crisis of the sacred story, preceded by the War March and Song of Midian, and the midnight commune of Gideon with God and his own heart. And after a scene embodying the descent of Gideon, with his servant Phurah, into the enemies' camp, and the prophetic dream or vision of the man of Midian, the final judgement, ushered in by the divinely-ordered war-cry,—'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' is depicted through the medium of choruses, uttered by angelic witnesses; and the poem concludes with the triumphant return of the conquerors, and the prophetic and exultant lays of Zillah and her companions, foreshadowing the coming of a greater Conqueror and Deliverer in the person of the Son of David."

The above—although we find the somewhat hacknied incident of the "War March," with its stereotyped belongings, and although we find traces, here and there, of the dramatic conduct of *Elijah* and of *Eli*—certainly looks promising. At any rate, if rumour errs not, *Gideon* is by many degrees Mr. Horsley's *best* oratorio.

To conclude—as we have initiated our readers into so many particulars, we may as well let them know all, and by annexing a list of the charges for admission, allow them an opportunity of comparing the Glasgow fiscal policy with that

of Birmingham, Norwich, Bradford, Leeds, and the Cathedral towns :—

Stalls, in area and side galleries (seats numbered), single	£0	15	0
Family tickets (admitting four)	2	15	0
Portion of side galleries, second seats in area, and front of west gallery (benches numbered), single tickets ...	0	10	6
Serial Tickets, transferable (admitting one to each concert)	1	16	0
Back of west gallery and promenade (unreserved), single	0	5	0

And now, as with paste and scissors we have rendered our own copy of the Glasgow prospectus to all intents and purposes valueless, perhaps the Festival Committee will have the courtesy to forward us another, *courier par courier*—in other words, immediately after they receive the present number of the *Musical World*.

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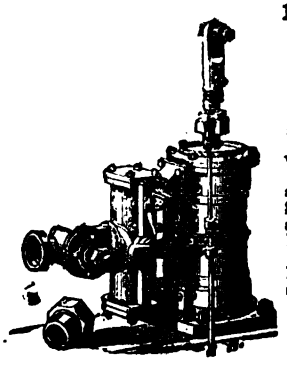
'Mid wintry frost and snow it blows;
And opes its portals pure and fair,
When winds have swept the gay parterre.
Just like a true and constant friend,
Whose faith no storms of life can bend;
Not the mere friend of summer day,
But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
And sad the spirit sighs alone;
Then marvel not that thus I twine
My thoughts around this gift of thine,
And muse on hopes and joys that last,
And bloom through life's most piercing blast."

"As graceful and vocal a song as we have met with for a long time."—*Musical World*.—London: Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street, W.



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Awake, little pilgrim, the day is at hand,
The rays of the morning appear on the land;
O, haste with thy burden to life's narrow gate,
Ere the night shadows falling proclaim thee too late.

Knock, little pilgrim, it shall not be vain,
Thy feeble entreaties admittance shall gain;
Thy Saviour is waiting to bid thee God speed,
He turns none away from his door in their need.

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Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN.

Price 2s.

Oh! take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee!
All joys are fled and hope is dead
If I indeed must leave thee.
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken;
I did not dream those cherished chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly.
Then take me to thy heart again.

"I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER."

Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN.

Price 2s.

Prithee tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me?
It is not *Love* torments me so:
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me!

I try to sing—my voice is sad!
I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can *you* not tell? nor *you*? nor *you*?
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here, *he'd* tell me what to do,
To bid the demon slumber!
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm *sure* 'twould cheer my heart—but then,
"I'm not in love, remember!"
I'm not in love, remember.

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IN giving an answer to the unfair statements which Messrs. Chappell and Co. have lately published, Boosey and Sons would like to know what right those gentlemen have to constitute themselves their critics, and to subject them to the expense and trouble of answering a series of false assertions, which Messrs. Boosey could only respond to in a court of justice, unless they availed themselves of the present means of totally denying them.

Although confident that the *animus* of Messrs. Chappell's attack, and the absurdity of their statements, will be thoroughly appreciated, still, to avoid all possible misunderstanding, Messrs. Boosey beg again most distinctly to deny having ever published a testimonial obtained from the exhibition of an Alexandre Harmonium. Every testimonial which they have published (with two exceptions) has been given since the establishment of their own manufactory, and after the examination of a large stock of instruments. The two exceptional testimonials were given to Mr. Evans, when he introduced for the first time his improvements, and which, as already stated, were added to the skeleton of an Alexandre Harmonium, which he had entirely reconstructed. If these alterations consisted in filing the reeds, it is quite obvious that M. Alexandre, or any other maker, could produce equally good instruments as those of Mr. Evans, which hitherto they have not been able to approach.

The public may not care to know anything about Messrs. Boosey's manufactory, but as Messrs. Chappell have alluded to it, it is necessary to state that it was opened in January last, when Messrs. Boosey's connection with Mr. Evans began.

Owing to the very great demands for his Harmoniums, it had to be removed to more extensive premises in October, a fact which will account for Messrs. Chappell describing it as a few weeks old, and for their animosity in attacking Evans' Harmoniums. As to Herr Engel, Messrs. Boosey now repeat (what they are prepared to prove) that he offered them his exclusive services to perform on Evans' Harmoniums at the termination of his engagement with his present employer, M. Alexandre, in February next: a fact which they alluded to not as a compliment to their Harmoniums, but as a proof of the worth of any opinion of Herr Engel, whose assertions that Messrs. Boosey applied to him for a testimonial, and admitted to him that Mr. Evans exhibited an Alexandre Harmonium as his own, are totally without foundation.

In order to understand the value of the authorities quoted by Messrs. Chappell, it should be known that, not only is Herr Engel the salaried agent of M. Alexandre, but Dr. Rimbault (whose name they have united with his) is regularly in the employ of Messrs. Chappell; while the firm of Cramer, Beale, and Co., includes a member of the Chappell family among its partners. These are the authorities Messrs. Chappell have thought fit to quote in support of their false assertions, while professing to expose the improper use of testimonials by others. Messrs. Boosey and Sons are prepared to give a flat contradiction to the whole of the statements of these gentlemen, and beg to quote a letter just received from Mr. Cipriani Potter, who (according to Dr. Rimbault) gave Mr. Evans a testimonial two years ago on his exhibiting an Alexandre Harmonium as his own in Dr. Rimbault's presence :—

39, Inverness Terrace, Bayswater, W., Dec. 29, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—As there appears to exist some misunderstanding relative to my testimonial of your "Harmoniums," I beg to state in explanation, that, having received an invitation from you to inspect them, I called in your shop in Holles-street last April, and examined them in the presence of yourself and Mr. Evans. Mr. Evans tried them, and explained to me their peculiarities and improvements, with which I was very much pleased, and, in consequence, sent you a testimonial to that effect.

I remain, yours truly,

To C. BOOSEY, Esq. CIPRIANI POTTER.

After reading the above, the public will not be surprised to learn that the professional gentlemen who have signed Messrs. Chappell's document, stating that they have examined the instruments side by side—have never once visited Holles-street, to inspect Evans' Harmoniums. Their opinion may be therefore estimated at the same worth as the statements of Herr Engel and Dr. Rimbault.

Evans' Harmoniums are used at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, by direction of Mr. Costa, who has paid frequent visits to Boosey and Sons' establishment, to examine the various instruments, and the many novel features they present. Mr. Costa's high opinion of these Harmoniums is shared by every independent member of the Musical Profession, the Clergy, and the Press.

Feeling perfectly satisfied with the decision at which the public has already arrived, as to the merits of Evans' Harmoniums, it is Boosey and Sons' intention to avoid further discussion by treating with the contempt they merit any future attacks of disappointed rivals and prejudiced professors.

EVANS' ENGLISH HARMONIUMS.

TESTIMONIALS AND CRITIQUES.

From the Rev. HENRY F. WARDLE.

December 30th.

GENTLEMEN,—I most willingly add my testimony to the worth of your Harmoniums. I consider them pre-eminently superior in tone to any others I have ever tried; while their external and internal finish is equally in advance of other instruments at the same price. Their peculiar merit seems to me to consist in the absence of that metallic, cacophonous drone which has always been with myself the peculiar drawback of Harmoniums; and I can scarcely conceive any notes, not actually coming from pipes, more clear and soft than those of the Instruments manufactured by you.

Equally successful are the larger instruments to which you have applied the hitherto peculiarly Organic appendage of Pedals; and though of course no instrument can ever supply the place of a good organ, nor any mechanical contrivance can ever supply the want of the 32-feet pipe, I am of opinion that the Organ Harmoniums I had the gratification of hearing at your Works came as near the grand instrument as anything can; and I strongly advise that when the funds for a new organ are under £100, your Organ Harmonium should be adopted, as most effective and most likely to afford permanent satisfaction.

I remain, Gentlemen, yours truly,
HENRY J. WARDLE, M.A.
Precentor of the Forest School, Walthamstow.

Messrs. Boosey and Sons.

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I hereby certify that Messrs. Boosey and Sons have supplied us with one of Evans' Harmoniums with ten stops, which is now placed in our church, and I have great pleasure in stating that the instrument is highly approved for its excellence of tone, and for its great power—being quite equal to filling our church and to leading the village choir.

From the Rev. H. GALE, *Treborough Rectory, Taunton.*

Your Harmonium is infinitely superior to those of any other maker I am acquainted with.

From CIPRIANI POTTER, Esq.

Having heard your improved Harmonium, I state with much satisfaction that the advantages I discovered were numerous, the agreeable smooth tone, void of all harshness; the quality of the treble with the bass retaining a proper equilibrium throughout the compass, very rare in keyed instruments; also the sound responding quickly to the touch, necessary for the performance of different styles of music.

The second row of keys is a great boon for the execution of Melodies, or Solo parts with an accompaniment, often avoiding the necessity of crossing the hands. With all these advantages your Harmonium must become a drawing-room instrument.

From Professor STERNDALE BENNETT.

I have the greatest pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your improved Harmonium. The instrument you left with me I enjoyed playing on extremely, and several professional friends who saw and heard it at my house, agreed with me entirely in considering your improvements very striking and valuable. I must confess that I had before entertained some prejudice against this class of instrument, from its monotonous character, but which you have now completely removed.

From ALFRED MELLON, *Esq.*

I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your Harmonium; it is the best instrument of the kind I have ever heard.

From HENRY SMART, Esq.

I have examined the Harmonium with the modifications introduced by Mr. EVANS, of Sheffield, and have no hesitation in giving a high opinion of its quality and capabilities. Its tone is more than ordinarily delicate, and yet with sufficient power for any purpose to which instruments of this description can fairly be applied; while satisfactory means are adopted to ensure punctuality of articulation without the use of what is termed the "percussion action."

The Harmonium, in particular, as arranged by Mr. EVANS with two claviers, is a great improvement on the ordinary construction, and will be found capable of beautiful effects.

From M. W. BALFE, Esq.

I was truly delighted yesterday listening to your new Harmonium. I think it *perfection*, and feel quite sure of your carrying all before you with it.

From W. T. BEST, Esq.

The improvements made by Mr. EVANS in the construction of Harmoniums are important and of great value.

One of these instruments, with two claviers, and a pedal board, would be a much better substitute for the Organ in a drawing-room than the ordinary Chamber Organ with four or five stops.

From the "MORNING HERALD."

ENGLISH HARMONIUMS.—Our attention has been called to this instrument, in consequence of what we consider the great improvement effected by Mr. Evans. The impression left on our mind, after hearing the French harmonium in public, was anything but favourable, from the monotonous nasal tone, deficiency of power, and the style of music attempted. We certainly consider the province of the harmonium to be that of sacred and sustained music, and not the flippant style we heard on the occasions we allude to. On hearing Evans' improved harmonium we were greatly surprised at the quantity and quality of tone; and we fully concur in the opinion expressed by many of our first organists, that it is by far the nearest approach and the best substitute for the organ that has yet been brought before the public. We were struck with, we may say, the majestic effect of the full organ, while the delicacy of the swell was charming. To Mr. Evans we are indebted for having produced an instrument calculated to improve our psalmody, and raise the taste for a style of music hitherto difficult to produce in the social circle. We allude to the concerted works of the great masters written for the organ, the effect of which can be very faithfully given on the improved harmonium.

From the "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

We have examined several of the most recently constructed of these instruments, and have been greatly struck with the improvements which, during the course of nearly twenty years, Mr. EVANS' persevering efforts have succeeded in making. The great difficulties with which he has to contend were the harsh metallic tone caused by the peculiar mode of generating sound; the inequality in the scale arising from the preponderance of the bass over the treble; and the slowness of the sounds in answering the touch of the keys, whereby an effect of heaviness was produced, and light, rapid passages were almost impracticable. These defects have been got rid of in a surprising manner. The tone, throughout the entire compass of the scale, is pure, sweet, mellow, and free from that nasal sound which has hitherto clung so obstinately to the instrument, while the mechanical action has become so prompt that the most brilliant pianoforte music can be executed with clearness and precision. The impressions which we derived from our observations are entirely consonant with those of some of our greatest musical authorities who have borne testimony to the qualities of the instrument.

From the "CLERICAL JOURNAL."

There is yet another and a more extraordinary one named "The New Patent English Model Harmonium," (with two rows of keys; and, as if to anticipate every want of the highly-skilled as well as of the less-gifted organist, this admirable deputy for the king of instruments is supplied with a complete set of German pedals of two octaves and a fourth, with independent pedal reeds—so that the Organo-Harmonium, which owes its paternity to Mr. Evans, may and ought to be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of the art, as it is in fact the nearest approach to the organ, both in point of delicacy, beauty, and usefulness, that has hitherto courted public examination.

EVANS' ENGLISH HARMONIUMS.

MR. EVANS IN 1844.

IN proof that Mr. EVANS is not a copyist of M. ALEXANDRE, nor dependent upon him for his ideas or materials, it must be stated that Mr. EVANS invented an instrument on entirely the same principle, resembling in every respect the Harmonium, in the year 1844, and which he called the Organo-Harmonica. Being without the means of carrying on a Manufactory, Mr. EVANS was unable to introduce his inventions on a large scale; but a few extracts from letters and critiques which he received at the time when he exhibited his instrument (long before M. ALEXANDRE was heard of), will satisfy any person that Mr. EVANS is something more than the filer of M. ALEXANDRE'S reeds:—

From VINCENT NOVELLO, ESQ.

Craven-hill, Bayswater, London, Feb. 17th, 1844.

SIR,—In compliance with your request, I have played upon your newly-invented instrument, the Organo-Harmonica, and, in further compliance with your wishes, I have now the pleasure of telling you frankly my opinion of its capabilities and peculiar qualities. I consider your Organo-Harmonica as being much superior in every way to the "Seraphines" and other petty instruments of that class which have been hitherto attempted as substitutes for that most noble of all instruments, the Organ, but which have always appeared to me to be vexatiously monotonous and totally deficient in the grandeur of tone that is absolutely requisite in any instrument that is intended to be used as a genuine Organ. I think it but justice to add, that the mechanical parts of your invention seem to me to be admirable specimens of ingenuity and excellent workmanship: the touch is remarkably crisp, elastic, and pleasant under the finger, materially assisting the performer in the attainment of a distinct articulation and precision in the execution of the most rapid passages; the pedals act with freedom and facility, and speak their notes with a promptness and decision that will render them a most important and valuable acquisition to those who are studying the difficult obbligato pedal figures of Sebastian Bach and other great composers, whose works of this nature demand such diligent and constant practice.

In conclusion, I have no hesitation in saying, that, for considerable power condensed into a comparatively small compass—for equal and steady supply of wind—for the capability of sustaining full chords combined with pedal-like effect—and for its efficiency as a support to a choir in a small church or chapel, your invention is, by many degrees, the nearest approach to the real Organ that I have ever heard; and I have no doubt that wherever the latter instrument is not attainable, the "Organo-Harmonica" will be found by far the best substitute that can be obtained.

If you think that this candid opinion of mine can be rendered of any service to you in promoting the success of your clever and meritorious invention, you are at perfect liberty to make whatever use of this letter you may deem advisable.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

To Mr. W. E. Evans. VINCENT NOVELLO.

From Sir GEORGE SMART.

London, 91, Great Portland-street.

SIR,—I think it but justice to state, after having heard and played upon the Organo-Harmonica, that I consider it possesses great power for the size. The touch answers readily, and the Pedals act well. In any place where there is not room for an organ, in my opinion, this instrument will be an important acquisition.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE SMART,

Organist and Composer to Her Majesty's

To Mr. W. E. Evans, Cheltenham. Chapel Royal.

From J. CALKIN, ESQ.

London, Feb. 15, 1844.

SIR,—In reply to your letter, I take the earliest opportunity to state how much I was gratified in hearing, and playing upon, your newly-invented instrument, the Organo-Harmonica. Its sweetness of tone I think charming; and the power it possesses truly surprising for so small an instrument. I was much gratified at the rapidity with which it answered to the touch, both as it regards the keys and pedals, and, in this respect, much reminded me of a fine pianoforte. Sincerely wishing you success with your praiseworthy invention,

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES CALKIN,

To Mr. W. E. Evans. Organist of Regent Church.

From G. COOPER, ESQ.

25, Ely-place, February 26th, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—It was with great pleasure I tried one of your newly-invented instruments, the Organo-Harmonica, and I confess I was much surprised and delighted with the purity of tone, the rapidity of speech, and, particularly, the rich and beautiful effect of the swell. It is, in my opinion, the best substitute for the organ that has yet appeared before the public; and in these days, when organ-playing is so much on the increase, and the difficulty of getting large organs to practice upon is so great, I have no doubt the value of your instrument will be daily felt and acknowledged.

Wishing you every success, I remain, your obedient servant,

GEORGE COOPER,

Organist of St. Sepulchre's, and Assistant Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

To Mr. W. E. EVANS.

SPECTATOR, February 17th, 1844.

THE ORGANO-HARMONICA.—This instrument, lately exhibited at the Hanover-square Rooms, and now removed for inspection to Novello's, in Dean-street, is an improved kind of Seraphine, of greater compass, and more rapid in answering to the touch. It contains two manuals—the upper one a swell of considerable extent: the lower one extending to CC, with rather more than two octaves of pedals. This unusual compass is obtained without unmanageable bulk; and the effects of grand organ music, fugues, trios, &c., together with all the evolutions of the pedals, may be thus studied in the quiet and comfort of the drawing-room. Its scales being exactly that of the great organs now built, it is calculated materially to advance the power of execution on that instrument. Independently of this, the Organo-Harmonica is capable of very pleasing combinations and effects; it is well adapted to accompany sacred singing, and is likely to become more various and effective for that purpose than a very small organ. In recommending this instrument to the notice of amateurs and organists as a cheap and convenient succedaneum for grand organ practice, we confess that its contingent advantages are uppermost in our mind: we expect to hear more of the fugues of Bach, and better played.

TIMES, January 23rd, 1844.

THE ORGANO-HARMONICA.—This is a newly-constructed Instrument, the invention of Mr. Evans. It possesses the power of an Organ of considerable size, and is played by means of keys, in the same manner as an Organ, and also by Pedals, by which variety and scope of tone are assisted to a very great degree. To describe it more technically, it will be proper to say that it has two sets of manuals; that the compass is from CCC to F in alt. There are two octaves and a major third of pedals, four stops, two diapason, a principal and posaune, a swell coupler and an octave pedal coupler. This instrument is fitted for large rooms, for churches of moderate space, and for chapels, and has power to be used as an accompaniment to upwards of 200 voices. It can be sold at a moderate price. One of these instruments was yesterday tested in the great concert room in Hanover-square, in the presence of a great number of musical persons, both amateurs and professors, and was unanimously admired and approved as an ingenious and meritorious invention.

***** It will be observed in the above Notices that the remarks on the peculiar characteristics of the ORGANO-HARMONICA, are almost identical with the observations which EVANS' HARMONIUMS have elicited.**

EVANS'
ENGLISH HARMONIUMS.

SERIOUS defects having been observed in all the Harmoniums hitherto known to the public, Mr. W. E. EVANS, who was the first to discover and apply the principle of that Instrument, in 1844 (when his Organo-Harmonium was invented), has now, after many years' experience, succeeded in completing a perfect Instrument.

The defects which persons of musical taste have invariably found in the ordinary Harmonium are—their harsh metallic sound—the excessive power of the bass over the treble—and a great difficulty in the management of the wind, causing many notes to be silent when soft and expressive playing is attempted. The Harmonium, although tolerated in places of worship, on account of its low price, has been all but excluded from the drawing-room. Mr. EVANS, having entirely overcome the objections which have impeded its general popularity, believes that the Harmonium will become as great a favourite in the drawing-room as the Pianoforte.

Without increasing the size of the Instrument, he has extended its compass by an additional octave (to CCC) in the bass, and at the same time has so improved the treble, that even with the bass thus deepened, every note in the air is heard with perfect distinctness even when played *pianissimo*. By careful improvements in the management of the wind, he has given the power of modulating the tone from the strongest to the tenderest expression, these changes being guided and facilitated by his newly-invented "Wind Indicator;" and with these improvements he has combined an elasticity of action suitable for the lightest and most rapid touch, quite superior to any *mechanical* percussion action.

SCALE OF PRICES:

COMPASS 5 OCTAVES FROM CC TO C, 61 NOTES.

No.		OAK. Guineas.	MAHOGANY. Guineas.	ROSEWOOD. Guineas.
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3	**With Three Stops** ditto, ditto, ditto, and Unison Trebles, very powerful; especially adapted for leading public Worship. Wind Indicator, &c.	19	20	22
4	**With Five Stops,** Diapason Treble, Diapason Bass, Bourdon, Principal, and Expression, Wind Indicator, &c.	22	23	24
5	**With Eight Stops,** Diapason Treble, Diapason Bass, Double Diapason, Bourdon, Expression, Sordine, and Two Fortes, Wind Indicator, &c.	25	26	28
6	**With Ten Stops,** Diapason Treble, Diapason Bass, Double Diapason, Bourdon, Voix Celeste, Sordine, Expression, Full Organ, and Two Fortes, Wind Indicator, &c. ..	30	31	32
7	**With Fourteen Stops,** Diapason, Treble, Double Diapason, Principal, Oboe, Diapason Bass, Bourdon, Clarion, Bassoon, Voix Celeste, Sordine, Expression, and Two Fortes, Full Organ, Wind Indicator, &c.	40	42	44
	THE NEW PATENT ENGLISH MODEL HARMONIUMS WITH TWO ROWS OF KEYS.			
8	**With Nine Stops,** Diapason Treble, Diapason Bass, Double Diapason, Bourdon, Dulciana Treble, Dulciana Bass, Sordine, Expression, Knee Pedal, and Wind Indicator. The Dulciana Stop on the upper row of keys forms an accompaniment to the softest voice, or to any stop on the lower row used as a Solo	45	46	47
9	**With Fourteen Stops,** Diapason Treble, Double Diapason, Principal, Oboe, Diapason Bass, Bourdon, Clarion, Bassoon, Voix Celeste, Sordine, Dulciana Treble, Dulciana Bass, Expression, Knee Pedal, and Wind Indicator. The Dulciana Stop on the upper row, the same as No. 8.	60	62	65
	This Instrument is also made with a complete set of German Pedals of two Octaves, and a fourth with independent Pedal Reeds	85	90	100

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VOL. 38.—No. 3. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860. { PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

V. R.

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3

V. R.

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(*As previously advertised.*)

CITY HALL.

TUESDAY,	24th January	"ELIJAH,"
WEDNESDAY,	25th ,, ...	MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.
THURSDAY,	26th ,, ...	"GIDEON."
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The GLASGOW CHORAL UNION beg leave to announce the completion of the general arrangements for the celebration of the FIRST GLASGOW MUSICAL FESTIVAL, on a scale suited to the magnitude of the undertaking, and fitted to mark the institution, in Scotland, of Great Musical Festivals, similar to those established, and prosecuted with so much success, in England.

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*** Prospectuses, containing all particulars, may be had at 42, Buchanan-street, or sent, post-free, on receipt of sixpence.

Tickets may be had of J. Muir, Wood, and Co., 42, Buchanan-street. As only a very limited number can be issued, early application will be necessary,
HENRY BAXTER, Hon. Sec.

LAURENT'S SECOND GRAND WINTER BALL, at St. James's Hall.—M. HENRI LAURENT has the honour to announce, that in consequence of the distinguished success which attended his grand Christmas ball, he has, at the request of numerous persons of distinction, made arrangements to give a SECOND GRAND WINTER BALL, at St. James's Hall, Tuesday, January 31, on the same scale of magnificence which afforded so much satisfaction on the last occasion. The hall will present the appearance of a beautiful winter garden, being decorated with flowers, plants, and sculpture, arranged by Mr. Hurwitz. The orchestra will be complete in every department, and will perform a variety of novelties composed for the occasion Conductor—M. Laurent. The supper will be under the entire management of Mr. Donald, the celebrated restaurateur of St. James's Hall. Ball tickets for gentlemen, 10s. 6d.; ladies, 7s.; supper tickets, 7s.; to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and of the principal music-sellers.

THE BAY OF DUBLIN QUADRILLES, on Irish Melodies by Wellington Guernsey, as performed by the bands of the Coldstream Guards, Royal Artillery, &c., has become one of the most popular of the day Price 3s. Beware of spurious imitations. London: Brewer and Co.

MISS EMILY GRESHAM, Soprano.—Letters respecting engagements for oratorios and concerts, to be addressed, 28, Alfred-terrace, Queen's-road, Bayswater. W.

GLEES, MADRIGALS & OLD ENGLISH DITTIES.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (Dudley Gallery).—In consequence of the very distinguished and increasing success which continues to attend the performances of the London Glee and Madrigal Union, they will repeat their entertainment under arrangemen· with Mr. Mitchell, this and the ensuing week. Every evening at half-past eight; and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, at half-past two. Conductor, Mr. Land. Literary illustrator, T. Oliphant, Esq. The programme will include old english ballads, catches, madrigals and glees, by ancient and modern composers. Reserved seats, 3s.; unreserved, 2s.; a few fauteuils, 5s.; which may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—The lamented death of the late Mr. William Appleby, for thirty years the faithful and devoted servant and foreman to Messrs. Davis and Phillips, of 25, Berwick-street, Music-printers, calls for the sympathy of those benevolent friends and the public, who may be kindly disposed to aid by their contributions in support of his two female orphan children, left totally unprovided for, and in repayment of the funeral expenses incurred. The loss of his wife and two other of their children in one week, after a long and serious illness, attendant with heavy medical, funeral, and family expenses during sickness, so reduced his means and crushed his spirit, that eventually his health sunk, under the heavy load of his troubles and affliction, until he died, in the very prime of his manhood, leaving two female orphan children destitute, for whom the generous support of his friends and the public is earnestly solicited, in endeavouring to raise a sufficient fund, to be placed in a Savings' Bank, in the charge of competent trustees, for their future benefit and support. Contributions thankfully received by Messrs. Davis and Phillips, 25, Berwick-street, Music-printers; W. Lovell Phillips, Esq., 67, Oakley-square; Mr. W. Alston, 7, Sutherland-place, Eccleston-square; Mrs. Davis, 67, Oakley-square; W. Edwin Alston, Esq., Union Bank of London, City; and by such other ladies and gentlemen who may kindly feel an interest in endeavouring to obtain the same.

PIANO, GUITAR, and BANDOLEAN.—A Gentleman wishes to receive Three Lessons, weekly, upon the above instruments. Send the lowest terms per quarter, by letter only, which must be very moderate, to W. Wallace, Esq., Cannon-row, Parliament-street.

WANTED, a situation as Organist, by a young man, aged 22, capable of conducting a small choir. Good testimonials. Nearly seven years in his last appointment. Address, stating salary, to H. M., Pagett's Musical Repository, 7, Brompton-road, S.W.

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CAPITAL ORGAN FOR SALE OR HIRE.—2 rows keys—11 stops—GG; also another, 1 row—GG—7 stops. Price 120 and 65 guineas. Hiring, 9 and 6 guineas per annum. Address, S., 2, Nugent-villas, Kingsdown, Bristol.

MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTER & ALMANAC FOR 1860.—Contents: Almanac with musical data; list of musical societies throughout the kingdom; musical transactions of the past year; names and addresses of professors, music-sellers and instrument makers; and list of music published between the 30th November, 1858, and 30th November, 1859. Price 1s. 6d.; per post, 1s. 8d. Publishers: Rudall, Rose, Carte and Co., 20, Charing Cross, S.W.; and Keith, Prowse and Co., 48, Cheapside, E.C.

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"Of all the treatises on the cultivation of the voice that have appeared for many years, it is the most sensible, concise, and useful."—*Daily News.*

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R. Ward.

TROMBONES.
Messrs.
F. Cioffi
T. Antoine.
W. Winterbottom.

SOLO EUPHONIUM.
Mr. A. J. Phasey.

HARP.
Mr. H. J. Trust.

TYMPANI.
Mr. T. P. Chipp.

GROSSE CAISSE.
Mr. Walter Hinchey.

Analytical Programmes by
DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.
Accompanyist—HERR EMILE BERGER.
Organist—E. T. CHIPP, Mus. Bac., Cantab.
Librarian—MR. GODFREY RODWELL.
Treasurer—Mr. JOSEPH BRAHAM.

CONDUCTORS:

M. JULES BENEDICT & DR. JAMES PECH.

In presenting this prospectus, the projectors of this Association deem it worthy of remark that a great want is felt by a countless number of amateurs possessing musical knowledge and capability of a society which would afford them ample opportunity of acquiring, at a moderate cost, a complete knowledge of the beauty and grandeur of the choicest and recognized orchestral compositions of this and previous periods.

The object of this Association is to bring together the amateur instrumentalists of London and its suburbs, for the practice and performance of oratorios, masses, cantatas, symphonies, operatic selections, and overtures, including compositions but little known to the general public, with other chef-d'œuvres of the great masters, suitable for band and chorus conjointly or separately.

For the benefit of the amateur department, weekly rehearsals will be held on every Saturday Evening, at Eight o'clock, at the Architectural Gallery, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, and during the season, concerts will be given at one of the large theatres or concert-rooms, with the important assistance of the honorary professional members, and in conjunction with the chorus, as soon as the necessary proficiency is attained.

In the professional department there are still vacancies for honorary members for the following instruments:—Four first violins, one second violin, and two violas.

All communications to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary of the London Orchestral Association, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.

H. J. BRAHAM, Hon. Sec.

NEWSPAPER

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CHORD OF THE SIX-FOUR.

SIR,—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me whether the chord of the $\frac{6}{4}$ is rejected by the strict church writers or not, except in cases where it is used as an *appoggiatura*, or where it comes in a cadence on the dominant, followed by the $\frac{5}{3}$ which is its resolution?

I was present, not long since, at the opening of the St.— church, Newcastle, where full choral service was rendered by the choir of St.— church. A response in the Litany, "Good Lord deliver us," began on the chord of the $\frac{6}{4}$, on the dominant, in the key of E minor. I listened and listened again, for I thought the basses must have been refractory, but there was no mistaking it.

Farrant in his anthem, "Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake," has several times avoided this chord, and even modern composers use it very carefully, never without preparation. I never heard of any composer violating the rule, that "no composition must begin or finish on the chord of the $\frac{6}{4}$."

I beg you will pardon my trespassing on your valuable space, but your willingness to assist in the diffusion of musical knowledge encouraged me to ask this question, in the hope of its being useful, not only to me but to others.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,
A SCHOOL-BOY.

[Beethoven begins and ends the slow movement of his seventh symphony—in A—with the chord of the *six-four*.—ED. *M. W.*]

AN UNINTENDED OMISSION.

SIR,—I trust you will pardon the liberty I have taken, but having seen a notice in your publication of the 7th, mentioning the names of the gentlemen of the choir of St. George's Chapel as having the honour of singing before the Queen and court at Windsor Castle, on the eve of Christmas Day, I find my own name omitted. I trust you will kindly correct the error, as I was present on that occasion.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
JOSEPH ADAMS,
Cloisters, Windsor. Lay Clerk of St. George's Chapel.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE concert on Monday last—the eighth of the season—was dedicated in the vocal part to Beethoven. The selection, we need hardly add, was first-rate. Let the programme show:—

PART I.

Quartet in E flat, for two violins, viola, violoncello	Mendelssohn.
Song, "Andenken"	Beethoven.
Song, "Hope"	Beethoven.
Sonata in B minor, Op. 40 (first time)	Clementi.

PART II.

Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violin ...	Mozart.
Lieder Kranz ("Lover to his Mistress")	Beethoven.
Song, "Know'st thou the land," Madame Lemmens Sherrington	Beethoven.
Quintet in F minor, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello, (first time.)	Dussek.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

The executants in the quartet were Herr Becker, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, who almost surpassed themselves in the performance, and really did so in the *scherzo*, which was in every way incomparable. The artists in the quintet were Mr. Charles Hallé, and the quartet of "strings" just named. This glorious composition of the old master—not quite so fashionable as he might be; but, thanks to the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts, now likely to become fashionable—was hailed with boundless delight by all the amateurs present. The execution was admirable. Mr. Hallé, in Clementi's very grand sonata—another novelty—played with great power and expression, and achieved an unmistakeable triumph.

Madame Lemmens Sherrington and Mr. Sims Reeves were again the vocalists. Beethoven's two songs are hardly in their manner suited to the lady's brilliant style; nevertheless, both were artistically given, and "Know'st thou the land," was most charmingly sung. Mr. Sims Reeves is at home in all sorts of music. He sings Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bishop, and Balfe, with equal discrimination and equal effect. On Monday night last, one might have supposed that his special mission was to interpret Beethoven's music and no other. More magnificent singing we never heard from any tenor than in the *Lieder Kranz*, which literally made the audience tempestuous in their delight, and induced the singer to return to the platform. The "Hope" song, also most exquisitely rendered, resulted in a recall. In the *Lieder Kranz*, Mr. Reeves was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Charles Hallé. Mr. Benedict accompanied Mr. Reeves and Madame Lemmens Sherrington in the other songs.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIRÉES MUSICALES.

MISS DOLBY is always early in the field with her annual concerts; and, indeed, of late years we have been accustomed to look upon her *soirées* as the veritable dawn of the season proper. The season, therefore, may be said to have been inaugurated with special brilliancy on the evening of Tuesday, the 10th instant, at 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, the private residence of Miss Dolby, when the following admirable programme was given:—

PART I.

Quartet in G major, Messrs. Sainton, Bezeth, Doyle, and Paque	Haydn.
Aria, "Cangio d' Aspetto" (Admetus), Miss Dolby	Handel.
Solo, pianoforte, Miss Freeth.	
Song, "The Pilgrim," Miss Dolby	J. M. Mudie.
Fantasia, violin, Solo de Concert, M. Sainton ...	Sainton.

PART II.

Trio in B flat, Op. 97, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Miss Freeth, M. Sainton, and M. Paque ...	Beethoven.
Serenade, "Sleep, dearest, sleep," Miss Dolby ...	Randegger.
Solo, violoncello, M. Paque.	
Scotch Song, "Here about, and far awa," Miss Dolby	Old Air.
Duettino, violin and violoncello, "Mira la bianca luna," M. Sainton and M. Paque	Rossini.

At the Pianoforte—Herr Meyer Lutz.

With four such sterling performers the fine quartet of Haydn could hardly have been executed to greater perfection. M. Sainton, who possesses that peculiar gift—bestowed on none but the most accomplished artists—of adapting himself to the style of the composer he is interpreting, without losing his own specialty and individuality—led like a giant of the instrument, and seemed to inspire his coadjutors—all men and true—with his own fire and enthusiasm. The trio of Beethoven exhibited a decided improvement in the young pianist, Miss Freeth, the talented pupil of M. Alexandre Billet, and excited even a more marked sensation than the quartet, attributable in a great measure to the pianoforte being the instrument of predilection to the majority of Miss Dolby's visitors. Miss Freeth, with her talents, aided by zeal and perseverance, cannot fail to make her way with the public; nor need her friends have recourse to laudatory advertisements to notify her capabilities.

M. Sainton's performance of his own popular fantasia, "Solo de Concert," was inimitable as a bravura display, and excited the utmost astonishment and delight.

The duettino for violin and violoncello—founded on that favourite and most charming duet, by the author of the *Barbiere*, "Mira la bianca luna," which on two occasions created so great a sensation at the Monday Popular Concerts—constituted an excellent show-piece for both violin and violoncello, in which M. Sainton and M. Paque, both Frenchmen, demonstrated in an unmistakeable manner their feeling for Italian sentiment.

Miss Dolby's four songs were skilfully chosen to exhibit her versatility. Handel's song has been always one of her finest performances, and we do not remember having heard her sing it more splendidly, or with more legitimate effect, than on Tuesday evening week. Handel himself would have been more than satisfied. "The Pilgrim" is a charming song, written in Mr. Mudie's most expressive style, and promises to become a favourite, more especially if recommended by the fair artist's singing. We have before pronounced Miss Dolby's warbling of Herr Randegger's "Serenade," incomparable. It is, indeed, one of her most perfect efforts. The poetry of the Scotch song has

been written by Mr. T. Oliphant in praise of Burns. Sweeter tunes we have heard, and verses of greater pith, though these are by no means devoid of sentiment; but Miss Dolby's fine singing would have rendered acceptable a ballad of far less pretensions.

The rooms were crowded by an elegant and fashionable assembly, who appeared throughout to enjoy the refined and admirable entertainment provided by the gracious hostess.

The second and last *soirée* takes place on the 31st instant.

CONCERTS.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Whatever may be said of the merits of Haydn's *Creation* as an oratorio, one thing is quite certain, and that is that it has the power of attracting and delighting vast numbers of people; and, if any proof were wanting to confirm this idea, the densely packed crowd of Wednesday last would be sufficient evidence. Not only was the building crowded almost to suffocation, but hundreds turned away, money in hand, unable to gain admission. No doubt the names of the principal singers had no small share in the attraction, for the announcement of such artists as Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss is a guarantee for a performance of the highest efficiency. Nor were the hopes of the audience doomed to be disappointed, for all concerned exerted themselves to the utmost, and, consequently, the highest satisfaction was afforded. Frequently as we have had to speak of Mad. Lemmens Sherrington in terms of warm praise, we have never heard her to greater advantage than in the light, elegant, and florid music of Haydn, which shows all the best qualities of her voice and powers of execution to perfection. "With verdure clad," of course drew forth rapturous applause, and some considerable attempts at an encore, wisely resisted. Even stronger efforts were used to induce Mr. Sims Reeves to repeat the air "In native worth," but a politely bowed acknowledgment was the sensible response to the compliment. Mr. Reeves seems, if possible, to be singing more magnificently than ever, and was as enthusiastically received and vigorously applauded as at Exeter Hall on Friday. St. Martin's does not promulgate the same edict as Exeter, and perhaps Mr. Hullah is wise in his generation, for after all if an audience thoroughly enjoys a thing, solo, chorus, or whatever it may be, they will applaud, despite all laws, provided the performance be in a secular building; although we have heard at the festivals of the chorus, the murmured audible sensation involuntarily bursting forth after some grand display, so carried away by enthusiasm as to forget that a cathedral was the scene of triumph. Mr. Weiss is thoroughly at home in the bass music of the *Creation*, and gave the recitatives and airs, especially "Roaming in foaming billows," with great energy and musician-like feeling, and was warmly applauded. Miss Gray (a pupil, we believe, of Miss Rainforth's) appeared in the third part, joining Mr. Weiss in the duets, and singing the recitative, "O thou for whom I am," in a style that gained the approbation of the audience, especially after "Graceful consort." Band and chorus rendered ample justice to their task, and drew forth their share of the popular suffrages—"Awake the harp," "The heavens are telling," and "Achieved is the glorious work"—coming in for the largest portion.

MYDDLETON HALL, ISLINGTON.—Mr. Lazarus gave his first concert in this neighbourhood on Tuesday last, and was honoured with a crowded audience—by no means a common occurrence, we believe, in the North London district. The programme was of a miscellaneous character, chiefly abounding in solos, and by no means of the class to which the Monday Popular have accustomed us. Nevertheless it appeared to afford high satisfaction, if we may judge from the hearty applause with which every piece was received. In addition to the *bénéficiaire*, whose name itself would be a powerful attraction, Miss Dolby, Madame Louisa Vinning, M. Sainton, Mr. Winn, &c., were engaged, besides which Mr. Lazarus's daughter also contributed her aid in a pianoforte solo on *Dinorah*, a duet and trio with her father, and a song. We do not know whether this young lady is destined for a pianist or vocalist, but would strongly recommend the former, as, although yet very young, she evinces ability and intelligence which may enable her with careful study to do better things than sing a third-rate ballad, or play a *fantasia* on operatic airs. There is plenty of good music for the piano, which will serve as a far better school either for training or display than the mere show-pieces which are but too much the fashion. Miss Dolby and M. Sainton both evoked the warmth of the audience, the former being encored in one of her songs. Mr. Guest (violoncello) joined Mr. and Miss Lazarus in the trio, Beethoven in D. Miss Harrington, Mr. Suchet Champion, and Mr. Lester, sang various solos of the popular (not "Monday") stamp, and Mr. Winn was encored in the old English air "Come lasses and lads." Mr. Lazarus gave only one solo (modestly placed in a very bad position, nearly at the end of a programme already too long), but played in such a style as fully to justify us in endorsing the opinion of a contemporary just given, that, on the clarinet, he is undoubtedly the first artist, not only in England but in Europe. Mr. C. Severn, of the Opera and Philharmonic bands, and organist of St. Mary's, Islington, made a most efficient conductor and accompanyist.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A more unexceptionable performance has seldom been listened to than that given at Exeter Hall, on Friday se'nnight, to an audience which literally crammed the building to overflowing. The oratorio was Handel's *Samson*, with Mr. Costa's additional accompaniments. With respect to *Samson* (commenced eight days after the completion of *The Messiah*, and finished in five weeks), the immortal composer confessed he did not know whether or not he preferred it to *The Messiah*. Nearly one hundred and seventeen years have elapsed since its first production at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden (Feb. 18th, 1743), and so little attention was then given by the London journals to matters musical, that not one word was said by any of them, of either *Samson* or *The Messiah*, produced during the seasons '42, '43. Now the case is very different. Half a score newspapers proclaim the fact to every breakfast table the following morning, and twice-a-score weeklies announce all particulars for the edification of readers by the million. Compare again the number of performances. From 1743 to Handel's death in 1759, he only gave one hundred and ninety-two performances, among which *The Messiah*, *Judas*, and *Samson* count for eighty-seven. It would be hard to say how many performances of Handel's oratorios have been given during the last sixteen years; but amongst all of them it would be difficult to find any that have afforded more unequivocal satisfaction than that on Friday week last.

To Mr. Sims Reeves must be assigned the place of honour, sustaining as he did the part of Samson in a manner impossible to praise too highly. His rendering of "Total eclipse" was most pathetic, and if ever artist did justice to "immortal music married to immortal verse," it was upon this occasion. What the original tenor in Handel's time—Mr. Beard—was, we have no means of ascertaining, but with the remembrance of the elder Braham yet in our minds, we must award the palm to Mr. Reeves. No less admirable was his singing "Why does the God of Israel sleep," and the air "Thus when the sun." The recitatives and duets, not the most grateful in all cases, were delivered in a style equally irreproachable, and throughout the frequent applause testified that the audience thought a deal more of Mr. Reeves's singing than the Exeter Hall regulations, which are supposed to forbid all demonstrations of the kind. In other instances the rule was set aside, for there were two encores—one to Miss Banks (who has hitherto been heard only at Mr. Hullah's), in "Let the bright Seraphim," the matchless trumpet *obbligato* accompaniment being played by Mr. T. Harper, as perhaps no other artist living can play it, and the other re-demand to Signor Belletti in "How willing my paternal love." The young lady, upon whom the entire weight of the soprano music rested, may be congratulated upon her successful *début* at Exeter Hall, for, although evidently at first suffering from nervousness, she regained her courage, and was enabled to display her clear and telling (though not powerful) voice to decided advantage; the trying air above named showing executive powers of no mean order. Miss Dolby's artistic excellence was never shown to greater perfection than in the *contralto* music;

while Mr. Weiss's fine voice and vigorous declamation did excellent service, and evoked loud plaudits, in the energetic air "Honour and Arms," dividing the suffrages with Mr. Reeves in the duet "Go, baffled coward." To Signor Belletti must also be given the highest commendation for his artistic conception, and no less artistic delivery of all the music assigned to him, and especially of the air which was redemanded. The band was thoroughly up to its work, while the chorus, with one or two exceptions, went admirably, both showing the invaluable result of constant training and practice. The next performance will be on February 3rd, when Mendelssohn's *Song of Praise* and the *Dettingen Te Deum* will be given, with Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, &c., as principals.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Campbell's American Minstrels have been succeeded in St. James's Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Paul's clever and amusing *Patchwork*, which is now quite established in public favour. Every night finds the room filled by an elegant audience. Among Mrs. Howard Paul's new characters that hit the popular taste, we may mention that of an Irish nursemaid, who, while rocking her young charge to sleep, recalls to mind that she has a sweetheart, a drummer, who, before he went to join his regiment in India, leaves her a few keepsakes, including an old drum, an old military coat and hat, &c. (what was his colonel about, to let him give away his "perquisites" so freely?), in which the fair daughter of the Emerald Isle soon equips herself, and then sings a song in praise of a soldier's life. Mrs. Paul gives this with such archness, and accompanies herself on the drum so capitally, that the audience are fairly carried away, and the burst of applause that follows is richly merited. Mrs. Paul also sings (in imitation of Mr. Sims Reeves) Mr. Balfe's new song of "Margaretta." Mr. Howard Paul, in his impersonation of a go-a-head Yankee, sings a "patter song," *à la* Charles Mathews, with extraordinary volubility. *Patchwork* concludes with a "*danse des folles*," by Mr. and Mrs. Paul, which has but one fault, that of being too short. One of the most remarkable features of the entertainment is the very rapid way in which the changes of costume are managed.

MANCHESTER.—At the last Monday Evening Concerts, Miss Banks was unable to sing from indisposition, and Miss Susannah Cole was substituted. The patrons of the Free-trade Hall had no cause for disappointment, if we may judge from the following account, which we transcribe from the *Manchester Times* of Tuesday last:—

"In consequence of a telegram announcing the indisposition of Miss Banks, the director was fortunate enough to meet with Miss Susannah Cole, a young vocalist who made a first appearance in Manchester. We venture to prophecy that it will not be the last. Miss Cole possesses a pure soprano voice, soft and fluty in quality, with considerable facility of execution, and she gives decided evidence of careful cultivation. In Rossini's 'Di Piacer' she was rapturously encored. In 'The beating of my own heart,' there was shown good taste; and in the popular 'Shadow Song,' from *Dinorah*, a decided brilliancy of execution."

Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison are announced to appear at the Free-trade Hall on Monday.

FOREIGN.

BERLIN—(*From a Correspondent*).—In my last I omitted a musical event of very considerable importance, to wit, a very clever organ performance by a young English—I beg pardon—American gentleman, of remarkable musical abilities. The novelty of seeing an English name "in print" out here, and particularly where musical execution is concerned, induces me to send you the programme.

1. Prelude and Fugue (in G minor) ... ... J. K. Paine.
2. Choral varied: "An Wasserflüssen Babylon" Seb. Bach.
3. Trio Sonata in C (For two keyboards and pedals) "
4. Toccata in F ... ... "
5. Trio Sonata in E flat ... ... "
6. Chromatic Fantasie (in A minor) ... ... Thiele.

The first piece proves Mr. Paine to be not only a player, but a thorough comprehender of the king of fugues. The subjects are well chosen, and treated with all the skill of an experienced contrapuntist. Thanks to Mr. Best, it is not requisite to say a single word of the four numbers by Sebastian Bach, but I cannot resist just saying that the varied chorale is most surpassingly beautiful. Of the Fantasia by Thiele, much might be said if space were granted me. This not being the case, however, I must content myself by saying that it is a work of as great beauty as talent and invention. Thiele is a name quite unknown in England, if I mistake not. This is not much to be wondered at, for, were we to ask a hundred persons in Berlin who he was, the probability is that no single individual would know. Like many talented men, he died young, very young, but not before he had raised himself to the highest point of his profession. As a practical and theoretical musician he had few rivals. His compositions bear the stamp of immortal genius, such as the gods vouchsafe but seldom to man. His profundity was only exceeded by his inventive talents: the fact that the great Bernhardt Klein was his instructor guarantees the solidity of his acquirements. Had he not had so excellent a preceptor his vivid and unbounded imagination might have led him into extravagances, such as, in later days, have tried hard to create a sensation in the neighbourhood of Weimar. Even Bach himself does not surpass him in effects powerfully sublime.

One chromatic passage in contrary movement, with full chords and pedals, had an unspeakably powerful effect. It was, indeed, sufficient to melt the soul in extacies! Mr. Paine's playing was perfection: the resonance, however, marred the effect greatly. If I am rightly informed this young gentlemen will pass through England on his way home, and I hope most devoutly he may make the acquaintance of our best player and the incomparable Liverpool organ. It is to be feared, however, that considerable delay in his departure would ensue if he once gave the Lilliputians an opportunity of hearing his superb playing. He is a pupil of the well-known Haupt of this city, and, if that veteran is not proud of his pupil, he ought to be. The learned Belario might say of Paine: "I never knew so young shoulders with so old a head."

Were it possible to send you a *daily* letter, it *might* be possible to give you an idea of all the musical events which transpire in this most (musically) favoured city. This very evening there are three very attractive concerts, and *Don Juan* at the opera, besides an Italian version of the *Barbiere* at the newly-opened Victoria Theatre, and unnumbered musical attractions elsewhere of a less select character. Of recent events, the chief are as follows:—The performance of Bach's Christmas oratorio by the Sing-akademie. As I premised, at the rehearsal the effect produced was not near so great as that by the mighty Gmass, or the Passion music of the same master. It cannot be denied that there are many great beauties in the work; that some of the choruses are not a whit less majestic than the grandest of the masters; yet it is equally incontrovertible that a character far too secular pervades many, if not most, of the pieces. If a composer's works—and unquestionably they are—be influenced by the humour in which their author writes them, what a really merry one must Bach have been in when he wrote much of the work in question! I will only mention the freaks he has taken with the trumpets. Goodness save me from having to blow principal trumpet in Bach's Christmas oratorio! Could any of your readers have seen that worthy member of M. Lieley's band at the memorable performance, he would most certainly have said, "Amen!" to my petition, with all brief and due conveniency. The lovely pastoral symphony is certainly the gem of the whole work, and bears remarkable similarity to Handel's pastoral: had the two masters not have been contemporaneous and unknown to each other, one of them would most surely have been accused of plagiarism. Generally speaking, perhaps no two great musicians are more widely different in point of style; but in this particular pastoral Bach has descended one step from the coldly classic, approaching, in so doing, the majestic heights from which Handel surveyed the insignificant ordinary world with disdainful eye, yet sympathising heart.

The next in importance comes the performance of a cantata of Bach's, and "L'Allegro" of Handel, by the Bach society, under Herr Vierling's direction. The cantata, *Werdaglaubt*, is one of those immense works of Bach which he wrote every week for performance on the Sunday then following. It contains one masterly chorus, and a finely scored chorale. Bach's hand is written on every page of the score. No one else could have made so much from such little means. I will dismiss Handel by saying that he is unquestionably much better understood in England than here, at any rate judging from this performance in question. There was first of all a want of right conception of many of the pieces, and, secondly, a want of firmness in the conductor's hand. Such an unsteady performance I should not again like to hear. The solo singers (Madame Tuczek-Herrenburg, and Messrs. Krause and Osten), did all they could to redeem the affair, but signally failed. There was no *fiasco*, properly speaking, but just such an unsatisfactory performance as might be expected when there is no decisive wielder of the bâton. Herr Vierling is one of the best composers living, and as thorough a musician as Germany possesses at this moment; but he is *not* fit to conduct, nor will he be till he rids himself of his nervous irritability.

At a concert of Madame Burchard's a new oratorio was performed (Solomon's Song), by the respected veteran, Dr. Löwe, who came expressly from Stettin to conduct it. I could not attend the performance,

and can only record the fact that while the critics here give the learned Doctor credit for the most consummate skill in writing ballads, they do not seem struck by his latest oratorio. His earlier works (purely vocal oratorios) seem to be almost entirely forgotten. His ballads are the most popular in Germany, and deservedly so. How many of *our* ballad fabricators have studied him to advantage, I hardly dare venture to think of.

The last symphony concert of the royal band was also not without its novelty. This was a symphony from the prolific pen of Niel Gade, entitled, "In the Highlands." It is characterised by more peculiarity than beauty, and more noise than either; there is, however, much beautiful music in it, and it would reward the labour of *sifting* and *clipping*. Of virtuosi, there has been no lack. Of violinists alone there have been four: David (from Leipzig), Vieuxtemps, Ruppoldi (Vienna), and a young Moldavian named Candle—no, Candella! Vieuxtemps carried away the palm. Nothing could surpass his faultless execution and his decided good taste. He never failed to create a furor. As I hear, he is now taking his last farewell of the public. He starts for St. Petersburgh in a few days. Could he not be induced te pay London also a farewell visit? See to it, Mr. E. T. Smith. There has been a wondrous succession of novelties at the Opera: *Iphigenia, Idomeneo, Lohengrin, Jessonda, La Favorita, Tannhäuser*,* and, last, but not least, Gluck's imcomparable *Orfeo*. Johanna-Dachman Wagner *played* superbly, but, alas! that once magnificent voice, where is it? Alas, echo answers where? As coming events cast their shadows before, I may safely predict the temporary retirement of this lady from the stage. Need I say another word? Two, I may say three, events of quite a festive character have also taken place at the Opera-house. The first was the marriage of the fascinating young and talented prima-donna, Fräulein Wippern; and the second, in the celebration of the completion of a half-a-century's service on the boards of the Opera by Herr Zschiescfe.† Well-merited honours were paid to the worthy and much-esteemed veteran, not the least of which was a letter from the Prince Regent's own hand, conveying something more than mere thanks. It is gratifying to see what a lively interest the new premier takes in matters of art. This morning's *Voss* announces the fact of H.R.H. having conferred the honour of the Red Eagle on two worthy musicians—the one an organist, the other a singer. After such facts as these, why will people persist in asking if Germany cares any more for her "art-treasures" than England does for hers?

The third event was a similar tribute of respect paid to the veteran contrabassist, Herr Schlechte, who joined the ranks of the present Opera at the same time as Herr Zschiescfe. May they both live long and happily to enjoy the benefit of well-earned repose! The new opera by Graf v. Redern is in active rehearsal, and will, I believe, be performed for the first time next week. Hope to send a detailed account of this long-expected and much-talked-of work in my next. *Our* Princess attended the performance of Shakspere's *Midsummer Night's Dream* the other evening, and I must say looked perfectly blooming with health. Her *embonpoint* was the subject of general remark. H.R.H. attended service at the English chapel on Sunday last, when Boyce's "Te Deum" in A was sung for the first time. It "went" in a most creditable manner, *without* men's voices, however, be it remarked.

I cannot close without calling your attention to an error which crept in my last (p. 780, vol. 37). The "R. I. P." I had appended was simply intended for the benedictory "Requiescat in pace;" for poor Wolff, who fell gloriously at Solferino, and was not at all intended to convey any idea of your correspondent's initials, his name being, as every one knows, simply JONES.

COLOGNE.—The fourth *soirée* of chamber music, on Tuesday, the 10th instant, was very well attended. Both the programme and the manner in which it was executed gave general satisfaction. A quartet by Haydn, in D major, and a qurtet in D minor, by Franz Schubert, were excellently played (first violin, Herr Grunwald); although the many separate beauties of Schubert's composition, especially the variations of the *andante*, were fully appreciated, Haydn's quartet produced a greater impression of completeness and unity. Why? Because, in it, invention and character are combined with perfect artistic form, each being thoroughly imbued with the other. The interest of the evening was greatly enhanced by the performance of MM. Hiller and Grunwald, on the pianoforte and violin, first of the graceful and dreamy sonata in G major, Op. 96, by Beethoven, and then of three pieces from the *Canonical Suite for Pianoforte and Violin*, Op. 86, by F. Hiller, No. 5, andante canon, on the fourth—No. 6, menuetto canon on the fifth—No. 7, alla tarantella canon, in the sixth. In these compositions, the melodious matter and charm—and the strictly canonical form—at one time modulated between violin and bass, at another between treble and violin, and then between bass and treble of the pianoforte—are connected in so masterly a manner with each other, and, at the same time, *such a different character* is impressed on each separate piece, that the layman is delighted with the musical thoughts, and is hardly aware of the way in which they are intertwined, while the musician enjoys the double pleasure produced by the said thoughts, *and* the artistic, most skilful, and in no wise stiff and scholastic, although perfectly normal and contrapuntal, mode in which they are worked out. They are small gems in a style of composition which musicians are not so often found attempting now-a-days.

The pianist, Hans von Bülow, is now on his way from Berlin, *viâ* Basle, to Paris, where he will give a series of *soirées* in the Salle Pleyel. In the beginning of February he will perform here, at the second concert of the Männergesang Verein. The last concert in the Gürzenich, on Tuesday, the 17th ult., was rendered especially brilliant by the co-operation of Herren Joachim and Niemann, from Hanover. In addition to this, a new symphony by Gade, and Mendelssohn's Psalm for two choruses and orchestra, were performed.

According to report, Mad. Clara Schumann is expected, in February, at Vienna, where she thinks of settling permanently.

ST. PETERSBURGH, *January 3rd.*—(*From a Correspondent.*)—On Saturday, the 31st December, *Don Giovanni* was performed, for the benefit of Sig. Debassini, to a house crammed to the ceiling. Several members of the imperial family honoured this solemnity with their presence, and frequently gave the signal for applause. It is true, however, that the flower of the Italian company interpreted Mozart's masterpiece, and the Italian theatre of St. Petersburgh is, perhaps, the only establishment of the kind in Europe which can show such an array of talent. Mad. Lagrua, in the part of Donna Anna, did not belie the high opinion she inspired at her very first appearance; her *entrée* was superb, and in the air which follows, in her duet with Ottavio, as well as in the trio of the masks, rendered with a perfect *ensemble* by herself, Tamberlik, and Mad Bernardi, and enthusiastically encored, she exhibited a superiority, which obtained for her numerous recalls. Mad. Charton-Demeur, in the character of Zerlina, was exceedingly graceful, and sang deliciously—the consequence being that the audience insisted on her repeating the famous duet with Don Giovanni, "La ci darem la mano," as well as that which follows with Masetto (Everardi). Mad. Charton gave these two admirable pieces their true character, and the frequent applause, followed by reiterated recalls, proved how great was the satisfaction she caused. The part played by Tamberlik (Don Ottavio) is somewhat eclipsed by the others in this opera, but it contains the incomparable "Il mio tesoro," which is sufficient to raise it to the level of the rest, and Tamberlik gave it in the grandest manner, with irreproachable charm and purity. Debassini, the *bénéficiaire*, sang his romance, "Deh! vieni alla finestra," very well, and we mention this piece without prejudice to the others, in which he was heard to no less advantage. When people have heard Lablache as Leporello, they are difficult to please; but we must say that, though Marini is far from equal to that great model, he contributed very fairly to the *ensemble* of the performance. The part of Donna Elvira was well sustained by Mad. Bernardi, in whom we must blame, however, a coldness comparable only to her beauty.

M. de Sabouroff, director of the imperial theatres, gave, last week, in his magnificent mansion on the Moïka Quai, a grand dinner to the artists of the Italian theatre. There was music afterwards, and Mdlle. Victoire Balfe, who was invited with her father, sang. She obtained, on the spot, a promise that she should appear shortly in the *Traviata*. Next week, *Der Freischütz* will be given, for the benefit of Mongini; and the 9th or 16th of January is the day fixed on for the production of *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, the rehearsals of which are being pursued with great activity. Olosanti,* who possesses, on the ophicleide, a talent analagous to that of Bottesini on the double-bass, and who has played in Paris, has just arrived in St. Petersburgh, where, also, he proposes playing. On Sunday, Mdlle. Ingeborg-Starck, who, likewise, was applauded, in Paris, last winter, gave, in the Rooms of the Nobility, a concert. The young lady was highly successful.

* Which is losing its novelty.

† A *very* vocal name!

* One of M. Jullien's countless discoveries.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

I MUST give you a few lines this week relative to the two very successful *débuts* that have just taken place in Paris, for, though one of the *débutants* is not exactly, in theatrical parlance, a *débutant*, still the part he has been obliged in so unexected a manner to assume, entitles him to be so called. Monsieur Troy, for it is of him I speak, has been obliged, by the continued indisposition of Faure, to fill, on a short notice, his part in the *Pardon de Plöermel*, and his success has brought overflowing houses; the first time he assumed the character of Hoel, he was naturally more agitated than at the other representations. At the Italian Opera it is really a *débutante* who has appeared. Mdlle. Marie Bathe, a pupil of Duprez, who as yet had only made her appearance, in a little theatre built by her master in the Rue Turgot. Much has been expected of her, and all expectations have been fully realised. In appearance she is tall and slender, with an expressive face, and is extremely dramatic in her acting. The part of Amina, in the *Sonnambula*, suited her admirably; rarely has the exquisite music of Bellini been interpreted with better taste or more feeling. The young artist was recalled several times. Gardoni, who played the part of Elvino, shared the honours of the evening, and indeed Elvino is one of his best parts.

Giuglini bade his farewell to the Parisian public in the *Trovatore*. He was warmly received, and many tokens of regret for his departure mingled with the plaudits. Roger, who has been performing at Havre in the *Dame Blanche*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, has concluded definitely his engagement with the Italian Opera here, and on the 2nd of February he will appear in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and Mademoiselle Bathe will play also the principal part. After his second performance at Havre the artists of the theatre presented Roger with a wreath of oak-leaves and gold. The *Huguenots* has just been performed at the Grand-Opéra, and Madlle. Brunet, who has been singing lately at Marseilles, has made her *début* here in it. On Saturday next, the opera of MM. Crémieux and Gaspars, *Ma Tante doit*, will be brought out at the Théâtré-Lyrique. A great deal is expected of this work. The parts are confided to the following artists:—Mad. Ugalde, Madlle. Durant (a *débutante*), and Madlle. Vadé, MM. Meillet and Legrand. Meanwhile Mad. Carvalho has been performing with all her original success the part of La Reine Topaze. A young artist, Madlle. Marimon, has been playing her part of Cherubino, in the *Noces de Figaro*.

We are to have some very good concerts soon, amongst others, Richard Wagner is going to give one on the 25th at the Italian Opéra. He will have several fragments of his own works performed, amongst others the *Tannhaüser* and the *Lohengrin*. M. Alard and M. Franchomme have commenced their concerts; they are held in the *salons* of Pleyel, Wolff, &c., and will be given every fortnight. Your old favourite, Jullien, also intends giving a series of grand concerts. They will commence in March; he intends giving parts of the oratorios of *Eli*, *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, *Paulus*, &c. And under such an able hand, they will doubtless meet with great success. Emile Prudent has left for the provinces, where he is going to give some concerts. M. Fiorentino has just received the order of the Maison Ernestine from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; and the King of Bavaria has just given a hint it would be well for you to follow. He has charged people of competent authority with the mission of selecting from amongst young musicians (of the country) those who appear possessed of the most ability and merit, to be placed under the especial patronage of the government.

The *Pardon de Plöermel* is being performed with ever-increasing success in the provinces and in various foreign towns, Brussels, Metz, Stutgardt, Mannheim, &c. The programme of the Société de Concerts ran thus on the first performance:—1. Symphony in A minor of Mendelssohn. 2. Motet of S. Bach (double chorus). 3. Concerto of Haydn, performed by Norblin. 4. *Près du fleuve étranger*, by Gounod, translated from the psalm *Super flumina*. 5. *Lauda Sion;* duet by Cherubini, sang by Mdlle. Ribault and Mdlle. Rey. 6. Symphony in C major of Beethoven. The piece by M. Gounod, which has already been performed in the concerts of the Orphéon, produced a great sensation on the audience.

In the budget of 1860, the chapter under the head of which is mentioned the subventions to the Imperial theatres, and to the Conservatoire de Musique, the figure is stated at 1,705,000 francs; the sum given as indemnity or help afforded to artists, dramatic authors, composers and their widows, at 137,700 francs; that for encouragement and subscriptions exceeds 200,000 francs.

The very interesting and important work of Mr. F. J. Fétis, the first volume of which has just been published, fulfils in every way the expectations formed of it. Its title is "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens et Biographie Générale de la Musique." Numbers of books have been written on this theme, but none that can be compared to the very complete work now given us, for in this case the talents of the writer vie with his merits as artist.

DEATH OF THE BLIND FIDDLER.

(A SEQUEL.)

THE wind still rudely whistled, as the Fiddler sat, alone;
And heeded not his misery, his hopes, or merry tone;
But hurled fast down the chimney a shower of frozen rain,
To chill the heart and voice of him who raised the joyous strain.

Still more melodious grew the tongue, the chords more brilliant grew,
As, like a demon, Boreas, his harshest airs still blew:
His wants and woes, though numberless, yet leagued they all in vain
To stay his voice and harmony—upward still rose the strain!

"Almighty Father of mankind! to Thee, to Thee I cry;
Though notest e'en a sparrow's fall, and art for ever nigh.
Then sure I am Thy angels bright Thou'lt yet send down for me,
And take me to the realms of light, my mother kind to see!"

Thus sung the suff'rer, weary, and thought himself alone;
But in his hovel, dreary, around him, pleased, there shone
Bright spirits from the happy land, where wants and woes are o'er,
Inspiring him with visions grand of heaven's blissful shore!

Enraptured was the blind man's soul—he cried, "I see, I see
"My mother dear, in garments pure: and, oh, she beckons me!
'Mid flowers and foliage sweet reclines her bright angelic form;
A glorious sun above her shines—a sun, and no more storm!

"But, hark! what sounds now greet mine ear?"—"Celestial sounds are those:—
A spirit said: "Farewell, all fear; farewell, your many woes:
Thy mother strikes her golden harp, to welcome up her boy
To heaven above, where all is love, and purity and joy!"

Rude Boreas madly whistles on; the sleet and hail fast fall,
The Fiddler's frozen body rests in silence by the wall:
A placid smile beams o'er his face, as calm in death he lies,
His soul has gained its long-sought place—its mansion in the skies!

DUBLIN—(*From a Correspondent*).—A very pleasant concert was given by the University of Dublin Choral Society on Friday, 13th inst. A copious selection from *Der Freischütz* formed the first part. The second comprised Spohr's *Hymn to St. Cecilia*, for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra; "Aurora che sorgira," Rossini; "Breezes of evening," a short cantata by Oberthür; "Soave sia il vento" (the *terzetto* from *Cosi fan Tutti*), Mozart; choral glee, "Now the bright morning star," Greville; "Le Papillon," song, Blumenthal; choral glee, "To all you ladies," Callcott; and for finale, Bishop's excellent and spirited chorus (with solos), "Vengeance we swear." The band performed their part well, and under the guidance of the conductor, Dr. Stewart, executed the *Freischütz* overture with great spirit. They were equally to be commended in the rendering of the works by Spohr, Oberthür, and Sir H. Bishop, which had not been heard before. All passed off well: the next concert is intended to be of sacred music, and to contain works by Handel, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, which have not been performed here previously.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z.—*The meetings of societies not being public transactions, all such announcements are, essentially, advertisements.*

J. W. P.—*Most certainly the instrument named in the letter of our correspondent has been used in the manner he alludes to. Can* J. W. P. *be unacquainted with the admirable concerto, with orchestral accompaniments, composed by Herr Molique for Signor Regondi, and played in so marvellous a manner by that gentleman?*

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21ST, 1860.

WHETHER our rulers take into sufficient account the claims to consideration of our fiddlers has long been a moot question. The counsel of this journal to each individual member of the harmonious calling has always been, and always will be—"Musician, help thyself." There is no palpable reason why music as an art, or professors of music as artists, should enjoy less consideration in England than is their just due, and than they enjoy elsewhere. That such is the case, however, would appear from the persistent howl with which musicians in this country (like certain grumblers on the other side of St. George's Channel) have, time out of mind, assailed the unapprehensive ear of the body social. For our own part we could never find out *what* they had to complain of. If it is of the want of Government patronage (and it can surely be of nothing else), we own no sympathy with their cry. *How* is Government to aid them? What, indeed, has Government to do with them and their fortunes or misfortunes?

The talk about foreign musicians being so much better off is all moonshine. No foreign musician ever owed anything substantial either to the patronage of Governments or to that of the aristocratic class. We should like to put Mr. Balfe for a year or two on the Esterhazyan rations (which nourished Haydn), or Professor Sterndale Bennett on the salary which Joseph II. thought fit to squander on Mozart. Why, the one would not pay for Mr. Balfe's kid gloves, nor the other for Professor Bennett's (indispensable) "Brougham." In sober truth, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, compared with some of our more prosperous musicians, were little better than *paupers;* and yet (with all deference to the spirited gentleman whose letter to the *Times* we are about to cite) they were cleverer (far cleverer) fellows than any of the race of modern English practitioners, whose sufferings are so frequently paraded by advocates with more florid enthusiasm than clear-sighted judgment.

Cite Handel, if you please. Handel made two fortunes; granted: but, except in one or two instances to the munificent Duke of Chandos, whom had he to thank? Himself and none other; for by his own genius and his own industry he amassed both the fortune he squandered in unsuccessful speculation, and the fortune he was enabled to amass and put by. What—we look at another sort of men—does Rossini owe to Government patronage?—what Meyerbeer?—what Auber? Literally nothing; and yet the first and last have risen from a condition of comparative need to be wealthy among the wealthy, while the second has built an artistic fortune on the top of an hereditary fortune. What these great men have obtained from the liberality of high personages, or from places under government, is a mere flea-bite compared with what they have earned by their own unaided toil.

But let the correspondent of the *Times* speak for himself:—

"SIR,—At a time when the representatives of the country are so soon to meet for the discussion of subjects with the view of promoting the welfare and happiness of the various classes of the community, I venture to address you, in the hope that I may be able to call public attention to the fact that an art, which is exercising no small amount of good moral and social influence, is wholly ignored by the powers that be. I allude to music. While annual motions are made on many other subjects, and while large sums are annually granted for 'Science and Art,' 'Education,' and other such laudable purposes, there has been no hon. member to bring forward the claims of music, and there have been no grants for that pursuit, which is in itself both a science and an art. And yet, when there is any great national celebration, is not music first thought of, and are not musicians gathered together? Without music, what would such celebration be?

"Look to the great progress that has, during the past few years, been made in Great Britain. In every corner of the land are societies diffusing a better taste, and what good might not be done were but the Government to lend a helping hand to those who so much help themselves? Foreign artists who have lately been in England, after an absence of some years, are astounded when they observe the great stride that has been made in an art of which they not very long ago deemed themselves the only exponents.

"Though I do not write for the purpose of bringing forward hobbies of my own, but with an earnest hope that the subject may receive that share of attention that it merits, still I cannot refrain from suggesting that the first step in the matter should be the establishment of a Conservatorium, which should be a Government institution. A subsidised theatre should follow.

"The present Royal Academy of Music has undoubtedly done much good, but the want of something of a larger scale, the management of which shall be conducted on the broadest possible basis, is severely felt. We have among us musicians (I use the word in its most comprehensive application) second to none in the world, and an institution might readily be formed that should offer advantages to students such as no other existing institution could do. The Royal Academy of Arts has enjoyed for a great length of time the support of the Government of the country. Who could possibly regret such support, after seeing the noble collection of English paintings that was drawn together at the Manchester Exhibition? Will not Parliament afford a like assistance to music?

"I appeal to you, sir, to help the attainment of an object that would conduce so very much to the formation of an English school of music. Years must necessarily be occupied in so great and important an undertaking, but that is only an additional argument in favour of immediate steps being taken to effect its fulfilment.

"A royal commission, or a Committee of the House of Commons, would bring together a mass of evidence that would be most valuable. All that we require is a rallying point—a common centre—to which the attention of musicians may be directed. That being obtained, the day will not be far distant when an Englishman will be proud of the musical genius of his country.

"I inclose my card, and have the honour to remain, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"*London, Jan.* 12." "MUSICIAN.

"Look to the great progress that has, during the past few years, been made in Great Britain." Precisely. That is what we should do; and mature reflection cannot fail to engender the belief that all is going on well, and that if Parliament will be kind and considerate enough to leave us alone, we shall in the end have little or nothing to deplore—

at least, nothing that we shall not be able to amend without the officious interference of meddling and inefficient officials.

Our weak point just now is the national opera; but far off is the day when an English Opera, or an English theatre of any kind, is made to depend upon a Government subsidy. Glance at the Paris theatres (the lyrical theatres we mean), and see what they are doing. Notwithstanding the Government subsidy, both the Académie-Impériale and the Opéra-Comique, are staggering—on their last legs indeed, unless Meyerbeer, an alien, shall come to help them.

Apart from the national opera, which is as yet with us a *chateau en Espagne*, musical institutions generally are flourishing. A successful professor in this country amasses thrice the income the most prosperous foreigner can obtain in his own, while such undertakings as the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Monday Popular Concerts, the Philharmonic Societies, old and new, the various Choral Societies, the Musical Union, are as unknown (if not indeed impracticable) in continental capitals as they are great facts in our own metropolis.

And then—to crown all—we have the Musical Society of London, without exception the most important institution of the kind in the world. Let us first see what that is going to achieve, before resigning ourselves to despair, or handing about the begging-box ("*faisant la quête*") in company with "A Musician."

WE have no wish to publish anything that may have an injurious effect on what are called the festivities of the season, but far from that, we are convinced that we shall receive the thanks of all who love pleasure and hate to be bored, if we make use of an influential organ like the *Musical World*, to protest against what are called "musical parties." Literary parties—which must not be confounded with meetings of literary men—are bad enough, and so, in fact, are all large assemblies at which it is proposed to do anything that the majority of the educated classes cannot do with readiness and ease. Now the only things in the way of entertainment that every one can do, are, to drink, to gamble and to dance; and as the two first of these accomplishments are confined for the most part to the male sex, it follows that, as a general rule, wherever ladies are present, there should be dancing—which, once commenced, means not mere saltatory exercise, but opportunities for conversation. If the dancing could be suppressed, and the sort of conversation for which it is now made the pretext, be retained without the gymnastics, that would, doubtless, in the opinion of many persons, be an improvement; but civilisation has not yet said its last word, and we have no doubt that, some day or other, before Mr. Bright is prime minister, we shall hear of balls without dancing, which will, in fact, be what actual *conversazioni ought* to be, but are not.

Card-playing leads not only to conversation, but sometimes to conversation of a very animated kind—except where the stakes are merely nominal, when it is an occupation fit only for lunatics, who if they were not playing at cards, would be playing with straws. But we have already erased gambling and drinking from the list of permissible enjoyments (and for what we hope will be considered a very polite reason); and having said our say about balls, it only remains for us to explain on what ground we object to parties of a special character, and especially to those at which it is expected that a certain proportion of the guests will play or sing.

Literary and artistic reunions have, at least, this advantage—that the distinguished visitors who are intended to give the necessary artistic or literary colour to the entertainment, however much they might bore you if you were to listen to them, do not holloa to you. Now that is just what musical visitors make a point of doing. There is no escaping them, and as they are almost invariably amateurs of imperfect education, the punishment they inflict is very severe. Sometimes a professional artist is induced to come, but it is sure to be either a gentleman who has just lost his engagement, or a lady who has never had one—or, worse still, both. Why should people whom you would not willingly hear in a concert-room, and certainly would not tolerate at the Opera, be allowed to attack you in private life, where there is no possibility of redress, either with the pen or with the hiss? Ought not something to tell them (and the *Musical World* will do so, if nothing else), that they have no right to torment those who, not intending to be musicians, have certainly done *them* no harm? If perverse and uncontrollable amateurs choose to meet from time to time, for purposes of mutual annoyance, and make no endeavour to entrap others not of the same class into their society, surely there can be no objection to such an arrangement; and we would as soon think of remonstrating with them, as of interfering between the Benicia Boy and Tom Sayers. If A attacks with the piano, B will reply with the violin, C knows that he can take his revenge with a song, and D, E, and F will be sure to pay all three of them out with a glee. All this may be cacophony, but it is at least fair play, as long as amateurs, who can defend themselves after their own manner, are alone invited to be present. When, however, unoffending singers are enticed to these unseemly exhibitions of want of skill, positive cruelty is committed. It must be remembered that amateur playing and singing is not like amateur acting. In bad tragedy or comedy we may be amused by the awkwardness and incapacity of the performers, but there is no fun whatever in bad music.

Now Pantagruel was sitting at his ease in the long parlour of the Edinburgh Castle, smoking an huge pipe, the fumes whereof rolled down the Strand, and produced one of those fogs that have lately caused such suffocation in Cockayne, when in rushed Panurge in the most frantic manner, upsetting the ample glass, whence his master imbibed vast quantities of toddy, and breaking off the large bowl of his pipe.

"Profane wretch!" bellowed Pantagruel, "What meanest thou by thus spilling the sacred drink and scattering the holy incense? What should hinder me from placing the bowl of my pipe on thy pitiful head, and thus causing thee to expire amid lingering tortures?"

"The cause of thine abstinence in that particular" said Panurge, "is the fact, that the bowl in question hath rolled out of the door, and down the steps of Waterloo Bridge, till it hath descended hissing into the bowels of Father Thames. But even were it otherwise thou wouldst not harm me, for lo! I bring thee good tidings."

"The tidings must indeed be good," muttered Pantagruel, "to compensate for this heavy damage, wherein is comprised the cost of a broken tumbler."

"Know then," shouted Panurge at the top of his voice, "that Augustus Mayhew and Sutherland Edwards have written a new play, and that it is now acted at the Strand Theatre."

"The same who wrote *The Goose with the Golden Eggs*?" asked Pantagruel, gasping with anxiety.

"Even so," replied Panurge.

"Then come to my arms—bearer of the most blessed tidings that ever consoled the melancholy of desponding mortal!"—(and at these words he gave him an huge hug, that squeezed him as flat as a pancake, so that he only returned back to his own figure by slow degrees)—"Yea, thou mightest have smashed all the plates in the world that bear the willow pattern, including the big one at Albert Smith's—thou mightest have spifficated all the squares of glass in Regent-street, and I would have made good thy destructiveness, and also have given thee the sixpence, which I declare I owe thee now. Well do I mind me, how my soul was refreshed and invigorated by the same *Goose with the Golden Eggs*. Night after night did I go to draw wisdom from that sparkling fount, so similar to the ancient Hippocrene, and on every occasion did I retire to rest a wiser and a better man. But tell me of the new piece. What is it called? Is it quite equal to that wondrous tale of the stuffed goose?"

"It is called *Christmas Boxes*," said Panurge, reflectively, "and I think I must avow that it scarcely equals that marvel of dramatic literature."

"I should opine not," said Pantagruel, with a resigned expression. "We scarcely look for a mountain with two summits of the same altitude. Two tops of Mont Blanc, with two Albert Smith's to attain them, and two Egyptian Halls, wherein to recount the exploit, would be beyond the just limit of human hope."

"Yet is *Christmas Boxes* well worth a profound study," remarked Panurge. "The personages involved in the fable move in a higher region of society than that immortal goose, and in more polished fashion do they point their stern moral."

"And that moral is——" said Pantagruel.

"Sound as the prosperity of Mr. E. T. Smith's pantomime," observed Panurge; "or the success of the *Dead Heart* at the Adelphi, or as that of Robert Brough's new burlesque at the Olympic. It showeth us the great inconvenience of vicious propensities, when they are accompanied by a straitened pocket."

"A most healthful moral too!" exclaimed Pantagruel. "Let them that are penniless have the virtue of abstinence from cakes and ale. Execrable is the clerk who dares to be vicious on £70 a-year. As for me, who own broad acres in Eldorado, regarding the Koh-i-noor as a vile pebble, which would disgrace my garden walk, and having in my commonest snuff-box more precious metal than is to be found in the whole stock of Roskill and Hunt,—shall I curb my inclinations,—shall I put a restraint on my pleasure? Not I. As Hamlet, who built the Princess's Theatre, says, "Let the galled jade wince"—I will sit and smile cheerfully at the new work of Mayhew and Edwards, and applaud, while they lash the peccadilloes of sinners with limited incomes."

"I must tell thee one joke," said Panurge, wistfully. "There is a maid-servant, who when her master upbraideth her, signifieth the narrowness of his means by declaring that 'he could not have blow'd her up more had she been the man come for the poor-rates.'"

"Instantly give me a pen and a sheet of paper," cried Pantagruel, beaming with admiration.

"Why?" asked Panurge.

"That I may instantly write to Mr. W. S. Swanborough, and tell him I engage a private box for the entire run of Mayhew and Edwards' new play. The one touch of nature thou hast revealed showeth me that it contains a mine of wisdom.

WE observe with regret that our light literature is gradually acquiring a certain religious tinge, which, however novel, is by no means appropriate to that species of composition. We need scarcely assure our readers that we are not of those who associate satire with profanity, and we are convinced that the prayers of a humorist avail as much as those of the most serious poet or philosopher. But neither should pray in public, and the impropriety and ridiculousness of doing so ought, one would think, to strike none so forcibly as those writers who belong to the same intellectual class as the author of *Tartuffe*. We are not surprised at Mr. Tupper, or at any other notoriously dull writer, praying in print, but that authors of acute wit and delicate comic perception should fall into such an error is astonishing. It is amazing that the incongruity which attaches to a mixture of light literature, however pure, with adoration, however unemphatic, should escape writers whose peculiar talent must include as one of its most essential elements a keen sense of the incongruous. It is intelligible that solemn verses should be published from time to time in *Punch*, if only as a foil to the articles whose style is characterised by a deliberate intention to amuse. But what can be the meaning of the devotional tone which marks the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Dickens's entertaining "Haunted House"—the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*. What signifies the psalm published in the Christmas number of the *Illustrated Times*? Why did a hymn appear in the Christmas number of the *Welcome Guest*? Mr. Dickens terminates his interesting ghost-stories with this "Christmas greeting" which he "derives from the 'Haunted House,'" and "affectionately addresses with all his heart to his readers." This is the greeting: "Let us use the great virtue, Faith, but not abuse it; and let us put it to its best use by having faith in the great Christmas book of the New Testament, and in one another." With such an example as this, there is no saying where the taste for religiosity in out-of-the-way places will stop; and unfortunately it has since met with further encouragement in what we should have considered a most unlikely quarter, and from no less a personage than the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. That phenomenal publication contains an article—the last in the number—which to our mind is the most graceful that ever proceeded from Mr. Thackeray's pen; but it terminates with a prayer for success—a sort of *ora pro nobis* addressed to each of those saints the readers—which, naturally and sympathetically as it is introduced, seems to us scarcely justified by the importance of the object prayed for. If it were a question of Mr. Thackeray's health or genius—which, as long as it lasts, *must* speak to us in some form or other—it would be different, and no appeal for our prayers would be necessary; but the *Cornhill Magazine* is, after all, only a commercial speculation, and though we are delighted that it has succeeded, we should never think of praying for its success.

If this new inclination towards the devout should spread from literature to other forms of art, the effect would be very objectionable indeed, for we should have picture exhibitions and concerts opened with prayer. We are afraid already that the directors of the Glasgow Festival will take the hint from the Christmas periodicals already alluded to, and im-

plore the blessings of Providence on their monster music meeting. All appeals to a higher power on behalf of such enterprises have, however, been shown, over and over again, to be fruitless. Indeed there is only one instance on record of prayers for money being attended with success, which happened when Peter, wishing to pay tribute, caught a fish, and found within its mouth one solitary piece of silver.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE first Conversazione of the season was given on Wednesday evening in St. James's Hall, when between seven and eight hundred persons were present. The Hall was fitted up with great magnificence, as at the former conversazione, under the management of the secretary, Mr. Charles Salaman, and exhibited, among other things, some rare and antique musical instruments, manuscripts, and articles of *vertu*, together with some valuable and curious oil-paintings, and water-colours. In the course of the evening several pieces of music were sung or performed by various professional and non-professional members of the society. Three choral part-songs were given, viz.—Mendelssohn's "Season of Pleasure;" Mr. Henry Smart's "Joys of Spring," and Mendelssohn's "Opening buds." Luca Marenzio's Madrigal, "Lady, see on ev'ry side," was also sung, as well as Mr. Henry Smart's choral trio (three-part song?) "Rest thee on thy mossy pillow." Both Mr. Smart's pieces were encored.

Miss Freeth played a solo on the pianoforte, and Mr. Lazarus an adagio and polonaise (Baermann) on the clarinet. Miss Parepa sang Verdi's "Sempre all' Alba," from *Giovanna d'Arco*, and Mr. Santley the *stornello* "Giovinettina della bella voce," by Angelo Mariani.

The Hall presented a splendid appearance, the ladies and gentlemen being costumed with especial care as for the ball-room; and the whole affair passed off with exceeding brilliancy, constituting a most *éclatant* inauguration to the season.

THE POTTER TESTIMONIAL.

A MEETING of the subscribers for the testimonial to Mr. Cipriani Potter was held (by the permission of the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music) in the concert-room of that institution on Monday last, at which Mr. Lucas, the treasurer of the Testimonial Fund, was unanimously called to the chair. The minutes were read that were passed when the Professors of the Academy met at the institution, by the request of Mr. Macfarren, on the 26th of September last, to consider the offering of some token of esteem and regard to their late Principal, on his retirement from the office, after twenty-seven years service. The Report of the Committee for carrying out the Testimonial was then submitted to the meeting as follows:—

"Your committee have the pleasure to report that their willing exertions to carry out the resolutions of the meeting held in this room on the 26th of September last, have been rewarded with the most gratifying success. They have made known the purport of those resolutions by means of public advertisements, of circular letters, and of personal correspondence, and they have been delighted to find that the spirit which unanimously actuated the meeting of September has been very cordially shared, not only by the past and present students and professors of the Academy, but by many persons not thus related with the institution, who were equally anxious to join in an expression of admiration and regard to the distinguished musician, who, as principal and professor of the Royal Academy of Music, has exercised an influence not less powerful than beneficial on the progress of his art in this country.

"The subscribers' list contains 284 names, and the total sum at present subscribed amounts to £498 5*s.*, of which £400 has been already received by the treasurer. The various means employed to invite subscriptions have occasioned an expenditure, which, so far as can at present be calculated, amounts to £31 1*s.*, the balance of £467 4*s.* is therefore available for the testimonial. Your committee believe that the amount of this balance may even yet be greatly increased, and they found their belief on the possibility that there may be still many persons who would wish to subscribe but have not yet been canvassed—upon the likelihood that some members of the Academy, now residing abroad, to whom invitations have been addressed, have not had time to remit their subscriptions—and upon the fact that sum of £100 has been subscribed since the first of January, on which day it was generally understood that the list would be closed. Your committee will therefore suggest the desirability of extending still further the limit to the period for receiving subscriptions.

"There is the best reason for supposing that both the forms of testimonial discussed at the September meeting, namely, the founding an exhibition, to be called "The Potter Exhibition" (for the reduction of a student's expenses in the Academy), which should be open to annual competition, and also a personal present, with a list of the contributor's names, would be eminently agreeable to Mr. Potter, but especially the former, respecting which he has expressed his feelings to more than one member of your committee. With regard to this idea of an exhibition, however, your committee have collected many valuable opinions, to the effect that, desirable as it is to perpetuate Mr. Potter's name in connection with the Academy by means of such an endowment, it is equally desirable that any money so appropriated should not be merged in the funds of any institution, but should be so invested that some musical students should, for all time, be annually chosen in Mr. Potter's name, to receive the dividends of this money to assist in defraying the cost of study.

"Your Committee congratulate you upon the warm feeling that has been expressed, and upon the large sum which is its substantial expression; and they are proud to think that, in whatever form, you are able to offer Mr. Potter a testimonial worthy of your attachment to him, as an artist and as a friend, and worthy of his acceptance as a token of your esteem."

The following resolutions were adopted:—

I. Proposed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, and seconded by Mr. George Parker, of Northampton:—That the Report be received.

II. Proposed by Mr. Harold Thomas, and seconded by Mr. Jewson:—That a sum not exceeding £100 be expended on plate, which shall be presented to Mr. Potter; and that the names of all the subscribers be engrossed on vellum and handed to him, together with the plate.

III. Proposed by Mr. W. Macfarren, and seconded by Mr. H. Groves:—That after paying the expenses, and deducting the cost of the plate and the engrossment, the balance of the money subscribed be vested in the hands of three trustees, for the endowment of an exhibition, to be called "The Potter Exhibition," to assist in defraying the expenses of a student in the Royal Academy of Music, which exhibition shall be open to annual competition for a lady and a gentleman in alternate years, the candidates being students of the Academy who shall have been not less than two years in the institution; and that, if ever the Academy shall cease to exist, the trustees for the time being appropriate "The Potter Exhibition" (which shall still be open to annual competition alternately for ladies and gentlemen), to assist in the education of a musician elsewhere.

IV. Proposed by Mr. Jewson, and seconded by Mr. A. Gilbert:—That Mr. Lucas, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, and Mr. G. A. Macfarren be appointed Trustees of the Exhibition Fund; and that these gentlemen and their successors, when any vacancy occurs in their number, to appoint some person to fill the place.

V. Proposed by Mr. C. L. Stevens, and seconded by G. L. Newson:—That the subscription list remain open till the day of presenting the plate to Mr. Potter.

VI. Proposed by Mr. H. D. Banister, and seconded by Mr. H. Goodban:—That the presentation of the testimonial take place in May next, when Mr. Potter will be invited to meet the subscribers.

VII. Proposed by Mr. C. E. Stevens, and seconded by Mr. G. Pucker:—That the thanks of this meeting be voted to the Committee for their exertions in carrying out the resolutions passed in September last.

VIII. Proposed by Mr. Dorrell, and seconded by Mr. H. Goodban:—That the special thanks of the meeting be voted to the Honorary Secretary for the particular pains with which he has promoted the

testimonial, and that the name of the Honorary Treasurer be coupled with his in this acknowledgment.

IX. Proposed by Mr. Dorrell and seconded by Mr. Goss.—That the thanks of the meeting be offered to the committee of the Royal Academy of Music for the kind permission to assemble in the concert-room of that institution.

The unanimous thanks of the meeting were then voted to Mr. Lucas for his able conduct in the chair.

MR. HAROLD THOMAS.—At the last general meeting of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Harold Thomas was elected a member.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER is about to give a series of concerts and operatic performances at the Théâtre-Italien, in Paris.

Mr. HORSLEY'S "GIDEON."—A full, and "full dress," rehearsal of Mr. Charles Horsley's new oratorio, *Gideon*, took place on Thursday evening at St. James's Hall, preparatory to its performance at the approaching Glasgow Festival. Nearly fifteen hundred persons were present, and the greatest interest seemed to be excited for the success of the new work. The solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Witham, Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, and Weiss. Of course we cannot venture to pronounce critically on the merits of so grave a composition, after a solitary trial. The opinion of the majority of the audience, however, was unanimous, and at the end of the performance Mr. Horsley was summoned to appear, and received with loud and long-continued cheering.

ROYAL THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR.

THE fourth dramatic performance this season took place at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday evening. The following was the programme :—

A Comedy in two Acts, by Tom Taylor (adapted from M. Octave Feuillett), entitled,

THE HOUSE, OR THE HOME.

The Right Hon. Horace Chetwynd, M.P. ...	Mr. Wigan.
General Witherington, C.B.	Mr. C. Selby.
Frederick Wardour (Clerk to the Foreign Office)	Mr. Billington.
Lady Helen Chetwynd	Miss H. Simms.
The Hon. Mrs. Wardour (Mother to Frederick)...	Mrs. Wigan.
Hopwood (Lady Helen's Maid)	Miss Laidlaw.

After which, a Petite Drama, in one Act, by Mr. Benjamin Webster, entitled,

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Mr. William Penn Holder...	Mr. Benj. Webster.
Mr. Beaumont Fletcher (Barister and Dramatic Author...	Mr. Billington.
Mr. Belgrave	Mr. W. H. Eburne.
Jones (Porter to the Adelphi Chambers)... ...	Mr. C. J. Smith.
Miss Constance Belmour	Miss H. Simms.

Under the Management of Mr. George Ellis; and
Under the Direction of Mr. W. B. Donne,
Her Majesty's Examiner of Plays.
The Theatre arranged and the scenery painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

Shortly after eight o'clock, the Queen and Prince Consort, with the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Arthur, Princess Helena, Princess Louisa, and Prince Leopold, attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, and accompanied by the dinner company, entered the theatre in St. George's Hall, when the performance immediately commenced.

LIVERPOOL—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The adjourned annual meeting of the proprietary of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society was held on Monday, at the Cotton Sales Room, Mr. P. G. Heyworth presiding. The report, which had been printed and circulated amongst the proprietors, was taken as read. The following are extracts :—

"The expenditure of the society has slightly increased during the past year, but the excess has arisen from the extraordinary outlay required for repairs consequent upon painting and decorating the hall. The Committee have much pleasure in drawing the attention of proprietors to the increased sum received from the sale of extra tickets, showing that the concerts have proved more attractive to the public. The proprietors will also notice the increased sum received for the letting of the hall. Six stalls have been forfeited to the society for the non-payment of the year's subscription; there now remain two boxes and 251 stalls the property of the society. The practical members have rendered very valuable services during the past year, and your committee have pleasure in recommending that a resolution be passed embodying the thanks of the society. Your committee have again to record the efficiency and zeal displayed by Mr. Henry Suddlow in the discharge of his duties as secretary and treasurer. Referring to their circular to the proprietors of October 12, 1859, regarding the state of the roof, the committee have to announce that Messrs. Tite and Clifton's detailed report has just been received, in which they repeat their opinion that the existing condition of the hall is perfectly secure, but they recommend a periodical inspection, and propose certain remedies in the event of any weakness being hereafter detected.

"Your committee recommend that twelve concerts, all full dress, be given durnig the present year, and that the subscription be as follows:—Boxes and stalls, £3 3s; gallery stalls, £2; gallery, £1; annual subscribers to the stalls, £4 4s. They also propose that proprietors should be allowed to transfer their right of entrée for the season to resident gentlemen, upon payment of 5s. as before; and that any resident gentleman, approved of by the committee, and not in business for himself, should be allowed the privilege of purchasing a ticket, or making use of a member's ticket at the subscription concerts, upon payment of 10s. 6d. for the year, in accordance with the resolution passed at the annual meeting in January, 1856.

"The members of committee who retire by rotation, but who are re-eligible, are as follows:—Francis Braun, Esq., Louis Grüning, Esq., Benjamin Heywood Jones, Esq., H. W. Meade King, Esq., A. G. Kurtz, Esq., James Lister, Esq., C. W. Neumann, Esq., Henry Rankin, Esq., James Smith, Esq. But as the practical members, in accordance with their privilege, have nominated Mr. Rankin to represent them on the committee, only eight other gentlemen can be elected.

"The financial statement showed a balance against the society of £126 19*s.* 6*d.*"

The report and accounts were adopted, and the thanks of the society given to the practical members. The Chairman moved that twelve subscription full-dress concerts be given during the year.

Mr. R. King said it was thought, last year, when the committee fixed to have eight full-dress and four undress concerts, that the undress concerts would be availed of by the subscribers and others, but they had been disappointed. The tickets had been given away to people they had not been in the habit of seeing at the full-dress concerts.

Mr. R. Walmsley called attention to the exertions made within the last few years to pay off the debt, in which they had been successful, and did not see why, with a reduced cost, they should pay the same subscription. Another thing working against the interests of the society was the gradual lapsing of shares into the proprietors' hands through the non-payment of subscriptions. This year there had been six, last year eight, and the previous year three. Since 1848 or 1849 there were thirty or forty shares less paying subscriptions. Gentlemen who allowed themselves to lose their shares only did so because they could get an equal quality of music at a less cost. A reduced subscription would benefit the society. As to the letting of the hall, it had only been used two or three times, owing to the high price, which the majority were unwilling to pay. He proposed, as an amendment, that subscriptions during the ensuing year be two guineas and a-half for stalls, and that no change be made in any portion of the arrangement. Mr. Sharpe seconded the amendment.

The Chairman thought such remarks tended to damage their property. A great many stalls were forfeited, some from holders becoming bankrupts, or proprietors deceased. As to extra expenses, they had been increased by joiners' and plasterers' work, &c., consequent on the decoration of the hall, besides coal and gas.

Mr. H. Banner thought it might be well to consider whether they could not with profit let the building at a less cost. Fifty pounds was a large sum, and they could not compete with St. George's Hall when they made such charges.

The Chairman replied that the committee were not desirous of making the hall too common. They wished to make it select.

Mr. H. W. M. King said that the question as to letting the hall had been under consideration, and the committee would agree with some of the remarks that had been made. But the Philharmonic could never compete with St. George's Hall, seeing that the latter paid no rent.

The amendment was lost by a large majority, and the original motion carried. Some conversation followed as to the price of stalls, which the chairman stated to be the same as last year, 18 guineas. The committee for the ensuing year were then appointed, and after a vote of thanks to the chair the proceedings terminated.

LEEDS—(*From a Correspondent*).—Dr. Mark and his Little Men drew nearly 3,000 persons at the Town Hall, last Saturday, when the annual Juvenile Night was given by the Town Hall Concert Society. With the exception of *The Messiah* night on Christmas Eve, this is the largest audience ever drawn at a concert in the Town Hall. Dr. Mark's visits here are always looked forward to with pleasure, and his juvenile band really play capitally. Miss Clara Wight sang two songs with excellent taste, and was warmly *encored* in "I cannot mind my wheel."

DRAMATIC DOTTINGS.

(*From a Melodramatic Contributor.*)

I MUST plead guilty to an inbred weakness for tracing effect to cause. I do not remember the time when it did not, in a greater or less degree, influence the waking moments of my life. But here I am simply about to record one little example of this weakness, and it will serve as a key to the general tenor and habit of my being.

When a boy, I was deeply struck by the horror exemplified in the souls of most pious persons at the mere mention of the ominous words: "theatre"—"opera"—"play"—"stage"—"boxes" (not collecting)—"pit" (not bottomless)—"gallery" (not chapel). Knowing very little then what those terms really signified, so soon as opportunity offered, I set myself to attempt the discovery, with an ardour that would have done honour to Columbus in his search for a new continent. My first essay being made in a *very* provincial theatre, and my exchequer compelling me to patronise the lofty region of the gods, which was peculiarly airy above and around, successfully producing the effect of a huge pair of bellows, defying sound to reach our elevated position, I returned with little addition to my knowledge on the point; whilst the little I did get served to stimulate my "young idea" into a still stronger desire to "shoot."

I pass silently over the lapse of time during which I fed the flame of inquiry by all possible means lying in my path; and few and far between they were. Till, having amassed a sufficient sum wherewith to purchase Shakspere (ah! unhappy thought—my "uncle" has him now!), yes, Shakspere entire—and the reader must remember there were then no "People's Editions" to be heard of, far less bought. Here, then, was the *cause* of the *effect* I had so long been in search of. Oh, but I had been more fortunate than Diogenes—I *did* find my honest man. I perused the ever-living, ever-mighty bard with a relish I shall never again experience over another author, past, present, or future. I imagined myself standing in the presence of something more than human—a demi-god at least. I marked and marvelled how he played upon the heart-strings of proud humanity, and bid them give out their true and proper sound—its too-weak will unable to resist him. Then could I understand the why and wherefore those pharisees, hypocrites, shied so terribly whenever anything having reference to the temple of Momus crossed their line of vision. Yes! yes! time and circumstances had thrown me much in the way of the *soi-distant* saints, and I could well understand how they were unable to sit within such walls *bon grè!* I could easily fancy how, like the Queen of Denmark—though from a cause not equally foul, indeed, yet for a cause—they would mentally, at least, exclaim:—

> "Oh, speak no more,
> These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
> No more, sweet Hamlet!"

Oh! no! The walls of a conventicle, doubtless, may be pleasing; and pulpit platitudes, from whence come weekly absolution without extra payment, makes sweetest music to such dwarfish minds. But, heavenly powers! hold not the "mirror up to nature!" Show not the "very age and body of the time" to such as these; lest, like the king, in terror they inquire, "Have you heard the argument—is there no offence in it?" Solomon has put on record the truism (with exceptions), "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," and these have a sufficiency of the yet coveted product, knowledge, to influence them in religiously shunning the temple of the great philosophical poet, fearing that the combination of the two would so increase as inevitably to sink them down into perdition. Yet, Iago-like, should there remain sufficient courage within them to peruse my dottings, will they not, in whining accents, cry, "You charge us most unjustly!"

W. D.

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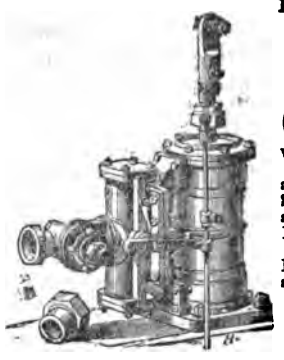

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My love I know will seem
A wayward, boyish folly;
But, ah; it was a dream
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Were mine the world's domain,
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I did not dream those cherished chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
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I try to sing—my voice is sad!
I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can *you* not tell? nor *you?* nor *you?*
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here, *he'd* tell me what to do,
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NEWSPAPER

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REVIEWS.

Judging from the number of pieces forwarded to our office for review, by the last mail, we are warranted in believing that our musical composers (amateurs especially) wish us to regard their contributions in the light of (as the French say) "*étrennes*," or of (as the English say) "New Year's gifts." As such, then, they must be welcomed with politeness, if not with warmth—with courtesy, if not with enthusiasm. It behoves, nevertheless, to turn them over in as little time as possible—a mere glance at their contents being all that we can spare (and, in most instances, all that is requisite).

First appears Mr. J. G. Callcott, with "*Come in, and shut the door*" (Cramer, Beale and Chappell), a song to some lively verses by "J. P. H." The music—even livelier than the words—though simple as a hammer, is by no means ungenial. It contains, however, a progression, from the key of C major to that of E major, (Page 2, line 2); and another from the 6-4 on G natural to the common chord of A minor, by means of a harmony with G sharp in the bass, and F natural and G natural as melody; both of which might be advantageously reconsidered. At the same time let us thank Mr. Callcott for a really appropriate new year's gift.

Next comes the very prolific Mr. Balfe, with a couple of bran-new ballads (this gentleman's ballads are in number as the herrings), and neither of them in his least successful manner. "*The Rose on the Heath*", indeed (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)— to a neat translation, by Mr. Alfred Baskerville, of a well known lyric of Goethe—is one of the prettiest and freshest that has recently dropped from the Balfic pen. As a no less tasteful, though perhaps less racy compound of materials, which, in Mr. Balfe's hands, would appear inexhaustible, "*Farewell, dear home*" (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)—a setting of some very well-turned lines by Mr. W. H. Bellamy, on a somewhat threadbare subject, will also find admirers.

Mr. H. T. Leftwich—"composer," as the foot of the title-page assures us, "of the favourite song of 'The Fountain,'"—presents us with a river. "*The River*" (Clinton and Co.)—styled "canzonet"—an apostrophe to some inland water, name unmentioned, if not equal to that other and renowned apostrophe by Laureate Tennyson (who has four times successively immortalised himself in *The Idylls of the King*), is creditable to the poetic feeling of Mrs. Southey, the authoress. The music of Mr. Leftwich is attractive if not new, and singable if not always grammatical. The hidden octaves between bass and voice (page 2—last bar of line 2, and first bar of line 3), to single out an example, considerably damage the effect of a not ungraceful phrase of melody.

Mr. Bianchi Taylor—of whom the erewhile fashionable town of Bath is (and with reason) as proud now as at any foregone period—has made us a most acceptable offering, in the shape of a duet for treble voices, called "*The Bird and the Blossom*" (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell), which has the double merit of being genuinely melodious and irreproachably scholar-like. The effect of this charming trifle, well sung, either in public or private, would be unquestionably good. But why suppress the name of a poet who makes the bird address the flower in such mellifluous epigram?

In "*Aletheia*"—*nocturne pour le pianoforte* (Clinton and Co.)—Mr. H. T. Leftwich—"Examiner," as the foot of the title page assures us, "to the College of Preceptors"—presents us with a veritable *cadeau* and a French inscription. We like his English token better. "Aletheia" (what a far-fetched name for a near-fetched piece!) belongs to the ordinary—very ordinary (*extra*-ordinary?)—sort of florid, ornamental, sentimental, instrumental (detrimental—to taste?) drawing-room *nocturne*, in the drawing-room key of D flat major, the type of which is absolutely worn to tatters, and of which the patch now sewed on by Mr. Leftwich by no means lessens the general seediness. "Aletheia" sounds new; but "Aletheia" sounds old. *Per Bacco!*

The dear old nursery-rhyme sets out as follows:—

> "First came the ladies, prim, prim, prim;
> Then came the gentlemen, trim, trim, trim;
> Then came the country-folks, &c."

But we have inadvertently reversed the order, and given precedence to the "gentlemen" (Messrs. Balfe and Co.) and "country-folks" (Messrs. Taylor and Co.). Soliciting "mille pardons" (which, we presume, means begging pardon 1000 times), we now acknowledge, with gratitude, Miss Virginia Gabriel's slightly tormented, a thought over-modulated, a trifle unfinished (see *bars fourth*—page 1, line 3, bar 3), but otherwise graceful and expressive song, called "ONE *passed by*" (Hale and Son—Cheltenham),—which, but that the monosyllable, "*One*," is too frequently *underlined*—after the manner of the epistles attributed to ladies, generally, by the caustic and illustrious author of *Pendennis*—would be as creditable to the poet (Edward Maitland, Esq.) as to the fairer minstrel who has married his lines to music. If Miss Gabriel would confer still less she would confer still more on her admirers. There is too much "fluster" in her method of harmonising. She should peruse the lines (we forget which) of (we forget what) Roman poet.

Dr. Doran's fragrant "*Summer Flowers*," set to music by Sarah Gilbert (Hale and Sons), would have been a more acceptable present had the compositress submitted her work to a pedagogue, able to detect, and willing to point out for reconsideration, such faults as occur in page 1, line 1, bar 2 (consecutive fifths); page 2, line 2, bars 2, 3 (bad harmony on the words, "lilies wreath"); and elsewhere. At the same time, we regret to add, the song is in any case irredeemably common-place.

Mr. Balfe has transmitted us another New Year's gift, in the shape of "*Songs for the New Year; Album of Vocal Music*" (Boosey and Sons). This Balfe-Annual is to be recommended in every way—recommended (with little reserve) for its music; recommended (except in one or two instances) for its poetry; recommended (unconditionally) for its engravings,—pictures, we mean; and recommended for the elegance of the designs, covers, and general getting-up. The front cover is curiously devised in Alhambraic fashion, the prevalent colours being scarlet, blue, and white on a gold ground. The Title and Presentation Pages are designed with infinite taste, white and gold alone being employed, with the exception of a delicate light pink, which is used to bestow a bloom on violets—whose hue, we have hitherto taken for granted, is generally deep blue. The Album contains fourteen pieces—songs duets, &c.,—the poets being Tennyson, Longfellow, Kingsley, John Oxenford, Jessica Rankin, Henry Neale and Uhland. In short, it may be commended as one of the most elegant musical offerings of the season.

And now, with an acknowledgement of yet two further presentations from the same source, we must conclude our chapter of thanks, until renewed strength, in our next number, allows us to resume it. These are, "*Fortune and her Wheel*"—poetry by Alfred Tennyson—music composed

and dedicated to the Earl of Hillsborough by M. W. Balfe; and "*The Song of Love and Death*"—Poetry by Alfred Tennyson—music composed and dedicated to Lord Arthur Hill by M. W. Balfe. (Boosey and Sons.)

Mr. Balfe exhibits a more poetical feeling in some of his recent ballad compositions than even in his operatic works. This, no doubt, may be attributed to the higher class of poetry on which his muse has been employed. In Longfellow's lyrics, the composer of *The Bohemian Girl* first proved that he could divest himself of that leaning towards the modern sentimental school—himself the originator—which, however it may have tended to augment his popularity, has gained him but a questionable reputation with the thinking world. The vein, once discovered, has not been allowed to lie unexplored. In Tennyson's exquisite poem, "Come into the garden, Maud," and in others by the same illustrious poet, Mr. Balfe has achieved unwonted honours. These he has followed up with some characteristic ballads, to verses of striking beauty, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley—such as "The Sands of Dee," &c. The two songs before us are from Tennyson's grand poem, *The Idylls of the King*—a work, though not yet thoroughly appreciated, destined to never-dying renown. That Mr. Balfe has succeeded in realising the ideas of Mr. Tennyson we will not assert; but that he has indicated a loftier aim in the compositions under notice than in his most favourite contributions to the stage or concert-room, cannot be denied. At all events, the songs from the *Idylls of the King* possess such merit as must raise Mr. Balfe in the estimation of all lovers of real melody.

Of the two songs, we prefer "Fortune and her Wheel." The air has caught with much felicity the self-reliant tone of the verses. The words it is impossible to refrain from quoting :—

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, or cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up nor down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate."

"*The Song of Love and Death*" is neither so simple nor so spontaneous, although the feeling is undeniable. Both songs are in 3-4 time, but the measured march of one, and the broken flow of the other, form an appropriate contrast. The poetry of the last is again so exquisite, that we must quote it, like its predecessor—

"Sweet is true love, tho' giv'n in vain;
And sweet is death, who puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter; no, not I.
Love, art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be;
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die!

"Sweet Love, that seems not made to fade away;
Sweet death, that seems to make us lifeless clay;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I!
I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow; let me die!"

Both of these songs are written—as one of Shakspere's commentators said of some of the Sonnets—in the "repetitive style," meaning thereby, we suppose, to point to the frequent reiteration of the same word. Mr. Tennyson seems, indeed, to have caught the very spirit which pervades that wondrous series of heart-yearnings, in the songs of the *Idylls of the King*, and to have employed his pen on the same subjects—Love and Melancholy—"Fortune and her Wheel" constituting a solitary exception. The two lyrics under review form companions to the song "Trust me not at all, or all in all;"—another exquisite piece from the *Idylls of the King*, of which Mr. Balfe first made choice to exercise his art upon. The three should never be separated, for it is difficult to say which is most to be commended, each having its special excellence. "Fortune and her Wheel," and "The Song of Love and Death," do not differ more widely from each other than "Trust me all in all, or not at all," differs from both.

Thus Mr. Balfe's *étrennes* are in a style of munificence becoming his con-spicuous station.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

UNIT BASSES.

SIR,—To illustrate the remarks in my last respecting the various systems of sounds, I subjoin the following :—

SYSTEMS OF SOUNDS.

Primary Bases.	Primary Chords.	Derivative Chords.	Unit Sounds.
E flat	E flat, G flat, B flat E flat, G, B flat	G flat, B flat, D flat B flat, D, F B flat, D flat, F G, B flat, D	B flat
B flat	B flat, D flat, F B flat, D, F	D flat, F, A flat F, A, C F, A flat, C D, F, A	F
F	F, A flat, C F, A, C	A flat, C, E flat C, E, G C, E flat, G A, C, E	C
C	C, E flat, G C, E, G	E flat, G, B flat G, B, D G, B flat, D E, G, B	G
G	G, B flat, D G, B, D	B flat, D, F D, F sharp, A D, F, A B, D, F sharp	D
D	D, F, A D, F sharp, A	F, A, C A, C sharp, E A, C, E F sharp, A, C sharp	A
A	A, C, E A, C sharp, E	C, E, G E, G sharp, B E, G, B C sharp, E, G sharp	E
E	E, G, B E, G sharp, B	G, B, D B, D sharp, F sharp B, D, F sharp G sharp, B, D sharp	B

The unit-sound, with which all the other sounds in the same system are consonant, is known by its appearance in each chord, primary and derivative, and is always a 5th above the primary basis. The primary chords in one system form the principal derivative chords (known by their having the same sound for their fundamental bass) in the adjacent

system, the two systems being thus closely connected. It will be perceived that, if we take any primary basis on which to construct a distonic scale, the whole of the sounds forming the scale are contained in the primary chords connected with that basis, and those of the two adjacent systems; these primary chords forming the most simple and natural harmonies of the scale. When these proceed from one system to the one adjacent, the harmonies flow in a natural and connected manner, but when they pass over the intermediate system the harmonies are unconnected—not one sound in the primary chords of one system being found in those of the other. Thus from C, the primary basis, the scale of C is formed from the primary chords of C, F, and G.

In the attendant harmonies we proceed from system to system by single degrees unto A, the sixth of the scale, which is contained in F; the next sound, B, not being found in the adjacent system, C, but in that of G, the second from F. This disagreeable effect of the unconnected harmonies is avoided by passing through some of the derivative harmonies, in addition to the primary, connected with these systems, more generally by retaining the primary basis F in combination with the primary major chord of the system G, thus forming the chord of the dominant 7th. It will now be perceived that this introduction of the primary basis F immediately leads the ear to the sounds and harmonies of that system, to which it is, as it were, the key; the resolution of the discord being upon any of the derivative chords belonging to that system, but usually upon one of the principal of these. The chord of the 7th thus becomes the fundamental principle of all modulations or transitions from system to system. When the 3rd of the primary chord is introduced in addition to the basis, it forms the chord of the 9th. If upon the unit-sound of the system as a bass, the chords of the 7th and 9th become the chords of the 11th and 13th, and like the chord of the 7th, the resolution of the discord is upon the derivative harmonies. I may here remark that sounds, although nominally the same, are not always the same in reality; but so long as any sound appears in adjacent systems it is exactly the same; when it re-enters after a disappearance, it is invariably changed. If the table were extended in both directions, it would be perceived that each note enters three different times; if we take the pitch of any sound when it enters as a primary, at unity, or $\frac{81}{80}$, then when it enters any system below the primary it is $\frac{81}{80}$, and when any above it is $\frac{80}{81}$, every sound, according to the order of the primaries, entering and disappearing under *three distinct forms*. Thus the sound G appears first in the system E, to which basis it is a minor 3rd, and has the form $\frac{6}{5}$, which is continued in the adjacent system A; it disappears in D, and re-enters G as a primary, having the form $\frac{3}{2}$, or unity, which is continued in the systems C and F; it again disappears in B flat, and enters again in E flat as a major 3rd, having the form $\frac{5}{4}$, which is continued in A flat, after which it finally disappears. It is remarkable that under whichever form the note appears in any chord, the forms of the other notes in that chord are varied accordingly, making the ratios of the minor 3rd, major 3rd, and 5th constant, a fact for the consideration of Mr. D. C. Hewitt, who will perceive that the sound F in the system G is not the same as the primary basis F, which is the true dominant 7th, and is always a major-tone (ratio $\frac{9}{8}$) below G; the other being a minor-tone (ratio $\frac{10}{9}$) below. Similar remarks apply to every dominant 7th, which sound and the 5th of the dominant chord never appear together in any system. I think Mr. Hewitt will now fully comprehend the true character of the chord of the 7th, and that the interval D F in this chord (his examples 3 and 7) is not a minor 3rd (ratio $\frac{6}{5}$), nor is it his minor 3rd (ratio $\frac{19}{16}$), although it is nearly so—the ratio of this interval being $\frac{32}{27}$, which, as compared with his ratio, is as 512 : 513. Most unfortunate is it for him, and for his *idea*, that his prime 19, in connection with his unit-basis, should be so near and yet *not quite agree* with the ratio even of this interval. It is evident from the preceding, that the true fundamental bass of this chord (his Ex. 3 and 7) is G, the F not being naturally connected with the concord D, G, B, but is the basis of another system added to the concord, leading the ear to the harmonies connected with that system, as has been previously shown. This will appear plainly to the eye by writing down the ratios,

D	F	G	B
1	$\frac{32}{27}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{5}{3}$

which, by eliminating the octave sounds, and giving all the same form of denominator, are—

$\frac{3}{3}$	$\frac{32}{27}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{5}{3}$

The sounds which belong to the same system have the same denominator 3, which are the sounds of the concord; the numerator 3 of the unit-sound refers downwards a 5th, to G, the fundamental bass, which is also the bass of the primary chord, or which is the same thing, the basis of the system; for the primary basis being a 5th below the unit-sound has always the form $\frac{1}{3}$. The sound F also appears as a primary basis, but being in a modified form, the factor 9 in the denominator points upwards two-5ths (or a major tone) to the fundamental bass of the chord with which it is connected; also, the numerator being unity, the complete denominator 27 points upwards three-5ths to D, the unit-sound. The same facts will appear on writing down the ratios of his equivocal chord (Ex. 9):—

B	D	F	A flat
1	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{32}{27}$	$\frac{128}{81}$

eliminating the octave sounds, and giving all the same form of denominator, they would be—

$\frac{3}{3}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{3 \cdot 9}{3 \cdot 9}$	$\frac{3 \cdot \frac{16}{9}}{3 \cdot 9}$

the numerator 5 of the unit-sound B refers a major 3rd below to G, the fundamental bass; the factors 9 under F, and 16 under A flat point upwards respectively two-5ths and a major 3rd and 5th to G, as before; the complete denominators of the two last point upwards to B, the unit-sound. The equality of the numerators of F and A flat denotes them to be a minor chord; also, the numerators being unity, show that it is a primary, which will be evident on separating the denominators into their respective factors—

F	A flat
$3 \cdot \frac{3 \cdot 3}{3}$	$3 \cdot \frac{4}{3} \cdot 3$

and combining the same factors in each—

$3 \cdot \frac{1}{3}$	$3 \cdot \frac{4}{3}$

Whence the relation of F, A flat, and their connection with the other part of the chord is evident; F being the primary, and A flat the minor 3rd of the primary chord of the system F, added to the major chord of G, the discord resolving as before upon the derivative chords of F. The ratios of this chord admit of other forms being given to them, showing why it is an equivocal chord, but which it is unnecessary to enter upon, as they do not affect the fundamental bass of the chord in this form, which is one of transition.

Mr. Hewitt will perceive that in the preceding, and in my last letter (*Musical World*, December 24th), I have given the *true basses* of all the chords in his examples (November 19th) derived from the *true ratios*, by giving their *true interpretation*, and therefore am perfectly justified and correct in asserting that the ridiculous basses are the "*genuine fruits*" of his *false theory*, and derived from the ratios by a *false interpretation*. In saying this, I do not appear as the advocate of any particular theory, but as the upholder of truth, the foundation of every *science*. The discrepancy in his minor 3rd *he has not yet explained*, nor can explain without stultifying himself, seeing that he has admitted the ratio of the major 3rd to be 5·4, in first asking for this explanation. I have now made it clear that I struck at the very root of his theory—error, "the nucleus to innumerable other similar errors." The other remarks in his letter (*M. W.*, Dec. 10th), are almost too puerile to deserve attention, being evidently written, not with a view of eliciting the truth, but for the purpose of drawing attention from the main points of the question, which are not in any way affected by his remarks. However, I will *just notice them*, that I may expose their puerility. The ratio $\frac{1}{1}\frac{0}{0}\frac{0}{0}\frac{0}{0}\frac{1}{1}$, if expressed as a decimal fraction, is 1·20001 (true to five places of decimals), $\frac{5}{4}$ being 1·20000, which as they stand are in the ratio of 120001 : 120000, the remaining portion of the first would be less than $\frac{1}{2}$; therefore if $1\frac{1}{2}$ nearly be substituted for one vibration or beat, all the rest is *strictly correct*, and would agree with his statement, that it is one vibration in 98304, *which is the exact truth*; the two sounds (E flat) would then give one beat in $5\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, when the C above gives 512 vibrations per second. Mr. Hewitt must excuse me *correcting his corrections!* but I advise him to try again, and not to confound the vibrations of E flat with those of the C above, but look at the figures as the representatives of certain facts, and not as *mere figures*. Even supposing his computations were correct, the difference in the two sounds would still be "a minute quantity far beyond the power of the finest ear to detect," and the question would still remain, as before, which I now leave him to reply to. As regards the ratio $\frac{1}{1}\frac{0}{0}\frac{0}{0}\frac{0}{0}\frac{1}{1}$, it was never proposed by me as a substitute for the true ratio, $\frac{5}{4}$, but as an instance of the nearness to which that ratio could be approached by ratios "cast in his mould"—that is, the first term must be a prime number, and the second must be one of the series 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, &c. There is no difficulty in finding ratios to agree with the form of the second term, they being, as I before stated, infinite in number; but, as there is no direct rule for finding prime numbers, there is a little trouble in verifying the primes by those who do not possess extensive tables of them, as Mr. Hewitt will find if he attempt to give a few more nearer to $\frac{5}{4}$ than the one just mentioned; and though he says that "prime numbers give original sensations," he has not yet

given, nor can he give, any reason why the sensation of the minor 3rd should be represented by the prime 19 rather than the prime 19661, which is to 16384 the unit-basis nearly as 6.5, the true ratio. It is almost unnecessary to state that his "mare's nest" ratio ~~1048576~~ 1048577 does not correspond with the preceding in form, the first term not being a prime number, and the second term forms no part of the series 1, 2, 4, 8, &c.; and does not Mr. Hewitt perceive that in even naming this ratio as a "*good substitute*" for $\frac{4}{5}$, he is, in fact, undermining the very pedestal which he has so elaborately, so cunningly, and so mystically embellished, and on which he has raised and enthroned his "idea."

I remain, sir, yours truly,
W. W. PARKINSON.

Cheetham-hill, Manchester, Jan. 14th, 1860.

THE CHORD OF THE SIX-FOUR.

SIR,—The correspondent who writes under the modest signature of "A School-Boy," may not be quite satisfied with your quotation from Beethoven, who was rather a free than a strict contrapuntist. He may think, too, that what would do in a symphony, might not be good in a church.

The fact is, that the perfect fourth, though a consonant interval (except when naked, or when a mere suspension of the third) used to be classed amongst the dissonances, and is called a dissonance by Mozart in his "Thorough-Bass School." To their different views of this interval may perhaps be attributed its difference of treatment by the ancients and moderns. Not only the strict old church composers, but also Handel and his contemporaries avoided writing an unprepared perfect fourth to the bass. Hence, in the chord of the six-four-three, in four-part music, they omitted the root of the chord, and doubled the seventh to that root. The moderns, following Kollman, write the root without scruple, but disallow the doubled seventh.

A "Response" is something like a "chant." Now, it was forbidden to begin a chant with a discord, or to have a discord on either of the reciting notes. But the perfect fourth was considered to be a discord, and therefore the chord of the six-four would come under prohibition.

As for the *reason* of the thing, to *end* a piece of music with the chord of the six-four, would hardly be possible, because it would be like leaving off speaking in the middle of a sentence; but to *begin* with such a chord would be simply to solicit attention, which can hardly be considered improper.

When a practice is condemned by the ears of one generation, and ratified by the ears of another, perhaps the safest way will be to put it in the category of things indifferent. Let then your querist, discarding prejudice and the trammels of rule, ask himself whether the *effect* of the "Response" seemed to him good or bad. If the former, no rule is sufficient to condemn it, since there can be no greater authority for any chord than that it has a good effect; if the latter, no rule can justify it; since the avoidance of bad effects is the object of every rule.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
THOS. D. EATON.

Norwich, 23rd Jan.

A WARNING TO LOVERS.

(BY A LOVER WHO HAS BEEN WARNED.)

Dearest Agnes, whence that tear?
Whence those sighs I needs must hear?
Say, can I your griefs dispel?
Speak! and all your sorrows tell.
Keep no secret
From the heart that loves you well!

Aught that mortal man can do,
Your adorer will for you:
Speak! and call the blessing down;
Speak, and smile—oh, why that frown?
"*Wretched trifler!*
Where's the music promised when you went to town?"

LONDON ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION.—We perceive that this Association has permanently taken up its quarters at the Architectural Gallery, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street—an extremely spacious and elegant room. On the first Saturdays in every month, concertos for the piano, accompanied by the amateur full orchestra, are amongst the features of this useful body of aspirants of art.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first performance this season of Handel's *Samson*, by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, was, on the whole, the most satisfactory that has taken place since Mr. Costa was appointed conductor, and, indeed, since the society was instituted. Of the oratorio itself—now happily becoming more and more familiar to the musical public, and gradually vindicating the high opinion entertained by its composer, who (perpetually, it would seem, overlooking the still more magnificent *Israel*) hesitated whether to accord his preference to *Samson* or the *Messiah*—we need say very little. That *Samson* is the most essentially dramatic of those compositions, the subjects of which Handel was enabled to gather from Sacred Writ, will be generally admitted; nor can the fact of two such vast and elaborate works as this oratorio and its immediate precursor, the great musical epic of Christianity, having been commenced and terminated within the incredibly short interval of 10 weeks (from August 22, when the *Messiah* was begun, to October 12, when *Samson* was finished) be too often dwelt upon, with wonder and admiration at the genius that conceived and the art that accomplished such a herculean labour.

The additional accompaniments supplied by Mr. Costa, the claims of which to favourable consideration have been more than once discussed, would appear now to be indispensable at every performance of *Samson* by the Sacred Harmonic Society; and certainly the splendid band of instrumentalists under that gentleman's vigorous control take pains that no effect contemplated by their much respected chief shall be lost or slurred over; so that while strict Handelians may indulge in a notion that, here and there, a little too much had been added by the ready and skilful hand of a modern Italian musician to the original granite structure of an old Teutonic giant, few could have been otherwise than pleased at the perfect manner in which the interpolations, such as they are, were allowed to assert their intrinsic value on the occasion under notice. The choruses were worthy all praise, and the immense benefit derived from the private meetings of the London contingent of the Handel Commemoration Choir for practice and rehearsal again received unanimous acknowledgment. Not to enter into minute details, the whole of that stupendous scene, at the end of Part II., in which the rival apostrophes of Israelites and Philistines are exhibited, now alternately, now combined in one colossal burst of harmony; in which are set forth the antagonistic protestations of Micah, friend of Samson, and of Harapha the giant; in which the solemn choral invocation of the Hebrew, "Hear Jacob's God!" meets a derisive comment in the riotous epithalamium of the idolators, "To song and dance we give the day;" and lastly, in which a triumphant climax is attained in "Fixed in His everlasting seat" (a masterpiece of choral effect, unsurpassed even by Handel)—all this revealed the utmost possible efficiency; and the impression produced on an audience that filled Exeter Hall to the doors was indescribable. But the great choral displays in the first and second parts of the oratorio, from "Awake the trumpet's lofty sound" (the celebration, by the priests of Dagon, of the festival in honour of their idol), to "Then round about the starry throne" (the prophecy of celestial glory, with which the Israelites stimulate the religious zeal of Samson) in the one, and from "To dust His glory they would tread," to the "Fixed in His everlasting seat" in the other—have obtained frequent and enthusiastic acknowledgment. Less generally appreciated, considering their excellence, have hitherto been the picturesque choruses in Part III., "With thunder armed, great God arise," ending with a musical embodiment of the act of prayer in the highest degree impressive; "The Holy one of Israel be thy guide," spirited enough to arouse the dormant energies of the most crestfallen hero; "Great Dagon has subdued our foe," and "Hear us, our God, O hear our cry," the first expressing the joy of the Philistines at their supposed victory, the last their despair at the unexpected catastrophe, which has involved their enemy and prisoner, Samson, with themselves, in one common ruin, both masterpieces; "Weep, Israel, weep," the lamentation of the Israelites for their lost champion, in pathos not to be excelled; "Glorious hero," following the "Dead March" (rival to the more noted one in *Saul*), with

which chorus the oratorio originally terminated; and "Let their celestial concerts all unite," a happy after-thought, by means whereof the composer averted an anti-climax, and brought his great work to a conclusion with becoming pomp and brilliancy. These—excepting "Weep, Israel, weep," which was occasionally out of tune, and "Glorious hero," in certain parts unsteady—were so finely executed by the chorus in the present instance that their merits were just as sensibly felt as those of any of the more celebrated choral pieces preceding them, and with which they are in all respects worthy to be associated. In short, this performance of *Samson* may be fairly set down as one of the most honourable achievements of the Sacred Harmonic Society—an achievement, indeed, to which they are entitled to look back with pride.

The solo music was, for the most part, equally successful. Miss Banks—*soprano* (one of Mr. Hullah's most clever and promising singers)—although slightly disconcerted at first by the unaccustomed largeness of the arena, in "Let the bright seraphim" (deriving, it should be stated, no small advantage from the way in which the famous trumpet part was given by Mr. Harper), elicited the sympathy of the audience to such an extent that Mr. Costa deemed it expedient to allow her to repeat the air, although it directly ushers in the final chorus. The same favour was shown to Signor Belletti in "How willing my paternal love," the last song of Manoah (Samson's father). in accordance with a still more unanimous manifestation of approval; and rarely has approbation been extorted by a more legitimate and truly artistic display. The other bass was Mr. Weiss, who, in the music of the giant, Harapha, has maintained his ground against every rival, and who never sang "Honour and arms," and "Presuming slave," his part in the duet with Samson, "Go, baffled slave," or the declamatory recitatives, with greater animation and dramatic power. To Miss Dolby was allotted the part of Micah, which is as much as to say that the airs, "Return, O God of Hosts," and "Ye sons of Israel, now lament," were rendered with a classical purity of style that left no room for criticism. Indeed, the expression infused into the last was on a par with that which gained such warm approval for Signor Belletti; but as this air and the succeeding chorus form but one piece, there was no opportunity for the audience to be equally "demonstrative." The part of Samson is one of the grandest ever imagined by Handel, and at the same time one of the most arduous to the singer, whose physical force and intellectual capacity are alike severely tasked. The elder Braham could at once understand what Handel intended, and render the great composer's meaning plain to every intelligent hearer; but, since Braham, one singer alone has been found with the requisite gifts of voice, intelligence, and executive skill to give the music of Samson with proportionate effect. That one, it is scarcely necessary to add, is Mr. Sims Reeves, who alike in the sombre and desolate pathos of "Total eclipse," the religious and at the same time passionate fervour of "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" and the fierce impetuosity of "Go, baffled coward, go!" rises to the height of the situation, depicts every shade of sentiment and emotion, and thus thoroughly realizes the design of the composer. How finely Mr. Reeves delivers recitatives we need not insist. Of these in *Samson* there are enough and to spare; but when so simply and unaffectedly declaimed, their prolixity is in a great degree lost sight of. Again, in the long and not very invigorating dialogues with Harapha and Delilah, the same rare talent almost closes the lips of the well-intended councillor, about to utter a recommendation to unsparing *curtailment*. Even the comparatively unthankful air, "Thus when the sun in 's watery bed," which prepares the final "exit" of Samson (Part III.), was made impressive by the peculiar significance given to the last lines—

"The wand'ring shadows ghastly pale,
"All troop to their infernal gaol,
"Each fetter'd ghost slips to his sev'ral case"—

which, though without precedent, materially enhanced the interest of the song, and brought the situation it is meant to illustrate more vividly before the mind. The setting of the sun, as an image of the hero's approaching departure for another sphere, had clearly in this instance suggested nothing to the composer too subtle or profound for the comprehension of the singer. The reading of the entire passage was in the highest sense poetical.

A word of well-merited praise for Mr. Brownsmith, who presided with his accustomed ability at the organ (which, by the way, is now and then over-taxed in the additions to the score of *Samson*), must end our notice of this really admirable performance. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and the Dettingen *Te Deum* are announced for the 3rd of February.—*Times*.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

January 25th.

A PERFECT shower of *débutants* and *débutantes* seems to have fallen on the theatrical world of Paris, for every week one has to signalise the rise of some new star, or at least of nebulous appearances who hope to become stars. The week before last a Madamoiselle Battu obtained a complete success at the Italian Opera, (a success that has gone on increasing) and will shortly fill the part of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Roger taking that of Edgardo. The performance is fixed for February 2nd, and will be preceded by the revival of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, of Cimarosa, which has not been performed in Paris since the seasons of 1846-47. Then, on Monday week, another *débutante*, of the name of Mademoiselle Marie Brunet, made her appearance at the Grand-Opéra as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*. She is fresh from Marseilles, where she has been playing. Mademoiselle Brunet was a pupil of Madame Damoreau's, and then took lessons of Duprez. She is agreeable and modest looking, but her voice, though possessing many of the qualities necessary to a singer, is not equal to the exigencies of a part like that of Valentine. Monsieur Gueymard sang charmingly: the rest of the performance was not quite so satisfactory. A very sad event occurred in the course of the evening, and one that has been the subject of universal regret. M. Narcisse Girard (the successor of Habeneck at the Opéra, and also at the Société de Concerts) was at his post as usual, at the Opéra, conducting the orchestra, up to the third act of the *Huguenots*, when, at the end of the septuor of the Poignards, he felt himself giving way, and was obliged to resign his *bâton* to M. Millot. In the lobby he became extremely ill, and was obliged to be conveyed home. Three hours later he was dead. His affection was aneurism of the heart. The death of M. Girard is considered an irreparable loss in the musical world, and the *élite* of the profession were assembled at his funeral, to testify the respect they had held him in while living. The *chef-du-cabinet* of the Emperor, M. Mocquard, was also there. M. Alphonse Royer, M. Leboue, M. Deldevy, and M. Trianon pronounced funeral orations.

The Opéra-Comique goes on steadily and successfully with the *Pardon de Ploërmel;* meanwhile the rehearsals of the new work by Ambroise Thomas are being actively pursued. At the Théâtre-Lyrique, we may soon expect the *Baucris and Philemon* of M. Charles Gounod. A little work of MM. Crémieux and Caspars, *Ma Tante Dort*, has just been brought out. Mad. Ugalde sings in it. Madame Carvalho is able to take a little rest from her arduous labours for a short time, as Mdlle. Marimon is performing her part of Cherubino in the *Noces de Figaro* very successfully. Two little operettas have also been brought out at the Bouffes-Parisiens, one of the *Nouveau Pourceaugnac*, written by MM. Scribe and Poisson, and set to music by M. A. Hignard, has completely succeeded, as well as *Croquignolle trente sixième du nom*, written by MM. Gastineau and Deforges, and set to music by a young beginner, M. Ernest Lépine.

The Théâtre-Français, ever faithful to the traditions of Molière, has been playing the *Femmes Savantes*, and the *Folies Amoureuses*. A young *débutante*, Mdlle. Rosa Didier, was warmly received, and gained much applause by her acting.

The Théâtre du Vaudeville has given the public another drama *de genre*. The *Pénélopé Normandé* of M. Alphonse Karr, founded on his novel, and which he has dramatised for this theatre, has just been brought out. The principal parts were played by MM. Lafontaine, Munié, Felix, Aubrée, and by

Mesdames Doche and Alexis Pastolet. Lafontaine and M. Munié were the the two characters that came out most strikingly in the piece; the part of the heroine is so odious a character, and one almost impossible to play any amount of tact, so as in any way to render it agreeable, that Madame Doche did not obtain so great a triumph as she had doubtless anticipated. The Emperor and Empress were at the second performance.

The Théâtre-Imperial opened its doors on the 17th of January. One month has sufficed M. Holstein to prepare his drama, *L'Histoire d'un Drapeau*, and when one sees how much has had to be done in that time, it appears marvellous. *L'Histoire d'un Drapeau*, as its title indicates, is a military piece, and abounds in charges of cavalry, regiments marching to martial music, attacks at the point of the bayonet, combats, banners waving, cannons firing, in fact, all that military show, glitter and tumult, that the soul of a Frenchman delights in. It has one advantage over other dramas of this class; the plot is clear. The story runs thus:— Two Parisian workmen, François Beaudoin and Frédéric Wolf, are in love with the same girl, Marie, whose father is an emigrant, and who has been brought up by Madame Wolf, the mother of Frédéric. Several young workmen in the shop of Madame Wolf have embroidered a magnificent tri-coloured flag, whilst the lovers have manufactured the silk and forged the steel of which the rest of it is composed. This flag is destined for the battalion of Parisian volunteers, and is received by them from the hands of General Bonaparte on the bridge of Arcola. Before the departure of the troops, Francois Beaudoin receives the assurance of love from the lips of Marie. Frédéric, who thus sees all his hopes vanish, swears a mortal hatred to his rival, and goes over to the enemy. Thus the whole drama turns on the enmity of these two rivals; but the authors (MM. A. Dennery and * * *), however, have made a pleasant ending to it, by bringing about the sincere repentance of the traitor, and the happiness of the lovers. The piece was entirely successful, though, of course, a great deal is due to the attraction that lies in the many brilliant phases of French history which are visibly presented. A panorama of glorious events is unfolded, exhibiting successively the Pyramids, Cairo, Vienna, Moscow, the Kremlin, the return from the Island of Elba, and the apotheosis of the battle of Solferino. Every scene is splendidly got up and displays fresh marvels. The most remarkable were, Cairo, the Retreat from Moscow, and the Apotheosis. There is constant movement on the stage, and about three hundred soldiers (theatrical ones) are employed. The piece, there is no doubt, will have a long run.

I hear that Giuglini is engaged at the Scala of Milan for twelve performances; he is to be paid 2,000 francs a night. He will make his first appearance in the *Favorita*. The programme of the concert Richard Wagner is going to give at the Italian Opera runs thus:—1.—the overture to the *Vaisseau Fantôme;* 2.—*Marche et chœur;* 3.—Introduction to the third act of the *Pèlerinage*; 4—Song of the pilgrims; 5—Overture to *Tannhäuser*; 6—prelude to *Tristan and Isolde;* 7—Introduction; 8—March of the betrothed (with chorus); 9—Nuptial Feast (introduction to the third act), and epithalamium of *Lohengrin*. The orchestra and the choruses will be conducted by Richard Wagner. Ritter has just returned from his excursion to Marseilles, were he made a very successful stay. Jullien is still trying for a tenement large enough to contain the 500 musicians who are *on dit* to compose his orchestra, and the audience his name will draw.

The prefecture of the Seine has just published the following notice:—A competition (*concurrence*) for choral compositions with accompaniment, by the committee for the teaching of singing in the commercial schools; two gold medals, of the value of 150fr. each will be awarded, one to the author of a song for male voices, and the other to the composer of a song for first and second tenors and bass. The composers are to have the liberty of choosing their own words, but they are to reject immediately any poetry which in subject or style would not suit their music, destined for the primary educational establishment of the town. The pieces that have won the prizes will be performed at the public meetings of the Orphéon, and will remain the property of the composer. The manuscripts are to be sent to the Hotel de Ville, before the 15th of March. The composer's name is not to be signed on his work, but each composition is to be accompanied by an epigraph or motto, which motto is also to be copied in a sealed letter, with the name of the composer underneath. I hear M. Lefèbre Wély is composing an opera entitled *Les Paysans de Nivelle*.

The receipts of the various operas, theatres, concerts, balls, &c., arose during the month of December to the amount of 1,359,619fr. 85c.

The *Pardon de Plöermel* meets with as great success in the other continental towns as it does here, especially at Hamburgh and Dresden. Meyerbeer was staying in the latter town when it was brought out, and was present in the theatre, the public calling for him after every act. The King of Saxony sent for him to his box, and expressed the warmest admiration of his work. Madlle. Burde-Ney was the Dinorah.

The Italian papers tell us that the Duke of Satriano, ex-manager of the San Carlos, has been replaced by a very estimable and intelligent man. The accounts from Venice are not so smiling. The theatres have been shut up for the moment by orders, on account of some disturbances that arose in the San Benedetto. The Venetians, who seize every allusion that they can apply to the Austrians, began shouting out in that part of the *Barbiere* where these lines occur:—

"Maledetti, andate via
Ah! Canaglia, via di qua!"

"Fuori, i Tedeschi! fuori, fuori!" Immediately the audience were made to evacuate the theatre, which has remained closed since.

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28TH, 1860.

WE have, during the week, received several communications respecting the leading article in our last impression, in which we commented on the letter of "Musician," which appeared in *The Times* of January 12th. Most of these are favourable to the grant of a subsidy from Government for educational purposes, and the writers lay much stress on the fact, so oft insisted upon, that Music alone of all the Fine Arts is ignored by our legislators. The reasons advanced are neither new nor weighty, or we should have found room for the letters which contain them. The question of a subvention, or a non-subvention, after all, is scarcely so much a matter of policy as of speculation. We may argue for a thousand years, but, until a trial be made, no good results can follow. Nevertheless, as, in a controversy of such interest, the arguments on both sides are worth hearing, let us suppose ourselves advocating a somewhat different opinion from that we have always considered it our duty to support.

Were, then, Government to hold out its hand to Music, as it does to Painting and Sculpture, we should be among the foremost to bestow our praise; nor are we disinclined to allow the advantages likely to accrue. Music, as an art, is

unquestionably not inferior to Painting or Sculpture; while it has a scientific basis to which neither can lay claim with anything approaching the same degree of truth. But this is hardly what our legislators have to consider. The support of an Academy for the purpose of training pupils for the stage, and the concert-room, or making them teachers, is the only means by which Government can forward the interests of Music. But this would not place Music on the same basis as the sister Arts. Painting and Sculpture would still have their exhibition galleries and museums set apart for them, and Music be consigned to the theatres and concert-rooms. A mistake is committed by placing all the arts in the same category. Music is not merely an acquired pleasure, a feeling derived from observation and attention, involving judgment and intelligence no less than taste and sensibility, but an instinct of the soul, born with our very being, instilled into us with our first hearing, and made the vehicle of our earliest lispings, until it grows into a requirement, a necessity of our existence. It may be said—we speak with reverence—that Music is the only earthly enjoyment we know we shall possess hereafter. A special taste is necessary to understand and appreciate the beauties of the brush and chisel. Curiosity will not become admiration except through the medium of enlightenment. Education must prepare the way before delight can be received from a picture or a piece of hewn marble; but the savage will melt into tears at the first hearing of a simple air; and birds, beasts, and even fishes, have been attracted by the irresistible power of melody.

The passion for Music is so universal, as absolutely to become antagonistic to its progress as an art. What everybody loves and desires, the legislature sees no reason for protecting or interfering with. When the list of candidates for advancement in the army was submitted to Napoleon, he selected those only who had no names to recommend them. There was wisdom as well as generosity in this. Our lawgivers, not without reason, conclude, that that which has so many friends and sympathisers stands in no need of extraneous assistance. When it is considered what sums of money are annually lavished on Italian Operas, Musical Festivals, Anniversaries, Concerts public and private, teaching, &c., &c., and what numbers of foreign professors flock to this country from all parts of the world, and live on the fat of the land, it is not at all surprising that Parliament should turn a deaf ear to every application for a grant. The splendour exhibited at the Italian Opera, and the immense expenditure incurred in keeping it up—the failure being attributable to mismanagement only—incapacitate our rulers, themselves, in all probability, subscribers, from perceiving that there is another and more important branch of Music in which their co-operation might be usefully employed. As a school, the Royal Academy of Music has done little for the reputation of the country, and of late years has sunk into comparative insignificance. Its incompetence *may*, as "Musician" seems to think, proceed from the want of finances. We are not exactly of that opinion, but, nevertheless, should have no objection to see Government take the Institution under its wing. That the same patronage and support could be extended to Music as to Painting and Sculpture, it is reasonable to imagine. But in the administration of musical affairs, what would represent the National Gallery? what the British Museum? Could symphonies, oratorios, and operas be hung round the walls of buildings with the same advantage as paintings? Could manuscript scores be exhibited in underground places, with the same profit to the multitude, as the Elgin marbles or the excavations from Nineveh? "Musician" was hardly in a logical mood, when, alluding to the Royal Academy of Music, he asks the question, "Will not Parliament afford a like assistance to Music?" By all means, let us have a "Royal Commission," or "A Committee of the House of Commons," if we can get it; but let us never lose sight of the important fact, that music cannot be legislated for like Painting and Sculpture. It must have a special statute of its own, or none. It remains to be seen whether Parliament will entertain the views of "Musician," which our correspondents unanimously share. We shall wait until the application for a subsidy be made, of which, by the way, we foresee no indication. It will be then time enough to discuss the subject at greater length; at present, discord, not music, is likely to assert dominion over the determinations of the House, so that we must not be too eager in our hopes. For our own part, like Lear, we can be patient.

WHEN, a short time since, while lamenting the death of Mr. Wright, we compared the position of the inimitable London comedian at the Adelphi to that of M. Ravel at the Palais-Royal, we little thought that we should speedily have to record the demise of an artist at the latter theatre. On Wednesday the 18th instant, after an illness of two months, expired the great popular *farceur* M. Grassot, so long identified with the honours of the merriest theatre in Paris. It seems but the other day that he took a new lease of his reputation by singing the famous "Gnouff! Gnouff!" which was for the time the rage of the French metropolis.

A Parisian critic speaks of him thus: "He was not an artist in the strict sense of the word, but a singular and eccentric individuality. He did not bring to the theatre any result either of study or of observation, not even a talent for any kind of combination, but simply the good and bad qualities of his own nature. He was Grassot—nothing more. He had an odd, original turn of mind; he talked a language of his own; he discovered words that no vaudevillist could have imagined, expressions of a *bizarre*, picturesque kind, which gave a particular character to his conversation, and of which great use has been made in composing parts for him. Now he is dead; his parts may be played by others, but the personages, whom he has created, will not be resuscitated—those personages were himself."

When we read the above, we almost feel that we were wrong in placing Ravel by the side of Wright, and that death has corrected our error by associating him with Grassot. The antecedents of the French comedian, prior to his appearance at the Palais-Royal, are wholly without importance; so are the pre-Adelphian days of Wright. There is however, this difference in the beginning of their career, that Grassot started with a failure. The piece in which he made his *début* was the first vaudeville from the co-operating pens of MM. A. Lefranc, Labiche, and Marc Michel, and certainly if he did them any damage by his early break-down, he has since made ample amends; for, without Grassot, where would have been many of the works of those indefatigable writers?

The disease of which he died he used to term his "laryngite," but it was, in fact, a consumption, and many who saw him immediately after his return from Italy, where he sojourned for some time to promote the restoration of his health, predicted that his end was close at hand. And this was in the midst of the furor occasioned by the "Gnouff, Gnouff."

During the last weeks of his life he lived on a pension accorded him by the management of the Palais-Royal, on the delicate pretext of allowing him time for his recovery, but

there is no doubt that the pension was really a recompense for past services.

I' faith, Thalia has now-a-days so many tears to shed, that it will be hard to distinguish her from Melpomene.

THE *Saturday Review*, which has often called attention to the general immorality of French comedies, and which by way of teaching its readers what to avoid in the way of modern French literature, gives them the earliest information of the appearance of such books as *Madame Bovary*, *Fanny*, *Les Filles de Plâtre* &c., published, a few weeks since, some objections to a new piece by M. Léon Laya, entitled *Le Duc Job*. Our able contemporary does not say of M. Laya's play that it is one to which a mother cannot, without danger, conduct her daughters, &c., but complains that its morality is of a low order, and, moreover, false. Now, *Le Duc Job* is the most successful piece that the Théâtre-Français has produced during the last few years, and the author evidently intends it to be regarded not merely as a comedy of intrigue, nor as one depending solely on the exhibition of character, but, above all, as a moral comedy. Consequently, if its moral is trivial or, worse still, erroneous, the work is an utter failure from M. Laya's point of view, whatever applause the audience may bestow on the acting of M. Got, the representative of the principal character. We have seen and read *Le Duc Job* with equal interest, and are prepared to do battle for it on the ground that it is written with a healthy object, and that its morality is neither common-place nor unsound.

Le Duc Job is directed against one of two great evils by which—to judge from the novels and comedies published during the last few years in Paris—the whole of contemporaneous French society is affected. The first of these is the passion of even old men for "*dames aux camélias*;" the second the mania of even young men for gambling on the Bourse. The former of these pleasing subjects was pretty well exhausted for dramatic purposes when the author of this same *Duc Job* produced a few years since, at the Gymnase, his *Cœurs d'Or*. The public had already had the *Lady of the Camelias*, and its still more immoral antidote (as it was considered) the *Marble Maidens;* M. Léon Goslan had taught the audience of the Theâtre-Français "Comment on se débarasse d'une maîtresse," by marrying her, and M. Emile Augier had shown the public of the Gymnase how to dispose of her afterwards, by first allowing her to disgrace her husband's name, and then shooting her. In the *Cœurs d'Or*, M. Laya pointed out that marriage was the sort of thing most young men would have to come to at last; that they ought to be prepared for it; but that if they were not, and there were obstacles in the way—why then (without going into further particulars), that all women were not tigresses deserving to be shot down like wild beasts, but that some had "hearts of gold," and would sacrifice their own happiness to secure that of their not very estimable lovers. There was some honourable feeling in this, and at least as much truth as in the *Dame aux Camélias*—of which the groundwork is simply that of the *Vie de Bohéme*, rendered unnatural through the breach between the hero and the heroine being made the result, not of a misunderstanding, but of an intention on the part of the latter to appear faithless when she is in her heart faithful. The *Cœurs d'Or* was the last remarkable piece suggested by the peculiar arrangements of that "thirteenth" *arrondissement*—which never had a mayor, and the dwellers in which are neither married nor given in marriage.

The production of *La Bourse* by M. Ponsard, at the Odéon, was the signal for a number of other pieces on the same subject. Here, however, there was no opportunity for argument. The most determined dealer in paradox would scarcely dream of maintaining (in public) the advantages of reckless gambling on the Stock Exchange. Besides, we all know which of the two passions—that for money or the other one—is strongest, and above all the most interesting. The Bourse comedies could not obtain the same success as those of the Thirteenth Arrondissement, but more than one has attracted attention, and that by M. Laya is certainly a production of considerable merit.

It is easier to turn a story into a drama than to turn a drama into a story (consult, however, Mr. Charles Reade on this point), and as we never could perform either of those operations with facility, we shall not attempt to give the entire plot of *Le Duc Job*. It will be enough to say that the hero, the Duc de Rieux, owes the name of "'Job" to his poverty. He is "as poor as Job;" for, being a duke, he has only six or seven thousand francs a-year on which to support his title. Like another duke of our acquaintance (not in actual life, elated reader, but in *Le gendre de M. Poirier*) de Rieux has enlisted in an infantry regiment, has seen service in Algeria, and has already attained the honourable rank of sergeant. He returns to France, sees once more his beautiful fair-haired cousin, Emma, whose vision has haunted him throughout the African campaign, and tries to persuade himself that he is not in love with her. For if, as has been clearly proved in the columns of the *Times*, a mere *roturier* cannot get married on three hundred pounds a-year, what is a duke to do with only from two hundred and forty to two hundred and eighty. He might, perhaps, barter his title, but de Rieux's *noblesse* "obliges" him to do nothing of the kind. Besides, his cousin is already engaged to be married to a successful speculator on the Exchange. The accepted lover (accepted by the parents, after the French custom) is a friend of the duke's, but when de Rieux hears from his own lips by what means he has contrived in a few months to make his fortune, he can only reply—"Well, you are a very good fellow, but what you have done I confess I would not do for a million." De Rieux conceals his love and mourns in secret, but cannot bear the thought of his darling Emma marrying this man of the Bourse. Emma, who admires her cousin, and has every confidence in his advice, divines, from his manner, that he has no respect for her destined husband, and at last questions him on the subject. De Rieux will give no direct answer, but from the nature of his replies, and from his agitation, the young girl discovers that he has no esteem for her *intended*, and that he loves *her*. Hitherto the moral effect of the drama has been to enlist the sympathies of the audience on behalf of an honourable man in misfortune, and to show them how little, in comparison, a rich speculator appears, who has amassed a fortune, not dishonestly, but by pursuing a course which no man of delicate feeling could have adopted.

In the remaining portion of the play we find de Rieux still unwilling, on account of his poverty, to marry Emma, while Emma is hesitating (a little) between a wish not to be eclipsed in splendour of living by her rich female relatives and her love for "the Duke Job." It is of course very mean of Emma to calculate whether it is possible to live on her dowry and the duke's two hundred a year (he has lost some forty pounds a year by the death of a friend to whom he had lent a portion

of his capital), but, prompted by her affection, she decides that she *can*—and we may remark that in this very worldliness of the young girl, which for a time threatens to obscure her better nature, the hateful effect of the money atmosphere by which she is surrounded is exhibited. After Emma has determined to marry de Rieux, and will hear of no refusal on his part, the duke receives a legacy, which we are happy to say is of large amount, and which the dramatist bestows upon him with the greatest skill.

The writer in the *Saturday Review* is annoyed at the simple-hearted duke getting this money, sneers at M. Laya for giving it to him, and points out that good people are not, as a matter of course, rewarded in this world with riches. We know this, and deeply regret it, but we also know that *Le Duc Job* has done all its work as a comedy when Emma gives de Rieux her hand, and that the legacy is merely a *bonus* offered to the hero by the author, for the special gratification of the audience. *Clarissa Harlowe* ends with the death of Lovelace, but Richardson did not write his great work in order to prove that seducers are sure to get killed in duels. We are at a loss to understand how any critic could imagine that *Le Duc Job* was written for the sake of showing that virtue is the high road to wealth.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE ninth concert differed somewhat from its predecessors, in which the entire vocal or instrumental music has been by one composer, whereas the programme on this occasion was devoted to various masters. The selection was, however, admirable, and afforded no less delight to the audience. The quartets (Spohr in G major, Op. 58, and Beethoven in C sharp minor, Op. 132, hitherto classed as "Posthumous") were heard for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, and quite as keenly relished as those works with which the public has been rendered more familiar. The former is one of the most spontaneous and graceful compositions of the late lamented master, and in the hands of Messrs. Sainton, Goffrie, Doyle, and Piatti, was interpreted to absolute perfection. No less admirable was the rendering of the Beethoven quartet—one of the series (if we remember rightly) given by Herr Joachim last year, at Willis's Rooms. This was listened to throughout with the most profound attention, and the discriminating applause evinced an appreciation, on the part of the audience, which strongly marks the advanced musical taste of the age. M. Sainton's leading of this masterpiece was faultless throughout—as intellectual as mechanically irreproachable—in short, a thing not easily to be forgotten.

Herr Pauer made his first appearance at those concerts, in Hummel's very fine pianoforte sonata in F minor—also heard for the first time—playing so admirably and affording so much satisfaction as fully to entitle him to the applause and recall with which he was honoured at the end. Herr Pauer also joined Messrs. Sainton and Piatti in Haydn's trio in G major, which brought the concert to a close.

Miss Theresa Jefferys and Miss Palmer divided the vocal music, the former lady singing in Macfarren's charming song, "Canst thou deem my heart is changing?" (from *Charles the Second*), and Haydn's canzonet, "In thee I bear so dear a part," an encore being unanimously awarded to the last. This young lady bids fair to become a valuable acquisition to the concert-room, her unaffected style telling considerably in her favour, Shelley's "Lament," called "Swifter far than summer's flight," (set by Mr. J. W. Davison) has been previously sung by Miss Palmer at these concerts, and was on Monday night given with such genuine pathos and artistic feeling, that the young lady was compelled to return to the platform and bow her acknowledgments. Miss Palmer also gave Mr. Vincent Wallace's new and beautiful song, "The Bell-ringer" (words by John Oxenford), with no less success. In Mendelssohn's genial and characteristic duet, "Maybells and the Flow'rets," the two ladies acquitted themselves admirably. At the next concert the instrumental portion of the programme will be selected from the works of Beethoven, comprising amongst other things the *Pastoral Sonata* in D Major for pianoforte, the trio in C Minor, and the quartet in F (op. 18). Mr. Hallé and Herr Molique are engaged.

CONCERTS.

EYRE ARMS CONCERT ROOM.—Mr. George Forbes gave his second subscription concert in the above room on Monday evening. The singers were Miss Clari Fraser, Miss Gerard, Miss Lascelles, and Signor Belletti; the instrumentalists, with Mr. Forbes, MM. Sainton and Bezeth (violin) and M. Papé (clarinet). The audience were more attentive than enthusiastic, and were elevated into excitement by two performances only—M. Sainton's solo, and the duet from Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*, "Di capricci," sung by Miss Clara Fraser and Sig. Belletti, both of which were encored tumultuously, and most deservedly. We never heard M. Sainton play more splendidly. The brilliant duet of Rossini was admirably sung by both artists, it being, we believe, the lady's first essay in florid music in the concert-room. That it will not be her last, the eminent success she achieved will ensure. Miss Clari Fraser also sang Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," Balfe's song, "There is a name I never breathe," Alexander Lee's ballad, "Meet me in the willow glen," and joined Miss Lascelles in the duet "Ah! perdona," from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*. Haydn's song was beautifully given, and with that earnestness of feeling without the least display, which makes this young lady's singing so remarkable. Mr. Balfe's song was also charmingly sung, and pleased universally.

Miss Lascelles sang the contralto song from *Dinorah* well, but took it somewhat too slow; and Miss Gerard attempted, in vain, Pacini's cavatina, "Il soave bel contento." Signor Belletti gave the magnificent air of the Count "Mentro io sospiro," from the *Nozze di Figaro*, and the air "Il mio piano e preparato," from the *Gazza Ladra*, both very finely, in a manner, indeed, hardly to be surpassed by any living barytone.

The principal instrumental piece was Dussek's sonata in B flat, for violin and piano, played by Mr. Forbes and M. Bezeth, with which the concert opened, and which on both hands was remarkably well executed. Mr. Forbes also played a solo of his own, and M. Papé two fantasias, one of which would have been quite enough.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—On Thursday evening this society held its "opening *soirée* for the season 1860," at the Suffolk-street Gallery, Pall-mall East; pictorial and vocal attractions of no ordinary interest being provided for the occasion. The former consisted in the extensive and choice collection of pictures of the modern British school, belonging to Mr. Wallis, which covered the walls, and at whose invitation the *réunion* took place at these rooms; the latter, of a performance of madrigals, part songs, and other choral music, by some sixty or seventy members of the Vocal Association, who had volunteered their services for the occasion. We shall confine our critical observations to the choral display, which was the feature of the evening, and, amongst many musical performances, was striking, for its novelty, uniformity, and purpose. Mr. Benedict and Dr. James Pech were the conductors of a choir which they had evidently sedulously trained. The volume of tone, and the precision and expression displayed by them were at once striking and gratifying in the highest degree. About a dozen pieces were performed, being selections from Bortniansky, Bishop, Smart, Benedict, &c., and included new four-part songs by Dr. James Pech, now sung for the first time, entitled respectively "Three Wishes," a spirited motive, and "The Bridal Morn," a melody of a more sentimental class. One or two of the pieces were encored; all went off amidst applause—the two novelties, in particular, being eminently successful. Upwards of eight hundred persons—members and their friends—assembled at this agreable *soirée*, which may be said to have gone off with distinguished *éclat*. The council promises six *conversasioni* of a similar character at

one or other of the various exhibition galleries of the metropolis in the course of the season.

CONCERT AT BROADWOOD'S—(*From an Occasional Contributor*).—On Monday evening, the 23rd inst., a concert of peculiar interest took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, in which the performers, as far as the gentlemen were concerned, were in Messrs. Broadwood's employ, and the ladies were either their relations or friends. The sale of tickets had been strictly private, and confined to Messrs. Broadwood's establishment; hence much of the interest of the performance, as testifying largely to the increasing taste, in this country, for music. A few years ago the concert could not have been possible, nor could so appreciative an audience, of its class, have been gathered together. The prices of tickets were low, 1s., 1s. 6D., and 3s. 6D. By-the-bye, the notion of reserving seats for an additional sixpence must have been borrowed from the New Adelphi; be that as it may, the greater portion of the room was so reserved, it must, therefore, have been found convenient. The room was full to the highest seat in the orchestra, but no inconvenience was felt as, at a certain point, the sale of tickets was stopped. The boxes were occupied by members of the firm and their friends. It must have been very gratifying to them to see so large an audience, the connection of which with themselves was more or less immediate, respectable and happy. Strikes can never be known when such intimate relations between the employers and employed exist. A more good-tempered and determined-to-be-pleased audience could not well have been assembled, nor could a better performance, under the circumstances, have been expected. Some madrigals and part-songs were very well sung. A Miss Fanny Herbert (?) sung the "Zingara," by Donizetti, and "Where art thou wandering," by Frank Mori. We should almost think the latter were her master. Miss Herbert has a sympathetic and flexible soprano voice, and must yet be a valuable addition to our Concert Rooms. A great success also, was the earnest singing of Mr. French in the ballad of "The Willow Tree," composed by Mr. S. Pratten, for Mr. Santley, a year or so since. Why is it still MSS., Mr. Pratten? The words were, with many others, contributed to these columns, by Mr. James Hipkins, who is, we believe, engaged in Messrs. Broadwood's manufactory. It was vociferously re-demanded, and was repeated *in extenso*. Good voices seemed plentiful. A Mr. Brook displayed a very powerful tenor voice in "Come if you dare," and "The Death of Nelson." A Mr. Garnett also, a lighter tenor, gained much applause in "My pretty Jane." The face of Mr. Murray, one of the basses, has surely been, for years, before the public. Mr. Murray gave "On by the spur of valour goaded" with emphasis and power. It was remarkable to notice the very English character of the selection. Shield and Purcell, with the patriotic songs of Braham, seemed to be much in vogue. It is said of Shield, that, on certain days, he always dined with old Mr. John Broadwood. Many interesting memories are connected with Broadwood's house. The instrumental portion of the concert was divided into two piano solos by Miss Ellen Bliss, one of which was encored, and two violin solos by Mr. Blackmore, one of Messrs. Broadwood's tuners. This gentleman, for an amateur, exhibits much practical skill. The object of the concert was to add to the funds of the Workmen's Library, a self-supporting and valuable institution, in Messrs. Broadwood's Manufactory. As more than a thousand persons were present, a good result must have been secured. The concert was conducted by Mr. A. I. Hipkins, and reflects credit upon all concerned in it.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The twenty-sixth annual meeting of members of the society took place this week in the minor hall, Exeter Hall. The chair was filled by J. N. Harrison, the president. Mr. Thomas Brewer, honorary secretary, read the report. It appears that the last year, as it respects the society's subscription list, is considerably in advance of any former period. A considerable portion of the report was occupied with details in reference to the Handel Commemoration at the Crystal Palace, in June last, which have, however, been before the public. The gross number of persons who attended the festival was 80,720, the entire receipts being £34,921. The total expenditure was £15,236, leaving a balance of £19,685 divisible between the Crystal Palace Company and the Sacred Harmonic Society. By the terms of the agreement between the two bodies, the Sacred Harmonic Society became entitled to one-third of the surplus profits; but having regard to the complete success of this unparalleled undertaking, they exceeded the sum for which they originally contracted to complete the musical arrangements by £2,095, thus leaving the net profits receivable by them £4,480 5s. 9d. There is also an amount of £1,103 19s. 3d. credited to the society's accounts, arising from the division of a guarantee fund carried over from the preliminary festival of 1857. It appears from the report that the total expenditure of the society for the past year has amounted to the large sum of £13,147. The business, which was proceeded with after the reading of the report, consisted of the usual election of members, and other routine business, including votes of thanks to Mr. Costa, the conductor, and the officers of the society. A motion was made, and unanimously adopted, to appropriate from the society's funds a sum of £1,000 stock to the benevolent fund connected with the Sacred Harmonic Society. A resolution was also adopted, allocating a sum of 380 guineas to be applied to the presentation of some testimonial to the members of the committee individually, having regard to their labours in relation to the Handel Festival and the general satisfaction experienced in connection therewith.

PROVINCIAL.

NORWICH.—The annual performance of *The Messiah*, by the Festival Choral Society, took place in St. Andrew's Hall, on the 23rd instant, when it was as usual attended by a crowded audience. With the exception of the tenor part (which was sung by Mr. Morgan, of London), all the solos were taken by members of the society. The band and chorus, consisting of above three hundred performers, were very effective. Mr. Harcourt presided at the organ, and Mr. J. F. Hill conducted the performance.

BELFAST.—The Anacreontic Society's second concert came off at the Music Hall, with all the anticipated success. The room was crowded. Mr. Balfe and his daughter had caused disappointment here, as elsewhere; but no dissatisfaction could have been experienced with the artists who kept their engagement:—Mdlle. Corbari, Madame Badia, Madame Fiorentini, Herr Reichardt, Sig. Tagliafico, and Mr. J. L. Hatton; Sig. Sivori (violin), Sig. Bottesini (contra basso), Herr Engel (harmonium), and Mr. Brinley Richards. The whole concert was distinguished by spirit and animation; no flagging whatever, nor the slightest sign of weariness appeared when the latest hour of the night was being encroached upon. The society began the concert with a part of Mozart's symphony, *Jupiter*, Herr Kerbusch conducting, with his usual judgment, and Mr. H. Loveday leading. Mdlle. Badia commenced with a song by Signor Badia, of a lively character. Herr Reichardt and Signor Tagliafico then gave Goldberg's *duo*, "The Mariners," the hearty voice of Tagliafico, and the soft and expressive notes of Reichardt blending with the best possible effect, and eliciting deserved applause. Signor Sivori delighted his auditory in a solo of the Paganini school. In a *duo* with Signor Bottesini he equally distinguished himself, whilst the latter fully maintained his character as an unrivalled master of the *contra basso*. Mdlle. Corbari displayed a fine soprano voice, and sang a *bravura* air with the greatest animation and fluency. Madame Fiorentini's style of singing was not so full of life and expression as Mdlle. Corbari's, but distinguished by ease and steadiness. The second part opened with the overture to the *Siege of Corinth*. Signor Bottesini gratified the auditory by his *Andante with Variations*, the rondo from *Sonnambula* being rendered with exquisite grace and effect. Such delicate tones from the double bass have rarely been heard. We should be very forgetful did we neglect to mention Herr Reichardt's "I know an eye so softly bright," rendered with infinite sweetness, taste, and expression. The feeling which he threw into this charming song "might have soothed the brow of Saul," and nothing could be more deserving of the enthusiastic and protracted applause which followed. Herr Reichardt gave a lively song ("Are they meant but to deceive me"—translated from the Polish by John Oxenford), instead of the one re-demanded, which gave equal satisfaction. Herr Engel introduced the harmonium, and showed his audience what might be done with that popular instrument. The society gave two specimens of their own vocalism—a part-song, "When evening's twilight," and a chorus, "Now, warlike deeds"—both in a creditable manner. The pianoforte playing of Mr. Brinley Richards was on a par with the excellence of the rest of the concert; and, on the whole, the evening was so well spent, and the performance so creditable to both professional and amateur artists engaged, that we can find no fault with the manner in which the Anacreontic Society have commenced the year 1860.

WAKEFIELD.——On Friday week Handel's *Messiah* was performed at the Corn Exchange, by a full band and chorus, numbering upwards of two hundred performers. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Church Restoration Fund. The spacious hall was crowded to suffocation, the front seats being filled by a very select company, most of whom were in full dress. The band and chorus were the finest ever heard in Wakefield, if, indeed, one superior was ever gathered in the West Riding. It included a large number of the best performers from all parts of the Riding, many of whom gave their services gratuitously. Amongst the violinists we noticed Messrs. Shaw and White, of York;

Tennant, of Dewsbury; and Phillips, of Wakefield. Mr. J. Emmerson, of Wakefield, presided at the organ, and Mr. Donager, of Wakefield, was principal flautist; trumpet, Mr. Lofthouse; and conductor, Mr. Phillips, of Sheffield. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Fitton, Mrs. Lofthouse, and Miss Newbound; and Messrs. Inkersall, H. Wilson, and Lambert, of the Chapel Royal, Windsor. The whole of the arrangements reflect great credit upon the management, and we doubt not the effect will be apparent in a substantial addition to the Restoration Fund.—*Wakefield Express.*

BIRMINGHAM.—The third and last of the present series of concerts given by the members of the "Birmingham Musical Union," took place at Dee's Assembly Room, on the evening of Monday last. Mozart's Quartet (No. 7), as the opening piece, was well given by Messrs. Hayward, Alfred, Clementi, and Lidel, and made a deep impression, especially in the second movement, an exquisite *andante*. Miss Lascelles sang an aria from the *Huguenots*, and a scena from the *Orpheus* of Gluck. Mr. H. Hayward gave a violin solo of his own composition, consisting of two movements, an *andante*, and a polonaise, with pianoforte and harmonium accompaniments, in which he made many clever points. The great performance of the evening was the Beethoven quartet (op. 16), which introduced Mr. Barnett to a Birmingham audience. Clearness and facility of touch were the characteristics of his playing, and these qualities admirably adapted him for the work before him, in which he was ably assisted by Messrs. Hayward, Clementi, and Lidel. The *andante cantabile* movement, marked by its graceful reminiscence of Mozart's "Batti, batti," as a motivo, was especially good. Mr. Barnett selected for his solo performance the numbers six and three of the third book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte;* and, if we except the reading of the last portion of No. 6, the performance was perfect. Messrs. Duchemin and Lidel gave a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello with a spirit and at a speed that would have been hazardous to any but first-rate artists. They were deservedly applauded for the brilliant result of their joint efforts. The performances of the evening were brought to a conclusion by Hummell's trio (Op. 93), in which Mr. C. E. Flavell, at the pianoforte, maintained his well-earned reputation as a most finished performer, and, being well supported by the strings of Messrs. Hayward and Lidel, the result was exceedingly gratifying, forming, as it did, so successful a finale to the second season of the "Union," to the members of which the musical public of Birmingham are highly indebted.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—Lessee Mr. E. T. SMITH.—JACK ET LA TIGE DE FEVE.—Sous le règne du Grand Alfred vivait une pauvre femme qui avait à peine de quoi supporter sa misérable existence et celle de son jeune garçon. Elle avait en vaine essayé d'améliorer son sort, car dans ce qu'elle entreprenait tout tournait contre elle. Cet enfant, qu'elle amait tant, était loin de la consoler par son zèle et sa conduite; semblable à beaucoup d'enfans de son âge, il préférait le jou à tout. Un jour sa bonne mère lui dit, les larmes aux yeux, "Jack, il ne nous reste plus rien que notre vache, et il faut nous en défaire ou périr de faim." Jack partit donc pour le marché, et pour rendre, son voyage plus agréable se mit à chanter toutes sortes de chansons, jusqu'à ce qu'il eut rencontré un boucher qui l'aborda d'un air fort amical. Cet homme avait son plan, et il songeait à le mettre à exécution tandis que tous deux poursuivaient leur route en devisant de chose et d'autres. Ce méchant homme fit si bien qu'il persuada au pauvre Jack de lui vendre sa vache pour quelques fèves de la plus brilliante couleur. Jack qui n'en savait pas plus long, se laissa attraper, et croyant avoir fait une excellente affaire, il retourna chez sa mère. Lorsque sa mère vit quel triste marché il avait conclu, elle prit toutes les fèves et lui dit: "Est-ce là, méchant enfant, le tour que je devais attendre de toi? Tous mes soins, toute mon affection ne pouvaient-ils t'inspirer un peu de bon sens? Qui voudrait s'imaginer qu'un enfant tel que toi, si malin lorsqu'il s'agit de faire quelque drôle de tour, serait assez sot que d'abandonner notre vache, notre dernière ressource, pour une poignée de fèves?" Ce disant, elle alla jeter les fèves dans un plant de choux, et envoya Jack coucher sans souper. Le lendemain matin, Jack vit avec surprise que les fèves avaient en une seule nuit pris racine et crû d'une manière vraiment extraordinaire. Il courut chercher sa mère, et l'amena près d'une tige de fève qui avait certainement les dimensions d'un arbre dont la tige se perdait dans les nuages. La bonne femme resta toute ébahie, et se perdit en conjectures sur la croissance subite d'une telle tige de fève. Quant à Jack, s'étant assuré de la solidité de la tige, il résolut de grimper jusqu'en haut, dans l'espérance d'avoir plus de chance dans cette enterprise que dans la première. Sa mère ne le vit pas monter sans éprouver quelques craintes; mais Jack la rassura. "Chère maman," lui dit-il, "j'ai le pressentiment que cette tentative tournera à notre avantage, ainsi ne vous tourmentez pas, j'ai du courage et de l'activité, et je crois que la moment est venu de vous prouver que je suis un bon fils." Après avoir monté quelque temps, il atteignit la cime de l'arbre, il en était temps, car ses jambes étaient fatiguées, et ses mains n'avaient plus la force de le soutenir. Il aperçut alors une contrée triste et déserte. Il y aborda, s'assit et se mit à réfléchir. Bientôt après parut une fée couverte de vêtements magnifiques et entourée d'une lumière resplendissante. Elle lui adressa la parole avec bonté et lui dit, "Mon enfant, il faut partir à l'instant pour aller punir l'ogre qui est votre ennemi le plus invétéré. C'est lui qui a tué votre père, et s'il vous a épargné ainsi que votre mère, c'est sous la condition qu'elle ne révélerait jamais ce qu'elle sait. Les richesses de votre père sont cachées dans le château de l'ogre. Ainsi donc, suivez mon conseil, partez et allez à ce château." Il se mit de suite en route et atteignit avant la nuit le vaste château des géants. Il frappa à la porte, et vit bientôt avec la plus grande surprise une femme de proportions monstrueuses, dont les gros yeux fixes eussent suffi pour donner la chair de poule. Cependant, malgré sa laideur, elle n'avait pas un air refrogné, et elle sourit en regardant Jack. Le pauvre garçon essaya de balbutier quelques mots, qu'elle interrompit en lui demandant, d'une voix assez semblable au bruit d'un gong, ce qu'il voulait à cette heure avancée. Jack reprit un peu de courage en se rappelant ce que lui avait dit la fée. Il la salua avec beaucoup de respect, et après s'être excusé d'avoir frappé si fort à la porte, il la pria instamment de lui donner un morceau de pain et un abri pour la nuit. "Vous ne savez guerè, mon cher petit, ce que vous demandez. Je suis la femme du grand ogre à qui ce château appartient, et quiconque y entre doit y laisser la vie. Mais je vois avec peine que vous êtes très fatigué, et je n'aurai pas la cruauté de vous chasser. Venez avec moi, j'essaierai de vous cacher dans mon grand chaudron. Mais ne l'oubliez pas, il faut que vous soyez parti avant la pointe du jour," Jack entendit bientôt l'ogre qui rentrait, et qui d'un ton bourru, demandait qu'on lui apporta son souper. Il appela ensuite sa poule et lui commanda de pondre quelques œufs d'or; ensuite il s'endormit, et se mit à ronfler. Le bruit qu'il faisait ressemblait au tonnerre. Alors Jack s'aventura à passer un peu la tête hors du chaudron et vit ces œufs si brilliants, qui n'étaient pas lein de sa portée. Tout à coup il prit son courage à deux mains, s'élança hors du chaudron, empocha les œufs d'or, et ayant attiré vers lui la poule, il s'en empara et s'enfuit. Il retrouva bientôt son énorme tige de fève et descendit sans perdre un seul moment. Sa mère, qui le croyait perdu, fut enchantée de la revoir; mais elle ne put contenir sa joie en voyant son cher Jack sortir de sa poche sa provision d'œufs d'or; il lui raconta comment il s'en était emparé, et avec quel empressement il les lui avait apportés. "Le géant," continua-t-il, "s'eveilla et se mit à courir après moi pour avoir sa poule favorite; mais mes jambes valaient mieux que les siennes, aussi suis-je descendu de la tige sans lever les yeux, de peur du monstre armé de sa massue." Jack s'empressa de chercher une maison commode et bien approvisionée pour sa mère; puis l'amour des aventures lui fit penser à la fameuse tige de fève, et il se décida à tenter une autre excursion. Il se déguisa, et le jour suivant il grimpa lestement à la cime de la tige et pénétra adroitement jusque dans le château de l'ogre. Cette fois-ci il s'empara de la belle harpe du géant, le harpe s'écria, "Maître, maître!" Mais Jack gagna son arbre au plus vite, et avec l'aide des bonnes fées, il s'esquiva avec l'instrument, sans avoir été atteint par l'ogre, qui le poursuivait armé d'une grosse pierre. Jack était trop vif et trop agile pour se laisser prendre. Le géant le voyant échapper à sa poursuite voulut aussi profiter de la tige de fève et se mit à descendre avec précaution. Mais Jack, qui était arrivé très vite en bas, alla chercher une hache, et en quelques coups il coupa la tige par sa base, de sorte que l'ogre tomba à terre roide mort. Alors parurent les bonnes fées, qui dirent à Jack, "Aujourd'hui vous avez vengé votre père, vous êtes riches, et vous, ainsi que votre mère, vous aurez une existence heureuse, digne récompense de la persévérance et du courage que vous avez montré."

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This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
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Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
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I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can *you* not tell? nor *you?* nor *you?*
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here, *he'd* tell me what to do,
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5

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Oh, Dennis, dear, the wintry blast
Is sighing through the willow,
And still you said you'd come again
Ere Autumn leaves were yellow.
Oh must I wear the willow branch?
The sad forsaken willow;
I'd rather far the whisper'ng grass
Waved o'er my lonely pillow.

How tender were the words you spoke,
Dear Dennis, when we parted!
The hopes you breathed when first to you
I clung nigh broken-hearted.
You kiss'd away my tears, and said
You'd come ne'er more to sever—
Ere yellow were the Autumn leaves,
I'd be thine own for ever.

My heart is sore with trembling fear,
Oh, Dennis, can'st thou leave me,
All hope is fading in my soul—
I die, if you deceive me.
But list! what, stirs the wil'ow boughs?
Who steps across the river?
Oh, Dennis, 'tis thine own dear self,
Oh, Dennis, thine for ever.

BOOSEY & SONS, Holles-street.

REVIEWS.

THE sonatas and other instrumental works of Beethoven have long been procurable, in various editions more or less complete, by the English amateur and professor of music; but his songs—which, whatever some critics may assert, comprise just as many beauties in their way—have been very sparsely circulated, and comparatively little known. They have never been collected and published, with or without English text, under one head, so as to be used or referred to without inconvenience. The recent appearance, therefore, of a volume which, to judge from its title-page, was evidently prepared with so desirable an object in contemplation, must have elicited unanimous satisfaction. Such a volume must set matters right, and place Beethoven's vocal music—among lovers of art in this country, where his name is unanimously revered—on the same familiar footing as his instrumental compositions. We believe that this conviction tended to bring the new work into considerable vogue; and it has hitherto passed muster without a question as to the integrity of purpose, and high respect for Beethoven, that should have swayed its projectors in the course of its progress through the press.

"*The Songs of Beethoven,*" *with the original text—edited and adapted to English words by William Hills*—is the publication to which we allude. We have but one charge to prefer against it; but that one is of a tolerably serious complexion. *The Songs of Beethoven* is a palpable misnomer—doubtless unintended, but not the less calculated to deceive. There are not above *half* the songs. We allude, of course, to the isolated songs—derived neither from opera nor cantata, from oratorio nor from any sacred or secular compositions on an extended scale, but merely songs *per se*, composed and published without reference to any context. Had Mr. Hills entitled his work—*A Selection from Beethoven's Songs*, or *The Songs of Beethoven*—Vol. I.—leaving it to be understood that another volume might follow in due course, there would have been no objection to make; but as the matter stands, we must strongly protest against such a title as he has invented being affixed to a compilation manifestly incomplete. It is as well, however, to substantiate our accusation against Mr. Hills by a few facts and *data*.

The interesting Catalogue ("Critical, Analogical, and Anecdotal") of Beethoven's compositions, drawn up by Herr W. von Lenz (in his enthusiastic treatise, entitled *Beethoven et ses Trois Styles*), and divided into four sections—the first under the category of numbered works (*Opera*), the second under that of numbers only, the third and fourth under that of letters—enumerates all the chamber songs of the great musician. Let us take them as we find them there:—

"Sechs geistliche Lieder, von Gellert," Op. 32.

Of these songs (dedicated to the Countess Browne, the wife of one of Beethoven's stanch adherents, to whom the set of trios for violin, viola and violoncello, and the pianoforte sonata in B flat, Op. 22, are inscribed) the volume of Mr. Hills (although bearing the comprehensive title of *The Songs of Beethoven*) does not contain a *single* example. One of them—the *Busslied* (in A minor)—is remarkable as having been arranged by Prince Nicholas Galitzin (to whom the so-called "Posthumous" quartets in E flat, B flat, and A minor, are inscribed) as a *funereal quintet*, dedicated to the "manes" of the illustrious composer.

The next reference in Herr Lenz's catalogue is to the famous "Adelaida," Op. 46, which, we need scarcely add, has for substantial reasons not been overlooked by Mr. Hills,—although he has erroneously marked it "Op. 52."

The grand *scena*, for soprano voice, and orchestra—"Ah, perfido" (Op. 48)—although arranged by Beethoven himself with pianoforte accompaniment,* is omitted from *The Songs of Beethoven*.

The veritable Op. 52—which comprises, in Simrock's catalogue,† eight songs—

"8 Lieder, mit Begleitung des piano, von Claudius, Sophie Mereau, Goethe, Bürger, and Lessing—"

and to which the catalogue of Peters‡ adds four others—is more fortunate. In his collection of 31 songs, Mr. Hills has included eight of these—viz.:—

No. 2—"Feuerfarb" (Sophie Mereau.)
„ 3—"Das Liedchen von der Ruhe" (Bürger.)
„ 4—"Maigesang" (Goethe.)
„ 5—"Molly's Abschied" (Bürger.)
„ 6—"Ohne Liebe" (Lessing.)
„ 7—"Marmotte" (Savoyard Song.)—
„ 7—"La Partenza" (Metastasio.)
„ 8—"Ich liebe dich."

thus abandoning no less than four out of the series, which, with the six *Geistliche Lieder* and "Ah, perfido," already brings his sins of omission to the number of *eleven*.

From the renowned Op. 75, dedicated to the Princess Kinski;§"—

"Sechs Lieder, mit Begleitung des piano, von Goethe"—

—Mr. Hills has appropriated the four which have attained the greatest measure of popularity—viz:—

No. 1.—"Kennst du das Land" (Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister*.)
„ 2.—"Neue Liebe, neue Leben."‖
„ 3.—"Es war einmal ein König" (The Song of the Flea," in *Faust*.)
„ 4.—"Gretel's Warning" (*Faust*.)—

throwing aside two, however—"An den fernen Geliebten" (which must not be confounded with the more celebrated *Liederkreis*); and "Der Zufriedne," of almost equal merit. Thirteen songs omitted from "THE *songs*, &c.!" But we have not yet nearly achieved our task.

From Op. 82, consisting of four songs and a duet, to Italian words;—

"Vier Arietten und ein Duett, mit piano" (the German text adapted by Schreiber)—

the English editor has selected two—viz.:—

No. 1.—"Dimmi ben mio che m'ami,"
„ 2.—"T' intendo si mio cor"—

dispensing with two which we cannot but regard as at least their equals—"Che fa il mio bene" (a genial *aria buffa*), and another "Che fa il mio bene" (*arietta assai seriosa*), setting forth the anxiety of an impatient lover—to say nothing of the charming duet, "Odi l'aura che dolce sospiro" (sixteen omissions from "THE," &c.!)

From Op. 83 (dedicated to the Princess Kinski)—

"Drei Lieder, von Goethe, mit Begleitung des Piano, von Goethe."

Mr. Hills has taken all, but only placing the first (composed for "Bettina")—"Wonne der Wehmuth, trocknet nicht Thränen"—under the accredited *opus*—attaching to the

* The orchestral arrangement, in the catalogues of Whistling Artaria, and Breitkopf, is numbered Op. 65; but Herr Lenz thinks himself justified in preferring and adopting the *opus* which, in the catalogue of Peters, is affixed to the pianoforte adaptation.

† Bonn.

‡ Leipsic.

§ To whose husband the Mass in C (Op. 86) is inscribed.

‖ Composed for Beethoven's favorite Madame Brentano ("Bettina von Arnim") to whom he addressed it, with a letter containing the following glowing sentence:—"Seit ich Abschied von Dir genommen, liebes, liebites Herz."

third—"Mit einem gemahlten Bande"—the name of Reissig (instead of Gœthe) as poet—confounding it, probably, with some other song; and giving to the second—the well known *Sehnsucht*—"Was zieht mir das Herz so?"—no *opus* at all.

Omission, No. 17, is "An die Hoffnung"—song to poetry, by Tiedge (dedicated to Princess Kinski), Op. 94. "An die ferne Geliebte" (*Leiderkreis*, or cycle of songs), to texts of Jeitteles, dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz *, one of the most constant and liberal of Beethoven's patrons (Op. 98); and "Der mann von Wort," words by Kleinschmidt (Op. 99), are appropriated by Mr. Hills, who, it may be added, has done wisely not to ignore them, especially the incomparably beautiful *Liederkreis*, justly styled, by Robert Schumann, the most intensely passionate of all love songs. The eighteenth omission of Mr. Hills is Op. 100:—

"Merkenstein nächst Baden, Gedicht von Ruprecht, für eine oder zwei Singstimmen, mit piano."

"Der Kuss"—(words by Weisse)—

"Ich war bei Chloen ganz allein"†—*ariette für ein Sopran. stimme mit piano*—

which, although marked Op. 128, is evidently an early work; "Der Wachtelschlag" ("Song of the Quail"), to a poem by Tiedge (placed by Lenz in his second section, as *No.* 24, but in the catalogue of Whistling, as *Op.* 24. together with the noble sonata in F major for pianoforte and violin); and a second "An die Hoffnung," poetry also by Tiedge, marked No. 32 by Lenz (Op. 52, by Peters); are all comprised by Mr. Hills in his collection; as also No. 38—"Die Sehnsucht"—consisting of four short melodies (Goethe) with pianoforte accompaniment. The *Blümchen der Einsamkeit* (Flowrets of Solitude"), six songs to Reissig's words (third section—letter A—Lenz's Catalogue):—

No. 1.—"Die stille Nacht" (*Sehnsucht*)
„ 2.—"Ich zieh' ins Feld" (*Kriegers Abschied*)
„ 3.—"Der Frühling entblüetet" (*Der Jungling in der Fremde*)
„ 4.—"Einst wohnten süsse Ruh" (*Anden fernen Geliebten*—No. 3)
„ 5.—"Zuvr schuf das Glück" (*Der Zufriedene*)
„ 6.—"Welch' ein wunderbares Leben" (*Der Liebende*)—

swell out the omissions to no less than four-and-twenty, which, added to several other fugitive pieces, to be found lettered in the third and fourth sections of Lenz's catalogue, form an important gap in the catalogue of Beethoven's songs, and justify us in protesting against the title-page with which Mr. Hills has dignified his thus very incomplete, however otherwise satisfactory, edition. Among the lesser known songs, Mr. Hills has included "An die Geliebte" (text of Stoll); "Das Geheimniss" (text of Wessenberg); "Als mir noch die Thräne der Sehnsucht nicht floss" (anonymous); "Ich denke dein, wenn durch den Hain" ("*Andenken*"), words by Matthison, the poet, of "Adelaida" (Op. 72, the same *opus* as *Fidelio*‡—which Lenz places in his third section); "Der Lebt ein Leben wonniglich" (*Lebensglück*—"Sympathy"), poetry by Kosegarten, or—as Lenz makes it out—by Tiedge; and "Wenn die sonne nieder sinket," an *Abendlied* ("Evening song), which though marked Op. 103, is not named by Lenz, who arriving at that *opus* says briefly: "*Il n'y a pas d'opera*, 103." On the other hand, while inserting a piece of the existence of which even the enthusiastic author of *Les Trois Styles* seems, unaware, Mr Hills strangely omits one of the most widely known of all the songs of Beethoven—the *contralto* air, to the words of Haydn's Italian biographer, the Abbé Carpani,—the very popular "In questa tomba oscura."

With regard to the general correctness of the musical text, and the manner in which the German words are done into English verse (remarkable alike for freedom and elegance), we have only unreserved praise to award; and if Mr. Hills will publish the second edition, which we feel sure awaits his work, as "*The Songs of Beethoven, Vol. I.*," and insert a promissory note for the speedy appearance of Vol. II., we shall be happy to cancel the foregoing somewhat critical analysis, and write another in a different tone. Meanwhile, in so important a matter as the works of Beethoven, the musical public must not be deceived.

* To whom are also dedicated the Six Quartets, Op. 18, and other works of great interest.

† Introduced (although written for a *soprano* voice) with such success by Mr. Sims Reeves at the Monday Popular Concerts.

‡ *Eleonore, on die eheliche Liebe.*

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

February 1st.

GOOD music, like wine, acquires a still finer tone from age, and the musical port that has just been brought from its cell, after a seclusion of more than fifteen years—for it is as long as that since the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa has been performed in Paris—is no exception to the rule. When this opera was last played, Lablache filled the part of Geronimo; it is Signor Zucchini who has now the difficult task assigned him of assuming the character after him. The parts of the two sisters and the aunt, Carolina, Lisetta, Fidalma, are performed by the Signoras Alboni, Penco, and Dottini. The other principal parts are filled by Signori Gardoni and Badiali. The trio of the first act, with the fine air Gardoni sings, "Pria che spunti," obtained an encore, and indeed the entire performance seemed to give unmitigated satisfaction. It is now sixty-nine years since Cimarosa composed the *Matrimonio Segreto*. At the Grand Opera, the rehearsals of Prince Poniatowski's opera, *Pierre de Médicis*, which were interrupted momentarily by the loss of M. Girard, are going on with renewed vigour. It is on the production of this composition that M. Dietsch will enter on his new functions. The representation at the Opéra-Comique, by particular desire, of the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, on the 22nd, was attended with the greatest success. An overflowing house, large receipts, and immense success to the artists. It is only natural that, with these results, the managers should avail themselves of these extra performances; so the *Pardon de Ploërmel* was again given on the 29th without detriment to the week-day performances. They announce in their bills a new comic opera, to be given next Saturday. It is in three acts, the libretto by MM. A. Dumas and De Leuven, the music by M. Ambroise Thomas. The title is *Le Roman d'Elvira*. The indisposition of M. Faure has obliged the management to defer their project of bringing out *Don Juan;* indeed, M. Troy is still singing his part in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*. The following paragraph that I extract from *Le Nord* seems to put an end to the rumours that have been circulated lately relative to a change in the management of the Opéra-Comique:—

"The affair relative to the sale of the Opéra-Comique has not been concluded. They say that the shareholders have disbursed fresh sums, to insure the future direction of the theatre remaining in the hands of the present manager."

The little operetta in one act (the music by M. Henri Caspar, the libretto by M. H. Cremieux), brought out on the 21st at the Théâtre-Lyrique, is a gay and sparkling little composition; the dialogue is not wanting in wit either. There is nothing very original in the tale, which runs somewhat thus:—Mdlle. Gabrielle has been sent for home by her aunt the Marquise d'Ambert, of whom she stands in great awe—to be married. To whom, she knows not, and is told not to trouble her head about it. As she is journeying home

attended by her maid, she meets on the road a very charming cavalier attended by his man. It is but natural that the gentleman should be polite to a young lady, and, of course, they end by falling in love with each other. Arrived at home, Madlle. Gabrielle finds her terrible aunt has gone out, and to frighten her admirer away, who persists in calling and renewing his addresses, she dresses a figure up to represent her aunt, and pretends she is asleep in her chair, so that each time the gentleman begins his declaration, she exclaims thus, "*Ma tante dort.*" Thus debarred from finishing his speech, he reluctantly goes away, but his servant has meanwhile found out the trick and tells his master, who returns to the house in a great rage. Ere this the aunt *in propriâ personâ* has returned, and in reality fallen asleep in the very chair previously occupied by the lay figure. When the lover is told so now he, of course, still believes it a trick. The dreaded aunt is rudely awakened up, and a terrible scene ensues. The rage of the master turns against the servant, and perceiving him as he thinks peeping through a small aperture, he passes his sword through the partition, after the manner of Hamlet and Polonius, and Scapin is supposed to die; but it turns out to be only the doll, which the cunning valet had dressed up in his own clothes, fearing the rage of his master, whom he had led unwittingly into error. All ultimately ends happily, the surreptitious admirer proving to be the very man to whom the aunt had destined her niece. Madlle. Ugalde plays the part of the young lady's maid, Martine; and Meillet that of Scapin, the servant. Next week the first performance will take place at the Bouffes-Parisiens of the *Carnival des Revues*. Now that the gay season—the real season of Paris—is set in, all in the theatrical world is going on as actively as is the lyrical. The Théâtre-Français (and the Odéon as well) has observed the laudable custom of celebrating the anniversary of the birth of Molière, which occurs on the 15th of January. This year it has been celebrated at the first theatre by a little *à-propos* in one act, and in verse, written by M. Henri Boemier. It serves less as an independent piece than as a prologue to the *Malade Imaginaire*, which was given with the little *intermèdes*; these proved the most amusing part of the evening. Got, who is so excellent an actor, came out as a singer also on this occasion; and in the scene of *Polichinelle et des Archers*, was especially good. The *à-propos* at the Odéon was written by a young beginner, M. Alexis Martin. The management of the Gymnase has just engaged M. Desrieux, a comedian from the Porte St. Martin. At the Vaudeville, M. Octave Feuillet has just been reading to the artists a drama in five acts, entitled, *Camille*. It is destined to succeed the *Pénélope Normande* of M. A. Karr. Gil Verès announced his benefit at the Palais Royal on Saturday last. At the Ambigu-Comique, Mad. E. St. Marc Rousseau is engaged; she is to fill a part in the *Compère Guillery*, written by M. Victor Lefaur.

An event of great interest, and which is anxiously looked forward to, is to take place here on the 11th of March. The first festival of the Universal Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Monsieur Jullien, of London, will be held in the Cirque de l'Impératrice. Grand preparations are being made for this inaugurative festival; six hundred musicians are preparing themselves to do honour to the magic *bâton* that has directed for so many years still larger numbers in the metropolis, where he has ever been so great and deserved a favourite. These concerts will now have for the Parisians all the charm of novelty, and cannot fail in proving successful.

Various concerts have been going on in Paris. J. Becker, ere giving the concert he intends to in the new salons of Erard, has been playing at a private *soirée*. He performed Paganini's variations on "Di tanti palpiti" and a grand *fantasia* on the theme of "Nel cor più non mi sento," by the same author. He was encored in the *Ronde des Lutins* of Bazzini. Mdlle. E. Desmaisons accompanied him on the piano.

M. Kimpel, the violonist, a pupil of Spohr, and *virtuoso de chambre* to the King of Hanover, has just come to Paris; he intends staying here some months, and will play in public. Amongst other performers at concerts, who are rising rapidly in the public favour, I must mention the daughter of Madame Cinti-Damoreau, Madame Marie Damoreau Wekerlin, who sang last Saturday at a concert given by the Count de Morny with a sweetness and purity of intonation that delighted every one. Roger has returned to Paris; he has been to Dijon and Besançon. In the former town, the evening before the concert in which he was about to perform, while in a box at the theatre, witnessing a performance of *The Huguenots*, he was recognised by the spectators, and made the object of a regular ovation. Only by bowing from the front of the box could he allay this mark of tumultuous sympathy and admiration.

At the meeting of the *Académie des Sciences* on the 23rd of January, M. A. Cavaillé-Coll, manufacturer of organs, read a memorial upon the "Determination of the dimensions of the pipes of organs with respect to their intonation." This important question, which has occupied a great number of learned men from the time of Bernouilli to our days, has just been solved by that expert manufacturer, in an equally scientific and practical manner. The facility of calculation that this new theory effects, has enabled the author of it to put into the hands of his least experienced workmen, tables and rules, by means of which they can, by a simple arithmetical operation, or only with the compass, decide immediately, with the greatest exactitude, the real length of the tubes, and also the position of the nodes of vibration (*nauds de vibration*), for the formation of new harmonical effects with which M. Cavaillé-Coll has enriched modern art.

The Cour de Paris was astonished, on Monday week last, by the petition of M. Sax, the instrument-maker, for a reversal of judgment. In consequence of the numerous law-suits which he has been obliged to institute against the many imitators of his instruments, he was obliged to declare himself insolvent. M. Sax, however, having assured his creditors of entire payment, and no opposition ensuing, the Court declared him reinstated (*réhabilité*), and the previous decree dissolved.

Two very interesting autobiographies are soon to be published. The first, that of L. Spohr, will come out in three volumes, the publishers being G. H. Wigand, at Gottingen. The second is that of the celebrated tenor, Wild, whose death was lately announced.

At the Theatre of the San Carlos, at Naples, a new opera, by Petrella, entitled *La Morosina*, has been brought out, but without much success. And at Milan also a novelty, in the shape of an opera, in four acts, founded on Victor Hugo's drama of *Marie Tudor*, and written by a Russian named Kachperoff, has just been performed at the theatre of the Carcano.

I forgot to mention that Mr. Victor Maisé, composer of the scores of *Galathée*, *Noces de Jeannette* and *La Reine Topaze*, has been named director of the vocal music at the Grand-Opéra, in place of Mr. Dietsch, who assumes the lead of the orchestra.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—Whatever may be the result, let us state at once that the Music of the Future has just made a great noise in the Present. No one knows what posterity has in store for it, but one thing is certain, namely, that, in the year of grace 1860, on the 25th of January, at eight o'clock in the evening, the Music of the Future excited, in the good city of Paris, which in the morning was still most calm and slumbering in sweet artistic repose, one of those storms which arouse the most indifferent impassive men of quiet disposition, and send enthusiasts raving.

Those who did not see the Italian theatre on the evening in question have seen nothing. There is nothing I know of, except the Tower of Babel, and the meetings of the National Convention, which can convey the faintest idea of the feverish agitation among the audience, even before the first note of the first piece, and we were only at the prelude.

Richard Wagner had not yet arrived. The outbursts of the musical '93 were to begin on his appearance in the house. The various parties were merely face to face, observing and counting each other. Every one of that crowd, Frenchmen and Germans, persons of healthy or diseased minds, classicists and romanticists, were preparing his arguments, and, while some were resolved to approve without listening, others bore in their countenances the signs of having passed a sentiment of condemnation before heard.

Let us leave on one side this exclusive crowd, for art requires to be discussed, and devote our attention to those who, frankly and loyally,

had come with the purpose of listening to religiously and judging conscientiously a man, who, after all, is a profound musician, just as Victor Hugo is a great poet—due regard being paid to the distance between them.

All the artists of Paris were there. The ban and arrière-ban of composers, virtuosos, and professors, were assembled without having been summoned. The Press was seen in its full numbers, as if for a rev w. The Academy was represented by Auber. Berlioz, in the front of the boxes, had come to support by his presence his competitor fr m the other side the Rhine; that is fraternity, with a vengeance, or I do not know what is. Celebrities of all sorts, elegant individuals by the side of others more modestly clad, and, above all, a crowded general audience, proved to what a pitch curiosity had been excited by this first performance of the works of a symphonist, whom a certain portion—a very small one, it is true—of Germany presents to the world as the regenerator of music.

Good heavens! who would ever have suspected that, after Beethoven and Weber, music required to be regenerated!

* * *

Immediately he entered the house, this new Christopher Columbus was saluted with frantic acclamations. Was he thus received on the faith of treaties, or did his friends form what people have agreed on calling the turbulent minority? To render homage to truth, we must state that the roof appeared to fall in three times with the applause.

It was now that the orchestra, conducted by Richard Wagner in person, began the overture of the *Vaisseau Fantôme* (*The Flying Dutchman*). The effect of this first specimen was next to nothing. It was a protestation against the preliminary applause, a protestation justified, by the way, by the deafening disorder of the composition.

At the silence maintained by the audience, I heard a young German, close to me, exclaim, "It is just like your artists! If I were Richard Wagner, I would turn them all out!" (*sic.*)

I thought he was labouring under hydrophobia, and recollected with horror, that I was not armed.

The piece which followed was the famous march from *Tannhäuser*, very popular in Germany. In this instance, a flash of melody and very distinct rhythmical sentiment reconciled the real public with the composer, and unanimous acclamations saluted the brilliant peroration of the march. But is this really the Music of the Future? For my own part, I distinguished in this piece all the signs of our poor music of the present day, and I was delighted to welcome in it the modest qualities of a little composer called Meyerbeer. Bravo, M. Wagner! If that is your Music of the Future, I am perfectly willing to skip with you over two or three centuries, and I embrace the cause of progress. If, on the contrary, however, your music resembles the overture of the *Vaisseau Fantôme*, the introduction of *Tristan et Isolde*, and your *Saints Graal*—Oh! in that case, I leave you, and, going backwards, ask our grandfathers Mozart and Haydn, for a little of their learned, good-natured simplicity and unostentatious science. With them, at least, one breathes, understands, is interested, and sings.

With you, on the contrary, when you take this pretended road of the Future, we are lost in fog, and can scarcely follow you. The guiding thread of the Ariadne, called *melody*, escapes from your grasp; the harmonic meanderings surround you so thickly and so closely, that we lose sight of you, and, in fact, not only of you, but of your idea, your subject, and your orchestra as well. Stop, I entreat you, M. Wagner! You are a man of great talent, but you are opening a dangerous road, on which many foolish young persons may perish, and on which artists will be destroyed, sooner or later—if the public does not set things to rights.

The public is the great master of us all—from the little up to the great. It is the public which decreed that Raphael was a great painter; Molière, a great thinker; Shakspere, a great poet; and Rossini, a great musician. I am now speaking of the universal public; not of the public of a village, still less of a *coterie*, which sees and judges in a certain manner, because it lives in a certain country, turns round a certain centre, and drinks a certain drink. I am speaking of that cosmopolitan public, which takes its seat at every table, and chinks glasses with every nationality. That public, thank heaven! does justice on errors, and always brings back art, within a given time, to its true limits. That public, M. Wagner, may, perhaps sanction your *Tannhäuser* march and overture, but I trust, also, that it will lop off your method of musical metaphysics. Let foggy philosophy reign at the University of Heidelberg, but allow us to retain our own music, in which the heart speaks, the soul dictates, and the mind merely translates, like a slave, without thinking, and, above all, without quibbling.

* * *

It was under the immediate influence of these impressions that, after alternately rising and falling—a perfect *Bourse* in a state of delirium—the whole audience rushed, like one man, between the two parts of the concert, into the saloon.

Here events assumed really colossal proportions. The *émeute* was at its height; I thought a provisional government was about to be named. It was a scene of tumult and confusion without parallel. "Ah!" exclaimed a fanatic, "it is Meyerbeer sublimated!"—"Excuse me," replied a Girondist, "it is Weber travestied!"—"It is the sonorous heavens!"—"Rather too sonorous!" cried a hundred others.—"It is the musical carnival!"—"It is the *ne plus ultra* of instrumentation!"—It is chaos!"

All this time groups were formed and dissolved with feverish agitation. The Gluckists and Piccinists must have shuddered in their graves on seeing their great-great-grandchildren follow in their own impassioned steps. Really, I did not think the artists of Paris could be so greatly moved! Holy music! thou art not dead, then, and thy empire is a very real one, since thou cannot revolutionise us thus.

* * *

M. Wagner seems to be ambitious of the title of the Sonorous Prophet. He attains, in this respect, effects truly grandiose, but somewhat too persistent, which does not prevent him, occasionally, from making an undue use of the first string and exceedingly acute notes. At certain moments, his music is acid, and affects the nerves. For him, the orchestra is a mere plaything; he handles it with all the authority of science and experience, with great fire, and above all, with the fanaticism of an apostle. He very rarely discovers, however, any novelties of sound. Meyerbeer and Berlioz are the seekers in this department, and succeed much more frequently in astonishing the ear. A peculiarity, also, that fatigues the audience in the works of M. Wagner is an immoderate use of the chromatic and of ascending modulations; there is an almost continual want of tonality; nearly complete absence of melody. When the latter appears, M. Wagner repels it, as though it were something contemptible, and the hearer who fancied he was about to breathe, has merely just caught a glimpse of the oasis, to set out again more panting than ever, and, incessantly tossed about by a host of symphonic formulas which never end.

We must, however, say, and insist upon the fact, that M. Wagner is a great musician, only his tendencies are deplorable. Fifty years' perseverance in this course, and music would be dead, for melody would be killed, and melody is the soul of music.

To fulfil our duty to M. Richard Wagner, we must state that, independently of the march and overture of *Tannhäuser*, the piece of the nuptials of *Lohengrin* produced a great impression. Here again there was a little chorus partaking more of the Past than of the Future, and which I consider more French than German—if you doubt me, ask M. Auber. It is inclosed in a phrase of the violoncellos, taken up by the brass instruments, and intended to describe the unbounded delights of a grand festival.

It was after this last success that the public left the Salle Ventadour. But all was not over, and the scene of the saloon was repeated in the Passage Choiseul. The tradesmen of that peaceful locality were on the point of closing their shops. For half-an-hour, the same artistic and turbulent crowd affrighted, with its discussion, the echoes of that bazaar of industry. The consequence is that, for M. Wagner's next concert, there is some talk of doubling the guard, and stationing a swarm of *Sergents de Ville* around the Théâtre-Italien.—(*Ménestrel.*)

AMIENS.—23rd January.—*Le Prophète* has, at length, just been given with really extraordinary magnificence. The book and score produced a deep and general impression. The principal parts, judiciously distributed, were played and sung with great talent by M. Duprat, first tenor of the Marseilles and Lyons theatres; Madame Ismaël, as Bertha; and Mdlle. Erambert, as Fides. MM. Castelmary, Rondeau, and Lebreton, rendered very satisfactorily the parts of the three Anabaptists. The orchestra and choruses, conducted by M. Séméladis, were also deserving of praise. The beauty of the dresses and scenery excited unanimous marks of approbation.

METZ.—*Le Pardon de Ploërmel* pursues its triumphal march, and the beauties it contains excite the enthusiasm of the public every evening.

BRUSSELS.—Last Thursday, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* was given for the twelfth time. It continues to draw splendid houses. An accident, fortunately not of a grave character, was nearly interrupting the run of this new masterpiece of Meyerbeer. Mdlle. Boulach was injured on falling from the bridge, at the conclusion of the second act, and fears were entertained, for a moment, that she would not be able to finish the piece. After a notification from the stage-manager, Mdlle. Boulach, however, sang her part to the end. The new ballet, *Le Bijou du Roi*, by M. Henri Desplaces, has been successful.

GENEVA.—The first representation of *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* has just been given to a densely crowded house. The Genevese public warmly applauded the new opera, which has achieved a most brilliant success. The various artists acquitted themselves admirably, especially Mdlle. Emon, in the part of Dinorah.

BERLIN.—Mdlle. Artot and M. Carrion have sung at the concert before the Court, when Meyerbeer's *Schiller March* was performed. This magnificent composition excited the greatest enthusiasm. At the Royal Opera house a three-act opera, *Christine de Suède*, music by M. de Reder (the King's intendant), and ballet by M. Taglioni, has just been represented for the first time. A brilliant audience was assembled, and the work met with honourable success. At the end of the first act, Mad. Wagner (Christine) was honoured with a call.

ROSTOCK (Mecklenburg).—The *Pardon de Ploërmel* has just been produced with brilliant success. The execution was irreproachable, and the crowded audiences at the performances of this master-piece testified by applause and recalls, their satisfaction to the artists.

VIENNA.—The first Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of Herr Eckert, took place in the Imperial Opera House. Among the pieces played were Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*, and Berlioz's *Fée Mab*, scherzo from the symphony of *Roméo et Juliette*. This last piece was executed with a rare degree of perfection, and received with enthusiasm. The revival of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris* attracted a large audience, and proved a complete success. Madame Dustmann rendered the principal part with immense talent. At the same theatre, Lortzing's opera, *Der Wilddiel* has been favourably received.

FRANKFORT.—*Le Pardon de Ploërmel* will be brought out very shortly. The rehearsals are terminated, and the management are only waiting for the completion of the scenery. Herr A. Dreyschock, the pianist, gave, on the 23rd January, a concert, attended by a numerous audience.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—It is now certain that *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* will not be produced before the 23rd January (4th February). It is the non-completion of the scenery, which is confidently asserted to be admirable, that has caused the delay. Mad. Charton, Calzolari, and Debassini, will support the principal parts excellently. The work will be given for the benefit of Mad. Charton, and the whole house is already let; it is impossible to obtain a place. Meanwhile, *La Traviata*, with Mdlle. Balfe as the heroine, is to be given for the benefit of Calzolari, and *Le Prophète* for that of Tamberlik.—The day before yesterday, *Der Freischütz*, with new costumes, scenery, and appointments, was performed for the benefit of Mongini. The house was full, and the success achieved by Mdlle. Lagrua very brilliant.—The same evening, at the French theatre, an extraordinary performance afforded the public an opportunity of hearing Tamberlik sing a French romance and a Russian one, and Mad. Nantier-Didiée some Neapolitan songs. The two eminent artists were compelled to repeat their respective pieces, amidst the acclamations of the whole house, but it seemed as if the building itself would fall from the applause, when Tamberlik sang and repeated the famous romance of the Princess Kotschoubey Skzjsté, with an expression and style peculiar to himself. At midnight, the performances concluded by the appearance of all the French artists, admirably grouped by Zichy, the celebrated painter, in an immense *tableau vivant*, occupying the whole stage, and most picturesque in its effect. The Emperor and Empress, as well as several members of the Imperial family, a crowd of high dignitaries, and the greater part of the aristocracy, witnessed this brilliant entertainment, got up for the benefit of one of the artists by his comrades.

LAND AT OXFORD.—The Conservative Land Society has just acquired its fortieth estate and made its first purchase in Oxfordshire. The property is called Fair Acres, and forms the south east point of the New Cowley district, which it is proposed to bring within the jurisdiction of the Commissioners under the Oxford Improvement Act. The land has a frontage on the Henley or London road, and the views from all sides are very picturesque, rendering the estate admirably adapted for building purposes. It is just under a mile from the city, and close to the suburb of St. Clements. It is the highest land in the whole district, rising from the valley of the Thames.

SHREWSBURY.—Mr. Walter Hay has had a purse of a hundred sovereigns presented to him by the patrons of music in Shropshire, as a recognition of professional services, &c., and in consideration of severe losses thereby incurred, in various spirited undertakings for the public amusement.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

How many centuries have passed away,
Since God, in nature, working for man's good,
Rent cliff from cliff asunder, and decreed
That this should part of territory vast
Remain: but that disjointed piece of earth,
An island, self-contained, should ever stand,
Alone, for freedom's sake, inviolate!
How many a generation on those rocks
Have looked o'er sea and sky, and only seen
The other opposite: and deemed it fit
For foe, for rival, for aught else but friend!
The world was weary, weeping for their woes,
Their cries of pain and death in many a strife;
But now, in later years, a brighter light
Is shed upon the scene, and each can see
The folly of their courses, and the crime.
Long may the union of the races be
Reciprocal and firm; and enemies
May be by joint endeavours kept afar
From France and England: so may we
In the industrial arts of peace aspirers be
Which shall do most for human progress' sake.
In deeds no less than words we celebrate
The Anglo-French alliance: we give away
Our noblest daughter—she whose talents rare
Have charmèd all her hearers: not less great
(Though far less widely known) her charity
To all who need her succour. She can raise
The heart bowed down with sorrow; she can feel
For grief and pain angelic pity soft,
And pour into the wound the oil and wine
Of kindness' gentle words—best remedy.
Let all Old England's children join in praise
Of her they know so well; they hear her oft,
In Handel's mighty strains, reminding them
Of Him who died "despised and rejected:"
Imploring them to come to Him for help,
Who, "like a lowly shepherd feeds His flock,"
And "gently leads the ewes that are with young."
Not less the woes of mortal Samson: she
Can draw the tear or pity for his grief;
He, strongest man on earth in blindness dark;
And she, like Israel's prophet in old time,
Implores his God to look upon his state,
And see "His servant weeping in distress."
If the great story of deliverance,
Which once in Egypt wrought, delight thee more,
Go hear the recitation of that plague
(The foulest of them all), when frogs appeared
In royal palaces; and wicked men
To blains and blotches sore were given over:
And learn from that, ye tyrants of the earth,
That there is One who judges all your ways,
And will avenge the wrongs of His poor folk,
And hold ye up, a warning to your race.
Let every one who has a heart to feel
Admire the tender pathos of her tones,
So gentle and so kind, that all who hear
Do reverence to her worth, and blessings pray
On her whose soul, reflected in her voice,
Proclaims her best and brightest of her kind.
And France must yield a son; and none so well
May join our daughter as the one who long
Has lived amongst us, and has borne his part
With manliness and truth for many years,
As English citizen. Long may he live
To show how well he values her we give
Into his keeping; and the great reward
Of her life's long devotion shall be his.
May many artists from this union spring,
The future generations to delight;
And may our sons and daughters reverence
Virtue and worth, as well as we do now.
They may their praises sing in smoother verse
Than we can; but they never will exceed
Our warm congratulations to the pair,
The Anglo-Dolby-Sainton-French alliance! J. T. N.

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office*, 28, *Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1860.

THE Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, whose agreeable *conversaziones* and *soirées* we have from time to time recorded in our columns, is beginning to realise the important and useful position to which it aspired at the outset of its career, as a guardian of the interests, and promoter of the progress, of Art. The distinguishing feature in the scheme of this Society is its comprehensive character, and the largeness of its views. Disdaining to confine its mission to any particular art or craft; looking to the common source of all Arts—the principles of the beautiful, which should rule in all, whatever their form of development—the originators of this Society have determined to unite the whole Art-family under a common roof, and with a common stock, and a purpose of mutual advantage before them. The idea is a good one, and has been carried out hitherto with an amount of success which is a guarantee of the ultimate result. Art-institutions have lent their rooms for the *soirées* of the Society, professional musicians have tendered their gratuitous services; and the consequence of this combined operation has been a series of entertainments which, for novelty and interest, have rarely been surpassed. Last week we recorded the proceedings at the Suffolk-street Gallery on Thursday the 26th January, when the Vocal Association, under the conduct of Mr. Benedict and Dr. Pech, sang English madrigals and part-songs in the presence of a noble collection of English pictures; and this, we believe, is but the prelude to a series of six similar entertainments which are to gladden the coming season.

But it is not only as a pastime that the Society "encourages" the Arts. The interests of Art as a profession are the objects of its solicitude; and regular meetings are to be held at the Society's rooms, 9, Conduit-street, for reading papers, and discussing questions affecting the Arts—for the distribution of prizes of honour in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Music, Poetry, and Engraving, &c. The copyright question in works of Art comes on for special discussion at an adjourned meeting appointed for the purpose on Thursday next: and to show that the Art to which this journal is more particularly devoted is not overlooked, we may mention that the third Thursdays in every month are to be set apart for the trial of new music, of all classes, not hitherto performed, and that a committee has been appointed, consisting of composers and professors of eminence, to make arrangements for the purpose.

With such labours before it, and already so zealously commenced, this Society is entitled to the consideration of all artists and lovers of Art, and, we doubt not, will receive a full measure of their support.

THANKS to the exertions of M. Listener, we find ourselves in possession of a treasure, which, a fortnight since, was supposed to be beyond the reach of human industry—a biography of M. Grassot.

This celebrated comedian, whose baptismal names were Jacques Antoine Louis—not Auguste—was born at Paris in the month of January, 1800. After dabbling a little in commerce and paddling a little in private theatricals, he became member of a provincial company that played at Rheims and in the adjoining district, his department being that of second low comedian (*second comique*) with an occasional elevation into the business of Vernet and Legrand.

It is not till the year 1833, that we can with certainty look for him at a Parisian theatre. In that year we find him playing very small parts, with still smaller success, at the Gymnase, while his wife, who calls herself Mad. Auguste, and came with him from Rheims, is making a very creditable figure at the same house, in parts previously assigned to Mad. Volnys. In 1834, the fame of the lady, not of the gentleman, has reached Rouen, and thither she goes, engaged as "jeune première," followed by her husband, who is without any engagement whatever. Nevertheless his light shines, under a bushel though it be, and in 1836 he is a leading comedian at the Rouen Theatre, blessed with principal parts.

Some two years elapse before the provincial mythus of Grassot comes to an end, and he stands before the world as a Parisian fact. In July, 1838, he makes his *debut* at the Palais-Royal, and is welcomed with critiques written for the express purpose of showing how much he is inferior to Odry. However, people gradually become accustomed to the peculiarity of his humour, and if anyone wants to know his whereabouts during the twenty years following his *début*, the play-books of the pieces produced at the Palais-Royal will give the amplest information.

In 1858, he sets off for the South, hoping to recruit his health, and strengthen his voice, which is becoming weak, and after a few month's absence, he returns, not with a new voice, but with the recipe for a new punch, since celebrated as the "Punch Grassot." In July, 1858, he re-appears, and creates funny parts, but they draw tears from the spectators, who perceive that his recovery is impossible. In June, 1859, he retires, with a pension from the theatre, which he eke out by authorising the sale of his punch. On the 18th ult. he dies, and a few days afterwards he is buried in the church of St. Roch, the funeral oration being spoken by M. Dormeuil père.

[If any malicious person wishes to diminish the value of our information, by telling us that a life of Grassot by M. Mirecourt was published some years since, we beg to inform him that he may spare his pains, as we know that fact already.]

LAST week, in speaking of various comedy subjects which contempory French dramatists have turned to good, bad, and indifferent account, we omitted to mention the Parisian fathers, whose misdoings have suggested to M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, *Le Père Prodigue*, and to two other writers a work of a similar nature—exposing, that is to say, the prodigality of governors—entitled *M. Jules*. It appears from the two productions, which were given almost simultaneously, that the young men of Paris are a good deal bored by their fathers, and in a very original manner. In the comedies of Plautus and of Molière—not to mention a few others—we

find a number of respectable old men worried by their sons, who get into debt, run away with pretty but portionless girls, and behave generally with the absurdity befitting their age. The modern dramatists of France have changed all this. The son, it appears, is now a sober, sedate personage, while wildness and recklessness are the attributes of the father. The *Père Prodigue* wastes his substance, and *M. Jules* would often have had to feed upon husks but for the timely aid of his son, who relieves him from time to time with five-franc pieces. We speak of *M. Jules* and *Le Père Prodigue* as works identical in purpose, and they, in fact, bore the same suggestive titles until the authors of the former altered the name of their piece out of deference to M. Dumas *fils*. At present the only important difference between the two is found in the treatment. M. Dumas *fils* seems to have gone to work with a serious intention, as if believing in the prodigal father as a type; while the authors of M. Jules have apparently only thought of the ludicrous effects that might be produced by contrasting a boyish, pleasure-seeking father, with a serious, venerable son. There is something disgusting in both these comedies, but the least offensive of the two is, to us, that in which the writers make no pretence of working out their subject philosophically. A burlesque in which men play the part of women is bad enough, but it is, at all events, better than a serious piece in which an attempt should be made to show that in actual life men *do* behave like women, and women like men.

As we never studied the fathers very much—having, to tell the truth, principally confined our attention to the daughters—we cannot say positively that the Parisians are wrong in viewing their progenitors with a mistrustful eye. But it appears to us that the relations between father and son are, somehow or other, out of joint in Paris. We were not born to set them right, but we should like to know how it happens that, in the opinion of these popular dramatists, the fathers have at present the vices of youth, and the sons the prudence (which in excess is also a vice) of old age. Is it that the sons have degenerated, and are now utterly feeble, or are the fathers alone bad, and are the young men of the present day really so virtuous that they have cause to be ashamed of them?

CROSBY HALL.—On Monday evening a juvenile pianist Master George Fox, gave his second annual concert, with great success, judging from the large audience who attended, and the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon all the artists. The programme consisted of a string of ballads, cavatinas, pianoforte solos, songs, duets, &c., in the usual "benefit concert" form. Several songs, however, were well sung; among them we may single out Mr. Frank Mori's "Who shall be fairest," given with spirit by Mr. Fabian, who possesses a nice tenor voice, though of limited compass, and Rossini's "Largo al factotum," sung capitally by Mr. Leonard, and vociferously encored. Mr. Leonard possesses a fine bass voice, of great power and extensive compass. He made his first appearance in public on the present occasion, and his success was decided. He will become, no doubt, a great acquisition to our concert rooms. Mr. Leonard, besides joining Miss Vincent and Mr. Fabian in a trio by John Barnett, and Miss Louisa Van Noorden, in a duet by Verdi, sang Brinley Richards' "Suliote War Song" with immense spirit, and produced a commensurate effect in it. Master Fox, who has considerably improved since he was last heard in public, played a fantasia by M. Leybach, Weber's "Invitation pour la Valse," and a notturno by Dœhler, showing in all of them careful training. With judicious instruction and perseverance, Master Fox will no doubt attain considerable efficiency as a pianist. Mr. Frank Mori accompanied.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MISS CATHERINE GERARD.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to your notice of Mr. George Forbes' concert at the Eyre Arms' Concert Room, on Monday the 23rd instant, in which your correspondent says: "Miss Gerard attempted *in vain* Pacini's 'Il soave è bel contento.'"

The only construction which this sentence can bear is this,—that I failed to complete the performance of the cavatina, a construction which involves a direct untruth. I beg to inform you that I executed the cavatina completely, and, had necessity for it existed, could have repeated it still more elaborately.

Further, I beg to inform you, that I subsequently sang "Tell, me my heart," which your correspondent does not mention, and which, I am told, obtained more applause than any other solo sung during the evening.

In justice to myself, I must in conclusion request that you will give me the insertion of this in your next impression, in contradiction to the misleading and ungenerous critique of your correspondent. I am, sir, yours truly,

January 31st, 1860. CATHERINE GERARD.

SIR,—I inclose you a paragraph from this month's *Musical Times*, commenting upon my performance of "Il soave è bel contento," at the St. John's Wood Assembly Rooms, on the 23rd ultimo. Do me the favour to compare it with your critique. I am, sir, yours truly,

February 2nd, 1860. CATHERINE GERARD.

SIR,—Accidentally catching sight of the *Musical World* of last Saturday at a professional friend's here last evening, I was struck with the unfriendly tone adopted by your reporter towards "a struggle for future fame" at a concert at St. John's Wood on Monday the 23rd instant, where I happened, with a professional friend, to be present. I allude to a lady *débutante* of last season,—I believe a pupil of Signor Garcia's (but of this I am not quite certain). Your critic writes: "Miss Gerard *in vain* attempted Pacini's "Il soave è bel contento;" this *must be a mistake*, and decidedly *not a kind one*. I was about the centre of the room, and should say (and my ear is not an unpractised one) *that* cavatina was executed with *considerable ability*; and the difficulties compassed with an ease unusual in a lady so young in the profession. She afterwards sang Bishop's "Tell me, my heart" in an equally creditable style, which was nearly redemanded, and contributed her fair quota to the success of the concluding trio, "Voga, voga," in which Miss Lascelles and Signor Belletti sang with their accustomed excellence. Of these two performances your reporter fails to speak! which appears to me not dealing over kindly with that lady. Yours faithfully,

Liverpool, February 1st, 1860. VERITAS.

THE CRITIQUE.

"Miss Gerard sang the cavatina, 'Il soave è bel contento,' most brilliantly. The melody was ornamented by a variety of cadenzas, which were neatly executed. The music was altogether pleasing and well performed."

[We have much pleasure in laying Miss Gerard's communications before our readers; but the confidence we are accustomed to entertain in the impartiality and capability of our suburban reporters—one and all—rests unshaken.—ED. *M. W.*]

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, &c., have attracted highly fashionable audiences during the week. They have announced for next week (their last), a selection every evening from the compositions of Sir Henry Bishop, and, for their morning performance, a miscellaneous programme made up from the most admired pieces given at former concerts will be sung. Mr. Edward Land will, as usual, have the direction of the performances.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL are filling the St. James's Hall with fashionable audiences. Their entertainment is now one of the most attractive in the metropolis.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

A NEW operetta, in one act, entitled *Romance!* was produced on Thursday evening, and served for the formal *rentré* of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. H. Harrison, who (excepting on two occasions when the *Crown Diamonds* was given), during the run of Mr. Alfred Mellon's opera, *Victorine*, have been recruiting their strength, after the severe labours of the season. *Romance!* is the composition of Mr. Henry Leslie, and the *libretto* is from the pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson. Nothing can be simpler than the story. It is, in fact, a mere incident, in which a romantic widow is weaned from her idol worship for a highwayman. The incident is not new, but Mr. P. Simpson has wrought newly with his old materials. There is mirth as well as interest in the plot, and the situations lie well for music. This little story has been illustrated in a highly spirited manner by Mr. Henry Leslie, who, in the music to *Romance*, has accomplished his maiden operatic essay with perfect success. He has gone to work evidently *con amore*, for in every instance the score betrays the ardent musician no less than the earnest thinker and worker. As a first effort for the stage, praise too high can hardly be awarded to the music. We are not now going to enter at length upon its merits. Enough at present to say, that the airs are generally grateful and effective, the concerted music fluent and smooth, and the instrumentation clear and sometimes ambitious. At first the audience were not particularly demonstrative; but they warmed as the piece went on, and became quite enthusiastic at the fall of the curtain. Everybody was called for, and then Mr. Leslie had to appear. The applause was universal. There was not a dissentient voice to mar the complete success of the new operetta.

The pieces which seemed to please most were, ballad, "Poor silly heart," sung by Miss Pyne and encored; duet, "Oh! 'tis dreadful!" by Miss Thirlwall and Mr. George Honey (this pleased the connoisseurs); serenade, "Look forth, beloved maid," by Mr. Harrison, encored; part-song, "Welcome, Spring," encored; and concerted piece, "We've met and spoke," the last movement of which, owing to its own merits and Mr. Harrison's energetic singing, was received with acclamations, and repeated. The operetta terminates with a *rondo bravura*, which derived its chief effect from Miss Louisa Pyne's fluent and admirable singing, and which brought down the curtain with great applause.

The cast of the operetta includes four artists only—a small part played by Miss Woodward is scarcely worth mention—and Mr. Leslie has shown much tact in fitting the singers. Mr. Harrison acts the fictitious highwayman with infinite spirit, and sings in his best manner. Miss Pyne has little to do but to look romantic, which she does to perfection, and her singing throughout exhibited scarcely a flaw. Mr. Honey's antics and terrors make the audience laugh heartily, and Miss Thirlwall sustains with becoming ease the character of the wife of a silly mayor.

Mr. Vincent Wallace's opera, *Lurline*, is announced, and will be put into immediate rehearsal. What now have the sticklers for national opera to say against Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison?

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

AT the tenth concert, on Monday evening, the instrumental portion of the programme was taken from Beethoven. Herr Molique made his first appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts, a fact entitled to special record, since the absence of the name of so renowned a violinist had long been a matter of surprise, the great German *virtuoso* being particularly famed for his quartet playing. Herr Molique, however, would, we are informed, have played at the St. James's Hall at an earlier part of the season, had not certain engagements prevented his attendance. That he *has* appeared is matter of congratulation to all lovers of chamber music.

The programme of Monday last indicated no falling off, and may stand comparison with the best of its nine predecessors. It was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet in F, Op. 18	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Duet, "Vaghi colli"	...	...	...	Winter.
Song, "May-dew" ...	...	...	...	W. S. Bennett.
Song, "The Bell-ringer"	...	...	...	W. V. Wallace.
Sonata Pastorale in D major, Op. 28	...		...	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sonata in G major, Op. 96, pianoforte and violin				Beethoven.
Song, "The first Violet"	...	...	...	Mendelssohn.
Song, "O, tell me, shall my love be mine"			...	H. Smart.
Trio, in C minor, Op. 1	...	...	...	Beethoven.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

Among the most admired of the instrumental performances—taking applause as a sign of admiration—was the sonata in G major, in which pianist and violinist each put forth his utmost strength. Finer playing, indeed, is rarely heard, and Mr. Hallé and Herr Molique left the platform amidst the plaudits of the entire audience. Scarcely less interesting was the Trio in C minor—the "*Opus* 1" of the Musical Titan—and which, of course, was executed to perfection by three such eminent hands (Piatti being the additional one). That such a work should be played last was to be regretted; but, as Dogberry says, "An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind;" and something must be given for the finale. All the amateurs, as a matter of course, waited to hear the last note.

Mr. Charles Hallé played the *Pastoral Sonata* in his most finished and intellectual manner, and was recalled with enthusiasm at the end. Herr Ries and Mr. Doyle supported the second violin and viola with their accustomed ability and zeal, and the first quartet was one of the greatest treats of the evening.

Miss Susannah Cole, now one of our best *soprano* singers, gave Professor Bennett's beautiful song with so much expression and in such sweet accents, as to elicit a warm encore. The lady, however, only bowed her acknowledgments. Miss Cole, in her other song, "My mother bids me bind my hair," was no less happy. Miss Palmer took Mr. Wallace's new and most charming song a little too slow. In other respects there was nothing to criticise. Miss Palmer's feeling is always genuine, and her taste seldom to be called to account. In Mr. Henry Smart's ballad her singing was all the composer could have desired.

MR. J. DISTIN, SEN., gave, what he announced as his "Grand Retiring Benefit Concert," at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening. We are sorry to say there was by no means an overflowing attendance, and this in despite of the attraction of many popular, and one or two eminent, names figuring in the programme. When such artists as Madame Catherine Hayes, Madame Rudersdorff, Misses Susanna Cole, Stabbach, Ransford, Laura Baxter, Lascelles, and others, together with the London Glee and Madrigal Union, and the Orpheus Glee Union, in the vocal department; with Mr. Viotti Collins, Miss Medora Collins, and Master Drew Dean, among the instrumentalists, fail to attract in such a locality as Exeter Hall, the fault must be in something else besides the performers. The truth seems to be, that people now-a-days, when they make up their minds to go to a concert, consider *what* they are to hear, not, as they used to do, *whom* they are to hear. Music is preferred to the interpreters, unless in the case of some extraordinary attraction, such as Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Joachim and others, whose names are beacon-lights that allure afar. Mr. Distin's programme was of that desultory kind that could interest nobody, and persons who would be delighted to hear the same singers in a worthier selection, prefered remaining away. How in any other way is it possible to account for the wretched attendance that greeted the last summons of an old favourite to perform an act of kindness in his behalf? There is a limit to every thing, and the miscellaneous concert, once so popular with the music-going public, has seen its last day.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—APPOINTMENT OF ORGANIST TO THE TOWN HALL.—On Tuesday and Wednesday last the candidates for this appointment underwent an examination, when Mr. Wm. Rea, of London, was declared the successful competitor. The professional umpires were Mr. Henry Smart and Mr. W. T. Best, and it is gratifying to record that their recommendation was promptly confirmed by the Town Council, on Wednesday last. There were nine candidates.

OPENING OF THE NEW HARMONIUM, MALEW.—On Wednesday evening last, the new harmonium for the parish school of Malew at Ballasalla, was opened in that building in the presence of a large number of spectators. As the cost of the instrument was not altogether defrayed by subscriptions, it was decided upon opening it by a tea festival, in order to raise the deficiency. An excellent tea was provided for the occasion by eleven ladies of the parish, and justice having been done thereto by about 200 guests, the choir, accompanied on the harmonium by W. H. Gill, Esq., sang several choruses, rounds, &c., in a manner that elicited the warmest applause of the company. A beautiful set of dissolving views were then exhibited, whilst appropriate airs were played on the harmonium; and the national anthem having been sung, and several rounds of hearty cheers given for the Vicar, the tray-givers, the ladies who raised £8 by their bazaar, &c. &c., the company parted, all apparently delighted with the entertainment. No pains were spared by the worthy master and mistress in decorating the room. The harmonium itself, one of Evans's, is, in the opinion of all who have tried it, very superior; the tardiness with which instruments of this kind generally answer to the touch, and the harsh preponderance of the bass over the treble, have both been overcome by Mr. Evans: whilst the clear, flute-like tones of the treble, the deep diapason of the bourdon bass, the great volume of sound, and the exquisite motion of the wind-indicator, are beyond description.—*From the Manx Sun, Isle of Man.*

HARROW SCHOOL.—A concert given by Mr. J. B. Turner, took place in the Speech Room, on Tuesday morning, and was attended by the Rev. H. M. Butler, M.A., the head-master, the master, and young gentlemen of the school, also by the principal families of the surrounding neighbourhood. A very interesting programme was provided, in which Mozart's famous duet for two pianofortes, admirably played by Mr. Walter Macfarren and the *bénéficiaire*, formed a prominent feature. Mr. Turner also played in a highly characteristic manner Herr Pauer's *Cascade*. M. Sainton contributed two solos, executed in his usual masterly style, and the vocal music was supported by Miss Dolby, Miss Banks, Miss Fanny Rowland, and Mr. Wallworth, who enriched the programme by a number of solos and concerted pieces in their best manner. Miss Dolby was in capital voice, and created a great sensation in her three songs, "The Spirit Song," and "The Hundred Pipers," being encored, the latter with enthusiasm. Miss Banks in "Ye Bayliffe's daughtere," Miss Fanny Rowland, by her chaste and expressive rendering of "The beating of my own heart," and Mr. Wallworth in "I'm a roamer" (all encored), likewise carried the entire suffrages of the audience; and, to sum up, the concert was most enthusiastically received throughout, and appeared to give the utmost satisfaction to all present.

LEICESTER—(*From a Correspondent*).—The eighth of Nicholson's "concerts for the people" was given on Monday evening, and to a crowded audience. The chief vocalists were Miss Fanny Reeves and Mr. Elliot Galer (both favourites here), who were received with great favour. Especial mention may be made of Miss Fanny Reeves's ballads, "Barney O'Hea," and "If I could have my way," and of Mr. Galer's "Death of Nelson." The duet, "O Maritana," must also not be forgotten. All of these were encored. A popular ovation also awaited Mr. Nicholson on his appearance to perform a flute *fantasia* on national airs. This was also persistently redemanded, but Mr. Nicholson contented himself with bowing his acknowledgments. An efficient little orchestra performed two overtures in excellent style, a *Polka de Concert* with cornet *obbligato* (played capitally by Mr. J. A. Smith), and for the first time in Leicester a selection from *Dinorah* (arranged by Mr. Nicholson), with the principal *morceaux* of this beautiful opera adapted as solos for the chief instruments. The romanza, "Fanciulle che il core," "The Shadow Song," and the famous "Sancta Maria," will, since Monday evening, ever be favourites with the Leicester musical public. Altogether this may be pronounced one of the best concerts of a very excellent series. The next concert takes place on the 13th of February, when, for the first time in Leicester, Handel's "Dettingen te Deum" will be given by The Leicester New Philharmonic Society. A selection from the *Messiah* will complete the programme, thus making a "Handel night." To render this performance as perfect as possible, Mr. T. Harper has been engaged as principal trumpet. *En passant*, it may be mentioned that Mr. Willert Beale's great touring party (Sivori, Bottesini, &c.), visit Leicester on the 7th of February, under Mr. Nicholson's auspices, and that *Elijah* is to be performed on the 26th of March, with Mr. and Mad. Weiss, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Sims Reeves as principal vocalists, so that there is plenty of good music yet in store for the Leicester people before the close of the season.

GREENWICH—(*From a Correspondent*).—A concert was given on Thursday evening, at the Lecture Hall, by Mr. Henry R. Morley, which attracted a numerous and unusually brilliant attendance. This was not to be wondered at, when the names of such artists as Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Arabella Goddard, and M. Sainton, were set forth among others in the programme. Indeed, a more powerful array of talent is seldom met with in London on any one occasion, except at the most *recherché* concerts of the season. To the above we must add Miss Eleanor Armstrong and Mr. G. A. Cooper. The chief vocal points of attraction were Mr. Sims Reeves in "Adelaida," accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Arabella Goddard, enthusiastically applauded; Madame Clara Novello in Benedict's rondo "Prendi per me sei libero," encored; Mr. Reeves in the "Last Rose of Summer," encored; Miss Dolby in M. Sainton's Romance, with violin *obbligato*; and Mad. Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves in the duet from *Rigoletto*, "E il sol del amina." The last was introduced, as Mr. Morley expresses in the prospectus, to gratify those who several years since had the pleasure of hearing a specimen of two-part singing unequalled. Miss Eleanor Armstrong, pupil of Mr. Frank Mori, has a pleasing soprano voice, and does no discredit to her master; she sang the shadow song from *Dinorah*, and Mr. Mori's pretty ballad, "Where art thou wandering?" two trios by different composers—"Memory," by Mr. Henry Leslie, and "Hearts feel that love thee" (*Athalie*), by Mendelssohn—the former song by Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves, and the latter by Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Eleanor Armstrong, and Miss Dolby, were also among the noticeable performances of the evening. Miss Arabella Goddard played Thalberg's *fantasia* on *Masaniello*, and Mr. Benedict's on "Where the bee sucks." The first was tumultuously applauded; and Mr. Benedict's piece being encored with rapture, Miss Goddard, by particular desire, substituted Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." More perfect pianoforte playing was never heard at Greenwich, or indeed elsewhere. M. Sainton performed the slow movement and *finale* from Mendelssohn's violin concerto with the utmost brilliancy and artistic finish, besides his own solo *Introduction et valse de concert*. Mr. Morley, as everybody knows, or should know, is organist of the parish-church of St. Alphege, and an enterprising music-publisher to boot. The concert on Thursday was his second this season, and, as per announcement, his last. Should not its success rather stimulate him to give another ere the London season dazzles in its rising the mental vision of the Greenwich population.

DUBLIN.—It is a long time since the public had an opportunity of hearing better concerts than those that terminate this evening at the Rotunda. In the first place, the *corps* comprises no less than eleven performers—namely, Mesdames Corbari, Badia, and Fiorentini, Herr Reichardt, Signor Tagliafico—vocalists; Mr. Brinley Richards, Signor Sivori, Sig. Bottesini, Herr Engel, and Mr. Hatton—instrumentalists. In this unusually large company there is not one inferior artist, whilst several of them rank exceedingly high in their profession. Reichardt and Tagliafico are well known. The former is a sweet tenor; the latter is associated with some of the best sustained Italian operas that have ever been produced in Dublin. Mr. Brinley Richards is a favourite with all pianoforte players. As a composer his skill is undoubted, and Signor Sivori is a justly renowned performer on the violin. His style is particularly pure, and not disfigured by studied eccentricities Bottesini is a *contra basso* altogether unrivalled; in Herr Engel the Dublin public have become acquainted with a perfect master of the harmonium; and everyone is aware of Mr. Hatton's qualifications as a conductor. The lady artists, Mesdames Badia, Corbari, and Fiorentini, are all excellent—much better, indeed, than are generally heard in concert-rooms, otherwise they would not have been engaged for the Philharmonic concert. The Lord Lieutenant has signified his intention of being present at the final concert, this evening.—*Evening Packet.*

W. A. MOZART.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*)

I.

We do not think we could begin a new annual volume of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* better than by announcing the appearance of the fourth part of an artistic biography, the equal of which we should seek in vain among the literature of all civilised nations. With the fourth part of his work, Otto Jahn has given the finishing touch to the monument he has erected to the greatest master of any age—a monument which not only, like a sculptured memorial, recalls to our mind and renders present to us him in whose honour it was raised, but which breathes intellect and life in every page, and opens the gates by which we arrive at the depths of genius. The work, too, is a monument of that earnest industry peculiar to the scholars of Germany. But, however meritorious industry and labour, together with thorough and conscientious investigation, may be, their invaluable results give the author only a partial right to the acknowledgments and gratitude of his contemporaries. That which, in the eyes of the musician and the lover of art, imparts to this book its greatest value, is not so much its historical as its critically æsthetical contents. The analyses of Mozart's works afford us a clear insight into the master's process of working, for the author penetrates, as far as it is permitted to human eye to penetrate, into the mysterious mode in which genius creates, and then exhibits to us, with conscious clearness, and not with fantastic sentimentality, the perfect beauty of the completed work of art, measuring and proving its truthfulness by the agreement which exists between its purport and its form. A rich treasure of musically æsthetical knowledge is contained in this book, especially in the last part, whose worth, when compared with the shallowness of our present art-philosophy, cannot be too highly estimated. May this treasure be drawn upon in every possible manner—that is to say, in the best acceptation of the words—in order that it may become the common property of all establishments for musical education, and in all circles where musical art is loved and practised, as well as in all those where men discuss and gossip about it. It is impossible to find a more powerful antidote against that stupor of healthy feeling for what is musically beautiful, which has overpowered a portion of the youth of the present age, than Mozart's music, the explanation of its essential qualities, and of the reasons of its especial beauties, as conditions of musical beauty generally.

Before we notice the rich contents of the fourth part, now before us, we cannot refrain from at once giving, in proof of what we have said, out of the first section (Book four, 12), which treats of Mozart's pianoforte music, a few of the principal passages referring to the *sonata* (the fundamental form, at the same time, of the symphony, the quartet, etc.).

"After the contrapuntal treatment of a theme in the strictly close style was abandoned, there arose in the development of the sonata, as the starting point, the characteristic extension of certain motives, in opposition to the free style with figures and passages, and particularly, side by side with the principal theme, a second theme, independently enounced, and, by sharply defined limits, standing prominently forth, which, in conformity with a rule soon established, commences in the dominant of the principal *major* key (C major, G major), or on the parallel of the principal *minor* key (C minor, E flat major), these are the two principal supports of the movement: their farther working-out, their connection, by means of intermediate members, and the conclusion of the part, were not fixed by rules, except in so far as that the conclusion of the part followed in the dominant. In the place of a more or less elaborated transition into the principal key, came the important second part, the working-out. One or more of the motives used in the first part, or even completely new ones, are subjected to a treatment, at one time more peculiarly harmonic and at another thematic, which—by causing, with vivifying force, blossoms and fruit to spring forth from the germs contained in the former part—heightens the interest, and, at the same time, organically effects the return to the first part; here, also, is artistic strength concentrated, geniality and mastery being especially manifested in the modulation and return to the first theme. The repetition of the first part takes place with various modifications, partly necessitated by the fact that the second theme now appears in the principal key, in which the movement closes; besides this, there may be introduced changes in the grouping of the separate elements, abridgment or extension of certain details, but especially a lengthening and heightening of the conclusion, which cause the first part repeated to appear as the third, not only as regards its arrangement, but its importance.

"Mozart found these elements and their organisation ready to his hands, but he extended and stamped them in a manner corresponding to his own nature. With him, the second theme, which is here the principal subject of consideration, not only appears as an independent one, as it is always very definitely announced, but, in its whole character, as a counter-theme to the principal one, which, as such, stands out prominently in a remarkable manner from the mass of the whole part. It is in the formation of the themes, however, that Mozart's peculiarity is especially exhibited; its most prominent character is vocality (*das Gesangmässige*), in which Nägeli (*Vorlesungen über Musik*, p. 156), in consequence of a one-sided view of the freedom of instrumental music, beheld an abuse of style, and the ruin of pianoforte playing. We may say much more truly that Mozart essentially promoted what Ph. E. Bach considered to be the task of the pianoforte player and composer (I., p. 10), and what Haydn adopted from him, namely, the task of writing vocally. There is a fact, too, which is not without significance: Mozart's musical education commenced with vocal music, and his inclinations tended towards it in a higher degree than was the case with the composers above mentioned. Just as the pianoforte composer gave up the polyphonic style, and just as it was no longer a question of inventing a theme, to be worked out in certain forms according to rule, but of free melody, capable, by its beauty and symmetry, of becoming the satisfactory expression of artistic feeling, song necessarily became the starting point for the formation of melody. We would not say that certain forms created for song should, without more ado, be transferred to the pianoforte; these could only constitute an analogy, and the laws on which they were based must necessarily be applied in conformity with the exigencies of the nature of the instrument. Hence, we never find in Mozart's pianoforte or instrumental compositions generally the forms of the Italian *cantilena;* a cursory glance at his Italian operas will prove the difference in the treatment of the melody. Where, in the instrumental works, there is any affinity with vocal compositions, it points to German opera, especially *Die Zauberflöte*, and this is very intelligible, for, in his instrumental music, Mozart gave his feeling the nearest and natural form of expression, without, as in Italian opera, being restricted to any particular form; as, in German opera, he treated song with the same freedom, the inevitable result was that the forms, already developed, of German instrumental music, presented him, in many points, support and analogies. The general conditions of a beautiful melody, as grounded on the mutual relations of interests, rhythms, and harmony, were perfectly appreciated in the pianoforte compositions. Each separate melody is completely developed as well as symmetrically organised, and possesses in itself character and significance, an excellence of formal construction, rendered still more striking by that peculiar charm of harmony and delicacy inseparable from Mozart's being. In the execution of such melodies the most beautiful excellence of Mozart's pianoforte-playing, that something which, according to Haydn's assertion, went to the heart, was perhaps especially prominent; it is sometimes astonishing how, for instance, in the concertos, the principal effect is concentrated on the execution of a long, simple, and sustained melody, which he must have understood in a masterly manner.

"To this advance in the song-like and significant treatment of the separate melody is joined an extraordinary richness of melodies generally. In the place of those connecting members which usually form runs and passages deduced from the prin-

cipal motives, or introduced independently, Mozart, however, as a rule, substitutes completely developed melodies, and thus wreathes a garland of beautiful melodies, where people had been accustomed to hear merely musical turns.

(*To be continued.*)

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Oh! take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee:
All joys are fled and hope is dead
If I indeed must leave thee.
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken;
I did not dream those cherished chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly.
Then take me to thy heart again.

"I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER."

Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN.

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Prithee tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me?
It is not *Love* torments me so:
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me!

I try to sing—my voice is sad!
I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can *you* not tell? nor *you*? nor *you*?
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here, *he'd* tell me what to do,
To bid the demon slumber!
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm *sure* 'twould cheer my heart—but then
"I'm not in love, remember!"
I'm not in love, remember.

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V. R.

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MONSIEUR SAINTON will return to London on the 10th March. 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, 10th February, 1860.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY will return to town on the 10th March. 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W., 10th February, 1860.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, Monday evening, Feb. 20th; and Public Rehearsal, To-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, Feb. 18th. Conductor, Dr. WYLDE. To commence at 3 o'clock. Programme:—Part I. Overture, Abenceragen—Cherubini; aria, Signor Belletti—Mozart; concerto in E. minor, violin and orchestra: violin, Mr. H. Blagrove—Spohr; chorus, Ruins of Athens—Beethoven; air with chorus, "Calm is the glassy ocean," Idomeneo, Mdlle. Parepa—Mozart; symphony in B. flat, adagio, allegro, andante, minuetto, finale—Beethoven. Part II. Concerto in G. minor, pianoforte and orchestra, Mdlle. Marie Wieck—Mendelssohn; aria, Signor Belletti—Rossini; fantasia, violoncello, Signor Piatti—Piatti; madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed"—Edwardes, A.D. 1560; aria, Mdlle. Parepa—Rossini; overture—Weber. The subscription for five grand concerts and five public rehearsals is £2 2s. for a reserved sofa stall. Tickets at popular prices, viz.:—For the concert on Monday evening, Feb. 20, area and gallery, 1s.; balcony, 2s., 3s., 5s., and 7s.; area stalls, 5s.; sofa stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets for the public rehearsal on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 18:—Area and gallery, 1s.; balcony 3s.; area stalls, 5s. Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside: and at the hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—Wednesday, Feb. 15th, at 8, Mdlle. Parepa, Mdlle. Marie [illegible], and Choir of 200 voices. Mdlle. Parepa will sing "The Shadow Song," from "Dinorah," the "Laughing Song," from "Manon Lescaut," and the Solos in Mendelssohn's Psalm "Hear my Prayer." New Part-songs by the Choir. Conductor—M. BENEDICT. Tickets, 1s., 3s.; sofa, and balcony stalls, 5s. each.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A GRAND CONCERT will be given on Saturday next, the 18th February, at which Madlle. Piccolomini will make her first appearance on her return to England. The Vocalists will include Signor Belart, Signor Aldighieri, Signor Gilardoni, and Madlle. Piccolomini. The Crystal Palace Orchestra considerably increased for this occasion, will be conducted by Signor Arditi and M. Manns.

Admission by Season Tickets (now on sale at 10s. 6d. each, available to the 30th April, 1860); or on payment of Half-a-Crown; children under 12 One Shilling. Reserved seats, Half-a-Crown extra. Tickets at the Crystal Palace, and 2, Exeter Hall. Open at Ten. Concert at Three.

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ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—GOUNOD'S GRAND MASS and BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY, Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH. Principal vocalists—Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Thomas. Tickets, 1s., 2s. 6d., stalls, 5s.

THE MISSES BROUGHAM beg to announce that they have removed to 88, Argyle-street, Euston-road, W. C.; where all communications respecting engagements and lessons are requested to be addressed.

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"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.
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Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

JUST PUBLISHED.—"There's nothing like a freshening breeze," new song by Alberto Randegger, composed for and sung with the greatest success by Mr. Thomas, when on his last tour, and always encored. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

REVIEWS.

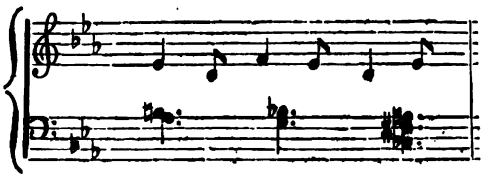
"'*Moore's National Airs,' with symphonies, and accompaniments for the pianoforte, edited by Charles William Glover—People's Edition*, No. 9," (Longman and Co.)—contains ten of the least familiar of the tunes to which the Irish bard wedded poetry. Several of them are attractive; among others "Hear me but once," set for two voices, a pretty quaint French air, "My harp is one unchanging theme," a Swedish air of some character, "Early sounds the castanet" (Spanish of course), and "Then Fare thee well" to an English tune that will doubtless be recognised by Mr. William Chappell. One or two of the melodies we cannot but believe to be spurious—such (to name one example) as the so-called Hindostanee Air,—"Hark, I hear a spirit sing," arranged for three voices.

"'*The Orpheon,' a collection of songs and choruses in two, three, and four parts, carefully selected for the use of schools, families, and choral societies*"—(Ewer and Co.)—may be recommended as a useful and well-varied compilation, exactly fitted for the object to which it professes to be dedicated, and for the most part made up of materials likely to improve and invigorate, rather than (as too often is the case) enfeeble and debase the taste of those who assemble together for the performance of vocal part music, as an agreeable and, at the same time, sensible means of recreation.

"*A Morning and Evening Cathedral Service*"—by R. R. Ross, (J. A. Novello)—is creditable to the composer (President of the Manchester Madrigal Society—who has inscribed his work to the High Master of the Free Grammar School, and Rector of St. Peter's Church, the Rev. Nicholas Germon, M.A.). To meet with any very novel feature in new settings to music of our Cathedral service, we hardly expect in these times. The question is, on one hand, what now *can* be done with it, if the old-established forms must be preserved; and on the other, ought these old-established forms, under any circumstances to be tampered with, much more superseded? Perhaps, some day, *genius* may decide. At present we may compliment Mr. Ross for having accomplished his task quite as well as the majority of his predecessors.

"'*A short and easy Morning Service*'—'*Te Deum*' and '*Jubilate*'—*with accompaniment for organ or pianoforte*"—by Charles Frederick Hauptmann (Ewer and Co.)—may be politely dismissed with a reference to the foregoing observations. The organist of St. Mary's, Tenby, writes smoothly and correctly, but can lay no more legitimate claim to originality than his respectable Manchester contemporary.

"'*Stella Matutina*'—*melodie Religieuse pour piano*"—by Wilhem Schulthes, Op. 27 (Ewer and Co.)—like all Herr Schulthes commits to the hands of the engraver, is clever and carefully worked out; but we cannot help thinking that the *cadenza* in octaves (page 5—"precipitato") is somewhat precipitate, if not absolutely profane; while the general treatment to which the theme is submitted in pages 6 and 7, if not positively irreligious, leaves the "religious melody" *tant soit peu dévolletée*.

"'*Ave Maria*' *for* '*mezzo-soprano*' *or* '*baritone*,' *with pianoforte or organ accompaniment*"—by Wilhelm Schulthes (Ewer and Co.)—is devotional in tone, appropriately (that is gravely) melodious, and harmonised with the composer's accustomed taste; but why not G flat, instead of F sharp in the last chord of the following?—

What conceivable system can defend an F sharp and a C flat occurring in one and the same harmony?

"*Dear Old England*," a patriotic song—words by Mrs. Valentine Roberts, music by Mrs. Gilbert A'Beckett (Leader and Cocks)—is a genial song on all accounts, the poetry being vigorous and the music unaffected. All "patriotic" songs should emulate these qualities, instead (as is so frequently the case) of dealing alternately in twaddle, bombast, and maudlin sentimentality.

"*The Rifleman's March*"—by J. E. Richardson (Aylward, Salisbury)—is dedicated "by permission" (by *whose* permission we are not told) to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the 1st Wiltshire Rifle Volunteers. It is a march of considerable spirit.

"*I told thee, Sweetheart*"—poetry by John Ellison, music by M. Endersohn (Schott and Co.)—is a ballad in which expression is attained and dulness avoided in an equally remarkable degree, both by poet and musician.

"*L'Eglantine*," waltz for the pianoforte—by Martin H. Hodges (Henry Keller, Clifton*)—is dedicated by the composer to "his pupils," who can hardly fail to be charmed by its wholly unpretending and at the same time attractive qualities.

"*The Bird of Song*"—written by W. S. Passmore; composed by J. L. Hatton (Boosey and Sons)—will remind many of the late Sir Henry Bishop, of whose earlier manner it is an admirable copy. Although, in his poetry, Mr. W. S. Passmore apostrophises the lark, Mr. Hatton's song bears no resemblance whatever to Bishop's once famous "Lo, here the gentle lark," nor is there a flute *obbligato* part to suggest that this was in the more recent composer's mind when, in the attitude of creation, he threatened the paper with ink. Nevertheless there is a Bishop-feeling about the whole, which, as it is eminently welcome, will not be detrimental to the popularity probably awaiting the "Bird of Song"—a piece of which Mr. Hatton has no reason to be ashamed, and to which his admirers will point with a certain degree of exultation. Far better, however, in all respects, because far more original—and as a natural consequence, far more genuine—is "*It was fifty years ago*"—composed and dedicated to John Boosey (same publisher)—one of the genial and racy musical settings of Professor Longfellow's genial and racy poetry with which we are acquainted. Who does not know the poem which begins with the following simple and exquisite stanzas?:—

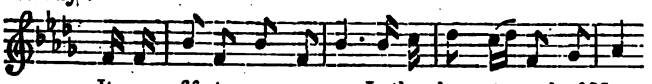
"It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
(Pronounce *Voos*)
A child in its cradle lay.

"And nature, the old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee.'

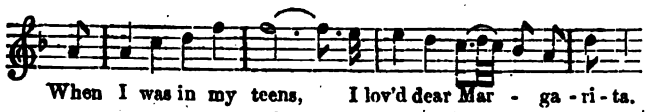
* Beethoven-house, Triangle.

"'Come wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread,
In the manuscripts of God.'"

Why Longfellow should have made "book" rhyme with "nurse," in the second stanza, when in the other five parallel situations he rhymes to the sound and letter, is a puzzle that requires a long (eared) fellow to explain. Mr. Hatton has surpassed himself in the music to this song. The very beginning shows that it is to be a vigorous melody:—



And the rest is to match. The episode, in the major key of B flat, covering the whole of page 3, is as fresh and buoyant as it is charmingly unobtrusive. Longfellow has frequently inspired our musicians, but seldom more happily than in this instance.

"'*Margarita*,' *ballad*"—written by G. P. Morris, composed expressly for Mr. Sims Reeves by M. W. Balfe (Boosey and Sons)—is one of those catching trifles which Mr. Balfe, in his happiest moments, is so lucky in producing. A melody as simple as a hammer, setting out thus:—

and continued to the end with the same attractive *naïveté* accompanied with studied simplicity, and allied to words of the true ballad calibre—the whole, too, esssentially *singable*—can hardly fail to be effective, and to charm all ears, no matter of what dimensions, and reach all hearts, from the softest to the least easily penetrable. Such is "Margarita," the most recent inspiration of the composer of *The Bohemian Girl* and *Satanella*—such the song with which Mr. Sims Reeves is now enchanting his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen in all parts of "merrie England."

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE Annual Meeting of the Fellows and Associates of this rapidly rising Society was held, at the Marylebone Institution, on Wednesday the 1st. On this occasion, Mr. Joseph Duggan, Mr. Edward James, and Mr. John Simon, were elected on the Council to fill the vacancies occasioned by the retirement of Herr Molique, Mr. Lodge Ellerton, and Sir John Harrington; and Mr. Sainton, Mr. Verrinder, Mr. Barker, and Mr. Stockdale were elected fellows. The report of the Council, which was read to the meeting, gave a gratifying account of the remarkable prosperity of the Society, showing the number of its members to amount to 1,450, and the funds in the hands of the treasurer greatly to exceed £1,300. The same document spoke of the eminent success with the members and in public esteem, of the series of four concerts given last season, and it justly ascribed this success in a great measure to the admirable orchestra and the excellent conducting of Mr. Alfred Mellon; it spoke of the distinguishing feature of these concerts, as compared with the serial performances of every other musical establishment in the metropolis, showing this to have been the inclusion in each of the programmes of one or more works of resident English or foreign composers, and leaving the impression that this feature of the arrangements was another chief ground of the good opinion the series had universally elicited. The report promised another series of four concerts, on the scale of those of last year, for the ensuing season; and in addition to these, a fifth concert, at which music not written for the orchestra is to be performed, and singers and instrumentalists whose talent could not be brought forward on the other occasions, are to be engaged. The report spoke of the weekly choral practice of the members, conducted by Mr. Henry Smart, as a flourishing and highly valuable branch of the Society's operations; some 200 ladies and gentlemen have formed themselves into a class for mutual pleasure and improvement, whose ranks are open to the entire body of fellows and associates, and their progress in part-singing proves the good influence of their skilful training upon their general musical capacity. It is important to notice that their excellent conductor exercises his talents in this department gratuitously. The choral practice has, it seems, been made opportune for the trial of some hitherto unheard compositions of the members of the Society; and this branch of the proceedings of the institution is to be extended by the establishment of trials of new instrumental chamber-music. The *conversaziones* held in May and January last, at St. James's Hall, were referred to with just satisfaction, as having been occasions for promoting the social intercourse of the members, and thus bringing into agreeable and beneficial personal relationship those who follow music as a calling with those who seek it as a recreation, and, it may well be presumed, stimulating a still better feeling between them, and a yet greater mutual sympathy than even now exists.

The report continued, that, in fulfilment of a resolution passed at the Fellows' Meeting, in November, the Council addressed, on the part of the Society, a letter of condolence to the widow of the illustrious Spohr, on the death of the great musician, who was one of the honorary members of the Musical Society, and they reported that lady's courteous acknowledgment of their communication.

Thus far the report may be regarded as referring individually to the members of the Society, insomuch as their personal interests are involved in its proceedings. Another matter, however, was communicated in this statistical document, which, as it might have been of eminent importance to the musical art, and, possibly, an incident of lasting consequence in the Art's history, shows the wide view taken by the Council of the range of the Society's operations, and the zeal they have exercised to extend these beyond the limits of its immediate advantage. The report stated that the Council of the Musical Society had endeavoured to procure for the world the removal of the prohibition against the performance and publication of some of the works of Mendelssohn, which the brother of the master, taking unwarrantable advantage of his sole possession of these invaluable legacies to mankind, thinks fit to impose. The efforts of the Council were fruitless. M. Paul Mendelssohn dallied with them for many months; and, after thus long wavering between he would and he would not, finally decided to continue to withhold these great art-treasures, assigning for thus arbitrarily depriving us of what we justly inherit from a man of genius—the enjoyment of his creations—some domestic reasons which the Council deem improper for production to the meeting of their constituents. It was urgently pressed, even by some members of the Council who appeared to think less unfavourably than their coadjutors of the measures of M. Paul Mendelssohn, and to desire to allow him at least the justice of making known his assumed motives for these, that the entire correspondence between the Council and this gentleman should be read, and thus the views, however unsatisfactory, be made known, which induce the possessors to withhold the compositions from the public. A majority of the meeting decided that the arguments employed by the Council to prevail upon M. Paul Mendelssohn to remove his arbitrary restriction, the cause of this gentleman's vacillation, and the grounds, whatever they might be, for his final determination, should not be revealed,—thus showing an indifference to the highly important subject utterly inexplicable in a body of musicians, and leaving a stigma on the family of Mendelssohn, which, it is not unreasonable to suppose, their own words might in some degree have tended to remove. The unconcern of the meeting may be interpreted as tacitly expressing, first, a vote of censure upon the Council for having interfered in a matter in which, as the executive of the Musical Society, they were unauthorised to act; second, an acknowledgment that the family of Mendelssohn were believed to have reasons for the suppression of the works of their immortal relative, which would not bear to be made generally known; third, that the musicians of London, as represented by the thousand and a half of them who constitute the members of the Musical Society, are carelessly apathetic to the best interests of the art it should be their duty to uphold, being indifferent to the works of a great master, and regardless of his reputation. From this last point of view, the meeting may be considered as having publicly signified that the only objects of the Musical Society are, to give concerts on more or less the same scale as the two Philharmonics, respectively, of Mr. Anderson and Dr. Wylde; to have trials of unheard compositions on a greatly smaller scale than the British Musicians'; to support a singing-class, more numerous but less efficient than Mr. Henry Leslie's or the Polyhymnia, less elementary than Mr. Hullah's, and greatly inferior in extent to the Handel Festival choir; and, finally, to give leviathan tea-parties in St. James's Hall, at which the rankness of

the butter and the meagreness of the beverage appeared to have been the chief subjects of comment; but to strive for the welfare of music by endeavouring to increase the store of rich treasures which are open to its lovers, was implied to be beyond the limits of the Society's operations.

It was advanced by an eminent barrister, who was at the meeting, that the heirs of an immortal genius have as distinct a legal right in the spiritual effects of their deceased relative, as in his substantial personal estate: in a word, that the fact of possessing the fruit of a dead man's imagination, gives a living legatee as much authority over the same as over the shilling himself has honestly earned, which he holds in his own pocket—the right to spend it, or to put it out to interest, to give it, or to throw it away, to husband or to squander it, to melt it down, or, if possible, to annihilate it. Such the meeting was advised is the law, and thus interpreting the law, M. Paul Mendelssohn represents a spiritual Shylock, who insists upon worse than his pound of flesh cut from the bosom of his bondsman, insists upon self-appropriating, for reasons which his correspondents fail to divulge, the product of his brother's inspiration, and thus robbing him of a portion of his deathless reputation. Since such is the law, and since no doctor from Belmont steps forward to turn back its power upon him who would arbitrarily enforce it, the world must bow to its provisions, and can hope at most that the correspondence of the Council of the Musical Society have laid Mr. Mendelssohn's uninvestigable motives under more suspicion than they really deserve.

Let us now turn to consider how fatal would have been the workings of this law, which deals with men's thoughts as with their goods and chattels, their wearing apparel, their bank-stock and their railway shares—how fatal would have been its workings had it always been enforced as severely by musician's executors, as it is alleged that the administrators of Mendelssohn have the authority to enforce it. The two quartets of Beethoven, in F and in A minor, two of the most remarkable, in some respects the most beautiful, and in many respects the most interesting of all its composer's wonderful creations, were first printed subsequently to the death of the author, and thus might have been arbitrarily suppressed at the lawful discretion of his executors. The twelve symphonies of Mozart, which were first printed some ten years since, inconsiderable though they be, as compared with some other works of the master, yet eminently interesting on account of their intrinsic merit, and on account of the illustration they afford of the composer's various and prolific powers—these might have been withheld from the world by the heirs of his executors. All the choruses in *Messiah*, and the entire oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*, were unprinted when Handel died, and were thus at the mercy of those persons who had the care of his property and of his fame. We need adduce no further instances to prove how far beyond estimation would music have been impoverished, how incalculably would the world have lost had M. Paul Mendelssohn's course, with regard to his brother works, been anticipated by the persons into whose hands devolved the care of the treasures we have named.

Let us next consider how deep has been the injury rising from the assertion of this property right in another man's creations. The widow of Mozart, for her own gain and profit, permitted the contemptible swindler, Süssmayer, to claim a share in the composition of the whole of her husband's greatest work, and to declare himself the sole author of some of the most beautiful portions of that transcendent masterpiece; having sold the right to print the *Requiem*, she, at a later period, repudiating this first transaction, made a second market of the work, and sold, for a second honorarium, the right to print, (from Mozart's incomplete sketch, which had been filled up, according to the finished manuscript, by the execrable impostor who impudently pretended to have co-composed the whole with Mozart) an edition of the *Mass for the Dead*, in which the portions respectively attributed to the true and the pseudo-composer are indicated. The consequence of this course of lawful exercise of right in property, was, not only, that great doubt arose in the minds even of studied musicians, as to Mozart's authorship of the work,—this was of small comparative importance, since, as the world possessed a composition which no man, save one, that ever lived, could have produced, it mattered little whether or not that one was accredited with it,—but that a man, whose only claim to notice was his insolent effrontery in putting on the lion's skin which did not fit him, was allowed the too respectable position of having it doubted that he could have contributed to the *chef-d'œuvre*.

Let us lastly consider how severe may be the loss to us and to posterity, from M. Mendelssohn's taking lawful advantage of his sole possession of his brother's manuscripts. The Reformation Symphony was, at one time, if not always, regarded by its composer, and is now regarded by many persons to whom he played it on the pianoforte, as one of the best of his orchestral works. Besides the Finale of *Lorelei*, which is published, and the "Ave Maria" in the same opera, which is not published, whose beauties have been attested by the delighted enthusiasm of audience after audience,—besides these two fragments, the entire opera is completely sketched, and many portions of it are wholly finished. The oratorio of *Christ*, of which the fragments that are printed serve as a sample of the beauties of the whole, is in the same state as the opera of *Lorelei* sketched throughout, so as to give a very distinct if not perfect notion of the composer's entire design. Very many other works, completely finished, of various extent, amounting to at least so much as the total sum of Mendelssohn's published compositions, remain unprinted; these were carefully preserved by him, bound in volumes, and classified in order. In time to come, a Mendelssohn society may be instituted for doing justice to the great man's genius; such a society may prevail with a future generation of the composer's lateral descendants, to suffer these works to be brought to light; there will exist, at the possible period, a definite tradition of the manner of performing all the master's music at present printed, handed down from persons who heard it executed under his direction, if not played by himself; but there will be no clue to the manner of rendering the works not printed during the lifetime of persons who knew Mendelssohn, and they will, therefore, never have justice done to them.

The thanks of the meeting were voted to many persons who have afforded signal service to the Musical Society, but to none more cordially nor more deservedly than to Mr. Charles Salaman, the honorary secretary, and to Mr. Henry Smart, honorary director of the choral practices.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE first concert of the season was given on Saturday last, and the new music-hall was opened for the first time. Now the new music-hall is not new at all. It is the old concert-room, of the same length, breadth, and shape, and altered as to the roof only. And here alone, indeed, was the alteration necessitated. The old roof, or more properly covering, was merely a piece of cloth or canvas suspended above the galleries, which did not prevent the escape of the sound, and absorbed what reached it. The new roof is constructed of thin boards lined with canvas, and is arched lengthways from the platform. No sound can now escape from the concert-room, and, the roof acting as a sounding board, every note is heard. The orchestra, we fancy, has been made smaller; but whether this is for the better, or otherwise, time will show. The performances on Saturday enabled us to ascertain beyond a doubt the great acoustic improvement effected by the alteration. In its present state, however, it will gain but few admirers, as far as the appearance is concerned. The plain boarding alone was visible on Saturday, but the painters would soon be at work, and ornamentation, no doubt, would not be spared.

The programme was excellent. The orchestral pieces were, Beethoven's No. 7 Symphony, Overture by F. Ries, Overture to *Faust* (second part), by H. H. Pierson, and Leopold de Meyer's "Marche Tromphale d' Isly," arranged for band by M. Hector Berlioz. The band also accompanied Mdlle. Marie Wieck in Mendelssohn's G minor concerto. The symphony was well played throughout under M. Manns' direction, and every possible care and attention was paid to Mr. Pierson's overture, which, however, failed to convey the slightest glimpse of meaning to any who heard it. The aim of the composer has evidently been ambitious, since the instrumentation is elaborate and complicated in the extreme, and, in all probability, the conception of the writer was profoundly metaphysical. But music that may not be understood is about of as much use as "music that may not be heard;" and, at all events, we shall not pretend to criticise what we could not make out. One thing is certain, such music will not do for the audiences of the Crystal Palace. The overture to *Faust* was performed by the Crystal Palace band last season, without creating any sensation but that of utter incomprehensibility. It does not improve on acquaintance. Mdlle. Marie Wieck played the somewhat hacknied, though splendid concerto of Mendelssohn, with much facility and neatness of execution. The last movement was not

taken at the true Mendelssohnian pace, and its brilliancy was dimmed in consequence. The fair pianist also performed Kullak's "*Perles d'écume*."

The vocal music was distributed between Miss Eleanora Armstrong and Signor Belletti. The lady, a pupil of Mr. Frank Mori, is one of the most promising beginners we have heard for a long time. Her voice is a high clear soprano, with a good deal of natural flexibility. Nevertheless, Miss Armstrong should eschew altogether, at present, such songs as the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*. The ballad by Mr. Mori which she sang was more satisfactorily accomplished. Signor Belletti gave Handel's "O ruddier than the cherry," and the *buffo* air, "Il mio piano è preparato," from the *Gazza Ladra*, both in most admirable style, the latter achieving the only encore of the concert. The attendance was not large, not more than between three and four thousand persons being present.

A concert takes place this day, at which Miss Lascelles will sing; and this day week Mdlle. Piccolomini makes her first appearance in London for the season, with a draught from Mr. Lumley's late operatic company.

CONCERTS.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIRÉES MUSICALES.—A varied and attractive programme was presented by Miss Dolby at the second *soirée* on Wednesday last, and drew together an audience quite crowded and equally brilliant as at the first concert, whose success we have previously chronicled. The opening piece was Mr. G. A. Osborne's highly effective trio for violin, violoncello, and piano, the composer himself taking the latter instrument, Messrs. Sainton and Paque being the other executants. In such hands we need hardly say that more than ample justice was rendered; and if the applause was not quite as enthusiastic as it might have been, it must be attributed rather to the arena of display being a private drawing-room instead of a public concert-hall. The fair *bénéficiaire* contributed four songs, each in a style totally distinct from the other, but all calculated to show how thorough a mistress of her art Miss Dolby is. Nothing could present a greater contrast, for instance, than Beethoven's "In questa tomba," given with a solemn grandeur well befitting the subject, and a French version of the "Irish Emigrant"—words by Lady Dufferin, music by Lüders—sung with the greatest pathos and feeling. No less so the songs in the second part, "Oh, if thou wert my own love," Salaman's, and the now somewhat worn, "Katey's Letter." Miss Dolby seems at home, however, in music of all kinds, and her fine artistic feeling was never more fully displayed than upon this occasion. M. Sainton's two solos, the fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Valse de Concert* were nothing short of marvellous instances of perfect command of the instrument and thorough mastery of every mechanical difficulty, combined with a feeling and delicacy which it would be impossible to excel.

In the introduction and *rondo* of Spohr, M. Sainton was worthily seconded by Mr. Osborne, and no less ably assisted by Messrs. Bezeth, Schreurs, and Paque in the andante and scherzo (posthumous) of Mendelssohn. The violoncello solo, "Cujus animam," was played by Mr. Paque with his accustomed ability. The whole concert afforded evident gratification to the fashionable and elegant audience, which not only filled the rooms to overflowing, but thronged the doorways and passages of Miss Dolby's residence.

MADAME DE VAUCHERAN'S CONCERT.—This affair came off on Tuesday evening at Thirlestane House, Chelsea—an Educational Institute for young ladies, presided over by Madame de Vaucheran—and attracted a goodly assemblage of rank and fashion, mostly of the fair sex. The artists were Miss Clari Fraser, Miss Donia, and Mr. Southwell, vocalists; and Madame de Vaucheran, Herr Goffrie, and M. Paque, instrumentalists. The lady is a clever pianist, and is not unknown in the metropolitan concert rooms. She played, with the two gentlemen named, Beethoven's Trio in G major (Op. 1, No. 2), for piano, violin, and violoncello; with Herr Goffrie, Osborne and De Beriot's Duet, for pianoforte and violin, on airs from *Guillaume Tell;* and two pieces by Chopin. Madame de Vaucheran's dexterity of finger and neatness of style were much admired. Herr Goffrie executed a violin solo of his own composition with decided effect. Miss Clari Fraser sang the old Scotch air "Within a mile of Edinboro' town," and Mr. Wallace's ballad, "Why do I weep for thee?" Miss Fraser is our best living interpreter of Scotch songs, not merely because her accent and pronunciation are faultless, though the lady is English born and bred, but because her sentiment is so unsophisticated and earnest, and the tone of her voice so pleasing and natural. The old Scotch air was delightful in its expression and delivery; but Mr. Wallace's charming ballad was even more liked, the audience being quite spell-bound by the young lady's singing. Miss Clari Fraser also joined Mr. G. Loder in Fioravanti's duet, "The Singing Lesson," in which she manifested no small degree of comic powers. Miss Donia gave Ricci's "Ah! mi sento il cor," and Mr. Macfarren's ballad, "When shall we meet again," the former with much facility, and the latter with genuine feeling. Also Mr. Southwell sang "Adelaida," and Mr. Brinley Richards' ballad, "Oh whisper that thou feelest," from the Pyne and Harrison edition of Auber's *Crown Diamonds*. The concert was thoroughly enjoyable, and dismissed all the visitors with smiling aspects.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, February 8th.

THE recovery of Faure from his late indisposition, and his resumption of his part in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, has given a fresh impetus to the success of this favourite opera, with the aid of Madame Cabel, whose name has been figuring this week in the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. The conclusion of the affair was, that M. Roqueplan was directed to pay immediately, as hitherto, into the hands of Dinorah, the sum of 370 fr. for each of her appearances in the character of the pretty goatherd. At Ploërmel itself a goatherd can live a whole year on a smaller sum than one of these performances costs. There the tribunals never resound with the noise of such litigations as these. Nobody meddles with the financial affairs of the Dinorahs of the spot.

Two new operatic works have been brought out—or, rather, one is announced, and the other brought out—to vary the bill of fare offered lately to the playgoing portion of the Parisian world. The one brought out is the *Roman d'Elvire* of Ambroise Thomas, at the Opéra-Comique. The other is the *Philémon et Beaucis* of M. Charles Gounod, at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The parts are thus distributed:—Beaucis, Madame Miolan-Carvalho; Une Bacchante, Mdlle. Marie Sax; Jupiter, M. Battaille; Vulcain, M. Balanqué; Philémon, M. Fromant. The Bouffes-Parisiens announces also its *Revue de Carnaval*, preceded by an operetta entitled *Bonne Etoile*, by Léo Delibes.

The Société des Concerts du Conservatoire have decided that the election of a new leader of the orchestra shall be adjourned till the general assembly (which takes place every year after the concerts are over), and the committee have begged M. Filmant to preside over the meetings of 1860. On Sunday the 5th the second concert took place.

The theatrical papers here have published an account of the fees received by authors in 1859 for works represented in Paris. According to this document, the Opéra-Comique has given 131,110fr.; the Théâtre-Lyrique, 59,976fr.; L'Opéra, 47,290fr.; the Bouffes-Parisiens, 41,958fr; and the Théâtre-Italien, 392fr. It appears from this paper, then, that the Opéra-Comique pays to authors two-thirds more than the Opéra. It is to be hoped that, as a recent measure has raised the fees of authors at the Comédie-Française, the librettists and composers of the first lyrical theatre here will soon enjoy the same benefits.

A correspondent of the *Gazette Musicale de l'Allemagne du Sud*, writes from Vienna that Roger has been asked to give several performances at the theatre of the *Porte de Carinthie;* they will take place next September. The musical director, M. Otto Dessoff, has just been named *sous-maître* of the court-chapel at Cassel. I think I already told you, a week or two ago,

that Gluglini is performing at the Scala at Milan. He began in the *Favorita*.

The Turks seem to be giving themselves a shake, and rousing themselves to the knowledge that music is a very high and sublime enjoyment, for it appears that his imperial highness the Sultan wishes to get a more intimate knowledge of the music of Verdi, and the *Sicilian Vespers* of that composer is to be performed in Constantinople under the title of *Giovanna di Guzman*.

W. A. MOZART.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

(*Continued from page* 81.)

"Two essential advantages were gained. By this sharp juxtaposition of the developed melodies, the musical phrase, the merely effectuating turn, the simple playing with figures, for the purpose of getting on, was excluded, or, at any rate, greatly circumscribed. Such expedients are comparatively very rare with Mozart. He mostly uses figures and passages as ornaments twining around and adorning a definite and solid kernel, but not constituting independent members of the whole. When, too, mere formula of transition appear indispensable, he employs them mostly without much ado, just as in architecture the pillar is applied as an artistic motive in such a fashion that its constructional importance is clearly apparent. To this head we must refer the emphatic and broad treatment of the finales, and half finales, which are now so striking that they appear to many people as specific a peculiarity of Mozart's style; they are, however, no such thing; they were, at that period, general, and proceeded from the necessity of being maintained fixedly and definitely in the key, a necessity on which, at that time, especial stress was laid. That composers have become freer in this respect, and learnt to introduce varied, charming, and exciting transitional turns instead of a plump common-place, is an undoubted advance; but that, notwithstanding, Mozart is not deficient in delicate and interesting turns, anyone may convince himself by observing his returns to the theme in the second part, and, for instance, merely the richness to which the simple fundamental force of the *point d'orgue*, is developed, in the most beautiful and most charming modes of appliance.

"The second advantage was the comprehensive clearness of the plan of a musical movement, a clearness which is as intelligible as in an architectural ground-plan, and which, both in great and little things, is one of the unalienable excellences of Mozart's art. By means of this, the principal points of a thoroughly developed organisation were fixed. These, necessary in themselves and sufficient for the object in view, could in their turn become the points of support for a rich and copious amplification, and before such a detailed and thorough development was possible, it was necessary that the simple scheme should be clearly and securely fixed.

"Mozart has in no wise exhausted the substance of the form of representation thus founded by him; others have merely imitated what he did. Beethoven entered on the intellectual inheritance, and has shown what depth and fulness there lay concealed in it; but whatever astonishing results he may have obtained, all the germs are far from being developed. Our own age, whose invention and skill are preponderatingly apparent in interesting and delicate forms of transition, and in a consistent spinning-out of small motives, which can lay claim only to a subordinate place in a great whole, is, above all things, *to be reminded of the fact, that well-developed, firmly articulated melodies, should constitute the fundamental elements of a composition.*

"In the choice and arrangement of them, so that the one shall set forth the other in the most varied manner, is Mozart's delicate feeling invariably evident. He has the skill more particularly, in some part of the work where we least expect it, to surprise us by a new melody of peculiar beauty, as for instance, immediately after the first theme, which generally causes a certain satisfaction, a completely different motive is introduced. But, above all, he produces an inimitable effect by bringing forward, when everything is tending rapidly to the end, a melody decked out with all the charms of freshness and sweetness, and which not only again excites our interest, but gives a new turn to the whole. To adduce a striking example of this, and one known to every one, I would remind the reader of the first movement of the symphony in C major. Who has not, with ever-reviving astonishment, been entranced by the melody introduced at the last, and which, like a gleaming meteor, darts forth a flood of light and gaiety? Similar effects, if not always so brilliant, are by no means rare; they have never been equalled, and, indeed, scarcely attempted by anyone else. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the partiality evinced by Mozart for placing in a strong light the conclusion and some other points, not generally so prominent, injured the second theme properly so called; and which is usually the weakest portion. The cause of this is partly, perhaps, attributable to the fact that, in opposition to the principal theme, it was intended to have a more tender and lighter character; but, compared with the other motives, it is frequently not important enough, and even sometimes produces the impression that it is neglected.

"The further extension of the fundamental scheme thus obtained could not be effected by the interpolation of mere outwardly connecting phrases between the principal members, but by the development of their purport by means of thematic treatment. We have seen above how, by the study of Bach and Handel, Mozart was guided to this course, and this tendency is very decided in later pianoforte compositions. It does not appear, however, as the return to the metrical style (*gebundene Schreibart*) in certain strict forms, as of the canon and the fugue, but as the free development of those general laws, on which the essential attributes of polyphonic representation and contrapuntal form depend generally. Instrumental and most especially pianoforte music, after it had been freed from the shackles of strict form, was in danger of following one-sidedly the direction of homophonic representation, and thus of becoming shallow. It is one of the services rendered by Mozart that, in the modifications, which the altered character of the conceptions and representation generally, and the nature of the instruments required, he did justice to the polyphonic and thematic mode of treatment in free and beautiful forms. This is apparent, as is natural, more especially in the modulating portions, on which the principal weights necessarily fell, and which, by this treatment, could first obtain due importance. Although Mozart did not bestow on them that extension and powerful elaboration to which they were developed by Beethoven, they yet appear in his works—even when, scantily elaborated, they are still presented as a transition—as the culminating point of the whole movement, on which its motive powers are concentrated in more lively activity. The mode of treatment is free, like the choice of motives brought into play; but it is nearly always essentially a thematic course of treatment, and frequently one very skilfully planned out and intricate, on which the effect depends. Still, at the same time, the harmonic element is by no means thrown into the back-ground—as is well-known, it is here that the boldest and most original modulations are usually found; on a closer observation, however, we shall find that the really vivifying element is the thematising element, and that the fashioning impulses proceed from this quarter. Thus, there is developed movements full of life, and, if we have not always an overpowering catastrophe, a knot is tied, and we are anxious to see it untied, which it always is, with agreeable certainty and ease.

"The slow movement is, as a rule, founded on the song (*das Lied*); it is consequently, according to its first plan, frequently bipartite, but the plan has only exceptionably been developed with the breadth and richness which have become usual in the first movement; the single or manifold repetition of the fundamental theme, which, in conformity with the custom at that time, did not often occur without ornament and decoration, easily led to a treatment in the fashion of variations. In every case, the first requisite was the invention of a melodious movement, important both in substance and form, which should not be appreciated simply as a motive through the treatment, or from connection with others, but which, of itself,

afforded a full and satisfactory expression for sentiment. It has already been noticed (I., p. 557) how the tendency, followed by the feeling of the time, favoured the development of exactly such movements, which undoubtedly must be classed among the most beautiful creations even of Mozart. These simple and impressive melodies, beautifully articulated and steadily carried out, which die away, as in a long full breath, redolent of warm deep feeling, without sentimental weakness, appear to be a happy inheritance of that period, which produced likewise the purest strains of our lyric poetry. In the repose by which they are mostly pervaded, the pleasure and satisfaction of artistic creation are superseded in an uncommon manner; in the unlaboured and easy way also in which, by a partial working out of the fundamental thoughts, by variations of the latter, by freely introduced and often contrasting under parts, these monuments are built up, without departing from the fundamental tone of feeling first laid down, we perceive how naturally and freely this mode of expression forced its way through the musical sentiment and soared to such a height. Without entering here into the details of the working-out, we may still direct attention to the delicacy and grace with which Mozart, in this case also, understood how to prepare and bring about the conclusion, so as to lead the hearer up to it with a continuous feeling of perfect satisfaction."

(*To be continued.*)

MARRIAGE.

On Saturday, 4th February, at the French Ambassador's chapel, and afterwards at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. J. E. Cox, M.A., F.S.A., Vicar of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, Prosper Sainton, Esq., of No. 6, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, to Charlotte Helen Dolby, of No. 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square.

DEATH.

On Monday, the 30th ult., F. W. Collard, Esq., senior of the eminent firm of Collard and Collard, aged 88.

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1860.

No chief of an administration is more provident than Mr. Robert Bowley, General Manager of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham—none more vigilant and progressive. He is indeed the very Argus and Briareus of that princely establishment. His hundred eyes are always open, impressible to every change in the artistic atmosphere. His hundred hands are ever stretched out ready to grasp, to defend, or to invite. But occasion is not at all times subservient to poor mortal behests; nor is the race always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The success of the late Handel Festival Commemoration was triumphant. No one will dispute the fact. But to find a like opportunity for a similar demonstration, it were necessary to await the term of a century. To attend on so long a period would hardly suit the purpose of our manager; neither would it sort with the impatience of the public. Should the magnificent Handel orchestra rest unused all that time? Should the alterations and improvements carried out on so vast a scale, and at so large an outlay, be turned to no account? Should the expectations raised, and the enthusiasm excited, be permitted to subside? Let no one think it. Something might be originated to allure eager multitudes to the Palace, even though no centenary of Handel's death were available, no half centenary of Mendelssohn's life to act as apology for a jubilee. The almanack might be searched in vain for some renowned composer to lend anniversary of birth or death for a celebration. The dates of the first or last days of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and other grand musicians might not fall in seasonably. Must, therefore, music awake no echoes in the crystal halls? Must the voice of the host be silent, and Mr. Costa no longer lead on his forces to unparalleled achievements. Forbid it enterprise, energy, and speculation.

It is intended that a grand musical exhibition shall come off at the Crystal Palace in June next. This affair will not be *àpropos* of any special occasion or event; neither will it be national or local. No great name will be consulted, nor any particular taste conciliated. Three thousand French choristers, all males, have been invited to come and take part in a festival at Midsummer. That is all we distinctly know at present. Three thousand singers of France, composed of draughts from the most famous choirs in the country, without ladies, are engaged to assist in a great musical solemnity in England. Without being made further acquainted with the details of the proceedings, we may be allowed to speculate on the policy of the undertaking, and the likelihood of its achieving success.

And first, the question naturally arises—are French chorus singers so much better than our own that it is worth while to bring them from all parts of France to sing here? Their superiority as artists established—unless in a very extraordinary degree indeed—would hardly compensate for the loss of the female voices, without the aid of which, we have been accustomed to think, grand and striking effects in a choral performance can seldom be attained. Of course we are to conclude that there are male trebles and altos in the different Gallic choirs; and these in certain kinds of ecclesiastical music, more especially that written for the Romish church, make good substitutes for sopranos and contraltos proper. The female voice, notwithstanding, except in rare cases, has been invariably employed by the greatest masters. As a matter of curiosity, the singing of three thousand men and boys, however, can hardly fail to prove attractive; and that the attraction will prove remunerative, and commensurate with expectation, we have little doubt.

The next thought that occurs is, what the three thousand are to sing. Without the female voices they must be excluded almost *in toto* from the great oratorios, unless they take upon themselves to make the men do duty for the women, an innovation by no means desirable. Omitting masses and sundry works composed for the catholic services, we can call to mind no music in which so stupendous a body of male singers could be signally employed, excepting, perhaps, the grand finale to the second act of *Guillaume Tell*—the meeting of the Cantons—which, interpreted by three thousand accomplished male vocalists, might justly be expected to create an extraordinary sensation. This, we confess, would be a treat of the highest order; but even Rossini's colossal choruses would lose something of their effect, if not of their grandeur, by being transplanted to the concert-room. The eye in vain would look for the rush forward of the conspirators and the sudden brandishing of the spears as the infuriated Swiss shouted aloud, "*Aux*

Armes!" Let our neighbours, nevertheless, speak (or rather sing) for themselves.

A third consideration—less artistic, but no less necessary—will be the cost of bringing over from France to London three thousand persons, and keeping them while they remain here. It may be argued that, with economy, the expense would not be considerably greater than that involved in collecting the vast forces of the recent Handel Commemoration from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. We must remember, however, that a certain number only had to come from distances. But the *whole* of the French singers are to be conveyed from France, and some from remote parts of the kingdom, Of course, economy being indispensable, special trains might be chartered, and steam-boats hired, and the three thousand be fed and have their hammocks slung, if necessary, at the Crystal Palace. The various Courts—Ceramic, Byzantine, Roman, Alhambra, and Egyptian—would make admirable sleeping booths, and but little clothing would be required, as the patent steam-warming apparatus might be brought into use. Mr. F. Strange, too, would provide the creature comforts at a reduced tariff, so that in reality everything would be expended within the Crystal walls.

After all, we have little doubt of the success of this undertaking. For our own part, we believe that three thousand French choristers may be as good as three thousand English, and Mr. Bowley is too good a judge, and too conscientious a manager, to think merely of playing upon the curiosity and credulity of the public. We shall refrain from saying any more at present, and wait until the programme is issued. It may then appear that there is still more in the speculation than we imagined. We shall be glad to find it so. Every great musical undertaking has our warmest hopes, and shall have our warmest support.

"LONG live the "Cour Impériale de Paris! and Long live M. Perrot de Chézelles, who presided thereover on the 28th of January! !"—exclaimed Panurge, in a high state of "exaltation."

"It rejoiceth me," said Pantagruel, "that thou hast grace sufficient to call down blessings on anyone or anything. But wherein doth the special merit of this Court and this President consist, that thou indulgest in joy so immoderate?"

"Why the Court, being the Upper Court, hath confirmed the profound proposition promulgated by the Lower Court, to the effect that that which supporteth is higher than that which is supported," said Panurge.

"Thy discourse," said Pantagruel, "is exceedingly harsh and crabbed,—with thy upper and thy lower,—and thy active and thy passive. Yet it mindeth me of something whereon we conversed profoundly some months ago——"

"To be sure it doth," quoth Panurge. "Even now I am referring to the disputed authorship of the piece called *Cri-cri*, which, as a piece of writing, was stupid as its name, but which was rendered delectable by the introduction of a very clever trick.

"I know,—I know"—exclaimed Pantagruel. "My memory is suddenly lighted up with the most dazzling splendour. The Tribunal of the Seine decided that the machinist, who had kept up the rubbish by means of his good ropes and pulleys, should share the rights of authorship. And a most wise decision too! That was the broad case; but thou wilt glad my heart if thou titillatest my mnemonic faculties with a recapitulation of the particular facts."

"Look ye now," said Panurge, punctuating his sentences by the pressure of his right finger on the divers digits of his left hand—"look ye now. MM. Hugelmann, Borsat, and Fanfernot"—

"The names much cheer and refresh mine ear," remarked Pantagruel, smacking his lips.

"That is nothing to the purpose," said Panurge peevishly. "Well, these three gentlemen"—

"Hugelmann, Borsat, and Fanfernot," murmured Pantagruel, as if the rolling words gave him exquisite pleasure.

"Those three," continued Panurge, "took the piece called *Cri-cri* to M. Billion, of the Cirque-Impériale who accepted it."

"Did he though," said Epistemon. "Then wits might declare that he was a man of a billion."

"Fools might declare so," observed Panurge, with infinite contempt. "Fanfernot was the chief inventor of the tricks."

"Therefore will we call him the trickster," said Pantagruel, with a smile.

"The literary part of the work was done by the others."

"Hugelmann and Borsat without Fanfernot," cried Pantagruel, with infinite satisfaction.

"Then there was a certain Mdlle. Thys, who swore that *she* had something to do with the authorship of *Cri-cri*," continued Panurge.

"And her share of the work was ————?" asked Pantagruel.

"May I be smothered in onions if I know," growled Panurge; "but she was allowed her share of the pay. Last comes one M. Raignard, who declares that he, not Fanfernot, invented the chief trick in the piece."

"Truly an admirable assembly," exclaimed Pantagruel. "Here are Hugelmann and Borsat, who write and don't trick; here is Fanfernot, who doth not write but tricketh generally; here is Raignard, who tricketh not generally but specially; lastly, here is Mdlle. Thys, who doth something so obscure that history forbeareth to describe it. We will invite them all over to London, and entertain them with whelks."

"These were all put on the same footing by the Tribunal of the Seine," continued Panurge, "which admitted the claim of Raignard, and decided that although in the case of a purely literary work, the decorations were merely accessary, it is otherwise in the case of a *féerie*, where the eye is addressed rather than the intellect. In this latter case, the inventors of the tricks should equitably be ranked among the authors of the piece."

"What wisdom aboundeth on the banks of the Seine!" sighed Pantagruel, after a few moments of profound meditation.

"Against this decision," continued Panurge, "Borsat and Fanfernot appealed"—

"But not Hugelmann or the lovely incomprehensible Thys?" observed Pantagruel, inquiringly.

"No," ejaculated Panurge—"and the wiser they. For lo! the Imperial Court hath confirmed the decision of the Court below, and therefore Raignard is allowed not only a fifth part of the profits gained by the elaborators of *Cri-cri*, but his name may figure on the bills as one of the authors."

"I will send for one of those bills," said Pantagruel seriously, "and I will post it up in my palace, that I may see what great glory is attained by ingenuity, when it hath wisdom for its ally."

Habent sua fata—not only books, but also operas. Of this we have a striking example in the bad and good fortune which has attended *Rooslan and Loodmila*, said to be the masterpiece of the late Michael Glinka, who was certainly the most remarkable composer of modern Russia. Glinka had chosen for his subject the legend after which his opera is named, and which had already suggested to Pouschkin his earliest and one of his most beautiful poems; but he had considerable trouble in finding a librettist, and when at last the book was begun, it appeared almost impossible to get it completed. From various causes, first one author, then another, had to abandon the work, until, before it was finished, as many as ten different writers had been employed upon it, and finally, we are told by a Russian critic, it could only be compared to a figure having an eye by one artist, a hand by a second, an ear by a third, and so on.

Glinka had to write the music under very trying circumstances, but it was the best music he had ever composed. The opera was put into rehearsal, announced for performance at the Tsirk Theatre, and the public expected something wonderful, but—as afterwards appeared—something quite different from what Glinka had produced.

Just before the night fixed for the first representation, Petrova, the popular *prima donna*, and the only vocalist capable of doing justice to the principal part, was taken ill. The opera, however, was brought out, was coldly received, and before Petrova was sufficiently recovered to sing, *Rooslan and Loodmila* had been pronounced a failure. The Russian critics of the present day attribute this failure to the bad taste of the public, who had previously received with enthusiasm the *Life for the Czar*, by the same composer, an opera of a much lighter character, and which owed its success chiefly to the national character of the principal melodies. Glinka's friends behaved worse, even, than the public, for they tormented him until he at last consented to alter his score, and he was so mortified at this want of appreciation, that he ceased from that time to take any interest in operatic music, and never afterwards wrote for the stage.

Rooslan and Loodmila, after being remodelled, was played for a time at the Tsirk theatre, until owing to the all-absorbing success of the Italian Company, it was thought advisable to transfer the Russian opera from St. Petersburgh to Moscow. Glinka's masterpiece produced but little impression in Moscow, where the operas of Donizetti and Bellini were alone in fashion; it was soon laid aside, and when the Moscow opera-house was burned down in 1854, all the magnificent costumes and scenery belonging to *Roosland and Loodmila* were consumed.

After Glinka's death, in 1857, the St. Petersburgh Philharmonic Society gave a concert consisting entirely of his compositions; but some of the best pieces from *Rooslan and Loodmila* could only be imperfectly rendered, in consequence of the part for the military band—written with especial care, it would appear—having been lost or destroyed. The same year, one of the most esteemed singers of Russia gave the second act of *Rooslan and Loodmila* for his benefit. This was considered a praiseworthy but daring experiment, and it was not repeated.

In 1858, however, another artist, convinced of the great merit of the work, and determined, if possible, to force the public to understand it, announced the entire opera for his benefit; and although it had now been neglected for upwards of fourteen years, the Tsirk Theatre went to the expense of producing it in the most elaborate style. Petroff, the singer who caused the revival of Glinka's ill-fated opera, had but a slight part to perform—which made his action the more meritorious—and he is said to have filled it to perfection. All the other vocalists distinguished themselves by their zeal and efficiency; but the conductor had taken upon himself to mutilate the work in a shameful manner: the overture was hurried through at a ridiculous pace. Several instrumental movements were curtailed, and one of the first scenes, in which the prophetess of the legend foretells the advent of Pouschkin, the Great Russian poet, was cut out. Critics protested, published a list of the pieces omitted or disfigured, compared the *tempi* of the Tsirk Theatre with those marked by Glinka in the original manuscript, and M. Stassaff, in the *Russian Messenger* (from which we obtained all our information on the subject), summed up the misdoings of the musical director by saying that he "could not have treated the opera worse if it had been the most frivolous production of the Italian school."

At last, fire, which has performed such contrary offices in Russia—now destroying whole villages, at another time burning out legions of Frenchmen from the very heart of the Empire—came to the assistance of Glinka. It had served him a bad turn in Moscow—though it must be remembered that the Moscow edition of the work was not *Rooslan and Loodmila* in its original form, but *Rooslan and Loodmila* as altered to meet the views of some of Glinka's friends; at St Petersburgh it made up for any former injuries it might have inflicted on the composer, by devouring the mutilated score, and the whole of the fragmentary orchestral parts—whose fate was unavoidably shared by the theatre itself, together with all the scenery and decorations. The musical director escaped.

It is of course a great pity that the Tsirk Theatre should be burned to the ground, but the musical public of Russia may congratulate itself on the Tsirk's perversion of *Rooslan and Loodmila* not having been saved. It is surely better not to hear music at all for a time, than to hear it misrendered, with a chance of the misrendering turning into a tradition. During nearly twenty years, that have elapsed since its first production, Glinka's principal work must have been studied by numbers of persons, it has passed through a great deal of criticism, and two conflagrations, it has been rescued by fire from the hands of a merciless arranger (who appears to be the Alary of St. Petersburgh), and let us hope that it is only reserved now to be performed—and appreciated—in its integrity.

GLASGOW MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

WE have already at some length directed attention to the principal features of the recent great musical gathering in the North. We have shown the benefits likely to accrue from an undertaking of such magnitude, the impulse it is calculated to give to art, and the effect it will create on the popular mind. That a real feeling and taste for music existed in the minds of Scotchmen, no one pretended to doubt; but that, out of the capital, the people had not opportunities of hearing the best music, and that consequently it was not understood and appreciated, were supposed to be facts not to be disputed. The Glasgow Festival can only be accepted as an inauguration of a better state of things; and no reason can be shown why Glasgow should not compete with Birmingham, Norwich, Bradford, and Leeds, in establishing a triennial festival. The members of the Choral Union, we have no doubt, will not remain idle after the success they achieved, but endeavour to place the "city of the saut herring" on a par with less populous and renowned cities of the South.

The Festival was an unequivocal success. It opened on Tuesday evening with *Elijah*. The principal solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey and

Mr. Weiss. The opening chorus "Help, Lord," although a little tremulous at first, satisfied every listener as to the quality of the choir. Power, precision, energy, correctness of intonation, were alike manifested. Indeed, the chorus merited the highest praise throughout the oratorio, and many did not hesitate to express an opinion, that finer choral singing could not be heard in London. Much of the perfection at which the members have arrived is undoubtedly due to W. H. Albert Lambert, the conductor, who has been for months indefatigable in exercising the whole corps. The solo singers were all in admirable force, but the sensation they created may be readily surmised.

On Wednesday night a miscellaneous concert was given. There were no important pieces for the orchestra besides the overtures to the *Zauberflote*, *The Naïades*, and *Oberon*. The latter was encored. The vocal pieces comprised most of the favourites of the day, which, of course, were in some measure new to most of the Glasgow folk. Mr. Lambert was incapacitated from attending, and Mr. Horsley filled the place of conductor.

Mr. Horsley's, new oratorio, *Gideon* produced on Thursday evening was the novelty of the festival, and excited much curiosity and interest. The composer himself conducted; the band and chorus had bestowed infinite pains on the rehearsals, and the soloists were instigated by a real brotherly and sisterly affection, to give the work every chance of succeeding. The principal singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Witham, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Winn. The oratorio was eminently successful. A brief analysis (without criticism) of the musical arrangement of the work (the book has already been described) may not be out of place, *en attendant*—a detailed account from the pen of a competent judge, which we have in hand:—

"The Oratorio opens with an overture, based on the war cry, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' and this cry is more fully developed towards the conclusion of the piece. The Israelites, driven into the mountains of Gilboa, assemble in the valley of Ophra, and there lament their misfortunes in a lengthy chorus (G minor) 'Woe! woe! to Israel,' and, notwithstanding that one of their prophets (Mr. Lockey) reminds them of the wonders God had before wrought for his chosen, they continue their lamentations in an allegro agitato chorus (D minor), in the same strain as the former. Ebed (Mr. Weiss), craftily prevails upon them to turn to Baal for comfort, and they accordingly are about to offer a sacrifice, having first rendered praise in a song-like chorus 'He is a god of laughter' (D major), when Zillah (Madame Novello) in an air (E flat), half persuades them to forego their intention; but Ebed tauntingly asks them "Fools! shall a woman bend ye to her fancy?' and they at once break into a chorus 'Baal! mighty Baal' (F major), in honour of their god. Not only will they not hear the prophetess, Zillah, but they take an heifer of her flock to sacrifice to Baal. The remonstrance of the prophetess causes them frantically to cry out for Zillah's death, but the appearance of Gideon (Mr. Sims Reeves) upon the scene restrains their wrath, and in a part chorus, 'Retire we, Heaven speaks by Gideon's voice' (G major), they retire, and Gideon returns to his father's house, where, in a musing recitative, followed by an air, 'O mighty God of Israel' (E major), he prays for divine direction and support, and is encouraged by a chorus of angels (A major), female voices only, 'Go, in this thy might!' and in answer to his question, 'Oh, my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel?' he is directed how to proceed against the Midianite; but before doing so, he, with his servants, destroys the shrines of Baal (chorus, D minor, 'Down with the shrines of darkness'), and rears an altar to the living God. Zillah, wandering disconsolate, meets with Gideon, and together they unite in praise to the Almighty. The duet is written in F major. The theme of praise to God, and prayer for deliverance, is continued in a double part choral (B flat), and with its conclusion the first portion of the work is brought to an end. The second part opens with the discovery by the Baal worshippers of the overthrow of their altars, and, along with Ebed, they loudly cry for Gideon's death, but Zillah and Joash intercede for him, the latter declaring 'In deep, still trance my son is sleeping,' whereupon Zillah, in a song (B flat), 'Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,' describes the blessed influence of rest. A series of recitatives and airs follows, in which the near approach of the Midianitish host is told, and the people, in their strait, cry to God. A solo (A flat), 'O, Israel, dear Israel,' and an unaccompanied quartet (C minor), 'Unwonted awe pervades each heart!' Gideon now declares 'The spirit of the Lord is upon me,' and, in an air (E minor), asks for divine help. The people, encouraged, declare their trust in the Lord—chorus (C major), 'All nations compassed us round about'—and prepare to follow Gideon against the camp of the Midianites. The third part opens with a war march (A minor), in the camp of the enemy, and is followed by a laudatory chorus (A major), 'We have stormed in our might.' It is written for tenors and basses only. Gideon, doubtful of his own powers, and apprehensive of the result, for now but three hundred men remained with him, consults his Creator in a recitative (F major), preceded by a symphony, 'Lord, who am I?' and as his fears vanish he breaks out into an air, 'Lord, in youth's eager years,' and is then commanded to 'Arise! get thee down into the host—take Pharaoh, thy servant with thee!' The remainder of the oratorio is taken up with the battle, which is described by angel witnesses, as the people rush impetuously forward with the cry, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' and is concluded by the chorus, 'Welcome, meek and royal heart!' and with another, wherein the glory is ascribed to the Most High, 'All glory be to God on high,' both in A major."

At the termination of the first part, and at the end of the performance, which we have intimated was eminently successful, Mr. Horsley was called for and received with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. Horsley conducted the whole of the oratorio, and displayed infinite tact in his arduous labours.

On Friday night, *The Messiah* was given. Of this performance it is only necessary to say, that it attracted, as it does invariably at all the festivals, the greatest crowd of the week, and was executed to the entire satisfaction of all present. It is calculated that a good balance will remain for the charities after all expenses are paid.

M. AND MADAME GASSIER are expected shortly to arrive in London for the season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—It is rumoured that a Grand Rifle, or Volunteer, Ball, will be given at the New Floral Hall, attached to the Royal Italian Opera, on the 8th of March, under the most distinguished patronage.

EXETER HALL.—Last night the choruses of *Elijah* were rehearsed by the London Amateur Contingent of the Great Handel Choir, numbering 1,600 voices, under the direction of Mr. Costa.

MYDDELTON HALL.—The first of a series of weekly concerts took place in the above hall on Monday evening last. The principal artists were Mad. Vinning, Mrs. G. A. Cooper, and Miss Fanny Reeves, Messrs. Elliot Galer, G. A. Cooper, and Viotti Collins. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. The music was of a miscellaneous character, and several pieces were encored, amongst which were Madame Vinning's "Within a mile of Edinbro," Miss Reeves' "If I could have my way," and "Come into the garden, Maud," by Mr. Galer; also a new song by J. Mallandaine, "I'd rather be a soldier," rendered with considerable effect by Mr. Galer, and enthusiastically redemanded. Mr. Frank Mori, conducted, with his usual ability.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Those who were fortunate enough to be present at Exeter Hall on Friday, February 3rd, are not likely soon to forget the remarkably fine performance of that evening, when Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Handel's Dettingen "Te Deum" were given before an audience which literally crammed that most incommodious building to repletion, many being turned away, unable to find even standing room. The *Lobgesang* (Hymn of Praise) was the first and, unhappily, the last of three great works which the illustrious composer had projected under the title of *Sinfoina Cantata*, and was originally produced at Leipsic, at a festival to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of printing, when the statue of Guttenburg was inaugurated. Its first performance in England was at the Birmingham Festival, in 1840, since which time it has been frequently heard at the Exeter Hall and the provincial festivals, but had not till within a few years achieved a success commensurate with its merits, which may be in a great measure attributed to imperfect execution consequent upon its immense difficulties, which tax singers and players to a much higher degree than any other work by the same composer. Recent

performances, however, and especially the performance of Friday night, have satisfied all but the most hypercritical, who, "more nice than wise," would discover slight flaws and minute short-comings even in perfection itself. The general, indeed we may say unanimous, opinion of connoisseurs was, that so effective a rendering of the work had never previously been heard in this or, indeed, any other country, and with such high praise to award, it is a matter of difficulty where to begin. *Place aux dames*—let us commence with Madame Clara Novello, whom we deeply regret to hear intends taking leave of the public this season. A void will be thus created difficult to fill up; indeed, for the moment, impossible, for where are we to find a voice of such quality combined with the musicianlike knowledge she possesses in so eminent a degree? Mad. Novello was received both by the audience and orchestra with long-continued applause, and sustained her reputation throughout. The air, "Praise thou the Lord," the short solo, "The night is departing," the duet with Miss Martin, who most efficiently supplied the place of toe clever Miss Fanny Rowland (prevented from appearing by indisposition), at a very short notice, and the duet with Mr. Sims Reeves, "My song shall always be Thy mercy," were, one and all, eminently satisfactory. Never has Mr. Reeves sung more magnificently than upon this occasion. The plaintive first air, the picturesque solo, "The sorrows of death," in which occurs the wonderful passage, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" literally thrilled the audience, and the succeeding grand chorus, "The night is departing," produced a sensation not readily forgotten. The choruses were, one and all, given with a precision and attention to light and shade far beyond any previous occasion; and the excellence of the band showed to the greatest advantage, not only in the accompaniments, but in the introductory orchestral symphony, the three movements of which were given to perfection. Of the Dettingen "Te Deum" so entirely different in character, we may also speak in terms of unreserved praise. Each a work of thanksgiving—one produced at a commemoration of the most peaceful—the other in celebration of the most warlike art—each is alike admirable. The majesty and grandeur of Handel formed a wonderful contrast (neither suffering) to the more elaborate and highly coloured beauties of Mendelssohn, and appeared to be as thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, who, in both instances, as usual, defied the orthodox regulations, and although they did not encore, by no means refrained from applause. The solos were exclusively allotted to the bass voice, in accordance with the original intention of Handel, and when we say that Signor Belletti was the soloist, our readers may be satisfied that an irreproachable performance was the result. To Mr. T. Harper, of course, fell the trumpet *obbligato* to "Thou art the King of Glory," and we believe ourselves fully justified in saying, that no other player living, native or foreign, could have played it like him. The great success of this performance has fully justified the Society in announcing its repetition for Friday, the 17th instant.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION have announced their First Subscription Concert, for this season, to take place on Wednesday Evening next, February 15th, at St. James's Hall. The performance will consist of Mendelssohn's Psalm," "Hear my Prayer, O God!" and several new part-songs, by Messrs. Benedict, Berger, and H. Smart, with choir of 200 voices. Mdlle. Parepa and Mdlle. Marie Wieck are engaged. M. Benedict is, as before, the conductor.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

UNLIKE most of his predecessors in the art of conjuring, Herr Wiljalba Frikell has established himself in this country as a permanent promoter of amusement, and, when other entertainments recommence, an exhibition of his feats is anticipated as one of the natural events of the season. His elevation above a host of competitors is due not only to his extraordinary skill, but also to the circumstance that he was the first to revive that genuine legerdemain which had almost become forgotten amid the superabundance of mechanical ingenuity. Instead of training his fingers to the performance of invisible movements, the modern necromancer had begun to invest his capital in a glittering apparatus, which not only dazzled the eyes, but perplexed the investigation of the spectators, so that manual dexterity was rendered almost superfluous. It was in opposition to this mechanical school of conjuring, that Herr Wiljalba Frikell, a Finn by birth, and probably sprung from a race of "Schamanns," made his appearance some two years since, and people accustomed to behold a collection of shining objects that looked like the stock-in-trade of some colossal silversmith, were surprised to find an unassuming little gentleman stationed behind an ordinary table, and prepared to amuse them with the aid of such simple expedients as hats, handkerchiefs, and goblets. We do not mean to say that Herr Frikell's tricks derive no aid whatever from mechanical contrivance, but merely that mechanism is not obtruded, and is but an accessory to sleight of hand.

The series of performances which he commenced on Wednesday, and which are to terminate with the present week, are characterised by the melancholy word "farewell;" and Herr Frikell, to take leave of his many patrons, chooses a wider field of operation than any in which he has hitherto appeared. Leaving the Polygraphic Hall, he occupies the large room in St. James's Hall, where he has hitherto been visited by a numerous body of spectators.

BELFAST—(*From our Correspondent*).—The Classical Harmonists' Society performed *Judas Maccabæus* on the 31st of January, and gave an opera recital on the following night. *Der Freischütz* was the opera selected for the honour of being the first ever produced in this manner at Belfast, and we are glad to say the performance was most successful, and has created quite a sensation. The principal singers were, Madame Weiss, Mr. E. J. Wells, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Weiss—the parts of Cuno and Kilian being taken by members of the Society. The local band was largely augmented by gentlemen from London, Manchester, Dublin, &c., and was, perhaps, the finest ever assembled in Belfast. They played the overture and the incantation music with immense spirit. The chorus numbered about seventy voices. The audience frequently testified their delight by great applause, and Mr. Weiss was compelled to repeat the celebrated *Trinklied*. The Bridesmaids' chorus and the Huntsmen's chorus were also encored, the four solos in the former being taken by members of the chorus. In the second part of the programme, the duet on French horns, by Herren F. and H. Stoeckel was very remarkable. Herr Elsner's solo on the violoncello was clever, and well received. Madame Weiss was encored in G. B. Allen's new ballad, "Dennis," when she substituted another new one by the same composer, called "Katty." Miss Wells was encored in "The soldier tired," and Mr. Weiss in his own setting of Longfellow's "Slave's dream." Mr. Benson only escaped an encore in "The meeting of the waters," through the lateness of the hour—nearly half-past eleven, at which time scarcely any one had left the hall. The National Anthem brought the concert to a close. Mr. Allen was conductor, and Mr. H. Loveday leader.

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I never more will grieve thee:,
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If I indeed must leave thee.
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken;
I did not dream those cherished chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
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Men of Suliote, rouse ye,
See on yonder mountain's brow,
Glows the beacon light!
Warlike songs are singing,—
While the trumpets ringing
Call the valiant Pallikari,
To the coming Fight.

What though foes surround us,
Though their chains have bound us,
We will live as freemen live,
Or die as warriors die.
Come with weapons gleaming—
Come with banners streaming,
Raise your glorious battle cry,
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There should be no despair for you,
While nightly stars are burning;
While evening pours its silent dew,
And sunshine gilds the morning.

There should be no despair, though tears
May flow down like a river:
Are not the best-beloved of years
Around your heart for ever.

They weep, you weep, it must be so;
Winds sigh, as you are sighing,
And winter sheds its grief in snow,
Where autumn's leaves are lying.

Yet, these revive, and from their fate,
Your fate cannot be parted;
Then, journey on, if not elate,
Still, never broken hearted.

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O, haste with thy burden to life's narrow gate,
Ere the night shadows falling proclaim thee too late

Knock, little pilgrim, it shall not be vain,
Thy feeble entreaties admittance shall gain;
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A sunbeam fell down from above!

The dew-drop instinctively felt there had come
A rival—his loved one to prove,
A shelter he sought next the heart of the rose,
And whispered soft vows of his love.

Still nearer came that sunbeam gay,
As he called the rose his bride,
Those words the dew-drop heard him say,
Then drooped his head and died.

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"The Christmas Rose! The Christmas Rose!
'Mid wintry frost and snow it blows;
And opes its portals pure and fair,
When winds have swept the gay parterre.
Just like a true and constant friend,
Whose faith no storms of life can bend;
Not the mere friend of summer day,
But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
And sad the spirit sighs alone;
Then marvel not that thus I twine
My thoughts around this gift of thine,
And muse on hopes and joys that last,
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Prithee tell me, gentle sir,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me?
It is not *Love* torments me so:
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me!

I try to sing—my voice is sad!
I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can *you* not tell? nor *you*? nor *you*?
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here, *he'd* tell me what to do,
To bid the demon slumber!
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm *sure* 'twould cheer my heart—but then
"I'm not in love, remember!"
I'm not in love, remember.

"ARE THEY MEANT BUT TO DECEIVE ME."

Poetry from the Polish.

Composed by A. REICHARDT. Price 2s. 6d.

Are they meant but to deceive me,
Those fond words that tell of love;
Ah! for ever it would grieve me
If their falsehood I should prove.
Though my heart would trust them gladly,
Though belief, alone, is bliss,
Yet I still must ponder sadly,
Ah! what bitter pain is this.

All my inmost soul concealing,
Shall I sternly answer "No!"
Or each secret wish revealing
Shall my words unfettered flow.
Ever lingering, never speaking,
Here my thoughts shall I express
For my heart if you are seeking,
Strive to find it by a guess.

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THE FAVOURITE SONGS OF THE SEASON.

"MARGARETTA,"

By BALFE,

SUNG BY SIMS REEVES.

When I was in my teens,
I loved dear Margaretta,
I know not what it means,
I cannot now forget her.
That vision of the past,
My head is ever craning,
Yet when I saw her last
I could not speak for gazing.
Queen of rural maids,
My dark-eyed Margaretta,
The heart the mind upbraids
That struggles to forget her.

My love I know will seem
A wayward boyish folly;
But, ah! it was a dream,
Most sweet, most melancholy.
Were mine the world's domain,
To me 'twere fortune better,
To be a boy again,
And dream of Margaretta.
Oh! mem'ry of the past,
Why linger to regret her?
My first love was my last,
And that is Margaretta.

"IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO."

By HATTON.

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.
And Nature, the old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."
"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wander'd away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.
And whenever the way seem'd long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marv'lous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;
Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranzes vaches of old;
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold.
And the Mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return."

"WHY DON'T HE TELL ME SO?"

By BERGER,

SUNG BY MISS LOUISA VINNING.

In truth, I think he loves me,
For I have often seen
The blush mount to his temple,
When we alone have been;
His voice, too, often trembles,
As sweet the words do flow;
But if he really loves me,
Why don't he tell me so?
Why don't, &c,

Methinks he is too bashful,
Or, p'raps he's half afraid
I might scorn to hear the words,
He hath so long delayed!
They tell me "that he loves me,"
My friends all seem to know;
But if it is the truth they speak,
Why don't he tell me so?
Why don't, &c.

"SWEETHEART,"

By BALFE,

SUNG BY WILBYE COOPER.

There is a little bird that sings—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"
I know not what his name may be;
I only know he pleases me,
As loud he sings—and thus sings he—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

I've heard him sing, on soft Spring days—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"
And when the sky was dark above,
And wintry winds had stripp'd the grove,
He still poured forth those words of love—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"

And like that bird, my heart, too, sings—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"
When heav'n is dark, or bright and blue,
When trees are bare, or leaves are new,
It thus sings on, and sings of you—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"

What need of other words than these—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"
If I should sing a whole year long,
My love would not be shown more strong,
Than by this short and simple song—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"

"DON'T COME TEASING ME, SIR."

By HATTON.

You're wasting time, most precious time,
In dangling daily here, Sir,
Go seek elsewhere your lady fair,
And learn to be sincere, Sir.
The damsel pert with whom you flirt,
Will suit you best, I see, Sir,
So keep away I humbly pray,
And don't come teasing me, Sir.
So keep away, &c.

I've grown quite tir'd of being admir'd,
By fickle swains like you, Sir;
For all you say to me to-day,
Is neither new, nor true, Sir.
Your oft-told tale is old and stale,
Your actions don't agree, Sir,
In short, you find I've changed my mind,
So don't come teasing me, Sir.
So keep away, &c.

The heart in thrall is captive all,
And can't divide allegiance;
It yields to one who shares with none,
It's full and prompt obedience,
True love deals fair, nor seeks to share
A heart that is not free, Sir,
Wins all or none, as I have done,
So don't come teasing me, Sir.
So keep away, &c.

"THE MAID I LOVE HATH MANY A GRACE,"

By HATTON,

SUNG BY MR. LOCKEY.

The maid I love hath many a grace;
How fair her form, how sweet her face!

And can'st thou tell me, Mariner,
Fast sailing o'er the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star,
Were half so fair to thee!
The maid I love, &c.

And can'st thou tell me, Cavalier,
Whose arms are gleaming bright,
If steed or arms be half so dear
As her fond eyes of light?
The maid I love, &c.

Or can'st thou tell me, Shepherd Boy,
Watching thy flock with care,
If herds, or sunlit valleys green,
Or skies be half so fair?
If herds, &c.

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V. R.

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WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.—HERR MAURICE NABICH has the honour to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT, at the above Rooms, on Tuesday, 21st February, 1860, commencing at 8 o'clock, when he will be assisted by The Islington German Gesang-Verein, and the following eminent artists:—Vocalists, Madame Rudersdorff and Madame Weiss, Herr Weiss and Herr de Becker.—Instrumentalists, pianoforte, Herr E. Pauer; Clarionet, Herr Papé; Flute, Herr Svendsen; and Trombone, Herr Nabich. Conductors, Signor A. Randegger and Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Reserved seats' 7s. 6d., Unreserved seats, 5s. Tickets to be had of Messrs. Chappell and Co., New Bond-street; Messrs. Cramer and Beale, Regent-street: and all the principal Musicsellers. Programme, Parte Prima, Das Deutsche Vaterland, Reichardt; performed by the Gesang-Verein. Septuor, from Lucia, expressly arranged for Herr Nabich, for trombone and piano, by Julius Stern; Herr E. Pauer and Herr Nabich. Der Wanderer, Schubert; Mr. Weiss. Aria, Non jo ne veux pas chanter, Nicolo Isousrd; Madame Rudersdorff. Spinnlied, Littolf; Herr E. Pauer. Recit. e Aria, Deh vieni tardar, Mozart; Madame Weiss. Grand Duetto for piano and Clarionet, C. M. von Weber; Herr Pauer and Herr Papé Aria, D'Egitto, (Nabuco) Verdi; Herr de Becker. Concertino, for trombone, composed and expressly arranged for trombone and piano, F. David; Herr Pauer and Herr Nabich. Parte Seconda. Im Wald, Haeser; performed by the Gesang-Verein. Solo, for flute, Boehm; Herr Svensden. Irish Melody, Denis, G. B. Allen; Madame Rudersdorff, Salut à la Havanne, E. Pauer; Herr E. Pauer. Duetto, La ci darem, Mozart; Madame and Mr. Weiss. Song, Scenes of my youth, J. Benedict; performed on the trombone by Herr Nabich. Canzone Espagnola, No vayais al bosque, ninsa, Gaztambide; Madame Rudersdorff. German Song, Keller; Herr de Becker. Solo, for trombone; Herr Nabich. Galop, Möhring; performed by the Gesang-Verein.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—THE FIRST CONCERT, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 29th, at ST. JAMES'S HALL. Programme—IN MEMORIAM—Spohr's Symphony, "The Power of Sound;" Sterndale Bennett's Overture, "The Wood Nymphs;" Schumann's Overture, "Genevieve;" Rossini's Overture, "The Siege of Corinth." Ernst, Concertina. Violin—Mr. H. G. Blagrove. Vocalists—Mdlle. Parepa and Signor Belletti. Conductor—Mr. ALFRED MELLON. To commence at half-past eight. Doors open at eight o'clock.

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MISS LAURA BAXTER has the honour to announce to her pupils and friends that she will give a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, the particulars of which will be published in future advertisements. Communications to be addressed to Miss Laura Baxter's residence, 155, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, Monday evening, Feb. 20th; and Public Rehearsal, To-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, Feb. 18th. Conductor, Dr. WYLDE. To commence at 8 o'clock. Programme:—Part I. Overture, Abenceragen—Cherubini; aria, Signor Belletti—Mozart; concerto in E. minor, violin and orchestra: violin, Mr. H. Blagrove—Spohr; chorus, Ruins of Athens—Beethoven; air with chorus, "Calm is the glassy ocean," Idomeneo, Mdlle. Parepa—Mozart; symphony in B. flat, adagio, allegro, andante, minuetto, finale—Beethoven. Part II. Concerto in G. minor, pianoforte and orchestra, Mdlle. Marie Wieck—Mendelssohn; aria, Signor Belletti—Rossini; fantasia, violoncello, Signor Piatti—Piatti; madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed"—Edwardes, A.D. 1560; aria, Mdlle. Parepa—Rossini; overture—Weber. The subscription for five grand concerts and five public rehearsals is £2 2s. for a reserved sofa stall. Tickets at popular prices, viz.:—For the concert on Monday evening, Feb. 20, area and gallery, 1s.; balcony, 2s., 3s., 5s., and 7s.; area stalls, 5s.; sofa stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets for the public rehearsal on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 18:—Area and gallery, 1s.; balcony 3s.; area stalls, 5s. Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; and at the hall.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The next CONCERT will take place on Thursday, February 23, to commence at half-past 8. Stalls, 4s.: gallery, 2s.: area, 1s.—Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 310, Regent-street; the Hall; and at Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside.

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MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS will return to London for the season on Monday, February 27th. All letters to be addressed to him at his residence, 4, Torrington-street, Russell-square, W.C.
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The Royal Volunteer Ball will take place on the evening of Wednesday March 7th, the day on which Her Majesty will hold a Court specially to receive the Officers of the various Volunteer Corps from the different parts of the kingdom.

The Ball will take place in the New Floral Hall, Covent Garden.

The list of the Ladies Patronesses through whom the tickets will be issued will be completed and announced, together with the details of all the arrangements, in the course of a few days.

THE LEEDS MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—On Saturday February 25, will be performed (for the first time in Yorkshire) at the Town Hall, Leeds. P. von Lindpaintner's Oratorio, THE WIDOW OF NAIN. Principal vocalists: Madame Weiss, Miss Hodgson, Mr. Inkersall, and Mr. Weiss, with the Society's powerful Chorus and an efficient Orchestra. Conductor Mr. W. Spark.

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In the professional department there are still vacancies for honorary members for the following instruments:—Four first violins, one second violin, and two violas.

All communications to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary of the London Orchestral Association, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.

H. J. BRAHAM, Hon. Sec.

REVIEW.

"'Six Organ Pieces in various styles,' intended as introductory to the characteristic difficulties of the Instrument"—by Henry Smart (Wessel and Co.)—If the remaining four pieces of the above series are as good as those we have before us (Nos. 1 and 2), organ-players, professional and amateur, will have to thank Mr. Henry Smart for a most valuable contribution to the not by any means too abundantly varied repertory of the noble and universally venerated instrument of their predilection. That Mr. Smart is an accomplished organist, no less than a musician of distinguished ability and rare acquirements, all our readers must be aware; and few will refrain from joining us in the earnest wish that he would accord to the organ the same amount of diligent attention by means of which he is now extending, in a series of first-class compositions, the "*materiel*" at disposal of the numerous choral societies existing in this country. Mr. Smart's recent part-songs have excited general and warm admiration, and the English school is in a sensible degree a gainer by every one of them. In no inferior measure would our school of organ-playing and organ-composing be benefited were Mr. Smart assiduously to advance in the path indicated by the charming pieces before us—which, however, to judge from the fact of their being inscribed to his friend, the late Mr. Thomas Adams, must have been written some time since. Both numbers are highly interesting, and, though each is genuine organ-music, having nothing in common but their artistic beauty and refinement, both will be indispensable. We need not further recommend them, nor do anything more than call attention to the fact of their existence, being well assured that whoever has either in his possession—whether No 1 or No. 2—will not rest satisfied until he has obtained the other. The want of such organ-music, refined and musicianlike, moderately difficult, and without a touch of pedantry—something, in short, between Bach, or Handel, and a certain school which, in these days, seems to aim at metamorphosing the organ into an orchestra—has long been sensibly felt. No living composer is more capable of meeting the demand by a rich and varied supply than Mr. Henry Smart.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

HANDEL'S *MESSIAH*.

SIR,—A work that has been so long in existence as Handel's *Messiah*, that has been performed in every quarter of the civilised globe, that has excited the admiration of all the great musicians who have succeeded Handel, and been the delight of countless thousands, would almost seem to be beyond the pale of criticism; and were it not true that time consolidates error as well as truth, any one venturing to pass a censure upon such a production might fairly be accused of rashness. But at the risk of being charged with temerity, and perhaps with something worse, I venture, through your columns, to point out what I cannot help considering a defect, and not a slight one either, in this great oratorio. I allude to the chorus, "All we like sheep have gone astray," which presents, to my mind, a complete violation of the æsthetical laws that govern the union between words and music—the chief of which I take to be "That the music should express the *emotions* of the mind that are indicated by the words;" vocal music being, to make use of an admirable expression of Mr. Herbert Spencer, in its essence, "idealised emotion." Try Handel's chorus by this law. The words are few. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Apart from intellectual ideas, what emotions, I would ask, do these words express? The two first sentences, and it is upon these that nearly the whole of the chorus has been written, most assuredly express penitence, for we cannot suppose them to be uttered under the influence of any other feeling. Does the music correspond? Very far from it, as it appears to me; so far, indeed, that I never listen to it without thinking what an excellent Bacchanalian chorus it would make. How Handel could commit such a blunder, I cannot imagine, because he is usually so very accurate in his adaptation of music to words, of which there could not be a more striking example than the concluding portion of this very chorus. What profound depth of feeling is embodied in these few bars, and what a contrast to the preceding portion! It is difficult to understand, too, how it is that professed critics have been so silent on this point, for I am not aware of a single one who has ever mentioned it; and that none of the thousands of intelligent people who have heard the oratorio performed, especially the clergy of all denominations, have ever ventured to call in question the æsthetic propriety of this chorus. If I am wrong in the view I take of it, I shall be exceedingly glad to be set right; if I am right, the chorus should be at once expunged from the work. It is already too long, and were this removed, there would be a better chance of the divine song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," (which is not unfrequently sung when the audience are filing out by scores,) being heard. I recommend the matter to the consideration of Mr. Charles Hallé, who is about to produce the *Messiah*, with large means and appliances, in Manchester, and to all who have in future the task of bringing it before the public.

ALEXIS.

[Let us earnestly entreat Mr. Hallé *not* to "expunge" the chorus, which is one of the most characteristic emanations from Handel's pen.—ED.]

LORD WARD *v.* LUMLEY.

(*London Sittings after Hilary Term, before the* LORD CHIEF BARON *and Special Juries, Guildhall.*)

MR. BOVILL, Q.C., and Mr. Mellish appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., and Mr. Maude, for the defendant.

This was an action of debt for rent. The main plea was one of accord and satisfaction by giving up possession of the Opera House, and cancelling the lease. The defendant was the lessee of the Opera House. The speculation was not successful, and the plaintiff had in various ways assisted the defendant to keep the house open. In 1856 the debt had so increased that it became necessary to make some arrangements. The lease was then assigned to the plaintiff. This lease had about thirty-six years to run, and was subject to a ground-rent of £1,900. The plaintiff then leased the Opera House to the defendant at a rent of £6,275 per annum. This rent was paid till Michaelmas, 1847. After this no rent was paid. On the 10th of August, 1858, possession was given up, and the lease cancelled. The action was brought to recover £4,560 for this rent. Defendant set up that it was agreed that if the lease was given up this rent need not be paid.

John Henry Benbow, the plaintiff's solicitor, having been examined by Mr. Mellish, said, in cross-examination by Mr. James,—Lord Ward has been connected some years with the Opera. He had advanced sums of money to release the house from liabilities. The lease was assigned to Lord Ward. There was due to his lordship £38,600 at the time of assignment. The ground-rent was £1,900; the house was let at £6,275. The lease had 36 years to run. The case of "Crofts and Lumley" was then pending. It raised the question as to whether the lease was forfeited to the ground landlord. It was decided in April, 1858, in the House of Lords. I always told defendant he must pay rent and give up possession. I did not tell him if he would give up possession quietly I would not ask him for rent. Possession was given up on the 10th of August. I told Lumley he must give a warrant of attorney; he objected, on the ground that giving a judgment must be very prejudicial to him. I proposed that he should give an undertaking to give a judgment. He refused. It was not on the ground that it had been agreed that if he gave up possession Lord Ward would not ask for rent. Lord Ward desired me to insist upon the payment of the rent. Lord Ward has possession of the theatre.

Re-examined.—Lord Ward was paid nearly £100,000 on the part of the theatre. His lordship had bought the properties for £10,500 before the assignment. The suit for ejectment was pending at the time of the assignment, so that if it had been decided against Lumley the assignment to Lord Ward would have been valueless.

Lord Ward examined by Mr. Bovill.—My first transaction with Lumley was the purchase of Opera boxes when he became lessee. The theatre was closed some three or four years before 1856. I interested myself to get the theatre open. Lumley could not open it on account of liabilities. I assisted him to pay off these liabilities. I have advanced in all from £90,000 to £100,000. For that I have the assignment of the lease. I remember the meeting of the 25th June,

1857. Lumley was anxious about the appeal, and wished the terms of his lease altered. It was promised that if Croft's case was settled in Lumley's favour, I would reduce the rent from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent.

By the Chief Baron.—I never in any shape or way agreed to give up back rent if Lumley would give up possession.

Mr. James having addressed the jury for the defendant—

Mr. Lumley was examined by Mr. Hawkins.—I have been connected with the Opera since 1842. My connection with Lord Ward commenced in 1844. The action of "Croft *v.* Lumley" commenced in 1853. Lord Ward had purchased judgments against the theatre. In March, 1856, I made an assignment of the lease to Lord Ward. I valued it at £150,000. Previously Lord Ward had offered me £10,000 if I would assign it absolutely to him. In 1857, I asked his lordship to forego two years' rent. He consented to forego one year's rent. In July, 1857, his lordship stated that if the decision in the House of Lords was favourable he would reduce the rent from 5 to 4 per cent. and that one year's rent should be foregone, and spread over the remainder of the term. The decision in the House of Lords was given in April, 1858, in my favour. In May, 1858, I had an interview with Benbow. I said, "If Lord Ward will carry out the plan mentioned for forming a company, I could get the money." He said, "If you will give up possession quietly, I will give up the rent." On the 7th of June, 1858, I executed a transfer of the properties to his lordship. A writ was issued on the 19th of June. A few days afterwards I had an interview at Dudley House. I gave a pledge to give up possession immediately after termination of the season. Afterwards I told Benbow that he had promised to forego the rent if I would quietly give up possession. He assented. In October I saw his lordship at Paris. No demand was made. I said, "Your lordship always promised me a year's rent." He said, "You have got it."

Cross-examined by Mr. Bovill.—I do not know that the lease has been valued at £50,000. The properties of theatre were put up to auction in 1853. Lord Ward bought them for £10,000. I used them, and as they wore out I replaced them. During the proceedings in the House of Lords the ground rent was in arrear. I received all the receipts of the theatre in 1858, and I neither paid ground rent nor Lord Ward's rent.

Charles Lee, examined by Mr. Bovill.—I valued the theatre at £50,000.

Cross-examined.—We have asked £7,000 a-year of Mr. Smith. I have refused an offer of £7,000, but no security was offered, and I refused.

The Chief Baron having summed up,

The jury almost immediately found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, £4,560.

A LETTER OF MENDELSSOHN,

[Written at the age of 15 years to Frederik Voigts, author of the book to the opera, *The Wedding of Camacho*, translated and communicated by his fellow-student and friend, Dr. Ferdinand Rahles.]

HONOURED SIR,—Excuse me that my thanks for the excellent first act comes so late, as I would not express my gratitude before having acquainted myself thoroughly with its beauties; and having now done so, I find my thanks too feeble for such a masterpiece.

I shall endeavour to imitate your poetry; but feel afraid that I may not be able to express through my music those elevated impressions which it must produce on every one at the first reading, but hope with my ardent desire to try to do the utmost in my power. The first act is so beautiful and charming, that I anxiously wish to be in possession of the second as soon as possible, and beg of you to realise this favour at your earliest convenience.

You will kindly allow me to state the following remarks:—

With regard to the verses and the diction of those parts, which are to be set to music, I have very seldom, I may say never, met before with such excellent ones, which in the first perusal have had the power of producing musical ideas in me. They are so smooth, so fitted to the adaptation of music, not too long, and contain all the qualities of a superior opera text.

As the numbers of pieces to be composed are too many, I make use of the liberty you kindly granted me in omitting the following ones, viz.—the arietta of Vivaldo, "My sword, my lyre;" the aria of Lucinda, "How inconvenient is a fortune;" and the immediate following air of Carrasco, "What a running;" because there would be seven music-pieces without an interspersed dialogue, by which the audience would be tired. The choruses of the cousins, in contrast to those which enter with Carrasco, please me exceedingly, and the short advice you give me, shows how I must set them to music.

I also must ask the favour not to divide the opera into three acts, but compress the whole in two, as agreed upon. Lately I saw *Hamlet*, in which a priest comes upon the stage and speaks, so I think we have got over the difficulties we thought we might encounter in bringing the *clerical garb* upon the scene. Let priest remain priest; but he must not be allowed to sing upon the stage: and the opera an opera in two acts. Amen!

What a fine fellow is Vivaldo, and an excellent part for a tenor singer, and as you will do away with Basilio's going through the air, I do not see any difficulty more in having a good singer for this part also. St. Peter may say, "Let every man have what belongs to him," and so says the basso Sancho upon his gray mare.

The only favour I have again to ask you is, to let me have the second act, for which I am longing and very anxious; therefore be so good as to send it as soon as possible. I shall not feel happy before then. With my best thanks.

I remain, your obedient servant,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

P.S.—I wish so much to be in possession of the second act that I cannot commence to compose before I have reviewed the whole of it.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Berlin, March 13, 1824.

PROVINCIAL.

MADAME OURY'S *Matinée Musicale d'Invitation* took place on Thursday, the 9th, at the house of Mrs. Leo Schuster, 2, Adelaide Crescent, Brighton, when the spacious and elegantly furnished suite of reception rooms were thrown open for the occasion. Madame Oury's *Matinée*, which was considered one of the best parties of the season, was fashionably attended by upwards of a hundred and twenty lovers of music, who appeared most fully to appreciate her exquisite performances of her "Fantaisie brillante," from *Martha*, "La Berceuse," and "Air de l'Ombre," from *Dinorah*, and her "Galop di Bravura," on the Christy Minstrels' Melodies. Indeed, it was generally remarked, that this talented artist had never been heard to more advantage, or been known to perform with greater fire and genius. Her "Galop di Bravura" on the Christy Minstrels' Melodies promises to become a great favourite with the musical world. Sig. Mecatti was in excellent voice, and gave general satisfaction by his singing of a barcarolle, and a romance of his own composition. Madlle. Garthe, a young lady of pleasing appearance and promising talents, likewise added to the afternoon's enjoyment, by her spirited singing of a German song by Klicken. At six o'clock the company took leave, much gratified by the kindness of Mad. Oury in providing them so great a musical treat, and with the hospitality of Mrs. Leo Schuster.—*Brighton Herald.*

SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY IN YORKSHIRE.—Last week Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Mus. Doc., visited Yorkshire, and in Leeds, Halifax, and other towns, gave a lecture on "Choral Music," before large audiences. The lecturer said that his object was to explain the principles of choral music more fully, and thereby render church services not only more pleasing to the ear, but more conducive to devotion in those who joined in them. There was one fundamental axiom to be borne in mind, that music of any kind was only so far good as it realised the particular object intended in each case. He would illustrate this: Dr. Crotch had said there were three distinct styles of music—the sublime, the beautiful, and the ornamental. Ought cathedral music to be sublime, beautiful, or ornamental? The objects sought in such music were two-fold: first, the praise and glory of God; and, second, to elevate the mind of the worshipper to high devotional feeling. These being the objects, it was evident that the sublime style was the only one fit for divine worship. The beautiful was not excluded, nor was the ornamental always out of place,—only it must be made subordinate. Sir Frederic next remarked that the choral services of the church were of six different varieties, or rather five; for with one of

them, the ordinary reading voice, he had not then to do. These were, first, the plain monotone; second, the inflected versicles and responses; third, the regular psalm chant; fourth, the regular setting of the Canticles, called "services:" and, fifth, anthems, in which all the appliances of the art were available. Sir Frederic proceeded to speak in detail upon each of these points or divisions of the cathedral service, and endeavoured to show the value of this variety of style. He would that it was better appreciated throughout the land! It was sad to see the results which flowed from the want of such appreciation. There were two sources whence the evil arose; first, the love which prevailed far a light, frivolous, superficial and fanciful musical service; and, second, the mistaken affection so prevalent for the crude music of ancient times. By the adoption of either of these mistaken courses, the purpose intended was not gained; and the whole service was often rendered odious. In parish churches, when a choir could not be supported, the best substitute for the anthem was a metrical hymn, in which the whole congregation could join. The great secret of a good psalm tune, was that all should be able to join it. To this end it should have no very high or low notes in it; it should be free from flourishes; there should be no abstruse harmonies; old tunes should be preferred to new ones; the simple to the complex; common time to triple; English to foreign; melody should be considered before harmony; and the spirit of the words before that. Of course, in a musical community like this, some thing much better could be accomplished; but even here some metrical psalm tune should be adopted, in which each should join. Whenever a cathedral service could be performed it was well; but it was better to do a little well than a great deal ill. Sir Frederic, in conclusion, paid a high compliment to the choir, and sat down amid much applause.—The Ven. Archdeacon Musgrave moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was seconded by John Waterhouse, Esq., who strenuously urged the necessity of a subscription being at once set on foot in order to effect the required additions to the parish church organ, and which he had long known the need of. They could make it one of the finest organs in the north of England. The vote of thanks was carried by acclamation, and Sir Frederic having acknowledged it, the meeting was brought to a close by singing the Doxology.

LEEDS.—Difference of opinion seems to exist respecting the practicability of playing on the great organ in the Town Hall, Leeds, not, however, owing to any fault in tho manufacture. A meeting of the Town Hall committee was held last week to report thereon, and the following notice appeared in the *Leeds Express* of the 11th instant:—

"Mr. Newton said that as several statements had been made respecting the organ in the Town Hall, he thought it was high time that the public were informed whether the instrument was a valuable one or not. Some parties were of opinion that the organ was the finest in the world, whilst others had stated that it was perfectly useless. A letter had appeared in the *Intelligencer* last week, which stated that to press down a single key of the great organ when coupled with the solo organ, required a weight equal to 23 ounces. He (Mr. Newton) held in his hand a letter from Mr. Spark, who stated that it required a pressure of six ounces only. Mr. Newton concluded by asking if Mr. Hopkins, of London, had been to examine the organ; and if so, what was his report on the subject."

"Alderman Botterill observed that the Town Hall organ had been examined and reported on by Mr. Hopkins, and on the whole his report was considered very favourable. With respect to the solo organ, he believed there was a little difficulty, not on account of the extra pressure, but owing to the extension of the arms which was required. With respect to the composition pedals, Mr. Hopkins said they would not act very readily, which he attributed to the smallness of one of the engines, and not to the builder of the organ, and the committee were putting down a larger engine, which would draw out the stops instantaneously. This they proposed to have done before the report was presented to the council. With regard to the power and tone of the organ, the borough treasurer had handed him a letter in which Mr. Hopkins said that, in his judgment, the organ possessed ample power for the Town Hall. As to the tone, the reeds appeared to him to be a feature of their organ. The pedal organ did not appear to him to be consolidated.

"Mr. Carter and Mr. Middleton objected to the Chairman making these statements, whilst the subject was still under consideration, and for which no member of the Town Hall Committee could be considered responsible.

"Alderman Botterill said he would not refer further to the report, but he would state that Mr. Best had expressed his opinion that they were completely ruining the organ by allowing any person to play upon it. It was impossible, said Mr. Best, for any man to play upon it without a week's practice. A person came to play it, but could not, and then he found fault with the organ. He considered it to be a splendid instrument, but urged the committee to appoint an organist without delay.

"The subject then dropped."—*Leeds Express*, Feb. 11.

DUNDEE—(*From a Correspondent*).—Mr. Methven's second grand concert of the season was given in the Corn Exchange Hall on Wednesday. The artists belonged to the Beale party. Madame Fiorentini, in "Softly sighs," received quite an ovation. Madame Corbari was also well received. Madame Badia made nothing out of "Ah, non giunge." Herr Reichardt delighted the audience with "Thou art so far;" he also sang the duet, "The Mariners," with Signor Tagliafico. The latter gentleman gave Rossini's "Tarantella." The *morceaux d'ensemble*, especially the finale, "Dal tuo stellate," excited in an unusual manner our northern audience. Of Sivori and Bottesini I can say no more than that they both displayed the wonderful powers for which they are celebrated. Mr. Brinley Richards performed his own arrangement of "Weber's Last Waltz." Herr Engel executed a solo on the harmonium. Mr. Hatton conducted. I refrain from particularising, the performances of the Beale party being almost everywhere the same.—A dress concert was given on Friday evening in the Corn Exchange, Hull, by the Dundee Philharmonic Society, assisted by several lady and gentleman amateur vocalists. The programme included the "First and Second Movement," and the "Minuet and Rondo" from Haydn's Seventh Symphony; the Overture to *Don Giovanni;* Trio for pianoforte, flute, and violoncello, Op. 63; Weber's and Thalberg's *Norma*, for two pianofortes. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Spindler, was very creditable, considering they were mostly amateurs. The *Norma* duet, however, was the most successful piece of the evening, being performed in a very superior—almost faultless—manner. The vocal portion of the programme comprised "Home to our Mountains," "O, firm as oak," Wallace's new ballad, "The Bell-ringers," a Romance, by Guglielmo; "Sul campo della gloria," Balfe's "Good night, beloved;" "Honour the brave!" and "Hearts of Oak," all of which were sung in a manner we have not heard surpassed by amateurs. The performance, for the benefit of the Rifle Corps, was, pecuniarily, quite a success, the free proceeds exceeding £100.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—It is a difficult thing, now-a-days, to interrogate the *Future* without thinking of the music of M. Richard Wagner. It was at the Italian theatre that the second grand symphonic battle of this pretended musical Messiah came off. The following is the bulletin of this second action, which was not less warm than the first:—

1.—*Le Vaisseau Fantôme*, which was aground the first evening, went to pieces at the second tide. All hands and cargo lost.

2.—The fine march from *Tännhauser*, on the contrary, assumed all the proportions of a good victory.

3. The Pilgrimage to Rome plunges us again into the *difficult paths* mentioned in the book, paths which we have followed until the persons concerned fall, like Tännhauser, *senseless*.

4.—*Le Chant des Pélerins*, with which the overture (*Venusberg*) commences, revives our sense of hearing; more than once the tenors break forth, but more than once, also, we find ourselves on the *difficult paths* already mentioned.

5.—The story of *Tristan and Isolde* is decidedly most unprecedentedly lamentable. To make up for this *Le Saint Graal* gains upon acquaintance.

6.—Without stopping at the *Reveil Matin*, which was unable to free from the soporific fluid more than one beautiful woman, who had been sent to sleep by the story of *Tristan et Isolde*, let us make room for *La Marche des Finançailles* the effect of which was grandiose.

7.—Let us come at last to the pretty chorus of *L'Amour;* it will make us forget the somewhat too noisy dances of the somewhat too bacchanalian nuptials of the innocent and modest Elsa de Brabant.

8.—We were nearly forgetting the cosmopolitan melody, partaking, at one and the same time, of the French, German, and Italian schools—by the past, the present, and the Future—a melody which was tastefully sung by M. Jules Lefort, but which no one thought of encoring.

To close this summary bulletin, we will add that there was almost a sufficient number of persons present, especially when we recollect the highly excited state of public feeling. In the saloon there was the same turbulence and the same emotion as on the first evening; the dissertations and discussions were endless. M. Richard Wagner's third symphonic attack is fixed for next Wednesday.—*Le Ménestrel.*

VIENNA.—We give, through a correspondent, the translation of an acknowledgment presented by the Viennese *Schiller Verein* to Mr. Morris Moore.

SIR,—You have had the great complaisance to let Vienna enjoy your famous picture of Raphael, representing Apollo and Marsyas. While thus favouring this capital which has hastened to see this incomparable masterpiece, you added, moreover, the great kindness of making over the proceeds to the *Schiller Verein*, the fund of which is destined to carry succour to distressed poets, who bear the lyre of Apollo and the wounds of Marsyas. The committee of the *Schiller Verein* feels itself deeply touched by your kindness, and is eager to express to you its most sincere acknowledgments. Accept, Sir, the assurance of our respect, and our gratitude, with which we have the honour to subscribe ourselves,

EDWARD MUNK,*
DR. MOSENTHAL,
CARL LA ROCHE,
CH. RICK,
DR. LEOP. KOMPERT.

Vienna, Feb. 2, 1860.

A Monsieur Morris Moore.

COBLENTZ.—At the fourth subscription concert of the Musical Institute, under the direction of Herr Lenz, the public had an opportunity of hearing, for the second time, Herr Maximilian Wolff, visitant from Frankfort-on-the-Maine. This gentleman had already delighted us, at the second concert of the series, by his execution of Mendelssohn's *Concerto*, and Leonard's *Fantaisie Militaire*, as well as at a concert of his own, by Spohr's *Gesangscene* (dramatic concerto). On the present occasion he played Beethoven's magnificent concerto, not previously heard here, and Leonard's *Souvenir de Haydn*. He has not only gained the warmest applause from the great body of the public, but been honoured by the most flattering appreciation among amateurs and professional men. He has a fair career before him. In addition to this, we heard, at the same concert, Gade's B flat major symphony, No. 4, two choral songs, for four voices and without accompaniment (Op. 100), by Mendelssohn, Cherubini's overture to *Medea*, and, in conclusion, the introduction to the third act, and the bridal chorus from R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*.

OLDENBURG.—The programme of the third subscription concert, on the 6th inst., under the direction of Herr Franzen, contained Mendelssohn's A major symphony, which was here almost unknown, and pleased vastly, the overture (Op. 124) by Beethoven and Weber's overture to *Der Freischutz*. A brilliant feature of the evening's entertainment was Herr F. Lamb's violin-playing. The pieces selected were Mendelssohn's concerto, an adagio and fugue by J. S. Bach, and a *Rondo Scherzoso* of his own. At a concert subsequently given by himself, he played a quartet by Haydn, F. Schubert's *Rondo* for piano and violin, a *Notturno and Polonaise*, of his own composition, and Bazzini's *Danse des Lutins*. Herr Schutz executed, on the piano, Liszt's arrangement of the march from Wagner's *Tannhauser*.

BRESLAU.—At the last concert given by Herr Damrosch, as all the pieces in the programme, with the exception of "Gretchen," the second movement from Liszt's *Faust Symphony*, were well known to the public, the interest was, naturally, concentrated on the said "Gretchen," which belongs to that class of programme music fostered by the concert-giver with boundless love and devotion. We, for our own part (and we by no means stand alone) connot make up our minds to like this kind of music, although we really do our best to abandon ourselves, quite impartially and without prejudice, to the modern school of tone-painting, which is to mark a new epoch in art. The piece selected on this occasion was received by the intelligent, calm portion of the audience in solemn silence, though the manifestations from other quarters called forth some hisses. At this, Herr Liszt's party, always very pugnacious, were exceedingly wroth. We must again submit to the same stereotyped phrases, by which we are informed that so wonderful a picture is certainly not to be comprehended by profane souls, but wholly and solely by such highly-poetical natures as can plunge, with love and self-sacrifice, into the bottomless abyss of a composition of this description. We are furthermore told that the work is perfect in every respect, whether looked at in a formal, instrumental, or *rhythmiose* (!) point of view. All respect for such knock-down, oracular responses; we will patiently leave the decision to the *Future*.

* Baron Münck Bellinghausen, celebrated under the name of "Halm," as one of the first German Dramatic poets of the day, and brother of the late President of the Germanic Diet at Frankfort.

COLOGNE.—Herr Hans von Bülow, pianist to the King of Prussia, is announced to play for the first time in this city, at the second concert of the Cölner Männergesang-Verein.

PESTH.—The most remarkable of recent manifestations at Pesth took place at a concert of M. Remenyi, a refugee who has lately returned from England, where he acquired the position of solo violinist to Her Majesty. After the first piece the public violently demanded the "Rakoczy," and such was the impression produced by the terrific performance of this national air, that the audience rose, uncovered their heads, and joined the player in thundering chorus. Nor was the emotion of M. Remenyi less than that of his hearers. Whilst standing on the stage, and in the midst of the performance, he threw away his violin, and burst into tears. Some minutes elapsed before he could resume the interrupted performance, and then, like a storm breaking out after a short lull, with renewed violence, he seized his instrument again and dashed out the exciting strain with a wild and savage beauty. The public all the while were shouting, crying, and hurrahing like spirits broke loose. Had there been arms in the hands of the people—but there are none in Hungary—that movement would have been the beginning of the revolution.

MUSIC IN BRAZIL—(*From our Correspondent*).—The Opera in Rio Janeiro closed after a season of ten months, on the 5th of December. The principal vocalists, Madame Medori, Señors Mirate, Dido, and Arnaud, have left to fulfill engagements at Monte Video, Pernambuco, and Buenos Ayres, where the Emperor, Empress, and Court are sojourning. The season terminated somewhat heavily, owing probably to the monotony of the performances, and a certain cold indifference towards the public by the management. Rio is then exceedingly dull. The Theatres St. Pedro, L'Acalza, occasionally offer a representation, but the nobility being in the interior of the Brazils, the pleasures "*du monde*" devolve upon themselves.

M. Anglais* (first contra-bassist at the Opera), gave a benefit concert a little time past at the Theatre St. Pedro, at which Madame de la Grange made her last appearance in Rio. This lady has finished her engagement at the Lyrique, and happy indeed must any reasonable person be, in knowing there is peace at last in Rio, for since the arrival of Madame Medori scarce a day has passed without a controversy as to the rival merits of the two artists. But Madame de la Grange has gone. I never saw an artist more loaded with applause and presents; and I never saw so many instances of absurd taste as have been exhibited towards Madame de la Grange from the Brazilians. This lady executes wonderfully, and that is all. The world here has run away with the opinion that playing a Paganini-solo with the lungs constitutes true vocalisation. On the 23rd of December, Mr. John Cheshire (first harpist at the Opera), gave a concert at the Saloon S. Phil'enterpe, assisted by Mesdames Carlotta Melliet, Luiza Amat, and Moreno. The instrumentalists were—pianoforte, Herr Pfeifer; Luiz Anglais, double bass; and Reichardt, flute. The novelty attracted an audience the most elegant in Rio, and Mr. Cheshire's success was great. He played Parish Alvars' *fantasia* on *Lucrezia Borgia*; a new one composed by himself for the occasion on *Norma* and the *Somnambula*, together with a duo for harp and contra-basso with M. Anglais. The combination of these instruments was admired, and the contra-basso of M. Anglais makes one often think of Dragonetti and Bottessini. Madamoiselle Melliet has a good voice, and sings tolerably well. She is termed here the Brazilian *prima donna*. Herr Pfeifer played two *fantasias*, one on *Il Trovatore*, and one on the *Carnaval de Venise*. His performances were very clumsy. In the absence of Signor Grazini (of the Opera), who forgot the concert altogether, although he was to have conducted it, Madame La Contessa Speranza Maffei, a distinguished amateur in Rio, honoured Mr. Cheshire by accompanying several songs. This concert has given deserved notoriety to Mr. Cheshire. The Theatre re-opens about the 15th of March, when many novelties are anticipated.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.—The partisans of Wagner, determined to be recognised even in the streets of the town, refrained from shaving, hair cutting, small-tooth comb, nail brush, or soap-and-water; those of Liszt employed all these to a finical extent; and a humorous anecdote is told of a raging Wagnerite, after hearing Liszt without prejudice, having suddenly changed his opinion concerning that great master, resolutely entering a barber's shop on his return home—having come out a partisan of Liszt, so far as smooth chin and clean hair and skin could make him—and having been seized by his own friends and pupils, as he entered his own house, and rolled in the mud until he had amassed dirt enough to make him one of themselves once more.—*Court Journal*.

* Formerly with M. Jullien at Her Majesty's Theatre.

WAGNER'S TÄNNHAUSER IN VIENNA.

As is generally known, it was Hoffmann, the manager of the Thalia-Theater, who first produced *Tännhauser* in Vienna. The work did not come out at the Imperial Opera-house until the 19th November last year. Up to the 9th January, it was performed nine times to full houses. In No. 2 of the *Wiener Recensionen*, there is an article on Wagner's music generally. This article agrees with what has often been said of Wagner in the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, and, moreover, alludes to his affinity to Weber, Marschner, and, lastly Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and Verdi. The conclusion is very interesting:—

"If we look around us, and put the question: 'Out of what classes are the admirers of Wagner's operas recruited here in Vienna?' we find a small band of Futurists, properly so called, that is to say, adherents of Wagner's theory of reform; a few educated musicians, who fancy they perceive, in Wagner's straining after dramatic truth, a reaction against the influence of Italian music; and, furthermore, a considerable number of *mis*-educated, and a still more considerable number of *un*-educated playgoers. But what generally entices these two classes into the theatre? Why, more especially, what Donizetti, Meyerbeer, etc., have produced in their weakest moments; why, more especially, Verdi's musical monstrosities. The public of *Lohengrin* and *Tännhauser* look forward with delight to the *Trovatore*, and yearn for *Rigoletto*. Is not this a remarkable sign of the times? Does it not awake many a misgiving? Verdi passes in Italy for a 'learned' musician who has undertaken the civilising mission of naturalising the French opera with a touch of German profundity! Verdi is therefore quite seriously looked upon as a reformer in Italy, just as Richard Wagner is in Germany—we will not insult Wagner by a longer comparison. We can well distinguish artistic from rough natural qualities. But it cannot be altogether denied, that there is a certain distant relationship with the author of *Nabucco*, when we reflect that, in both cases, the plain secret of success may consist in the over-excitement of the public taste, in the over use of material means, and, lastly, in the absence of equal competitors, for Meyerbeer writes no more *Huguenots*. Composers of talent less known are scared away, rather than encouraged, by operatic managers now-a-days."

W. A. MOZART.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

(*Continued from page* 92.)

II

THE Fourth Part embraces the second half of the history of the last ten years of Mozart's life (1781—1791), the period during which his genius produced his greatest creations, which have rendered him immortal. It contains the sections from 12 to 25 of the Fourth Book, the first eleven comprising the contents of the third volume of the work. While the latter treat mostly of Mozart's material circumstances, the historical element is thrown more into the background in Book Four, since, except the account of two professional journeys—to Berlin and to Frankfort-on-the-Maine—only the moving narrative of Mozart's death and its immediate consequences belong to the biographical portion, properly so called; while the analysis of his works, on the contrary, together with the most careful accounts of their production, carrying out, &c., take up most of Volume Four, which is the thickest of all, containing 748 pages of text, 40 pages of appendix, a complete catalogue of names and facts, 16 pages of supplementary notes, and a portrait of Mozart, after a picture painted in Verona in 1770, when he was fourteen years of age.

The mere comprehensiveness of this list gives us a foretaste of the rich contents of the last volume; a cursory sketch will teach the reader what he has to expect, and what he will find carried out in a manner which, from beginning to end, attracts, fascinates, and instructs.

The first three sections (from 12 to 14 inclusive) show us Mozart as pianoforte player and composer of instrumental music. Section 12 discusses his works for the piano, the variations, rondos, fantasias, sonatas for the pianoforte alone, and with violin accompaniment, the trios, the quartets, and the quintet (in E flat), as well as the concertos. In the catalogue of the latter, pp. 51 and 52, we find the concerto for two pianos (printed in Offenbach, by J. André, as Op. 83, *Edition faite d'après la Partition en Manuscrit*"), but not with the orchestra (quartet, two oboes, two horns, two bassoons), which is not mentioned either in any part of the text.

In relation to the concertos, the author brings prominently forward services rendered by Mozart towards the combination of the orchestra and the solo instrument into one whole, as eventually, and in the received form, creating something new, and shows how the orchestra has full symphonic justice done it, not merely in the *tutti* movements, but as continually introtroduced into the piano part, also participating directly in it. "An art of blending all the various kinds of sounds in the orchestra, which at once proves an uncommonly fine sense, supported by the most accurate knowledge of instrumental effects, for what is harmonious." "The happy notion," the author observes further on, "in the close combination of the various instrumental resources into one whole is so completely successful, that in this particular Beethoven, who made an especial study of Mozart's pianoforte concertos, as every one who knows them at all thoroughly will easily perceive, has not, in any essential point, gone further; the higher importance of his grand pianoforte concertos has another foundation. It is true that, with Mozart, there was something more than the mere delicately-fostered sense for the appropriate mixtures of the various kinds of sounds; the invention, treatment, and distribution of the motives were conditional on the nature of the means for their manifestation; it was necessary in the first sketch that the different resources should be well considered, if they were to have justice done them in the mode in which they were carried out; even in the bud, the various motives must have been endowed with the faculty of free development under various conditions. The result is a race between different agents, the orchestra and the pianoforte—and the principal charm of these concertos rest upon the lively interworking of the opposite elements, by means of which process the separate motives, as if under an ever changing light, are grouped into a rich and brilliant picture."

It is very correctly remarked that Mozart's concertos require, "besides a clear and song-like execution, especially of the melodies, which are often greatly spun out," "the calm, steady" hand, which "causes the" roulades (*Passagen*) "to flow like oil." Nearly all his roulades depend upon the scale and the broken chords. His aim was not a number of notes (he purposely rejected runs of octaves, sixths and thirds), nor any kind of mass-like effect, but clearness and perspicuity. At any rate, the clear unfolding of the peculiarities of the piano, in contradistinction to the orchestra, was the right way to the development of technical skill on the piano."

"But the principal importance of the concertos lies in their musical purport. In their conceptions and treatment, they exhibit great dash and perfect freedom; it is clear that it was not only the greater and more important means which called forth a corresponding degree of mental activity, but that Mozart felt the more pleasure in giving free scope to his powers, because he used to perform these compositions himself. The fact of their being concertos, destined to produce an instantaneous impression on the public, explains, also, why he allowed himself more liberty here than anywhere else in the employment of strongly exciting means of expression, and it is a very characteristic trait, that he endeavours to produce this effect, not by *virtuoso*-like effects, on the piano, but by the increased charm of musical expression."

Section 13 treats at length of the violin-quartets and quintets. The author has already spoken, in Vol. III., of Mozart's relations towards Joseph Haydn, from which, as a sign of the highest respect, sprang the dedication of the first six quartets to that master. These belong to those compositions which Mozart wrote, without any immediate external cause, not to order, but for his own satisfaction. Jahn first enters on the essential elements of the quartet—as he does afterwards of the quartet generally—and on the peculiarities of these compositions of Mozart for chamber-music. Without subjecting them singly to a strict analysis, he gives us, in general touches, an excellent and characteristic account of them. It is only the C major quartet

and the G minor quintet that he discusses at any length. The difference in style between the last four quartets (especially of three of them, written for Friedrich Wilhelm II., King of Prussia) and of the first six is, also, charmingly described.

Especially welcome is all that is said concerning the quintets. We are delighted that Jahn stands up for these magnificent compositions, explains their character—which is different from he last quartets, and approximates again to the style of the first six—and describes their beauties. It is an indisputable fact that Mozart's quintets are too much neglected in the public quartet associations which nearly every town of note possesses. It is true that the signal was given by a great composer of the modern school, who always used to leave the room when one of Mozart's quintets began. This is partly true even of the quartets, for how many lovers of music are there at present who have heard—not once, perhaps, but frequently—all the ten written by Mozart? We hope, too, that the eulogy which Jahn pronounces, and which is but the echo of our own sentiments, on the grand trio on E flat major, for violin, viol, and violoncello, will direct the attention of associations for chamber-music to this gem of its kind. He justly calls it, "One of the most wonderful of Mozart's works, a genuine cabinet specimen of chamber-music." (Page 94.)

Well worthy our consideration is the analysis of the G minor quintet, containing the expression "of a passionately excited frame of mind, of grief conscious only of itself, and of a struggle of the heart with it, changing, in the finale, to the opposite mood (a gushing dithyrambus), which, however, belongs to the same nature, that is rendered with perfect fidelity and truth." Hereupon we read, at page 103.

"Involuntarily, with such psychological development, we seek the man in the artist, and who can deny that the most evident marks of Mozart's own nature are impressed on the work of Art? If, however, we tried to find a definite inducement in his immediate circumstances, for its production, we should most certainly be led astray. Mozart's circumstances were at that time (1787), generally speaking, good. He had not long returned, richly rewarded with success and money, from Prague and in the Jacquin family enjoyed the society of those who satisfied both his mind and his heart. It is true that, shortly afterwards (26th May), he lost his father, but who ever carefully weighs the letter he wrote his father on the 4th of April, at the thought of the possibility of death (III., p. 279)—at this time he was engaged on the first quintet in C major—must own that the tone of the G minor quartet could not be suggested by the thoughts of a dying father. The springs of artistic creation flow too far below the surface to be immediately called forth by every emotion in common life. It is true that the artist can give no more than what is in him, and what he has himself gone through; but even of the musician does Goethe's assertion hold good, that in a work of art there is nothing which the artist has not experienced, *only not as he has experienced it.*

"A second question now forces itself upon us: Does a piece of music which, like this one, unrolls before us a true *soul-painting*, follows the course of psychological development with the strictest consistency, and exhibits sharply and characteristically the tottering emotion of passionate sensations in the most delicate toches—does, we repeat, a piece of music like this *obey also the formulas and laws of musical construction and technics?* Without doubt, any one who chooses to disregard entirely the psychological development can show, by a purely technical analysis, how this quintet, which constrainedly obeys the conditions of musically beautiful form, by the most uncommon combination of invention and discernment, reaches a high degree of formal perfection, and whoever follows these indications will become aware that both the truth and strength of the psychological development, and the purity and beauty of the artistic form, *coincide, and are one and the same in their essential manifestations.*"

Lastly, in this section, the author treats in a similar manner the compositions for *reed-bands* (*Harmonie-Musik*) and the seven *symphonies* which Mozart wrote in Vienna. Concerning the improvement of the orchestra by Mozart, concerning his contrapuntal art, as a free phenomenon of artistic beauty, and concerning the union of this art with the free employment of the various kinds of sound, the author says much that is very excellent and characteristic of Mozart's genius. In the fact that the three grand symphonies in E flat major, G minor, and C major (with the fugue), were written within six weeks (from the end of June to the 10th of August, 1788), and, though equally rich and equally profound in purport, are yet *most different in their character*, Jahn justly perceives a fresh proof: "that, amidst the most manifold impressions of life, the artist's soul is always labouring and producing, while, in secret, the threads of which the work of art is woven are continually and mysteriously converging."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VOX ET PRETEREA NIHIL.—"*But the fact is, that the tone of the voice in speaking, and the tone of the voice in singing, bear not the least resemblance to each other; they are formed upon principles directly opposite; the different inflections of the voice in speaking are not musical intervals—in singing they are, or should be nothing but musical intervals. If we feel the outside of the throat while speaking, and then change from speaking to singing, it will be perceived that the arrangement within which produced speaking, must be changed before we can form a musical sound. Recitatives is that species of music which bears the nearest resemblance to speaking, and speaking it is in musical sounds; but this, as far as tune is concerned, is more removed from common speaking than from singing, because the intervals are tones, semitones, &c.*"

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH, 1860.

THE death of Madame Schrœder-Devrient has been recently recorded in the German newspapers. This eminent dramatic vocalist, some thirty years ago, delighted and astonished all London by her performance of Leonora in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Such was the impression she created in the part, that old Opera-goers even now recall with enthusiastic admiration the grand effects in her acting and the special points in her singing, and do not hesitate to pronounce her one of the brightest stars that ever adorned the lyric stage. Something of the feeling, however, must be attributed to first impressions, a great originator, it may be said, of unexamined opinion, not to say prejudice; and something to the fact that Beethoven's opera was heard for the first time in London, and heard in the original language. Malibran, who succeeded Schrœder-Devrient in Leonora, appeared in an English version of *Fidelio*, and the alteration of the language, it need hardly be mentioned, made a vast difference in the effect of the music, which, composed by the most conscientious and scrupulous of masters, was written with a view to illustrate every word of the drama, one of the most powerful and affecting ever submitted to the musician. *Fidelio* and Madame Schrœder-Devrient had certainly an extraordinary reception. The success of the artist at that period, however, cannot be measured by a comparison with

our own times. When Madame Schrœder-Devrient appeared at Drury Lane for the first time, Pasta was declining from her zenith at the Italian Opera; Sontag had just risen above the musical horizon; and Malibran, from a different point of the hemisphere, was beginning to emit a few brilliant scintillations of that light which was destined in so short time to obnubilate, if not extinguish, all contemporaneous luminaries. That, indeed, may be denominated the great operatic epoch of the age. Season after season brought new singers of celebrity to London, and from Catalani to Grisi may be traced one unbroken line of indisputable queens of song. Madame Schrœder-Devrient then had some names and reputations to contend against. The sympathies of the public were either enlisted with Malibran and Sontag at the Italian Opera, or with our own Miss Stephens* and Miss Paton, on the English lyric stage; while at the oratorios and in the concert-room were heard such popular and renowned songstresses as Ronzi de Begnis, Camporese, Lalande, Pisaroni, Blasis, and other foreign *cantatrici*. Nevertheless, the great Teutonic artist, who in all probability, on the Italian stage would not have taken rank among the first singers, achieved an unparalleled success at Drury Lane, and attracted all London for an entire season. Mad. Schrœder-Devrient was a singer apart from all comparisons. She possessed very superior capabilities, both vocal and histrionic. Her voice was a high soprano, powerful and sonorous, matchless in the expression of passion and strong emotions, but somewhat deficient in tenderness and suavity. Thus, in the character of Fidelio, not even Malibran, perhaps, gave equal force to the denouncement of Pizarro in the prison scene; while to the Governor's interrogation, "Who art thou?" the answer "I am his wife!" (almost lost, by the way, in the English translation) was transcendent in its energy and earnestness. In the last finale, too, Mad. Schrœder-Devrient's voice, a real soprano, "towered" above principals, band, and chorus; and the singer never failed to send away her hearers with her last brilliant tones ringing in their ears. As an actress—a serious actress, let it be understood—her powers were of a high order. Indeed, nothing short of the rarest endowments and finest impulses could have enabled an artist to conceive and grasp a character like that of Leonora, at once so domestic and tragic, so natural and so lofty, so simple yet so sublime. Mad. Devrient's figure did not consort well with the male attire. She had too much *embonpoint*, and her walk was over-studied and conventional. Every action and movement, however, was instinct with reality, and became the requirement of the moment and the situation. She was truly absorbed in the scene, and in her abstraction seemed to forget the stage, the footlights, and the audience. What John Kemble said of Edmund Kean might, with equal truth, have been said of Mad. Schrœder-Devrient—"She was terribly in earnest."

All opinion of the German singer is restricted to the character of Leonora. The name of Schrœder-Devrient is associated with Fidelio only in this country. She may have appeared in other parts; they are not remembered, or have left but a slight impression. It is seldom a singer identifies herself with one particular character and no other. We cannot point to a second instance within our recollection. Perhaps the very success of *Fidelio* prevented the manager from trying the artist in another opera. If the theatre was crowded nightly, any change would have been impolitic. Mad. Devrient's fame in England is limited to her impersonation of Leonora. This, however, has been sufficiently great to entitle her to a place among the most remarkable artists of her time. Malibran succeeded her, but the performance even of that most wonderful and gifted of singers did not efface the impression left by the original. With the recollection of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the name most intimately associated is that of Schrœder-Devrient.

* Miss Stephens appeared at Drury Lane, in a version of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, entitled, *Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol*, with Sinclair and H. Phillips, in May, 1830.

SHALL we pause a little from the practice of burlesquing? Shall we, now that Christmas is past, duly honoured with extravaganzas, try, for a short time, whether we cannot possibly contemplate the sublime, and the beautiful, and the fanciful, otherwise than in connection with the "fast" habits of modern London?

Far from decreasing, the burlesquing ranks are strengthened by the accession of new recruits. A Mr. Burnand, of whom we never heard till last week, has fleshed his steel pen with the "Æneid," out of which he has extracted the episode of Dido. With much moulding and hammering, much cutting off and sticking on, he has fashioned this same episode into a burlesque for the St. James's Theatre, where Mr. Charles Young excites much laughter by the gravity with which he depicts the cares of the Carthaginian queen. Much trouble has been taken to work the old dramatic story into dramatic shape. Anna, the sister and confidant of Dido, is made the cause of the Trojan's desertion; and though it is natural enough that any gentleman should become enamoured of the lovely Miss Wyndham, yet is this misdirected passion on the part of Æneas wholly foreign to the scope and purpose of the tale. Classical scholars felt a creeping sensation come over their skin, when they saw Dido join the hands of the fickle Æneas and the treacherous Anna, thus wantonly cheating the Fates, who had decreed the foundation of imperial Rome. Had we seen Moses marry Pharaoh's daughter, and quietly ascend the throne of Egypt—had we gazed on a Drury Lane pantomime without a scene by Beverley—had we beheld Lydia Thompson dancing a sailor's hornpipe without a round of applause—had we seen a farce by Mayhew and Edwards that did not excite so much as a smile—had we joined a Christmas festivity in the Crystal Palace, in which the pudding was made of real grocery—we should not have been more amazed than we were at the sight of that unholy alliance. We are informed that Mr. Burnand is himself a classical scholar, but it does not thence follow that he shrank in sympathy with others. The shriek of our own knife across our own plate less sets our teeth on edge than that same feat performed by another.

Mr. Burnand has been somewhat severely handled for the vulgarity of his dialogue, and certainly he evinces that love of slang, which we find in very young gentlemen who wish to look older than they are in worldly experience. Assuredly there is something in the very spirit of burlesque that appeals to the sneering, *blasé*, non-enthusiastic disposing of the age—an age that prides itself above all upon the faculty of being "wide awake." A dissertation on the wanderings of Æneas might be erudite, but it would be slow, whereas he who makes Æneas familiar with cigars must at any rate be knowing.

But the world has gradually become so very knowing itself, that it is somewhat weary of the knowing faculty of others, and would have no objection to a little simplicity by way of

contrast. Mr. Burnand experiences rough treatment, not so much because he is so very much more slangy than others, but because he comes late into the market, and finds a public already sated with the species of humour to which he devotes his talents. Tho accomplished Talfourd, the fertile Byron, the genial Brough, are quite sufficient to supply us with burlesques in our holiday seasons, and at other periods of the year we do not greatly want the article. So completely have we been dosed with burlesques during the last dozen years, that we can anticipate the coming jokes as we foresee the practical pleasantries of the clown in a Christmas pantomime.

Something very new as far as the present generation is concerned might be effected by a thorough separation of the fanciful from the satirical elements of burlesque. The myths of classic Greece, the tales of Arabia, the legends of mediæval Europe, the fairy narratives of French Countesses, were not devised like "Gulliver's Travels," for the purpose of satirising modern vices and follies, but appealed with all gravity to a natural or artificial mirth. The chief of extravaganza, M. Planché, is one who, of all his contemporaries, has burlesqued the least, and shown the tenderest affection for the subject he takes in hand. Why not go a step further, or rather let us say a step back in the same direction, and try if we cannot use our old stories, without the constant employment of a now stale system of anachronism. Those scenic effects and Terpsichorian episodes, which are so invaluable to the parodies of the present day, would be still more in keeping with an earnest spectacle; and to the introduction of popular airs there could be no objection, even on the part of those who abhor popular slang. The bald prose of the old fairy melodramas would probably not suit a public more lyrically trained than that of fifty years ago, and therefore let the personages, by all means, speak verse,—but verse need not be loaded with modern allusions, nor is anachronism the only source of wit. A fairy spectacle, got up in real earnest, would, at any rate, be far from those common-places of which the present public is fast becoming weary.

MR. CARLYLE, in one of his essays, rejoices in the thought that there must needs exist one "horny-eyed" man more stupid (and "horny-eyed") than all others, and with high glee pictures to himself this supremely imbecile person looking forth upon the world and forming to himself "some theory of this universe"—an occupation, by the way, in which not a few reputed sages have displayed their folly in the most eminent manner. To discover this biggest fool in all creation would be a difficult and decidedly unprofitable task, but we are not quite sure that there would not be some advantage in establishing, by common consent of the sagacious, certain classifications in the various forms of art, so that it might be said absolutely—this is very nearly, that is quite the lowest branch of painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, or music. Everyone, however, will admit that, among pictures, only a very humble rank can be allotted to tavern signs; that the Scotchman outside a tobacconist's shop must be classed with the inferior productions of statuary; that nothing can be much lower than the architecture of the pig-stye; and that in literature, it is impossible to sink beneath the level of the criticisms in the *Entr'acte*. We proceed to inquire whether in music there is anything that can be assimilated to the tavern sign, the sculptured Scotchman, the pig-stye, and the articles in the *Entr'acte*. Is it the cornet solo of an omnibus conductor? No; for that, written down, or the impossibility of writing it down being demonstrated, could be proved not to be music at all. Is it the tinkling of a musical box? No; for that belongs to the domain, not of art, but of machinery, and wanting expression,—which in the arts means life—is to music precisely what photography is to painting. What then in the name of the plump little angels who held the music while St. Cecilia played the violoncello, can it be?*

Literature, and every form of art, whether or not they have "progressed" in the present century, have at all events undergone an extraordinary development. Readers, and amateurs of all kinds, have increased and multiplied, and those who have ears and hear not, those who have hearing and understand not, have to be provided for as well as their more educated brethren. Hence, whilst the best books and finest music obtain more students and admirers now than at any former period, there is also an unprecedented large demand for literary and musical rubbish, which may be and is shot with success into a variety of cheap publications and concert rooms; and it appears to us that *bad* music has been steadily deteriorating for the last fifteen years. It may be objected to us, that we should not take cognizance of that which is uniformly bad,—in other words, that the execrable in art does not lie within our jurisdiction. But if, as a high authority has said, critics are the police of literature, surely they may regard themselves as to some extent the constables of art, and, that being admitted, we know of more than one composer, or "arranger," whom we have every right to take in charge and expose in the pillory, and more than one kind of music which deserves nothing short of interdiction and outlawry.

Once upon a time, before the establishment of casinos, before the middle classes were in the habit of going to the Opera—and, therefore, before the reign of the operatic fantasia—though a great deal of disagreeable music may have been published, there were no utterly objectionable musical forms. The least estimable kind of composition must have been dance music, which does not appeal to the heart so much as the heels, and which still maintains its modest position at the bottom of the musical ladder. Strauss, Lanner and Jullien, however, in their way men of genius, and who in sixteen bars have expressed, infinitely more on the subject of waltzing than Byron was able to do in a long poem, gave a temporary interest to the particular kind of dance-music in which they excelled, and even founded a school of waltz-writers—now apparently extinct. The Puritans, in proscribing music, chiefly objected to it that it led to dancing, which, according to Prynne, was "for the most part attended with many amorous smiles, wanton compliments, scurrilous songs and sonnets, and ridiculous love-pranks," and which "served no necessary use, no profitable, laudable, or pious end at all, but issued only from the inbred pravity, vanity, wantonness, incontinency, pride, profaneness, or madness of mens' depraved natures." If Strauss had published his waltzes in England, in the time of the Puritans, he would have convulsed society, and would probably have been beheaded. Fortunately for him he lived in the nineteenth century, and in Vienna, which is not a puritanical city at all.

In the meanwhile the operatic fantasia had been much cultivated by composers of ability, but chiefly by composers who, not satisfied with having no ideas of their own, could

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* *Vide* the St. Cecilia by Domenechino in the Louvre. In the face of one of the angels the pleasant features of Mr. Buckstone are foreshadowed.

not take those of their betters without wantonly disfiguring them.

Then the writers of dance music, tired of inventing or combining tunes "monotonous as the songs of slaves," determined to imitate the distorters of operatic melody, and even to go beyond them. They appropriated the most beautiful, and, therefore, in the great majority of instances, the most unsuitable airs they could find, and subjected them to the Procrustean operation, with this difference, however, that the humane Procustes only chopped off the tops and toes of his victims or stretched them out a little where they were not quite long enough, whereas the dance composers often cut a tune, if necessary, in two, and take the middle. However, we are not going to write an article against them; we would as soon think of hissing an Ethiopian Serenader. But we wanted to discover the lowest thing that had ever been done in music, and we believe we have pointed it out.

THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—On Monday evening the annual ball of the Royal London Yacht Club was celebrated at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. About 500 ladies and gentlemen attended, and the scene was of a most animated character. After supper the chair was taken by the popular commodore of the club—Andrew Arcedeckne, Esq., who gave the toasts with becoming facetiousness, and who, in proposing the "Health of the Ladies," was especially successful. Mr. Sheridan Markwell proposed the commodore's health. He informed the company Mr. Arcedeckne had only just returned from Madeira, expressly to be present at the ball; that he had been, and still was, a staunch supporter of the club; also that amongst the members he had introduced, special and honourable mention might be made of Captains M'Clintock, Hobson, Allan Young (present), Commander Pym, Arctic celebrities, and also Mr. Cornelius Grinnell. Mr. Markwell wound up by informing the company that Captain M'Clintock had given the name of Arcedeckne to an island he had discovered in the locality of the magnetic pole. Dancing was kept up till the morning had far advanced. The general arrangements, under the ball committee, left nothing to be desired. Mr. T. Broadwood is the vice-commodore, and M. Eagle the treasurer.

THE WEST MIDDLESEX RIFLE CORPS AND THEIR AMATEUR BAND—(*From a Member of the Corps*).—The members of this corps have displayed an energy and common sense highly creditable, and worthy of imitation by all other rifle corps. It appears that the members were extremely desirous of having a first-rate band, and considered that as they included in their ranks the leading clergymen, medical men, lawyers, and tradesmen of Marylebone and other districts, they had a right to have one, but their captain, Lord Radstock, whose admirable management of all matters connected with the corps, combined with an evident desire to aid the movement, has frequently been evinced, judged that the money already collected could not be spent on such an object. What then was to be done? Some of the corps had small professional bands, others only buglers, while a few had regimental fifes and drums. Mr. J. Day, however, proprietor of the refectory at "Lord's," had, for the last three years, assembled an amateur brass band of unusual pretensions. Mr. Day is an able musician, and as an amateur cornet player stands in high esteem; added to this his coadjutor, Mr. Mitchell, has skilfully arranged a vast selection of popular music, suitable for the purpose, and to which, with his two sons, gives efficient support to Mr. Day. Upwards of twenty other gentlemen and tradesmen efficiently back the above-mentioned, and from constant practice under Mr. Day's direction, considerable progress has been made. The members of this band offered their services to the Rifle Corps; and, after performing two or three times before the council, as well as before a committee specially appointed for the purpose, it was unanimously decided that the offer should be accepted, and a subscription set on foot. The subscription was so readily responded to that matters were concluded on the night after the proposal. The only condition made by Mr. Day,—representing the amateurs—was, that he should have a professional drummer and opheiclide player. Several gentlemen have since been induced by the corps to join the band, among whom is Mr. Hermann Lang, long known in amateur circles as the friendly rival of Mr. Henry Tatham for the Amateur Championship of the Cornet, and who will share the solo parts with Mr. Day.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

THE performance of M. Gounod's "Grand Mass in G," composed for the celebration of St. Cecilia's day, and Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," attracted a large assemblage of amateurs on Wednesday evening to St. Martin's Hall. Curiosity, no less than admiration, exercised its influence on this occasion. M. Gounod's Mass had been loudly vaunted by the Parisian press, and the English public were willing to endorse the continental judgment, if they could do so conscientiously. The "Mass in G," however, was not entirely unknown here. Two pieces had been introduced into one of Mr. Hullah's concerts some years since, in an incomplete form, certainly; but those who heard them, arguing naturally that Mr. Hullah would select the most effective parts for performance, had already ventured to pronounce an opinion on the whole. The Mass was received with but little applause on Wednesday evening. The audience could not have been more attentive, the band and singers more zealous and painstaking. In no part of the work, however, was the slightest degree of enthusiasm manifested. A few applauded, occasionally, but the impression at the end—if the word, indeed, may be used—amounted to the utmost indifference. M. Gounod's Mass does not possess qualities to render it popular. The "Agnus Dei," is the most satisfactory piece in conception and treatment; the "Sanctus" begins well and ends indifferently; the "Gloria in Excelsis" is feeble in idea and in the working out; and the "Kyrie Eleison" and "Credo" present few attractions in a musical light. M. Gounod is fond of devices; but he attains nothing new in his search after novelty. He is apparently as addicted to climaxes as Signor Verdi himself, and the crescendo in the "Sanctus" bears a strong resemblance to the boisterous displays in certain finales of *Ernani*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Nabucco*, &c.

The principal solo singers were Miss Banks, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Thomas, and the choir was composed of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School.

The "Choral Symphony" did not go quite so well as on former occasions, but elicited more enthusiasm than ever.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

THE first concert of the fifth season was given on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall, which must have taken some of the subscribers by surprise. No prospectus had been issued; scarcely an announcement of the opening night had been made previously; and, to crown all, the performance was fixed for the same evening as Mr. Hullah's concert, when M. Gounod's "Mass" and Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" were given. This proves either that there was remissness on the part of the management, or that the Vocal Association takes up a new ground altogether, and, having a sufficient amount of subscribers, and relying on its *prestige*, is not anxious to conciliate the public. For the reason that no prospectus has been published, we cannot speculate as to the intentions of the Association, or what they are about to do this season. A notice of the first concert must serve all who are interested in its progress to draw conclusions therefrom as to the likelihood of its future prosperity. We may state at the outset, that the choir is considerably improved and much strengthened, a fact worth the best worded prospectus ever written.

The principal piece was Mendelssohn's hymn, "Hear my prayer," a work, though brief, sufficiently difficult to test the capabilities of any choral band. It was throughout well and steadily sung and loudly applauded. Mdlle. Euphrosyne Parepa sang the solos with remarkable effect. The other performances by the choir were part-song (Mr. Henry Smart), "From the heights celestial streaming;" part-song (Mr. Francesco Berger), "Night, lovely night;" cradle-song (Mr. Henry Smart), "Lullaby;" part-song (Mendelssohn), "In the forest;" hunting-song (Mr. Benedict), "Rise, sleep no more;" part-song (Mr. H. H. Pierson), "Ye mariners of England;" serenade (arranged by Sir Henry Bishop), "O! by rivers;" and the National Anthem. Mr. Henry Smart's two part-songs were given for the first time, and loudly applauded. Both are admirable specimens of the composer's talent in this kind of choral writing, the "Lullaby" especially

being of quaint grace and beauty. Mr. Berger's part-song, also a novelty, was encored and repeated; as was likewise Mr. Benedict's hunting-song, a highly spirited and characteristic composition.

Mdlle. Parepa more than confirmed the impression she created in Mendelssohn's Hymn, by her singing of the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, and the "Laughing Song" from Auber's *Manon Lescaut*. She was loudly encored in both.

Mr. Benedict conducted with his usual skill. The second concert is announced for Wednesday, March 7.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF FINE ARTS.

ON Thursday evening last, the first trial of musical compositions, in connection with this society, took place at the Architectural Gallery, Conduit-street, when the following programme was given by the members of "The Arion," under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gilbert:—

Cantata for eight voices	"Jehovah, Lord God."	Spohr.
22nd Psalm for eight voices	... ...	Mendelssohn.
Motett, Salve Regina	... ...	Hauptmann.

And two new-part songs, arranged from Mendelssohn, (first time.)

The "Arion," is, we understand, a society forming for the performance of music for two choirs, cantatas, &c., without orchestra, and rarely heard in our concert-rooms. Of such music there is a large collection, and the study of it will open out a large field for the "Arion." We heartily wish success to the undertaking.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We are informed that Mr. E. T. Smith has taken this theatre, and intends opening it with Italian Opera on Easter Monday.

SIG. and MAD. GASSIER, after fulfilling a brilliant engagement in the United States and the Havanna, are expected to return to England in the month of March.

BERLIN.—Liszt has been appointed conductor to the Royal Opera! We should like to known if three are not enough! Meyerbeer, Dorn, and Taubert.

The rival music conservatoriums in Berlin (Kullack's and Sterne's) have issued their new circulars. Both promise a thoroughly artistic education for about *twelve* pounds per annum. Note this fact, Mr. Gimson, of No. 4, Tenterden-street.

MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS, MYDDELTON HALL.—The second of the series of four concerts took place on Monday evening last. The artists were Miss Messent, Miss Paget, and Miss Fanny Reeves, Mr. Allan Irving, Elliot Galer, and D. F. Davis, harpist, who made his first appearance in London, and with complete success. Mr. Frank Mori conducted. The most successful pieces of the evening were the "Miserere," from *Il Trovatore*, executed by Miss Reeves and Mr. Galer; the chorus by the Vocal Quartette Union (encored); "'Tis best to be off with the old love," sung with considerable humour by Miss Reeves (encored). Mr. Elliot Galer was particularly successful in each of his songs, especially a new one, "Under the linden tree," by M. Lutz, which narrowly escaped a double encore.

DEATH OF MR. HENRY FARREN.—We read in American papers of the death of Mr. Henry Farren. Mr. Farren was lessee and manager of the Brighton Theatre for three or four seasons, and under his management, theatricals, which had long languished in Brighton, flourished. Unfortunately, although Mr. Farren's early managerial career in Brighton was highly creditable to him, he was led away by the success that attended his exertions, and launched out into extravagancies in private life. At last he was beset by the myrmidons of the law, and escaped from an attic window of the Brighton Theatre. Mr. Farren followed well in his father's steps. All who have seen his Grandfather Whitehead or his Sir Peter Teazle can vouch for this. He was good as a melo-dramatic actor—to wit, in the *Corsican Brothers*; but he was not a tragedian, and here he failed. He thought he could do everything well, but it was not so.

THE WINDSOR ASSOCIATION (Windsor), for the protection of persons and property against thieves and felons, held their Forty-sixth Annual Meeting at the Castle Hotel, on Wednesday, February 1st, the Mayor in the chair, supported by the ex-Mayor, the Treasurer, Solicitor to the Society, &c. There was a large gathering of the members, who did ample justice to the excellent dinner provided by Mr. Sherrieff. The accounts of the Society were stated as being in a very flourishing condition, and after the routine business of the meeting had been transacted, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given, as well as the healths of the mayor and corporation, the vicar and clergy, the treasurer, the vice-chairman and committee, &c. Several very good speeches were made, and the proceedings of the evening were very agreeably interspersed with a selection of glees, madrigals, ballads, and songs, by Messrs. Marriott, Dyson, and Lambert, Mr. Pearson presiding at the pianoforte. The musical part of the entertainment passed off very successfully, giving universal satisfaction, and reflecting great credit on all concerned, and particularly on Mr. Dyson, who officiated as conductor.

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(*Continued from page* 823, *Vol.* 37.)

No. 71.

L. Mozart to his Wife.

Rome, June 30th, 1770.

HAVE we performed before the King of Naples? No, we have not. We have not yet got beyond being saluted by the Queen each time she has perceived us. However, the Queen can do nothing for us, and it is easier to tell you than to write you a description of his Neapolitan Majesty. But you can easily imagine how these sort of things are managed at court. The young violinist Lamotte, who is in the service of the Empress, and who has been travelling in Italy by her orders and at her expense, had been a long time in Naples, and extended his stay three weeks longer, kept in a state of suspense, as he had been led to hope the King and Queen would ask to see him. Of course nothing came of this. I have a hundred amusing stories to tell you of this court; and I will show you also a picture of the King. I have yet not been able to see any one here. I did not tell you the reason why in my first letter, but as things are assuming a better aspect now, I will do so. You know that two horses and one postillion make three brutes. At the last stage before Rome, the postillion whipped the horse harnessed to the shaft, and who consequently supports the *sedia*. The horse fell rolling in the sand and dust, and fell violently on one side, dragging with him the front part of the *sedia*, which has only two wheels. I held Wolfgang by one hand, so that he did not fall out of the carriage, but the shock dragged me down, and my right leg, which was caught in the iron fastenings of the apron of the carriage, was torn for about the length of my finger to the bone.

72.

The Same to the Same.

Rome, July 4th, 1770.

To-morrow we are going to dine with the Cardinal Pallavicini; the day after with the Baron de Sainte Odile, Ambassador of Tuscany. We are to learn to-morrow a piece of news that will greatly astonish you. The Cardinal Pallavicini has received orders to remit to Wolfgang an order from the Pope with the diploma. Do not say anything about this yet. If the news prove true I will let you know soon. The last time we were at the Cardinal's, he said several times in speaking to Wolfgang, *Signor Cavaliere*, we thought it was a joke. Wolfgang has grown very much since he has been in Naples.

73.

The Same to the Same.

Rome, July 7th, 1770.

What I wrote to you the other day about the order† is true. It is the same order as that which was bestowed on Gluck; in the papers appertaining to it the words written are, *Te creamus auratæ militiæ Equitem*. And he must wear the beautiful gold cross that he has had presented him; you can imagine how I laugh each time I hear him called the *Signor Cavaliere*. We are to have an audience of the Pope to-morrow on account of this.

P.S. de Wolfgang.—Cara Sorella mia, I was agreeably surprised to see that you can compose so well, your air is really very fine; try often to do the same kind of thing; send me soon the six minuets of Haydn. *Mademoiselle*, I have the honour to be your very humble servant and brother—Chevalier de Mozart.—Addio.

* Francois Lamotte, born at Vienna, in 1751. Acquired while very young a high reputation. He died in Holland in 1781.

† Mozart only wore the Order of the "Cross of the Golden Spur," and which gave him the right to call himself the Chevalier de Mozart, (as Gluck called himself the Chevalier de Gluck) in his younger days, in the imperial towns and in his journey to Paris, by the express orders of his father, in 1770. Mozart was fourteen years old.

(*To be continued.*)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDALE BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, are sung nightly at the CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and E. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

THE BAY OF DUBLIN QUADRILLES, on Irish Melodies by Wellington Guernsey, as performed by the bands of the Coldstream Guards, Royal Artillery, &c., has become one of the most popular of the day Price 3s. Beware of spurious imitations. London: Brewer and Co.

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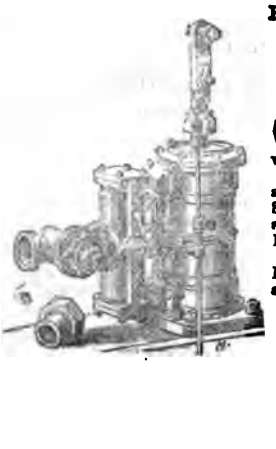

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If I indeed must leave thee.
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken;
I did not dream those cherished chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly.
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Men of Suliote, rouse ye,
See on yonder mountain's brow,
Glows the beacon light!
Warlike songs are singing,—
While the trumpets ringing
Call the valiant Palikari,
To the coming Fight.

What though foes surround us,
Though their chains have bound us,
We will live as freemen live,
Or die as warriors die.
Come with weapons gleaming—
Come with banners streaming,
Raise your glorious battle cry,
Suliote shall be free.

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There should be no despair for you,
While nightly stars are burning;
While evening pours its silent dew,
And sunshine gilds the morning.

There should be no despair, though tears
May flow down like a river:
Are not the best-beloved of years
Around your heart for ever.

They weep, you weep, it must be so;
Winds sigh, as you are sighing,
And winter sheds its grief in snow,
Where autumn's leaves are lying.

Yet, these revive, and from their fate,
Your fate cannot be parted;
Then, journey on, if not elate,
Still, never broken hearted.

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The rays of the morning appear on the land;
O, haste with thy burden to life's narrow gate,
Ere the night shadows falling proclaim thee too late

Knock, little pilgrim, it shall not be vain,
Thy feeble entreaties admittance shall gain;
Thy Saviour is waiting to bid thee God speed,
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A dew-drop reclined on a beautiful rose,
And whispered soft vows of his love,
When near that sweet flower, to seek soft repose,
A sunbeam fell down from above!

The dew-drop instinctively felt there had come
A rival—his loved one to prove,
A shelter he sought next the heart of the rose,
And whispered soft vows of his love.

Still nearer came that sunbeam gay,
As he called the rose his bride,
Those words the dew-drop heard him say,
Then drooped his head and died.

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When winds have swept the gay parterre.
Just like a true and constant friend,
Whose faith no storms of life can bend;
Not the mere friend of summer day,
But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
And sad the spirit sighs alone;
Then marvel not that thus I twine
My thoughts around this gift of thine,
And muse on hopes and joys that last,
And bloom through life's most piercing blast."

"I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER."

Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN.

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Prithee tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me?
It is not *Love* torments me so:
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me!

I try to sing—my voice is sad!
I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can *you* not tell? nor *you?* nor *you?*
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here, *he'd* tell me what to do,
To bid the demon slumber!
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm *sure* 'twould cheer my heart—but then
"I'm not in love, remember!"
I'm not in love, remember.

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Ah! for ever it would grieve me
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Though my heart would trust them gladly,
Though belief, alone, is bliss,
Yet I still must ponder sadly,
Ah! what bitter pain is this.

All my inmost soul concealing,
Shall I sternly answer "No?"
Or each secret wish revealing
Shall my words unfettered flow.
Ever lingering, never speaking,
Here my thoughts shall I express
For my heart if you are seeking,
Strive to find it by a guess.

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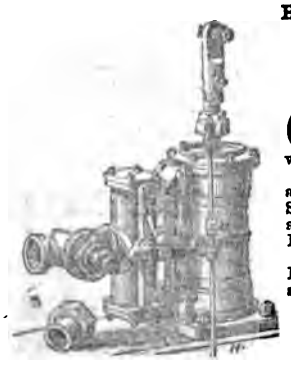

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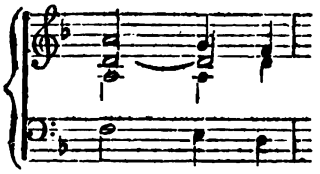
REVIEWS.

"*By the Waters of Babylon, Anthem from the 137th Psalm*" —by William Chater (J. A. Novello).—There is thought, and there is a certain degree of promise, in the above setting of a passage which, by its profound and pathetic expression, must recommend itself to all serious composers who have a turn for religious music. On the other side we find a discrepancy between aim and achievement, which forces us to qualify our words of encouragement with the proviso, that the worthy organist of Coventry has shown himself unequal to the task of setting such a passage in the lofty style he must have proposed to himself on commencing. The almost total absence of well-defined melody has been (unreasonably, we think) excused in certain forms of church music; and we shall therefore refrain from indicting Mr. Chater on this head. In the matter of harmony, nevertheless, we cannot afford to be so charitable; for, in default of tuneful phraseology, what atonement are we to look for unless in the clearness and purity of harmonious progression? Now, Mr. Chater's harmony is by no means unexceptionable, notwithstanding an evident determination on his part to avoid the beaten track, and attain both depth and originality. Take for example :—

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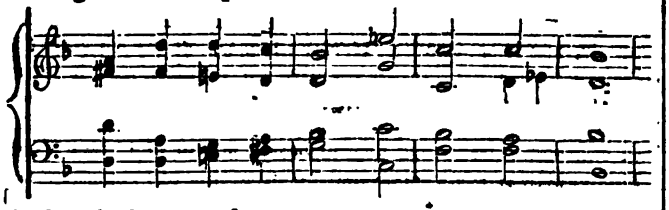
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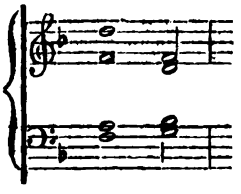
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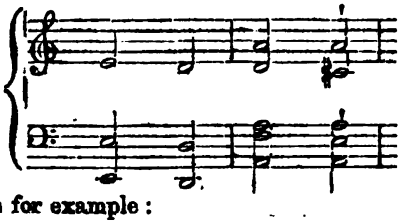
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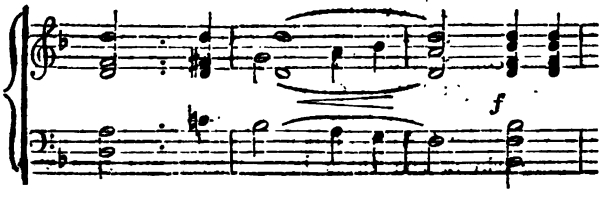
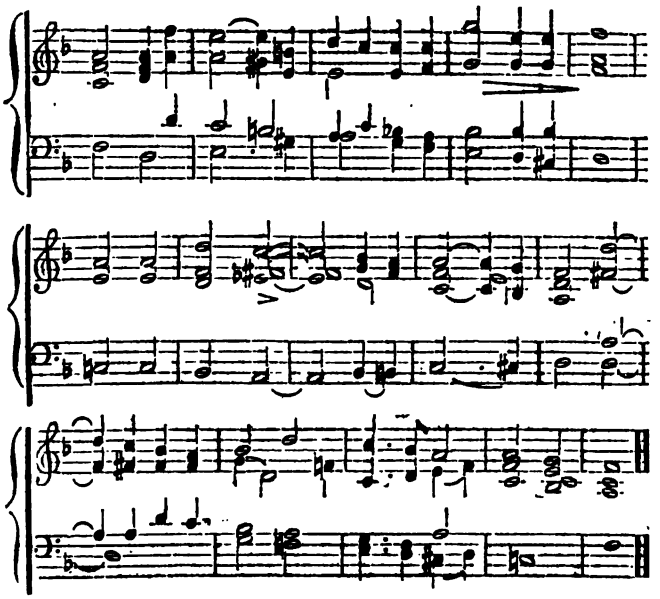
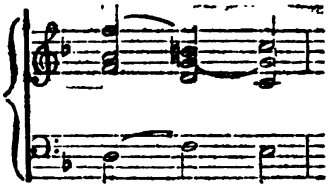
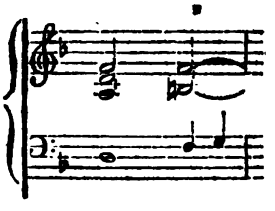
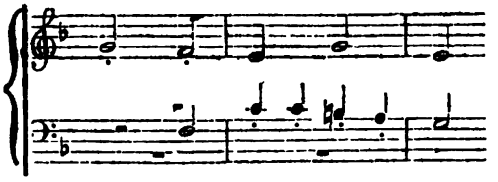
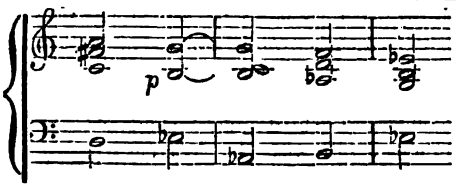
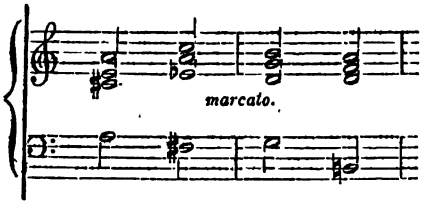

(How much brighter, by the way, would the chord of B flat sound had the first bass note in the last bar been F sharp, instead of F natural.) And again for example :—

(In which there is a terrible confusion of keys, &c.) And again for example :—



And again for example :—

The last movement, *allegro vivace*, to the words, "Yea, happy shall he be," is a fugue, and the lamest (the "leanest," Mr. Chorley would say), that ever illustrated how the strict rules of accompaniment may be defied (with punity). Look at the subjoined "answer" on the fourth below :—

The *stretto* has this peculiarity—viz. : that the fugal style is abandoned—a proceeding more convenient than *canonical* (or perhaps, rather—we should say—more frugal than fugal). One more example, and we have done :—



But no, we can't resist another (positively the last). Again then, for example :—

We regret to find so much fault, but where art is concerned, there is no alternative but to speak plainly. Mr. Chater, moreover, is too eager a composer to be absolved from criticism.

SPOHR'S LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(From Alexander Malibran's *Louis Spohr. Sein Leben und Wirken. Frankfurt-am-Main. J. D. Sauerland's Verlag.* 1860).

I.

Paris, 18*th December*, 1820.

—— With beating heart I drove through the *barrières* of Paris; the thought that I should now have the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with the artists whose works had inspired me in my very earliest years, excited this lively sensation. I transported myself back in thought to the time of my boyhood, when Cherubini was my idol; for I had, through the French theatre, which then existed at Brunswick, an opportunity of knowing his works sooner even than those of Mozart. I recollected vividly the evenings when *Les Deux Journées* was given for the first time; how, quite intoxicated with the powerful impression the work had made upon me, I got the score the same evening, sitting up over it the whole night, and how it was principally this opera which gave me the first impulse to composition. I was now about to see its author, and many other men, whose works had exerted the most decisive influence on my education as a composer and a violinist.

We were, therefore, scarcely housed, before I made it my first business to call upon several of these artists. I was received in a friendly manner by all, and a friendly intercourse speedily sprang up between myself and several of them. I had been told of Cherubini that, at first, he was reserved, nay, gloomy, with strangers; I did not find him so. He received me, without my having brought any letters of introduction, in the most friendly way, and invited me to repeat my visit as frequently as I chose.

On the evening of our arrival, Kreutzer took us to the Grand-Opéra, where a ballet, *Le Carnaval de Venise*, with pleasing, characteristic music by himself, was represented. It is evident that the singers and dancers are accustomed to move about in a larger building; they exaggerate too glaringly for their present locality, which is very limited in comparison with the opera-house they have left. Several grand operas, especially those of Gluck, cannot now be given, since it has not been possible to obtain the necessary space even for the whole orchestra. People are, consequently, looking forward with the greatest eagerness to the completion of the new opera-house, which, however, no matter how actively the works are carried on, cannot be ready before the middle of next summer. Previously to the ballet, the opera, *Le Devin du Village*, words and music by Rousseau, was given. Ought we to praise or blame the fact that the French, side by side with the admirable things with which their operatic repertory has been enriched in the last twenty years, still give the very oldest productions imaginable; and is it a sign of an advanced and cultivated taste for art, that we see them welcome the oldest operas by Grétry, in all their harmonic poverty and incorrectness, with just the same enthusiasm or even still greater than the master-pieces o Cherubini and Méhul? It does not strike me so. What a time has elapsed since the operas of Hiller, Dittersdorff, and others of that period disappeared from our repertories, although these, in inward musical value, are far, far preferable to most of Grétry's. It is true that, on the other hand, it is very dispiriting that only what is new, however insipid and incorrect, finds currency among ourselves, many admirable older compositions being cast aside and forgotten in consequence. It is, however, to be considered a great point in favour of the Germans' taste for art, that Mozart's operas alone form an exception, and that, for more than thirty years, they have been given uninterruptedly at all German theatres; because it furnishes a proof that the German nation is at last penetrated with the perfection of these unsurpassible masterpieces, and, being convinced of this, will not be led astray, however far the sweet musical poison, that flows so copiously from the other side the Alps, should extend.

The orchestra of the Grand-Opéra contains, in comparison with other orchestras, the most celebrated and distinguished artists, but is said to be inferior in *ensemble* to that of the Italian Opera. I cannot yet give an opinion, as I have, at present, heard no other. In Herr Kreutzer's ballet, played with great precision by the orchestra, I was delighted with an oboe solo, performed in a masterly manner by Herr Vogt. This gentleman has succeeded in imparting to his instrument a perfect equality of toue and intonation throughout the whole compass, from C of the small octave, to F upon the fifth line of the staff, which is something in which nearly all oboists fail. His style is, moreover, full of grace and good taste.

A few days since, I was less pleased at the Grand-Opéra than on the first occasion. The opera was *Les Mystères d'Isis*. The complaints of Mozart's admirers are only too just at the transformation of the magnificent *Zauberflöte* into this piece of patchwork, which, on its production, was christened by the French themselves *Les Misères d'ici*. We must feel ashamed that it was Germans who committed this sin against the immortal master. Nothing has remained untouched, except the overture; everything else is jumbled together, changed and mutilated. The opera commences with the concluding chorus of *Die Zauberflöte;* next follows the march from *Titus;* and then, first one fragment and then another from other operas of Mozart, and even a bit from a symphony by Haydn. Between all these, there is recitative, of Herr Lachnith's own manufacture. But worse than all is the fact that the adapters have put a serious text to many light, nay, comic parts of *Die Zauberflöte*, so that the music becomes simply a parody on the words and the situations. Thus, for instance, the Papagena here sings the characteristic air of the Moor "Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden," while the charming trio of the three boys, "Seid uns zum zweiten

Mall willkommen," is given by the three ladies. Out of the duet, "Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen," they have made a trio, etc. But, worst of all they have taken the liberty of making changes in the score, thus, for instance, in the air, "In diesen heiligen Hallen," at the words, "So wandelt er an Freundes Hand," they have altogether omitted the imitative bass :

which is here indispensable, not only on account of the harmony, but also, referring to the "wandering," is so characteristic; instead of this, the basses only give now and then the B natural. How flat and bold this passage, so often admired in Germany, thus sounds, you may easily imagine. Furthermore, the adapters have introduced violoncellos and double-basses into the music of the three ladies, where, in Mozart, the third vocal part is only strengthened and supported by the violins, so that the bass lies on three different octaves to these tender passages, treated only in three parts, which is insupportable to a cultivated ear. There are more offences of the same kind. We must do the French the justice to say that, from the very beginning, they decidedly disapproved of this Vandal-like mutilation of a great masterpiece (a mutilation, which, as they are unacquainted with the original, is not known to them in its full extent); but how comes it that, despite of this, the *Mystères* has remained for eighteen or twenty years quietly in their repertory, when the public here, as I see every day, reigns so despotically in the theatre, and can do whatever it likes?

The performance could not satisfy a German, as I am. Even the overture did not go as well as it should have done, when executed by so magnificent a body of distinguished artists. It was taken too quickly, and, towards the end, hurried on still more, so that, at last, the fiddlers could only play semiquavers instead of quavers. The singers of the Grand Opéra, whose great merit may lie, perhaps, in declamatory singing, are but little fitted to render satisfactorily the tender strains of *Die Zauberflöte*. They sing with a sturdiness which destroys anything like tenderness. The *mise-en-scène*, as regards scenery, costumes, and dancing, is respectable, but not so splendid as I had expected. Yesterday we went to the Grand-Opéra, for the third time, and saw *Clari*, a grand ballet in three acts, music by Kreutzer. Little as I like ballets, and little as pantomimic productions strike me as worth the outlay of artistic resources here lavished on them, I cannot deny that the Parisian ballets entertain a person very agreeably, until he is tired by the monotony of mimic movements, and still more by that of the dances. But, even when given as perfectly as it is here, pantomime, on account of the poverty of its signs, which always require a printed explanation, strikes me as being, when compared to declamatory dramatic productions, like a shadowy outline compared to a drawing. However it may be decked out by a golden background and ornamental accessories (as the ballet here is by the magnificence of the scenery and costumes), it merely presents us with outlines, and life is wanting. In the same way I feel inclined to account the drama, when compared to opera, as a drawing compared to a painting. *It is through song that the poem first obtains colour, and the song only is able, when supported by the power of harmony, to express those indescribable emotions of the soul, of which we have simply presentiments, and at which language must content itself with merely hinting.* The music of *Clari* is very successful, and, especially in the second and third act, overpoweringly effective. It very much facilitates, by correct painting of the passions, the task of understanding the story, and contains a treasure of pleasing melodies, which we regret not to see belonging to an opera. Mdlle. Bigottini played the principal part, and gave proofs of having deeply studied action and gesture. That, in very passionate situations, she worked up the expression of her countenance to grimace, may, perhaps, be justly attributed to the fact that, until now, she has always appeared in a large building, where, on account of the distance, great exaggeration was necessary. Perhaps, this only seems to me so, from my being a German, for the applause was never more tumultuous than when (so far as my feelings were concerned) she overstepped the limits of the Beautiful and the Graceful.

Before the ballet, they gave *Le Rossignol*, an opera in one act, on which is founded Weigl's German opera, *Nachtingall und Rabe*. The music of the French piece is insignificant, and only interested me by Herr Tulou's masterly rendering of a solo for the flute. It is impossible to hear a more beautiful tone than that which Herr Toulou obtains from his instrument. Since I heard him, it no longer strikes me as so unsuitable as it did for our poets to compare the harmony of a sweet voice to the tone of the flute.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, *February 16th.*

AT last the long-expected and ardently-desired *début* of Roger at the Italian Opera has taken place. Roger, the eminent singer, the man of taste, the consummate artist, who talks and sings equally well in German, French, English, and Italian—whose flexible voice lends itself so easily to the music of all times and of all schools, and whose twenty years of success have endeared him to the public here—more than ever justified on the 5th of February the golden opinions he has won. He made his first appearance at the Italiens as Edgardo, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mdlle. Battu being the Lucia; Graziani, Ashton. Angelini also sang. With such a cast, the opera could hardly fail of being a success. Roger exerted himself to the utmost in the finale of the second act, and in the scene of the malediction he rose to the height of the highest efforts of dramatic art. By turns elegant, impassioned, and pathetic, he gave all the most delicate shades in the duet of the second act and in the scene of the tomb. Mdlle. Marie Battu is certainly charming, but Lucia is, at present, almost too arduous a *rôle* for her quality of voice. Graziani had but one fault, he throws too much energy into his voice. Roger is to sing next, I believe, in the *Traviata*, and towards the 15th of March, Tamberlik is expected. The Grand-Opéra is still rehearsing the new opera of Prince Poniatowski's, and adheres for the nouce to its usual bill of fare. The Opéra-Comique, more on the alert, has just brought out the *roman d'Elvire*. The libretto by MM. A. Dumas and De Leuven, reminds one of *La Vieille* (music by M. Fétis), and also still more strongly of the *Conte de Fées* vaudeville by MM. de Leuven and Brunswick, and played in 1845 at the Variétés, and in which the part of the Marquise was performed by Mdlle. Dejazet. The tale, which is a queer *melange*, runs thus:—The Marquise de Villa Bianca is a young and rich woman, whom a law-suit has brought to Palermo, in which town dwells a young and charming cavalier named Gennaro, who, without ever seeing the Marquise, has refused her hand, and whom, in spite of himself, she intends to marry (a process that in comic operas seems to be the easiest and most likely thing in the world). The Marquise, the better to carry out her designs, disguises herself as an old woman, and

in this character is courted by a pompous old podesta, who has an eye to money, and engages a reputed sorceress Silva, to give her love-elixirs. Little by little, Gennaro falls into the meshes of the Marquise; she raises a hornet's nest about him in the shape of insatiable creditors, and he achieves his ruin by losing his last scudi at a grand ball at her house. A last resource remains—it is to marry this gay old dowager, which he accordingly does; but finding his wife never allows him to go beyond the garden-gate, he applies to Silva for a narcotic for his wife, meaning, while she is sleeping, to scale the garden-wall. Silva, who is in league with the Marquise, pretends to make a mistake, and gives her an elixir of youth—when suddenly behold the old lady turned into a young and lovely woman of twenty. Of course the husband falls violently in love with her, but she pretends to have lost her memory, and declares he is not her husband. He shows her the dowager's dress, with which she runs lightly to the terrace and throws into the sea; and then sings her best air in the piece, "Suis-je une hirondelle?" Meanwhile the dress has been fished up by some fishermen, and the Podesta, thinking his old flame has been violently killed by her young husband, has him marched off to prison. Silva offers a potion that is to make the Marquise old again, but Gennaro refuses; he will rather die, and leave his wife young and lovely, than, by saving himself, render her old again. This proof of his affection shows the Marquise that her stratagem is crowned with complete success; she, of course, clears up the mystery, and all ends happily. The music is light and pleasing; the best airs are "Suis-je une hirondelle?" of Mdlle. Monrose; the bolero of M. Montaubry, "Si la brise " folle, and the romance he sings in the third act, "Restez, jeune et belle,"—while, to vary the performance, the *Galatheé* of Victor Massé is to be revived. The rehearsals of M. Octave Feuillet's new drama, *Camille*, are going on at the Vaudeville, but with this change in the cast, Monsieur Lafont replaces M. Lafontaine. The reason given is, that M. Lafontaine did not choose to attend at the rehearsals. At the Gymnase-Dramatique, a new work is to succeed the *Père Prodigue*, which, however great may be the writer's talent, has not had the usual success attendant on his works.

The *Carnaval des Revues* has been brought out at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The *Revue* consists of so many *tableaux*, interspersed with light and sparkling music, recalling the various musical and dramatic events that have taken place in the year, and the way they are parodied on is amusing.

It is decided that the opera, written by Berlioz, entitled *Les Troyens*, is the one with which the Théâtre-Lyrique will re-open the season in the new spot the company will occupy. The Théâtre-Lyrique will now be in the Place du Chatelet, and will take the title of Theatre Municipal de la Ville de Paris.

All concerts are going on actively. MM. Alard and Franchomme have commenced theirs in the Salon-Royal. In the same salons, a pupil of Liszt, M. Hans de Bulow, gives his concerts, composed of the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Richard Wagner. The Concerts du Conservatoire, or rather the second concert, which had been put off on account of the sad loss sustained in the person of the leader of the orchestra, M. Girard, has taken place. The choice of a fresh *chef* is put off till the next season—in the interim M. Tilmant directs. He has taken the *bâton* in a very brilliant manner, and without curtailing a note. Amongst other music, two fragments of a quatuor by Haydn, the air of *Joseph* by Méhul, the chorus from the oratorio of *Solomon* by Handel, and the sublime overture to *Euryanthe*, were amongst the most remarkable performances.

The Société des Jeunes Artistes du Conservatoire have given their third concert, and performed a work of Meyerbeer's not known before in Paris, the music from the drama of *Struensee*, &c. It is getting greatly the fashion here amongst that fashionable part of society who have but little to do with their time, to unite in each other's saloons about once a week, and get up an unimportant concert, and study the music of the best masters. Among the best of these *concerts de salons*, those given by the young and charming Madame de H. are the most *renommée*.

At Naples, the theatre of San Carlos continues in a deplorable state; the new manager has a hard task imposed upon him. He said he was going to engage a new tenor-contralto. The Neapolitans, knowing that the Scala, at Milan, had engaged Giuglini at 1,000 francs a night, began to look for something equally good, but their hopes have been cruelly disappointed.

Jullien is working away with all his ancient energy; and soon Paris will have the treat of getting, in one night, every description of music. *Feb. 22nd.*

This last week has been, so to speak, a week of "revivals," with the exception of one novelty—and certainly a great one—in the shape of the *Philémon et Beaucis* of M. E. Gounod; but I must leave till next week a more detailed account of the various merits and demerits of this opera, and merely give a general sketch of what is going on in the dramatic world here. The Grand-Opéra, faithful to old traditions, has been giving the *Traviata*, Mdlle Caroline Bartot being the *prima donna*. The engagement of Mdlle. Duprez-Vanden-Heuvel is announced at this theatre at the same time as the non-engagement of Mdlle. Dussy. Roger has been performing again in the *Lucia* at the Italian Opera, and on Thursday or Saturday next he will appear in the *Traviata*. *Don Giovanni* was revived yesterday week; it was said Roger was to have performed, but it was Badiali who filled the part of Don Juan—a character that, in his younger days, was one of his great triumphs. At the second performance of *Don Giovanni*, it is said that Tamberlik will succeed Gardoni in the part of Ottavio; M. Merly that of Badiali; Alboni will still remain, I suppose, Zerlina. Mad. Penco sings the part of Donna Elvira admirably. *Galatheé*, one of M. Victor Massé works, has been revived at the Opera-Comique—Mad. Calel, being Galatheé, and Mdlle. Wertheimber, Pygmalion. M. Sainte-Foy and Ponchard, fill the other parts.

Passing thus rapidly from the lyrical to the dramatic theatres, I must tell you that, at the Odéon, Mdlle. Fitz-James has been performing Phèdre. With the remembrance of Rachel and Madame Ristori, it is impossible to feel interested in the acting of Mdlle. Fitz-James; indeed, her forte lies evidently more to melo-drama than to tragedy. Meanwhile, that charming work of George Sand, *François le Champi* is being played here. The Gymnase, in honour of the the Carnaval has been giving the *Bal d'Enfants* of MM. Dumanoir and Dennery. The Vaudeville is also giving some of the played pieces of M. A. Dumas. Some very wonderful American tumblers are performing at the Gaîté, in a kind of interlude to the *Mendicante:* certainly, the art of dislocation, if one may use such a phrase, can hardly be carried farther. The rehearsals and preparations of the *Compère Guillery* are being so actively carried on at the Ambigu-Comique, that it is probably at the end of this week that it will be brought out. I must not forget to notice in this summary a little comic opera, in one act, called *Fanchette*, the words and music by M. E. Dejazet. Mdlle. Dejazet herself has also written a little one-act vaudeville, *P'tit fi, p'tit mignon.*

There is not so much going on in concerts as when I last wrote. Richard Wagner is going to give another concert, it is said, at which the Emperor and Empress will be present; and there is also some *on dit* of a German *troupe* performing, in the month of May, the *Tännhauser*. The papers here are noticing, in the warmest terms of welcome, the arrival of M and Mad. Sainton: they are, I believe, going to give some performances ere they return to England. Roger, whose engagement at the Italian Opera finishes at the commencement of March, will sing the *Seasons* of Handel at the Conservatoire, and then leave to fulfil his various engagements in the principal French towns, and also in Belgium. By an *ordre ministériel*, M. Sauzay has been named professor of the violin at the Conservatoire, in the place of the late M. Girard. The return of Mad. Marie Pleyel is announced here.

At Naples, Signor Spinelli, the successor of the Duke of Satriano, does not seem, as yet, to be a great acquisition; in fact the state of the theatre seems deplorable.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—A morning concert was given, last week, by Herr Joseph Eppich, who was long a favourite at the Stadt-theater, but was compelled by ill-health to retire for a while. He was heartily welcomed, on once more being able to resume his professional duties. The concert-room was crammed to suffocation.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—The following is a close translation of the bill of the first concert which will be given in Paris by Jullien :—

"The management of the Cirque de l'Impératrice have the honour of announcing that they have concluded an engagement with M. Jullien, of London, and the principal solo players of his orchestra, with the object of founding, in Paris, a grand musical society, by means of which there may be organised brilliant festivals, in the style of those which M. Jullien has given with splendid success in England, Germany, and America. Sunday, 11th March, at two o'clock, grand festival of inauguration, given in Paris, by the Universal Philharmonic Society, under the direction of M. Jullien, conductor of the orchestra of the Theatre Royal of her Majesty the Queen of England, of Drury Lane, of Covent Garden, and of the London Lyceum, who will conduct a grand musical body of six hundred executants selected from the members of the greatest choral societies and the best orchestras of France, England, Belgium, and Germany. Programme:—PART I. Sacred music; classical music; selections from the *Creation*, words by M. de Ségur, music by Haydn; the *Prophète Elie*, words by Bartholomew, translated by Maurice Bourges, music by Mendelssohn; the *Messiah*, text from the sacred books, music by Handel. PART II. Heroic music; national music: *La Guerre*, epic symphony, dedicated to the army; *La Paix*, quadrille symphony, dedicated to all nations; *L'Harmonie de l'Univers*, an essay, words by Humbolt, music by Roch-Albert. PART III. *Voyage musical*, selections from the repertory of national melodies, collected by M. Jullien, and executed by his orchestra during his universal tour; echoes of Italy, England, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, Spain, and America. The names of the solo instrumentalists, and of the singers, will be published in the detailed programme which will appear shortly."

COLOGNE.—Among the pieces included in the programme of the concert for the benefit of the Cologne Orchestra, was the Symphony, No. VI., in G minor, Op. 32, by Niels W. Gade, which was here new. It was very favourably received by the audience, as it deserved to be, on account of its own merits, and as well as of the careful manner in which it had been rehearsed, and the admirable mode in which it was played. Gade's instrumental music resembles paintings, the drawing and outlines of which are, it is true, correct, but do not give evidence of very great fancy or genial creative talent, but which, despite of this, from the colouring and the way in which the lights are managed, possess such a charm that we like to contemplate them, if the mind of the spectator (or hearer) happens to be in that state which is pleased by the sole effect of the colouring. Had not the word fallen lately into discredit, we might, in Gade's case, much rather speak of symphonic music than—in the case of others. On this account, it is much more necessary to *hear* this music than that of other masters. When it is read, or played on the piano, a great number of its good qualities disappear, and Gade's peculiar style is reduced principally to the rhythm, and a few characteristic motives of a popular kind. That, nevertheless, as this newest symphony of his proves, he does not fall into mannerism, should certainly be considered a great point in his favour, since he is greatly exposed to the temptation of doing so. The most original movement in the work is indisputably the *Allegro moderato e energico* (in B flat major, 3-4 time), which occupies the place of the *Scherzo* between the *Andante sostenuto* in D major, and the *Finale allegro vivace e animato* (in G minor, 2-4 time—the longest movement in the symphony). It will be seen, from what has been said, that one of the principal causes of the attraction of the work is the instrumentation. The reputation that Berlioz has achieved, among the French, by his peculiar effects of sound, may be claimed from another point of view, for Gade, who obtains by this art purely musical effects, in opposition to the mere programme—*Vertönung.*

A brilliant feature of the evening's entertainment was the performance of Herr Joachim, from Hanover. He played Mendelssohn's concerto. (It would almost seem there were only two violin concertos, that by Beethoven, and that by Mendelssohn! Why do not such artists return to Spohr, Rode, and Viotti? We make this remark generally, and not with especial reference to Herr Joachim, who never performed Mendelssohn's concerto here before, while he has played one by Viotti, and the *Gesangscene* by Spohr.) He also gave Tartini's *Teufels Sonata*, and two pieces by J. S. Bach, all with the artistic certainty and energetic style which distinguish a master. The only thing we could have desired was a little more moderate *tempo* for the last movement of the concerto, since—especially in the colossal hall which is not very favourable for *any* solo instruments—the clearness and delicate graduations of the passages suffer from too great rapidity.

The following was the programme of the Seventh Gesellschafts concert :—

First Part. 1. Overture to a tragedy, Op. 18, by Woldemar Bargiel (*new*). 2. Airs and choruses from Gluck's *Orpheus* (Mdlle. Jenny Meyer, from Berlin). 3. Symphony, No. IV. B flat major, Beethoven.—*Second Part.* 4. Pianoforte concerto in C minor, by Beethoven (Herr Alfred Jaell, pianist to the King of Hanover). 5. "Salve Regina," for chorus of four voices *a capella*, by M. Hauptmann. 6. Variations by Handel. Waltz by Chopin, "Home, sweet home," for pianoforte alone (A. Jaell). 7. Scene from Bellini's *Romeo and Juliet* (Mdlle. J. Meyer). 8. Overture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn.

We cannot approve of the order of the pieces. For more reasons than one, the pianoforte concerto ought to have been placed at the end of the first, and the symphony at the end of the second part, which might have commenced with Mendelssohn's overture. The insertion, too, of the scene from Bellini's *Romeo and Juliet* (Act I.), compressed by the omission of the recitative of Capulet and Tibaldo, as well as of the chorus, ought not to have been allowed. In the arrangement from *Orpheus*, the air in C major ("Che farò senza Euridici"), before the scene in Tartarus (with the chorus of Furies), was not at all in its proper place, though the addition of the charming chorus from the scene in Elysium was appropriate and impressing.

Bargiel's overture displayed, like his former works, his great talent, and was received with due appreciation. In its execution, as well as in that of Beethoven's symphony, No. IV., the orchestra distinguished themselves; the good effect of the two rehearsals a-week, during the winter, on their play is very remarkable, while merely performing in the theatre did not exactly conduce to artistic execution, but just the reverse.

Mdlle. Jenny Meyer, from Berlin, satisfied anything like high expectation only in the first strophe of the song in which *Orpheus* endeavours to mollify the Furies. Her voice is full and pleasing, but her style is deficient in warmth and feeling. It is monotonous from beginning to end, and, when she wishes to impart dramatic expression, as, for instance, in the Romeo scene from Bellini, she employs means which belong to an unartistic school. Among these we must reckon a holding of the notes over the bar, and an incorrect *portamento*. She ought, also, to be more careful in her pronunciation, especially as far as the quality of the vowels is concerned, The *tempo* and conception of the air in C major from *Orpheus* were altogether a mistake; there was not the least sign of the *vivace con disperagione*, or on the fourfold change of *tempo* marked by the composer.

Herr Alfred Jaell played with extraordinary success, and fully deserved it. It would be difficult for any pianist to surpass his performance as that of a perfect technical master of his instrument, especially in the scales, trills, and triplets, while his touch conveys the most delicate gradations of light and shade. In addition, however, to possessing these eminent qualities as a player, he proved, by his calm and expressive rendering of Beethoven's C minor concerto, and of Handel's charming variations, that he is an artist and musician who regards manual dexterity not as an end but simply as an indispensable means for satisfying the higher demands of art and interpreting the composer. This tendency of Herr Jaell is the more worthy of favourable notice, since, for the first few years after his return from America, he had still much to do in this respect.

CREFELD, *27th January.*—At the third Subscription-Concert, Herr Maximilian Wolff, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, distinguished himself by his performance of Mendelssohn's violin-concerto, and a fantasia, by Leonard, for violin and orchestra, on a theme by Haydn. The first part of the concert was brought to a close by Hiller's setting, for chorus and orchestra, of Göthe's *Gesang der Geister über den Wassern*, which was exceedingly successful. The second part of the concert

consisted of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. On the 3rd inst., Herr Wolff gave a *soirée* for chamber-music, when he played the first violin part in Mozart's G minor quartet, and in Beethoven's F major quartet, besides Bach's *chaconne*, some other solo pieces, and a romance of his own composition.

ARNHEIM.—The Committee for the Seventh General Musical Festival of the Society for the Furtherance of Music have decided on the following programme:—

"*Thursday Evening*, the 9th August.—1. Prize Symphony, by J. J. H. Verhülst, Op. 46 (crowned by the Society in July, 1846). 2. *Samson*, oratorio, by Handel.

"*Friday Evening*, the 10th August.—1. Overture and Introductory Chorus, by J. A. van Eyken, to Vondel's tragedy, *Lucifer*, Op. 40 (to which a prize was awarded by the Society in 1852). 2. *Lorelei*, for solo, chorus, and orchestra, by Ferdinand Hiller, Op. 70. 3. *Elia op Horeb*, poem by N. Beets, music by F. Coenen (prize in 1857). 4. *Lobgesang*, symphony cantata, by F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Op. 52.

"*Saturday Morning*, the 11th August.—Artists' Concert. Besides this, the 84th Psalm (Dutch words by Dr. J. P. Heije, music by J. J. H. Verhülst), and a symphony by Beethoven, not yet decided on, but probably No. 7.

"*For the Committee*:—W. Taets van Amerongen, President of the Technical Commission. J. M. J. Engelberts, Secretary."

VIVIES.—A new organ, from the factory of the well-known builders, Merklin and Schütze, of Brussels, was inaugurated in the cathedral here on the 10th ult.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. C.—*Thanks for his communication; but we were unable to send a reporter.*

FLORIAN.—*Decidedly true.*

W's *communication is an advertisement.*

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1860.

DOES anybody doubt that music has made rapid strides in this country within the last dozen years? Does anybody deny that the progress of music keeps pace with the march of civilisation? If so, in our desire to set him right, we beg leave to direct his attention, not to the Monday Popular Concerts, not to the Old Philharmonic, the New Philharmonic, or the Musical Society of London; not to the numberless "Unions," Chamber Meetings, Quintet and Quartet Associations, Vocal and Orchestral Concerts, &c., &c., that mushroom like have sprung up in an incredibly short space of time; nor yet to the Crystal Palace, which is fast merging into a vast music-hall, at the instigation of the Sacred Harmonic Society—since all plead, trumpet-tongued, their own cause; but simply to Canterbury Hall, in the Westminster-road, to Weston's Music Hall, High Holborn, to Raglan Hall, Theobald's-road, or to any other of those huge and brilliant saloons dedicated to music in several parts of the metropolis, which have taken the place of and superseded the twopenny concert-rooms of bye-gone London. We are not going to apostrophise the above places of amusement, nor to designate them temples of art. Their establishment, nevertheless, is not entirely without its use, and their existence is a significant sign of the times. The audiences who now frequent the new "Music Halls for the People," are, in all probability, similar to those which were wont to attend the old penny or twopenny saloons. A greater attention to dress and cleanliness certainly may be evidenced, with a better style of pipe, a more reserved demeanour, and a politer phraseology. But the greatest transformation has taken place in taste and appreciation. In point of rank and station, the old and new public are identical. The hardy artisan, the upper labourers in workshops and factories, the smug clerk, the saucy apprentice, the spruce shop-boy, the small trader, the loose gent of the suburbs, a prevailing class—of such materials were the auditories of the old small concert-rooms composed; and of such are the patrons of the new great saloons constituted. To what then is to be attributed the change—the improvement? To the influence of music, most indubitably. There was a time—we remember it ourselves—when the humbler classes of the community, having no other escape for their melodious propensities, were wont to assemble nightly in crowds at these low-priced gin-and-song taverns, and to pass whole evenings in boisterous excitement, listening to some nasal tenor, or short-winded soprano, indulging the hearers with such exhilarating airs as "Billy Barlow," "Happy Land," "My Master's Gun," and "The Coalheaver's Feast," to the accompaniment of a five-and-a-half octave upright piano, touched by a gentleman learning his notes. Yet there was no complaint. Some fine-eared critic might occasionally perhaps have expressed a wish that the vocalist had sung a little more in tune, or that the performer had played a few right notes; but good humour, under the impulsive power of "old Tom" and tobacco, displayed illimitable forbearance, and no one grumbled save when the waiter, through inadvertence, proffered short change.

The history of the transition of these primitive abodes of art, from the state of grub to butterfly maturity, is not necessary. Some enterprising speculator and thorough reformer, like Mr. Morton, proprietor of the Canterbury Hall, no doubt, was impressed by the spirit of the times, saw the opening, and took advantage of it. He rented, or built, a spacious saloon, and had it handsomely decorated and brilliantly illuminated; procured tolerable singers; engaged a veritable pianist; and hired a well-conducted Broadwood or Collard. The programmes, moreover, became a serious consideration. That class of ballads, represented by "My Master's Gun," and "My Wife, she likes her Beer," were discarded, and its place supplied by the favourite airs of the day. Operatic tunes were introduced, and concerted *morceaux* attempted. The proprietor observed closely the inclination of the people's taste. As music took a higher flight, business rose in proportion. The better the bill of fare, the greater the quantity of beer and spirits imbibed. The love of art and the desire of gain alike prevailed with the manager in his selections. He who had previously but the slightest possible acquaintance with Italian composers, now stood up stoutly for Donizetti and Verdi, and became note-wise. The transition state reached its grand climacteric, when a musical director was secured, and selections from popular operas were performed.

If the reader, who knows nothing of the musical transactions in London beyond the Opera and the concerts, imagines for a moment that we are attempting to play on his credulity, let him satisfy himself and pay a visit to Mr.

Morton's establishment in Westminster-road, any evening. He will there hear, considering all things, a by-no-means despicable performance of Professor Bennett's cantata, *The May Queen;* or, should he prefer Ausonian strains to British, may gratify his predilections by extracts from *Lucrezia Borgia*, or some equally popular Italian work. Nay, he may gain knowledge as well as pleasure, since Mr. Morton does not restrict his excerpts to known operas, but searches among the unacknowledged and the erudite, and disdains to follow the managers of the great patent theatres. Some time since, a selection was given from the *Dame Blanche*—one of the greatest master-pieces of the French school, and, when novelty is so much sought for, most unaccountably overlooked at our Italian operas. Boïeldieu's opera was expressly translated for the Canterbury Hall Concerts. Scenes, too, from *Macbeth*—an opera by Verdi, which, although it has achieved no small reputation on the Continent, has never been produced in this country—is at this moment being executed, as well as some of the music from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Or, if the sceptic do not like to venture on a transpontine expedition, Weston's Music Hall, in Holborn, will furnish him with a "grand selection" from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, supported by a strong army of principals, a full band and an efficient chorus.

We need not pursue the subject further. It is quite evident, that music has wrought the most remarkable changes in modern times, among all grades and all classes, and will continue to work more. The change is not merely artistic but social. Audiences that love good music will, through its influence, be induced to love something else good, without perhaps being sensible thereof. Music should not be looked upon as an Art merely, but as an Instructor and a Chastener in the ways of life.

THERE was Pantagruel, stamping about the coffee-room of the "Edinburgh Castle" with such violence, that tables trembled, plates clattered, glasses rung, and, in short, every kind of villanous noise was produced, that can be elicited from a shaken hostelry; and there was Epistemon sitting by the fire with a long pipe in his mouth, smiling and smirking to himself, with wondrous complacency, and exhaling little feathery fumes, with all the deliberation of infinite relish.

Into the midst of this state of things quietly walks Panurge, thinking of nothing, as was frequently the case; but no sooner has he entered, than amazed by the insane conduct of Pantagruel, he stands stock-still near to the door, with his mouth wide open, until John the waiter closes it by violently chucking him under the chin.

"What's all this about?" quoth Panurge, when he had recovered the gift of speech.

"Read that!" thundered Pantagruel, and he flung a newspaper at the head of Panurge with such force, that he knocked him all the way back through the passage into the street, so that he bumped against a passing omnibus, and glancing off at an angle of 35 degrees, was conveyed into the Strand Theatre, when for the fiftieth time he witnessed, with infinite satisfaction, the *Christmas Boxes* of Augustus Mayhew and Sutherland Edwards.

Returning to the "Edinburgh Castle," when the performance was over, and finding Pantagruel in a calmer state of mind, (that old rascal Epistemon still whiffing and smirking as before) he said, with chattering teeth "Your Lordship hath not condescended to answer my question."

"I was much excited when I saw you last," said Pantagruel, "and I have as yet scarcely recovered."

"Hast thou forgotten the laws of moderation in thy drink?" said Panurge.

"He has been reading this" said Epistemon, handing another newspaper (for the first had been reduced to its constituent monads), and placing his broad thumb, without another word, on the Drury Lane advertisement.

"And I will read it again" said Pantagruel, snatching the paper from Epistemon, and dealing him such a back-hander that he fell from his chair into the fender, and there remained seated, still with the same indomitable smile, for the rest of the evening.

"John," said Panurge, resignedly, "thou wilt bring in a screw of Bristol bird's-eye—likewise half-a-pint of beer" —and with an attentive face, he fixed his big eyes upon Pantagruel.

"What I will read to thee" said Pantagruel, "is the plot of a play called the *Forest Keeper*, as described in the Drury Lane advertisement. This I declare to be the most interesting and exciting tale that has been produced."

"Always excepting the plot of the *Goose with the Golden Eggs*," suggested Panurge.

"Nay," said Pantagruel, condescendingly, "I have seen that mighty creation on the stage in all its plenitude is a work of consummate art, but the *Forest Keeper* I have *not* seen." (Here a noise arose like the gurgling which is produced when a large body of water is compelled to flow through a very small aperture, and Pantagruel, turning round, saw Epistemon in such a convulsion of suppressed laughter, that it was a miracle he did not expire upon the spot.) "I therefore merely spoke of the tale as a tale—meaning the tale here printed. Now listen: 'In the first act we see Christian, as the fond husband and royal forest-ranger doting on his wife, but finally roused to the intensest jealousy by tracing the footsteps of a man to his chamber-window, and, moreover, seeing his wife part from a stranger.'"

"Now I," said Panurge, "should have been more jealous if I had seen my wife meet with a stranger, for then I should not have known what ill might have happened; whereas, if I had seen her part with a stranger, I should have argued that the mischief, whatever it was, had ended for the time. Likewise, methinks, a stranger, in these cases, is better than a friend."

"'In his frenzy,' continued Pantagruel, reading, 'he seizes a gun and fires at him, but misses his aim, and his wife, falling insensible at his feet, he rushes without further inquiry from his home, and joins the army.'"

"Beshrew me, but this same Christopher," began Panurge—

"Christian!" said Pantagruel.

"Christian, indeed! out upon him for a perverted heathen!" said Panurge. "He sees all this turmoil going on, and instead of trying to find out the tops and bottoms of things, he runs away, when a civil question put to his wife would have settled the whole business. Slight, indeed, is this same Christopher's desire for useful knowledge. He will never be enumerated among the martyrs of science, like Galileo and Tycho—nothing about him will be written by Sir Daniel Brewster. And don't you believe too much in his jealousy, my worthy lord and master. He wanted an opportunity to be off—to cut his lucky, as Mr. Burnand would say—he'd have been one of Sir Cresswell's best customers, if he had been living now. Ha! ha! a right merry knave is this same Christopher!"

"Panurge," said Epistemon, with exceeding gravity, "thou

knowest that my love for thee is exceedingly slight; thou art aware that if thou wert about to be executed on Monday next, I would gladly part with my last farthing to witness the ceremony; but, nevertheless, I frankly avow, that on this occasion, I listen to thy discourse with the profoundest admiration and respect."

"Epistemon," said Panurge, with equal solemnity, "thou knowest that my esteem for thee is of the smallest—that I would not give a farthing to see thee hanged, simply because the sight of thee, under any circumstances whatever, is to me intensely repulsive and disagreeable. Nevertheless, I humbly own, that on this occasion, I am proud of thy good word."

"'The man who so innocently caused all this mischief, is a M. François Duchamp,'" continued Pantagruel.

"I shall affect the true-born Briton, and think of him as Frank Field," said Panurge.

"'An exiled aristocrat,'" continued Pantagruel, reading, "'who surreptitiously visits Mad. Reynold.'"

"Miss Reynolds?" asked Panurge, with half-closed eyes.

"*Madame* Reynold, dolt," bawled Pantagruel.

"Mad. Reinhardhalt," murmured Panurge, nodding, "a sort of German name."

"'To receive the rents she secretly collects for him.'"

"Then Mad. Reinhardhalt is like my landlord," exclaimed Panurge. "He collects my rent so very secretly, that the operation is unknown even to himself, and therefore he sweareth lustily that I am three quarters in arrear."

"'Seventeen years are supposed to elapse,'" continued Pantagruel, reading "'between the two acts. In the second act, we find the wife, supposing the husband dead'—supposing the husband dead."

"Very well, I grant the hypothesis," said Panurge, impatiently.

"'Married to M. Duchamp, and she has a grown-up daughter. The veteran soldiers being here disbanded, and passing through Nismes, are insulted by the now Bourbon mob, and among them is Christian, who is not dead.'"

"The story would be much more curious, if he marched through the town when he *was* dead," said Panurge. "But I knew that Christopher would take care of himself."

"'Having braved the fury of the mob,'" continued Pantagruel, "'he seeks a refuge in M. Duchamp's house, where he encounters, first his daughter, and then his wife, and finds in Duchamp himself a man whose life he has saved on the field of battle.'"

"Then had Duchamp himself swallowed the man?" inquired Panurge, looking exceedingly stupid.

"No; Duchamp *was* the man, booby—only the author was an idiom."

"Go on," said Panurge, mournfully.

"'He does not own his child, nor claim his wife, magnanimously preferring to give her up rather than to reduce her to misery by proclaiming her a bigamist'—but, thou scurvy knave! thou art not listening—no, by the parings of Apollyon's hoof, thou preferrest that scrap of paper on which thou fixest thy leaden eyes, to this sublime description."

"Listen, listen, master mine, at this glorious specimen of English composition, and cheer the cockles of thy heart," said Panurge, "and then, if thou wilt, chop me into small pieces, and vend me in the form of kidney-dumplings. Listen to the inscription on this humble-looking scrap of paper." So, leaping on to the table, Panurge read as follows:—

"POETRY AND POETS.

"Fitzball has a poetic mind, it does not follow that he is a-poet; for to write poetry, the composition must be faultless. Choice in words and expressions; perfect in imagery; and original. Many think poetically, and feel poetically, but few write poetically, there being but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Loud was the mirth of Pantagruel, shrill was the laughter of Epistemon; John the waiter rushed out of the room in convulsions, and repeated the composition to the bar-maid, who instantly fell into hysterics. Customers at the bar carried the joke into the street, and the broad Strand echoed with the sound of mirth. Father Thames was heard to chuckle in his muddy bed, and a dignified smile illumined the statue of Charles I. at Charing-cross.

"Who the devil was the wag who wrote that;" asked Pantagruel, whose merriment had given way to curiosity.

"I can't tell, for the life of me," said Panurge. "I had it in the scrap of paper that inclosed the bird's-eye."

MUSIC has often been called "the only universal language," and an ingenious writer once undertook to prove that, before the confusion of Babel, the inhabitants of the earth expressed emotions and interchanged ideas exclusively in song. Spoken language, he maintained, was comparatively a recent invention—or, rather, it was a curse inflicted upon man as a punishment for his non-observance of the harmonious laws of Providence. According to this author's theory, the serpent, who was undoubtedly the original Don Juan, must have tempted Eve to the air of some "La ci darem," composed by himself; and Tubal Cain could no longer be regarded as the first musician, though he would still have to be looked upon as the first and greatest manufacturer of musical instruments—in fact, as a sort of primæval Sax. Like a great many other theories, that of our ingenious friend had the disadvantage of being untenable. Instead of being an opera, the life of man has always been a drama, and generally a very dull one, with few, if any, musical situations; in addition to which it may be shown, that the great architectural scheme, to which the science of ethnology owes its existence, whatever effect it may have had on music, has certainly left its traces in the language of musicians—more especially those of England. Melody and harmony, wherever originated, find a response all over the world. Music from all parts of Europe—which, as far as music is concerned, *is* the world,—find a readier welcome and appreciation nowhere than in England. But, while adopting the music of foreigners, we surely need not at the same time adopt their musical terms, though this is now done to a most unnecessary and ridiculous extent. With a view to that universality of which we have spoken, it was desirable that all nations should make use of the same language for the few directions to the player or singer which every piece of music requires, and naturally that of the oldest musical country in Europe was chosen. Gradually, however, French terms have been introduced—we mean in music printed in England—which is absurd, inasmuch as French is not the recognised musical language of Europe, and is not understood as a matter of course either in England, Germany, or Italy. Composers ought to elect one of two courses—either they should write their indications in Italian, or they should write them in the language of the country to which they belong—and in these cases the country to which they belong is that in which they publish. What is the use of writing "main droite," or M. D.," on a pianoforte piece addressed to English young ladies who may, or may not, but certainly do not invariably,

understand French? Why are so many pieces advertised "à quatre mains," instead of "for two players," which, though an English, is not, like its French equivalent, an absurd expression?—What is the meaning of "pressez le mouvement," and of a dozen other phrases that are engraved on the music issued by London music-publishers as though it were impossible to give the meaning of the words in English?

At our operatic performances we have often wondered why the English, when they wish to hear an air a second time, cry out *encore*, which is never used in that sense in France; whereas the French, desiring to have a song repeated, exclaim "*bis*,"—which was never so applied in Rome.

But the polyglot character of our programmes chiefly amuses us. The other day, in looking over the names of certain orchestral performers, we found that some were to play on an instrument or instruments called "violini, primo," others on "violi," others simply on English "trombones," while one gentleman, with quite an Anglican name, was to perform on the "grosse caisse." Without insisting on the employment of the word "tiddle," may we inquire why musicians are no longer allowed to play on the "violin," and why a big drum is to be called a "grosse caisse." If it be considered vulgar to say big drum in England, it ought to be thought equally vulgar to say "grosse caisse" in France, and there would then be nothing left but to exchange of languages, as it is proposed we should exchange produce for manufactures.

In certain departments of industry, in which the superiority of England is undoubted, the French have adopted certain English words, from sheer want of suitable equivalents. Thus, on their railways, they say "stuffing-box," which they pronounce "*stufain-boxe*," and on their steamers they endeavour to say "stop her," and succeed in saying "*stopaire*." But we cannot admit that the French are so far before us in music as to render it becoming on our part to write their language on our music sheets, as if overcome by their superior attainments in that art.

Probably the subject we have been discussing is not of *very* great importance, but small evils must be attacked from time to time, if only to prevent them becoming great ones; and we confess that we were very much struck a few days since by the appearance of a piece of music, of which the title was in German, the description in Italian, and the dedication in French—while the author was an Englishman.

HER MAJESTY' THEATRE.—"Yesterday an agreement was signed which constitutes Mr. E. T. Smith, the Drury Lane manager, future lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, on a lease of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years."—(*Times, Friday, Feb.* 24.)

ORGANIST OF ST. MARY'S, ALDERMANBURY—(*Communicated*).—The organistship at the beautiful City church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, will be shortly vacated by the present occupant, and a new election will take place before Easter. The organ is a not uninteresting specimen by Russell, England, and Green; and a trial we made of its merits some time since, impressed us on the whole considerably in its favour. For many previous years it had, we believe, been much neglected, and on the occasion of our trying the organ, various repairs and additions had been effected in it by Messrs. Gray and Davison. The instrument is better located in the church than any other in the City, in this respect contrasting most favourably with modern instances in regard of the position of organs in churches.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

THE long-announced and much-expected opera, *Lurline*, by Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, was produced on Thursday evening, and with an amount of success hardly anticipated by the warmest admirers of the composer. We can recall, indeed, no more enthusiastic reception awarded to an English lyric work for years, and the excitement of the audience reminded us of the first night of the *Mountain Sylph*, the *Siege of Rochelle*, *Maritana*, &c. A peculiar interest attached to the production of a new work from the pen of Mr. Wallace, since he had written nothing for the stage since 1846, when *Matilda of Hungary* was produced; and everybody was anxious to ascertain whether his talent had been invigorated by time and study, or cessation from his accustomed labours had rusted his powers. We believe we may, without fear of contradiction, assert that Mr. Wallace has written his best work in *Lurline;* that he has not only exhibited a finer instinct for pure original melody, but has proved himself a better musician in every sense of the word, and has added largely to his reputation as a dramatic composer. This, as far as we are enabled to judge, is the universal opinion. Some may like the music better than others, but all agree that it is the composer's most admirable work.

Lurline is a grand opera, according to the French acceptation of the term. There is no spoken dialogue. The orchestra is always employed. Of the *libretto*, by the veteran, Mr. Edward Fitzball, the hero of a hundred dramatic victories, we wish to speak affectionately. The general construction of the plot is not without merit, and some of the scenes and situations are striking; but here all absolute eulogy must end. Mr. Wallace, however, like his compatriot Mr. Balfe, does not seem to attach any great importance to technical excellence in lyrics, and, if the words only involve an idea, is satisfied. Doubtless, in many instances, the composer of *Lurline* has drawn from his own inspiration, and become his own poet. Of the plot of the new piece it is sufficient to say, that it is founded on one of the popular legends of the Rhine, concerning Lurline, a Naiad, or Water-Nymph, who falls in love with a mortal. It is divided into three acts. In the first act, the mortal is lured away by the Naiad to her home under the waters; in the second she allows him to ascend to earth, trusting that after a time he will return; in the last, the Naiad is permitted to assume mortality and wed her lover. For details, we refer the curious to Mr. Fitzball's book.

There were seven encores—the overture; chorus, "Drain this cup of pleasure;" "Take this cup of sparkling wine;" song, by Ghiva (Miss Pilling), "Troubadour enchanting;" air, by Rhineberg (Mr. Santley), "The nectar cup may yield delight;" song, Rudolph (Mr. Harrison) "My heart's first home;" and unaccompanied quartet, "Though the world with transport bless me." But these were not the only pieces entitled to the honours; nor among them do we always find what we consider the "gems" of the work. For instance, we do not hesitate to pronounce the romance, in A minor, "When the night-winds sweep the wave," sung by Lurline (Miss Louisa Pyne), the most strikingly beautiful and original piece in the opera; while the duet between Ghiva and the Baron, (Mr. G. Honey), "Oh! Rudolph, haughty Rudolph, tell," recalls, almost more vividly than any English composition we can remember, the felicity of invention and freedom of treatment of the best Italian *buffo* school. The grand scena, too, "Sad is my soul," for Lurline, is, in the serious line, highly impressive and most skilfully developed in the different movements. We have said enough, at present, however, to prove that the opera was an undeniable success, and shall enter further into the merits of the music next week.

Miss Louisa Pyne has seldom had music better suited to her style than that of *Lurline*. Mr. Wallace, nevertheless, has not fatigued his audience with a surplus of *bravura*, wherein he equally shows his tact as a musician and his knowledge of the *prima donna*, who shines no less in *cantabile* than in florid music. Mr. Harrison sang with his wonted power and effect, and acted the part of Rudolph in a highly spirited and impressive manner. Mr. H. Corri scarcely satisfied us in the music of the Gnome, more especially in a very fine and original *brindisi*, "As in this

cup," which, we fancy, he had not thoroughly mastered. Miss Pilling, on the other hand, pleased us more than ever, and gave her solo, "Troubadour enchanting," with, bating a little too much accentuation, excellent taste and judgment. Miss Fanny Cruise, too, in the small part of Liba, a water-sprite, sang and acted very pleasingly.

The scenery is magnificent. In the *tableaux* especially, Messrs. T. Grieve and Telbin have shown their invention and mastery. We shall not anticipate the reader's pleasure—we take for granted every one will go to see *Lurline*—by describing its pictorial beauties.

Last, not least, the band and chorus were most admirable, from the overture to the final rondo—a fact that did not escape the audience, since, after the artists and composers had had their ovation at the end, a loud cry was raised for Mr. Alfred Mellon, which did not cease until that gentleman made his appearance with the singers and Mr. Wallace (who was enthusiastically summoned and cheered after every act), and was received by the whole house with deafening plaudits. Such a performance as that of Thursday could only be the result of untiring energy, pains and perseverance, on the part of the musical director.

To descend to *minutiæ*, the recalls were—after the first act, Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Wallace; after the second, Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Wallace; the composer, and all the principals, with, as we have said, Mr. Alfred Mellon, at the end.

The house was filled in every part. *Lurline* was repeated last night, and will be repeated again this evening.

MR. GUSTAVUS L. GEARY, the tenor singer of Christ Church, Dublin, has finished a tour throughout Ireland, where he has been giving his vocal recitals, in conjunction with his eldest daughter, Miss Mina Geary, with the greatest success. The first part consists of a selection of Moore's *Melodies;* the second, of a varied series of vocal pieces, selected from the works of Balfe, Hatton, and Vincent Wallace. "Come into the garden, Maud" (Balfe), together with settings of Longfellow's poems, by the same composer, were most heartily received by the various audiences throughout the sister isle. Miss M. Geary has a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, and an attractive appearance, and, no doubt, after proper attention to her musical studies, must become a promising vocalist.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, encouraged by the eminent success their recent concerts at the Dudley Gallery have met with, purpose giving a second series, beginning on Monday next. Mr. T. Oliphant will continue his literary illustrations, which are an entirely new feature in performances of this kind. The introduction of the songs and ballads of the olden time has proved a great source of attraction. Mr. Land still continues to direct their performance.

MYDDLETON HALL.—An evening concert was given on Thursday, by Master W. A Field, at which the Glee and Madrigal Union and several other artists of eminence assisted. Mr. Tedder sang the new song composed expressly for him by Mr. Hatton, "The Maid I love hath many a grace," with much applause, and also "The Death of Nelson." Miss Wells gave, with great delicacy of execution, the "Soldier tired," of Dr. Arne, which obtained an encore. Master Field also made his *début* in Bishop's duet, "My Pretty Page." with Miss Anne Cox, He was evidently suffering from nervousness, but with time and study may get on very creditably. The Glee and Madrigal Union contributed largely to the evening's amusement from their varied *répertoire*, and the laughter-loving portion of the audience were much entertained by the humourous serenade, "Maiden fair, oh deign to tell," capitally rendered by Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, and Lawler; Mr. Cummings also sang "Margaretta," by Balfe, with much expression; Mr. Eayres gave a solo on the violin; and Miss Isabella Clemmenson performed Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," on the pianoforte. Mr. Land officiated as accompanyist, and the concert was brought to a satisfactory termination by the madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale."

MR. F. EUGENE VENUA was unanimously elected organist of Saint Nicholas Church, Sevenoaks, on Friday the 10th inst.

THE ORGAN IN ST. MARK'S CHURCH, KENNINGTON (one of the late Mr. Gray's) is to be repaired and enlarged. Most of the neighbouring churches in Surrey have already modernised their old organs, or erected new instruments. Kennington Church is one of the largest and finest of its class; but, in these days, Grecian churches are somewhat neglected, and at a discount; consequently, organs are suffered to remain in them *unimproved*, whereas such instruments would not be *tolerated* in a spic-and-span new Gothic building after the most orthodox *Puginian* school. The amount of the repairs has to be raised by subscriptions in the neighbourhood, not a very musical one.

H. W. A.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL—(*From our own Correspndent*).—The second subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, was given to a very full house, Mdlle. Piccolomini being always sure to draw. The favourite *prima donna* looked as bewitching as ever, sang in her usual piquant manner, was frequently applauded, and encored more than once. She sang "Ah! fors' è lui," "I dreamt that I dwelt," "La ci darem." with Sig. Aldighieri, "Libiamo," with Belart, and the duet from *Lucia*, "Sulla tomba, with M. Belart. Sig. Belart was in excellent voice. Each of his solos was beautifully sung; but "Ecco ridente," was, if anything, the best. Sig. Aldighieri gave "Largo al factotum" with much spirit. A chorus from *Robert* was, without exception, the most slovenly thing we ever heard in the hall; and but for the admirable way in which the choir rendered one or two of Mendelssohn's four-part songs, and Weber's Gipsy Chorus from *Preciosa*, we should have come to the conclusion, either that there had been no rehearsal, or that the Society's chorus had undergone some great change for the worse. The band was good. The Symphony of Mendelssohn in A minor was beautifully played; the *Scherzo Adagio cantabile*, and *Allegro guerriero*, being the best rendered. An extract from the programme of the Birmingham Festival was printed in the books of words, amusing as showing the mistakes sometimes made, but really useless as regards the audience. The committee apparently overlooked the fact that, whilst an assemblage of all the educated musical professors and amateurs of the kingdom might not dispense with a *new* analysis of the symphony, it was possible that a Liverpool audience would have been all the better for some idea of its argument; and that it would have been wiser to instruct subscribers, instead of placing them on the same musical footing as the audience at Birmingham. As the symphony is the highest form of instrumental art, so it is really no insult to an unmusical community for a professedly musical society to act as instructors to the public; and, if the committee were to insert from time to time such articles as Mr. Macfarren has written on the works of the great symphonists, they would be doing real good. As it is, the *Pastoral* of Beethoven—one really more intelligible to the outer world than most symphonies—is the only one respecting which explanatory remarks have appeared in the books. Mr. Herrmann conducted, and used every exertion to render the performance satisfactory. The same party are to appear at a cheap concert at the Philharmonic Hall, on Saturday afternoon next, which will be open to the public. On that occasion, Madame Moritz will perform a solo on the piano. Report speaks highly of this lady's powers; she is a niece of Hummel.

IBID.—"How on earth is it done?" was the question suggested to every one of the crowded audience at the Theatre Royal, on Monday evening, but with no chance of a solution. The utmost quickness and acuteness could not detect the secret; and grave and gay, old and young, were equally puzzled and delighted. Professor Frikell maintains his position as the prince of conjurors, and his "Two Hours of Illusions" are worthy of the distinguished patronage he has so frequently received. It is no ordinary genius that can command the success indicated by the fact that he has performed before "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Royal Family, at Windsor Castle; the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the Sultan Mahomet, the Kings of Prussia, Hanover, Bavaria, Saxony, Denmark, Sweden, and Greece, Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, and all the ducal courts of Ger-

many, and upwards of 600 nights in London." The tricks are as elegant in themselves as they are surprising. There is not the vulgar clap-trap so frequently employed to divert attention; and the Professor stands alone on a clear stage, without the machinery, tables, or screens which lead to the idea that all the magic is lurking behind them. The house was not only delighted, but amused; and, as laughter is said to be the best physic, the Professor proves himself as much a physician as before the magician's wand fell into his hands.

YORK.—Miss Alice Watson gave her annual concert, on Tuesday last, at the Festival Concert Room, assisted by Miss Hiles (of Liverpool), Mr. Suchet Champion, and Mr. Henry Wharton. The band of the 16th Lancers was also engaged. The concert was completely successful, and gave great satisfaction to a most fashionable audience.

MAIDSTONE—(*From a Correspondent*).—The chief town in Kent was made unusually vocal and instrumental on Wednesday, the 8th inst.—two grand concerts, one morning and one evening, having been given in the Corn Exchange. Mr. James Brine, librarian and printer, had engaged Mr. Wilby, who engaged Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Walter Pettit (violoncello), instrumentalists, and Miss Eliza Hughes and Miss Leffler, vocalists. The morning concert opened with Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, very finely performed by Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Wilby and Mr. W. Pettit. Miss Goddard and Mr. Wilby also played De Beriot and Benedict's Grand Concertante Duet on airs from *Sonnambula;* the lady also executing Thalberg's "Home, sweet home" fantasia with immense effect. Mr. Wilby performed two solos —E. Perry's "Rule Britannia" and "Recollections of Paganini's Perpetual Motion" with remarkable skill. Miss Eliza Hughes and Miss Leffler sang sundry popular airs, and joined in the duet, "Giorno d'orrore," from *Semiramide.* The evening concert commenced with Beethoven's trio in G major, a no less admirable performance by the three artists than the Mendelssohn trio in the forenoon. Miss Goddard and Mr. Wilby repeated the duet from *Sonnambula,* and the fair pianist, by her magnificent playing in Thalberg's "Last rose of summer" fantasia completely captivated the audience, and in obedience to a unanimous encore, substituted the same composer's "Home, sweet home." Mr. Wilby did not think fit to change the two solos he had introduced in the morning, so good was the impression he had made in both. The vocal performances differed essentially from the first concert, the only piece retained being Mr. Hullah's song, "The Storm," sung by Miss Leffler, J. W. Morgan's ballad, "The memory of thee," by the same lady, and the duet from *Semiramide.*

DUBLIN.—A *réunion musicale,* at the Ancient Concert Rooms, introduced Mr. Arthur O'Leary as a pianist. His reception was cordial and his success decided. He played a concerto, with orchestra, of Hummell a *caprice* of his own composition, and Prudent's "Sonnambula." An overture, composed by Mr. O'Leary, was played by the orchestra, and pleased very much. Herr Oberthur was the other soloist. He is a great favourite with the fashionable world in Dublin. He played a trio of his own composition for harp, violin, and violoncello, the second he has written for those instruments, and the same that he played at his own "recital" on the Saturday previous, which, by-the-bye, deserves notice if only for the brilliant and fashionable audience collected together to do honour to the talented "Harpist to H.R.H. the Duchess of Nassau." A new *fantasia* for harp solo, on Meyerbeer's *Dinorah,* composed by Herr Oberthur, is likely to become a favourite with harp-players; it is a very brilliant and effective work, and was capitally played by Herr Oberthur, who also obtained warm applause for his performance of another neat solo, "Meditation," which is quite a little gem. The artists who assisted at the "recital," were Miss Julia Cruise, Mr. O'Rorke, and Mr. Richard Smith (who, among other pieces, sang a new vocal trio by Herr Oberthur, without accompaniment, entitled "The Knights of the Cross," with excellent effect), Miss Ellen Williams, Mr. Sproule, Mr. Levy, and Herr Elsner. The Lord Lieutenant and the viceregal party remained till the conclusion of the concert.

EDINBURGH—(*From a Correspondent*).—At the third of a series of four classical concerts at the New Music Hall, George's-street, got up under the direction of Herr Hausmann, the celebrated violinist, the following programme was given:—

Sinfonia Pastorale—Beethoven; Rondo, B flat, pianoforte—Mendelssohn; Aria, from *I Martiri*—Donizetti; Moonlight, Sonata—Beethoven; Bolero; Fantasia, "Souvenirs d'Ecosse"—Oury; Overture and March—Mendelssohn.

Miss Arabella Goddard was the pianist, and Mdlle. Enrichetta Camilla the vocalist. The band was numerous and efficient, and executed the Pastoral Symphony extremely well, Mr. Hausmann being both an experienced and a *classical* conductor. The three pianoforte pieces excited the greatest enthusiasm, connoisseurs being, of course, most delighted with Miss Goddard's splendid execution of the Rondo of Mendelssohn, with orchestral accompaniments, and the delicious Sonata of Beethoven, after which she was recalled. The brilliant *fantasia* of Mad. Oury created quite a perfect furor, which compelled the young lady to return to the pianoforte, and substituted "The Harmonious Blacksmith," of Handel, which caused, if possible, still greater excitement. Mdlle. Enrichetta Camilla is a pleasing singer, and has evidently been taught in the best Italian school. The choice of pieces, however, was not entirely to the taste of an Edinburgh audience. The hall was filled by an elegant and brilliant assembly.

M. DISTIN.

To the Editor of the Star.

SIR,—From the kind and very considerate notice of my concert that appeared in the *Star* of Friday, February 3rd, and the favourable opinion you evidently entertain of me personally, I am induced to write, and request the favour of a place in your columns, to state the reasons for giving it. I lost nearly £80 at the Crystal Palace in 1858, through the great expenses incurred, and hoped, by the concert at Exeter Hall, to have been enabled to liquidate that debt; but, although I appealed by a circular, addressed to the worshipful masters of upwards of 400 Masonic lodges, and the London lodges twice, requesting it to be made known to the brethren, I received but one answer. This was from Lodge 199, Weymouth, inclosing a Post-office order for 10s. 6d., for a reserved seat ticket. I am placed in a false position before the public, and it was not out of any ostentation or avaricious feeling that I again appeared before it, being compelled, through bodily infirmity, the loss of my front teeth (from age and long-continued labour), to relinquish my professional exertions, which have been very arduous, for fifty years—twenty-seven of which were under the Crown, eleven years in the old Militia, seven years in the Grenadiers, and nine years in the private band of His Majesty George IV. I have also performed at three coronations, but have no pension; and with the exception of £1 per week from the brass-instrument business belonging to my son Henry, I have nothing else to depend upon. I have always been ready to give my gratuitous services on occasions of charity, by concerts or otherwise, in several towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, in many of which large sums were realised. I do not make a boast of this, as I felt a pleasure in doing so, and considered it my duty. Exeter Hall was paid for on the night of my concert by a donation (the name of the donor I am not at liberty to publish, but I inclose it with this), and another donation from the King of Hanover (his Majesty having remembered me in the private band of King George IV.), who, with his well-known benevolence, immediately commanded that his name should be added to the list of subscribers (patrons), with a subscription of £10. These two gifts, and some borrowed money, enabled me to meet a great part of the preliminary expenses. The whole sum in the hall amounted to about £40. I shall, therefore, lose nearly as much as I did at the Crystal Palace. I was induced to hope that the concert, being under such high patronage, and with the long list of artists on the occasion, would have been well attended by "my brother Masons" and the "public generally," but I have been grievously disappointed. There were about 300 free tickets in the hall, principally to the reserved and 5*s.* seats. I hope, when these facts are known, the Masonic brethren and the public will assist me in my difficulty.

Trusting I may be excused for having troubled you with this long letter, and with my most grateful thanks for your kind remarks about me,

I remain, sir, your obedient and obliged servant,

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If I indeed must leave thee.
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken;
I did not dream those cherished chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly.
Then take me to thy heart again.

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Men of Suliote, rouse ye,
See on yonder mountain's brow,
Glows the beacon light!
Warlike songs are singing,—
While the trumpets ringing
Call the valiant Palikari,
To the coming Fight.

What though foes surround us,
Though their chains have bound us,
We will live as freemen live,
Or die as warriors die.
Come with weapons gleaming—
Come with banners streaming,
Raise your glorious battle cry,
Suliote shall be free.

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There should be no despair for you,
While nightly stars are burning;
While evening pours its silent dew,
And sunshine gilds the morning.

There should be no despair, though tears
May flow down like a river:
Are not the best-beloved of years
Around your heart for ever.

They weep, you weep, it must be so;
Winds sigh, as you are sighing,
And winter sheds its grief in snow,
Where autumn's leaves are lying.

Yet, these revive, and from their fate,
Your fate cannot be parted;
Then, journey on, if not elate,
Still, never broken hearted.

"AWAKE LITTLE PILGRIM."

Poetry by the Rev. D. T. K. DRUMMOND.

Composed by MAURICE COSHAM.

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Awake, little pilgrim, the day is at hand,
The rays of the morning appear on the land;
O, haste with thy burden to life's narrow gate,
Ere the night shadows falling proclaim thee too late

Knock, little pilgrim, it shall not be vain,
Thy feeble entreaties admittance shall gain;
Thy Saviour is waiting to bid thee God speed,
He turns none away from his door in their need.

"THE DEW-DROP AND THE ROSE."

Poetry by ISABELLA HAMPTON.

Composed by G. A. OSBORNE. Price 2s. 6d.

A dew-drop reclined on a beautiful rose,
And whispered soft vows of his love,
When near that sweet flower, to seek soft repose,
A sunbeam fell down from above!

The dew-drop instinctively felt there had come
A rival—his loved one to prove,
A shelter he sought next the heart of the rose,
And whispered soft vows of his love.

Still nearer came that sunbeam gay,
As he called the rose his bride,
Those words the dew-drop heard him say,
Then drooped his head and died.

"THE CHRISTMAS ROSE."

Poetry by M. A. STODART.

Composed by LOVELL PHILLIPS. Price 2s. 6d.

"The Christmas Rose! The Christmas Rose!
'Mid wintry frost and snow it blows;
And opes its portals pure and fair,
When winds have swept the gay parterre.
Just like a true and constant friend,
Whose faith no storms of life can bend;
Not the mere friend of summer day,
But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
And sad the spirit sighs alone;
Then marvel not that thus I twine
My thoughts around this gift of thine,
And muse on hopes and joys that last,
And bloom through life's most piercing blast."

"I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER."

Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN.

Composed by M. W. BALFE. Price 2s.

Prithee tell me, gentle sir,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me?
It is not *Love* torments me so:
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me!

I try to sing—my voice is sad!
I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can *you* not tell? nor *you*? nor *you*?
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here, *he'd* tell me what to do,
To bid the demon slumber!
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm *sure* 'twould cheer my heart—but then
"I'm not in love, remember!"
I'm not in love; remember.

"ARE THEY MEANT BUT TO DECEIVE ME."

Poetry from the Polish.

Composed by A. REICHARDT. Price 2s. 6d.

Are they meant but to deceive me,
Those fond words that tell of love
Ah! for ever it would grieve me
If their falsehood I should prove.
Though my heart would trust them gladly,
Though belief, alone, is bliss,
Yet I still must ponder sadly,
Ah! what bitter pain is this.

All my inmost soul concealing,
Shall I sternly answer "No?"
Or each secret wish revealing
Shall my words unfettered flow.
Ever lingering, never speaking,
Here my thoughts shall I express
For my heart if you are seeking,
Strive to find it by a guess.

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The Royal Volunteer Ball will take place on the evening of Wednesday March 7th, the day on which Her Majesty will hold a Court specially to receive the Officers of the various Volunteer Corps from the different parts of the kingdom.

The Ball will take place in the New Floral Hall, Covent Garden.

The list of the Ladies Patronesses through whom the tickets will be issued will be completed and announced, together with the details of all the arrangements, in the course of a few days.

MRS. TENNANT (Sister of Mr. Sims Reeves), begs to acquaint her friends and the public that she continues giving lessons in singing. For terms, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or at her own residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MR. TENNANT has returned to town. All communications respecting engagements for himself and Mrs. Tennant to be addressed to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or to their residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

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MISS LAURA BAXTER begs to announce that she will give a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, in the month of May, under the immediate Patronage of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Right Honorable The Earl Mount Edgecumbe; The Lady Brownlow, and the Right Hon. M.P.; the Lady Catherine Vallefort, &c.

Communications to be addressed to Miss Laura Baxter's residence, 9, Chiswick-street, Regent's Park, N.W.

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MADAME SAINTON DOLBY will return to London for the season on the 10th March. All letters to be addressed to No. 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W.

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MR. ELLIOT GALER has REMOVED to St. John's Villa, Junction-road, N.

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MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON begs to announce her arrival in London for the season. Letters to be addressed to her at 24, Holles-street, W.

TO CHORAL SOCIETIES.—Great success of the performances at the Town Hall, Leeds, Feb. 25, by the Madrigal Society of "the Widow of Nain," Oratorio by Lindpaintner. The vocal score, orchestral and chorus parts are published by Wessel and Co., 18, Hanover-square. Each number to be had separately, voice and piano.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—An action for slander having been brought by Mr. JEREMIAH ROGERS, Organist of the Doncaster Parish Church, against Mr. BENJAMIN HAWTHORN, of, Doncaster, Pianoforte Tuner, I shall be obliged by your inserting in your publication the Defendant's Apology, of which a copy is given below.

I am, Sir,
Very obediently yours,
F. W. FISHER,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

Doncaster, Feb. 29, 1860.

[COPY OF APOLOGY.]

"ROGERS v. HAWTHORN."

"An action having been commenced against me by Mr. Jeremiah Rogers, for a slander uttered by me at the Doncaster Railway Station, on the 7th day of June, 1859, I hereby retract the slander complained of and withdraw all imputation on Mr. Roger's character and conduct, and I apologise for having used the words attributed to me

"In consideration of all proceedings in this action being stayed, I agree to pay the costs incurred by Mr. Rogers therein, such costs to be taxed in case of difference. Mr. Rogers is to be at liberty to use this document as he may think proper.

"Dated this twenty-fifth day of February, 1860.

"B. HAWTHORN.

"Witness to the signing thereof,
CHAS. EDW. PALMER."

JUST PUBLISHED.—Eight Ballads by Adolfo Ferrari, price 2s. each:—

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"The two chamber trios are both on fairy subjects, and are charmingly light and delicate. They are for female voices; and gracefully warbled by three sweet-voiced damsels, are truly fairy music. Of the Italian Songs it is sufficient to say, that "Vieni, Vieni," a serenade, with elegant verses, by the accomplished Signor Maggioni, possesses all the features which we have attempted to describe as characterising Ferrari's music."—*Illustrated News*.

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Edited by CIPRIANI POTTER.

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ALBERT DAWES' "AULD LANG SYNE," with Variations for the pianoforte, is just published, price 5s., by Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where the popular "South Down" Polka, for pianoforte, may be obtained, price 1s.

REVIEWS.

"'*Lurline*'—*Opera in three acts, written by Edward Fitzball, composed by William Vincent Wallace*" (London, Cramer, Beale and Chappell; Leipsic, Schuberth and Co.)

Here we have the English text and pianoforte score of Mr. Wallace's new opera, which—as the first that has been heard from his pen since the production of *Matilda of Hungary* (with Mr. Bunn's memorable libretto), at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1846—presents more than ordinary interest. *Lurline* is said to have been in great part written as far back as twelve years ago; but it requires no such apology, bearing evidence as it does—evidence that springs from a comparison between this opera and Mr. Wallace's previous dramatic works—of having been carefully reconsidered and retouched by the composer from end to end.

The questionable feature of *Lurline* is its *libretto*, which belongs to a class of melodramatic writing happily now effete. Mr. Fitzball has treated the romantic and famous legend of the *Lurlei-berg* after a manner peculiar to himself. In the legend, the heroine, deceived by a false lover, invokes the spirits of the Rhine, and consents to become the bride of the river on condition of being endowed with gifts of beauty and fascination that shall render her irresistible to man, whom hereafter it is her intention to lure into destruction by every means at her command. The compact is made, and Lorcley, or Lurlei (Lurline) becomes the spirit of the whirlpool, with what mission it is unnecessary to remind our readers. Mr. Fitzball finds the lady a spirit, and restores her to earth. She sees Count Rudolph in a bark on the river, falls in love with him, and tempts him to her abode beneath the waves, not to destroy, but, like Melusina, to cherish. Her vexed father (she has a father), the River-King, burning (or rather we should say freezing) to annihilate the rash mortal who has thus intruded on his domain, is frustrated in his desire by the amorous water-spirit, and at length persuaded to let Rudolph depart, loading him with treasures in the bargain, in order that he may be consoled for the loss of his beloved. Aware that the Count's affairs are by no means in good order, and that the emptiness of his purse has led to the rejection of his hand by Ghiva, daughter of a Rhenish Baron, the River-King judges—from a view of mortality, perhaps, common to water-spirits—that no sooner gone than, "out of sight out of mind," Rudolph will forget Lurline, and cast himself and his newly-acquired riches at the feet of the disdainful Ghiva. Lurline, however, with more faith, has promised to give her earthly admirer an interview at the Lurlei-berg, in the course of three days. On Rudolph's return to *terra firma* (how he managed to live under water we are left to surmise), the knowledge of his being possessed of untold wealth, acts in the way the River-King had suspected—at least upon one mortal, the mercenary Ghiva, though not upon Rudolph himself. He, poor wight, does nothing but sigh after his lost water-nymph, and actually snubs Ghiva, who, in despair, possesses herself of a ring which Lurline has given him as a pledge, and, in a fit of jealous rage, throws it into the Rhine. True to her appointment, Lurline makes her appearance at the end of the stipulated period, and learning from a gnome (?) that Rudolph has parted with the ring (which, as the spirit of the Rhine, one might have thought she would be the first to know), gives way to unutterable anguish. In her subsequent interview with Rudolph, however, when matters are explained to her satisfaction, she once more, and for the last time, makes use of her supernatural power, invoking the storm-spirits dependant on the Rhine to overwhelm a band of reprobates, who, recently guests of the Count, are now plotting his assassination for the sake of his gold, and ultimately persuades her watery sire, the good-natured, though somewhat illogical River-King, to approve her choice and resign her to her terrestrial lover. Fancy the old Rhine spirit with whom Henrich Heine held converse at Cologne, expressing himself in such terms as the subjoined:—

> "Yes; thy fond father
> To Rudolph's hand here cometh to resign,
> By love and fate decreed,
> His child, Lurline,
> Best treasure of the Rhine!" [*Joins their hands.*

And so, amidst a heap of elaborate vocal divisions, Lurline, "best treasure of the Rhine," expresses her sense of happiness, and the curtain drops. If *Lurline*—which, we understand, was written many years since, may be regarded as Mr. Fitzball's last great work—his *Requiem* (it certainly cannot be accepted as his *Transfiguration*)—why, then, there might be an end of the matter, and no critic, however soured by operatic *libretti*, would have the heart to be severe; but if, on the contrary, further perpetrations of the same description are contemplated, it is as well to warn our composers that the time has passed for the toleration of such performances.

Such a jumble of spirits and mortals, with the special elements of either made apparently common to both—all the *dramatis personæ* being, more or less, amphibious—could only have sprung from the brain of a Fitzball, and justifies the epigrammatic epilogue of a wag, that the mixture of earth and water in *Lurline* accounted for the muddiness of its *libretto*.

But let us pass to a more agreeable subject—the music of Mr. Wallace. *Lurline* is certainly this gentleman's dramatic masterpiece, and as far superior to *Maritana* and *Matilda of Hungary* as the book of *Maritana* (not that of *Matilda*) is superior to the book of *Lurline*. Mr. Wallace has in every respect made progress—such progress as is rarely noted, indeed, between any two successive works of a dramatic composer. We find the old vein of melody as rich as formerly, with an increased knowledge of resources that gives it a tenfold value. The overture, in the broad and open key of D major, far surpasses, in clearness of design, and vigour of treatment, the orchestral preludes of Mr. Wallace's other operas. The instrumentation, too, is extremely effective, the combination of "wind" in the opening *adagio*, and the introduction, by the whole body of "strings," high and low, the double basses alone excepted, of the beautiful melody which, in the third act, stands as the theme of Lurline's prayer, being equally points to admire. The quick movement—like that in the overture to Weber's *Oberon*, although the first subject is no more strictly akin to Weber than to the *allegro* in Wagner's *Tännhauser*—is rather chivalrous than fairy-like. It is vigorous and brilliant from end to end, and among many new touches of fancy may be noted the passage of rhythmical recitative given to the stringed instruments, ushering in the progression which leads back to the principal theme. The second theme (afterwards an episode in the romance of the "Night winds"—Act I.) is essentially melodious, contrasts strikingly with the leading theme, and works in well with the rest. In short, Mr. Wallace in this overture has evidently written his best, and, earnestly bent upon success, has attained it. Although we have only the pianoforte adaptation before us, it may be as well to observe, once for all, that the manner in which the orchestra is handled

throughout the opera of *Lurline*, imparting colour to and heightening the dramatic sentiment of the various situations into which the chief personages are thrown, while engendering effects the occasional novelty and frequent beauty of which are sure to elicit the attention of musicians, confers infinite honour on the composer, and shows that his studies have been well directed in the long interval during which he has been condemned, in so far as the English public are concerned, to unmerited silence. The introductory symphony (in F major) at the rise of the curtain, where the accompaniment of the violoncellos, to a melodious phrase for the horn, realises what the Italian musicians designate as "ondeggiando," at once suggests that we are about to be entertained with a spectacle in which some of the actors are fairies, and that the habitation of those fairies will, in all probabilty, turn out to be rather aquatic than terrestrial. Lurline's romance (Act 1), "When the night winds sweep the wave" (in A minor—already mentioned), a most original and beautiful piece in itself, offers, perhaps, the most remarkable example in the entire work of the fanciful treatment of the orchestra in which Mr. Wallace has shown himself so skilled an adept. The accompaniments to this are as uncommon as they are characteristic, and, at the same time, masterly.

The opening of the first scene (after the symphony to which allusion has been made) is somewhat ineffective. No one cares greatly for Rhine*berg* (an odd name for a king who resides underneath the water), and no one cares a straw for Zelieck, the gnome (we thought gnomes were earth spirits), whom he wildly invokes in the bold and vigorous air, "Idle spirit, wildly dreaming" (in F minor). So that, however excellent *per se*, and however well given by Mr. Santley, the air and the recitatives that precede and follow it—the last being dialogue, in which Mr. Corri (the gnome) takes part—fall somewhat flat. The "*other* nymphs" (*vide* book) whom Mr. Fitzball summons "from their shells of opal" (no nymphs having yet appeared), in a pretty choral strain ("Hark, hark, hark,"—A flat) from behind, begin to awaken attention, and the graceful *quasi*-Weberish chorus ("King of the Rhine"—same key) with which, when before the footlights, they greet their dripping monarch, at once imparts life and interest to the scene. The apparition of Lurline, at the foot of a rock, singing to "an antique harp," the confession of her love for Rudolph, is illustrated by a brief concerted piece, in which the other personages, including Liba, a water-nymph (a part, we may here add, very prettily played and very prettily sung by Miss Fanny Cruise, a young and promising beginner), are concerned. The first romance of Lurline ("Flow on, flow on, oh silver Rhine"—E major), in which she begs the river, the flowers, and the spirits to explain her sentiments to Rudolph, is based on a melody sure from its piquant, simple, and unpretending character to become popular, and, moreover, graced with florid cadences and a florid *coda*, or tailpiece, precisely fitted to the peculiar talent of Miss Louisa Pyne, who warbles it exquisitely. The chorus divides the two couplets, and in the second verse the accompaniment is judiciously varied. A scene between Lurline and Rhineberg, in accompanied recitative—a form, by the way, into which Mr. Wallace (a task as difficult as it is thoroughly well accomplished) has thrown all those parts of the opera which would otherwise be spoken dialogue—leads to the delicious romance, "The Night Winds," already described, a revelation on the part of the water-nymph of the history of her love for Rudolph. The chorus that brings the first scene to an end ("Sail, sail, sail"—D flat), in which the principal characters join, though spirited and appropriate, offers no particular point for notice.

In the second scene, where we have to do with simple mortals, the music assumes an essentially different character—as in duty bound. It sets out with a very admirably written duet ("Oh! Rudolph, haughty Rudolph"—D major) for the Baron Truenfels (carefully represented by Mr. Honey, as a decrepid old man, with bent knees and crooked legs) and Ghiva (Miss Pilling) his daughter. This duet, of which, as in many of those of Auber and other French composers, the orchestra claims the lion's share, the voices being often little more than accompaniments, contains a very charming episode, in which a passage occurs on the words, "Oh, soft affection, to thy rest," equally to be admired for its melody and its harmony. The arrival of Rodolph (Mr. Harrison) brings some clever concerted music, conducting to a trio (A major):—

"I see by the gray of the sky
That morning is now very nigh,"—

where the composer, by showing how it is not absolutely necessary that the music and poetry in a dramatic composition should breathe the same spirit, has upset the pet theory of Herr Wagner, who, in his *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, would fuse all the arts into one, and make them inseparable and dependent on each other. Although French in colour and in the turn of its leading phrases (the last especially—"Good night, sir, good night")—as, indeed, is frequently the case with the lighter music of Mr. Wallace—this trio may be unreservedly eulogised for spirit and scenic propriety.

The third scene (Rudolph's castle) opens with a drinking chorus, "Drain the cup of pleasure" (D major), in *bolero* measure, cheerful and animated, if not strikingly original, which owes no little of the favour it enjoys (it is always redemanded) to the admirable singing of the chorus (men's voices, of course). Some effective concerted music leads to a romance, with chorus for Rudolph ("Our bark, in moonlight beaming"—D minor), which embodies the legend of Lurline, the Rhine-spirit. Here the ordinary method of treating such matters at the French Opera has not been discarded, notwithstanding which the romance has both character and merit of its own. Though decidedly simple, it is imbued with a feeling of dreamy mysteriousness, entirely in keeping with the sentiment conveyed in the text. The *finale* (beginning in A flat, and ending in F minor), sets out with a harp arpeggio, while snatches from the ballad, "Flow on, flow on, oh! silver Rhine," indicate the approach of Lurline, who shortly emerges from the river and mingles with the noisy guests of her lover. Placing the ring on his finger, which is to be a pledge of mutual faith, no less than a potent charm, and a safeguard in case of subtidal difficulties, she at length, in spite of opposition from Rudolph's associates, lures him into a skiff, which immediately disappears. Rhineberg, with "a host of spirits," is seen among the rocks, vowing vengeance against Rudolph: a storm arises; the skiff is supposed to sink beneath the waters, and the curtain falls. All this is combined with vigorous, striking and picturesque music, and the result is a *finale* which brings the act to a climax in a thoroughly effective manner.

The second act ("Crystal dwelling of Lurline; *doors of bronze*") begins with a chorus of gnomes ("Behold, behold, *wedges* of gold," E minor), gloomy, savage, and monotonous, as befits the singers, and leading to an unpretendingly graceful ballad for Lurline ("Under a spreading coral wave"—G major), which Miss Pyne sings charmingly. In the absence of Rhineberg, the water-nymphs disport themselves

in dance and song to a very lively chorus (B flat major), at the end of which a compliment to the River-King's sagacity is conveyed in the following language :—

> "Though lock'd in your breast, he the secret can find,
> '*Neath one beam of his eye* your poor heart must unclose,
> And out *floats* the truth like the bee from the rose."

This chorus interrupts and mixes with the ballad of Lurline. The sparkling music of Mr. Wallace, however, here once more controverts the dogma of Herr Wagner. Rudolph's *début* as a vocalist under water is in a *cavatina* ("Sweet form that on my dreamy gaze"—B flat major), which, though it can boast an elegant melody, is even more strictly noticeable for the ingenuity of the accompaniments. Lurline's *brindisi* (with chorus), "Take this cup of sparkling wine" (E flat major)—which obtains an encore every evening, thanks to Miss Louisa Pyne's brilliant singing—is, in its chief feature, a sort of reminiscence of the old English nursery tune—"Girls and boys come out to play." The concerted piece (E flat minor and G flat major), where Liba and her companions avert the watchfulness of Zelieck, intrusted with the guardianship of his master's treasures, is animated and clever. The introduction here of snatches of the foregoing air is felicitous; and the drinking song at the end (there are too many drinking songs and choruses), "As in this cup the bead flies up" (G minor and major), while in some passages too florid for Mr. Corri's method of vocalisation, is eminently characteristic of the situation. Ghiva's ballad in the next scene ("Troubadour enchanting"—F major), almost primitive in its simplicity, is, nevertheless, extremely pretty and attractive. Miss Pilling (the new "contralto") sings it well, and, being invariably called for twice, it helps to lengthen the performance. A chorus of huntsmen ("Away to the chase"—E flat major) is one of the most vigorous pieces in the opera. The introductory symphony, with the unanticipated notes for various brass instruments, modifying the harmony of each section, is of itself remarkable, and the rest fully bears out the promise it entails. Rhineberg's ballad (B major), "The nectar cup may yield delight," (for which Mr. Santley's admirably expressive singing elicits an inevitable "encore"), is one of those model drawing-room ditties certain to gain the favour both of sentimental young gentlemen and sentimental young ladies, the especial delight of music-publishers, and of which Mr. Balfe has invented the most admirable and popular specimens. The next piece—an "Ave Maria" (E major) supposed to be sung by Rudolph's friends in a boat on the Rhine, for the soul of their comrade, whom they imagine dead, while Rudolph, from his subaqueous and supernatural abode, actually overhears them, and responds to their appeal, is of a very different stamp. Nothing could be more beautiful of its kind, more ingeniously constructed and impressive. The *finale* to the second act (chiefly in E major) is superior to that of the first. The incident is the return of the Rhine King, who, at Lurline's intercession, spares the life of Rudolph, and sends him back to his mortal home, loaded with treasures, amid the mutual despair of the lovers, who, resigned to fate, are still loth to part. The music here is thoroughly dramatic, and most skilfully composed, the grand passage of combination (or "ensemble") consisting of a large and energetic melody, upon which (as in some of the operas of Donizetti and Verdi) is brought to bear the united power of chorus and orchestra, while the voice of the chief soprano (Lurline) predominates over the rest, in high, prolonged, and resonant tones, until the culminating point is attained (as by the same originals) in a broad phrase of unison, allotted to all the voices, choral and solo, and all the instruments except those of the lower register.

The third act (prefaced by a capital orchestral interlude—in which an episode belonging to the overture, in F sharp minor, is developed with much interest and skill)—although quite equal in interest to the others, must be more briefly dismissed. Rudolph's song, "My home, my heart's first home!" (A major) is another approved drawing-room ballad, inferior, however, to the one in which the Rhine King gives gushing expression to the sentiment of paternal love, and at the same time still more nearly shaped on some of the specimens to which Mr. Balfe owes so many laurels. "Gold and wine heal every care" (E flat major) is another extremely effective chorus for male voices, comprising, moreover, one or two novel points—as, for instance, the pauses at the end. As in the drinking-chorus (Act I.), and the hunting-chorus (Act II.), the execution of this piece confers the highest credit on the singers. The duet which follows, for Rudolph and Ghiva (B flat major), is, in a great measure—like the duet between the baron and the same lady (Act I.)—a display for the orchestra, in which the fiddles shine to their heart's (strings?) content, while the voices are too frequently subordinate. It is clever, nevertheless, and would have more pretensions to be styled "original," but for the provokingly Auberish phrase occurring at the end of the second movement ("Telling of fond eyes that weep.") The short chorus of "storm-spirits" (same key), that ensues upon Ghiva's casting into the Rhine the magic ring she has snatched from Rudolph's finger, may pass as a mere allusion. Lurline's grand *scena* (beginning and ending in F major), "Sad is my soul," which includes two beautiful slow movements—the second one (a prayer in A flat major—"Oh, Thou, to whom this heart") to the melody allotted the stringed instruments in the opening of the overture—and terminating with an extremely spirited *allegro* ("As a bounding barque"), is a very striking composition, in which the voice-part and orchestral accompaniments are alike interesting, while the dramatic feeling is sustained with unabated vigour to the end. This is one of the capital pieces of the opera, and in it Miss Louisa Pyne exhibits her finest singing, whether expression or fluent execution be taken into consideration. Scarcely less effective, while equally well written, is the duet (commencing and terminating in A major) where Lurline first reproaches Rudolph for losing her ring, and then restores it to him. Abounding in passionate phrases, although somewhat too lengthy, for the situation in which it occurs, this duet never once flags in interest. Both the foregoing would gain by being placed somewhat earlier in the opera. There still remain to be mentioned a lively chorus with ballet ("Now with joy each bosom beating"—D major), at the opening of the last scene, which might have fallen from Auber's pen without raising a doubt about its genuineness; and last (in some respects best of all), the unaccompanied quartet, for Lurline, Liba, Rhineberg, and Zelieck ("Though the world with transport bless me"—E flat major), which in every respect fully warrants the enthusiastic reception it meets with from the audience. A genuine English glee, with florid passages and *cadenza* for the principal voice (Lurline), this quartet is attractive enough to have saved a weak opera, and may be accepted as all the more remarkable, considering the effect it produces after so much that is excellent has gone before. In a word, it is a faultless example of vocal part writing, and everywhere as pleasing as it is ingenious. The *finale* to the third act is, according to precedent, the least ambitious of the

three. The commencement (in D major), with the accompaniment in triplets for violins, again smacks of Auber. Lurline's exhortation to the Rhine to devote its waters to the destruction of the conspirators (which climbs, by an ordinary sequence of semitonic progressions, from A minor, through B flat minor, to B minor), and the storm-movement (in F sharp minor) that follows, whore the first subject of the *allegro* in the overture is presented in the relative minor key, are undistinguished by any very salient characteristics; while the concluding vocal display for the *prima donna* is merely a repetition of Lurline's first air ("Flow on, oh silver Rhine," in the same key as in Act I.—E major*), embellished with ornaments and "bravura" traits to show off the neatness and brilliancy of Miss Louisa Pyne's vocalisation. It brings down the curtain, however, with great animation, and is exactly fitted for the place it fills at the end of an opera, which, independently of its intrinsic merits, is the most successful dramatic work of a deservedly successful composer.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THIS very important institution, for the interests of music inaugurated its public proceedings for the present year with its first concert of the season, in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, when that spacious saloon was crowded by a most elegant assembly, among whose numbers were nearly all the most eminent musicians at present in London. The most powerful rivalry, if not the only one with which the Council of the Society have to contend, is the reputation of the series of performances during 1859, which were so remarkable and so eminently meritorious that they will be difficult to equal and almost impossible to surpass, while still they prompt most sanguine expectations as to what interesting matter a second series may furnish. A most happy augury for the success of the coming performances is the retention of Mr. Alfred Mellon in the office of conductor; and the general sense of the members of the high value of this arrangement was loudly expressed in the enthusiasm which greeted the appearance of that excellent artist at his post in the orchestra. A band over which this able director has to preside, is almost entirely the same as that of last year, the only very slight changes that have been made being yet further to strengthen its universally pronounced efficiency. The policy which drew great credit to the management of the Council of last year, as proving the liberal principles of the Society, and the active zeal of the executive in carrying these into operation,—the policy of including in each performance some work little known, and entirely new to a London audience,—was proved still to influence the arrangements, by the very interesting programme of this initial concert, and we may safely infer, from the indication thus given of the intentions for the future, that the concerts of 1860 may bear comparison even with those of the previous year, and still be felt to have realised the first object of the Musical Society, in having tended to the yet further advancement of music in England. The concert opened with Robert Schumann's overture to Tieck's historical tragedy of *Genoveva*, played, to the best of our belief, for the first time in London. The romantic story this composition illustrates,—of the Count's repudiation of his guiltless wife, of her despairing flight from the effects of his jealous fury, of her concealment in the forest, of her inability to nourish her infant, of his being suckled by a doe, of the Count's wounding the wild nurse of his child while on a hunting party, of his tracking his prey to its covert, and there finding the exiled Genoveva and her son, of his ascertaining her innocence, and of receiving her, pure and faithful, to his remorseful heart, furnishes wide scope for the poetical qualities of the musician, and calls in exercise the loftiest powers of passionate expression. It is the well-known characteristic of the class of musicians with whom Schumann is associated, and of the style of criticism of which he is the best ornament, unduly to exalt the ideal above the technical—unmindful that while ideality is essential to artistic production, music must be music in order to bring it within the range of art, and that unless we be moved by the effect of the elemental beauty of a composition, we can have no perception of its poetical purport. The first hearing of the present work, however, agreeably impresses us with a clearer idea of its technical design, and a more definite sense of its musical interest, than almost any other production on the scale of its author; it must be admitted that it approaches not, in its intrinsic merit, the great characteristic overtures of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and that it neither equals these masterpieces in its power of suggesting the features of the subject it is designed to illustrate; still, it amply proves the thoughtful mind, the deep musical feeling, and the mastery of the artistic resources of the composer, and we expect that all these qualities will be made yet more manifest to general appreciation, by the repeated hearing of this effort of his genius. Compared with that of the overture of Gade, and of the immensely interesting symphony of Schubert, at the concerts of last season, the reception of the overture to *Genoveva*, on Wednesday, may be considered as bordering on enthusiasm; and we trust its success on this occasion may induce its repetition on some future series of concerts. A knowledge of this work must prompt respect for the composer, if it fail to awaken admiration of his production.

Herr Reichardt sang the aria of Adolar, in *Euryanthe*, which was assigned to Mr. Sims Reeves in one of last year's programmes, with a dramatic feeling, an animation, an excellence of vocal delivery, and a general good effect, that brought out beauties which before were wholly unrevealed in this charming specimen of Weber's too-little-known opera. The introductory symphony for wind instruments to this piece was not so perfectly executed as most of the music of the evening,—a misfortune attributable to the fact of the song having been substituted, without rehearsal, for one which Signor Belletti was prevented from singing by sudden illness.

A concertino in D, by Ernst (an honorary member of the Society), which we do not remember to have been played by the composer in England, was executed by Mr. Blagrove in a manner which surprised even the admirers of this gentleman's talent. Not only was his performance marked by the exquisite beauty, the perfection of finish, and the purity of intonation, which are his justly acknowledged qualities as a violinist, but it was equally distinguished by an amount of passion such as he rarely displays, and it raised his high artistic character in the estimation of all who heard it. The cordial and spontaneous applause throughout and at the close of the concertino was a worthy tribute to the great merit of the executant.

The admirable dramatic scena of Madame Ankastrome in the third act of Auber's *Gustave*, a piece as new to a concert-room as it was thoroughly welcome, was excellently sung by Mdlle. Parepa, one of the best of our present English vocalists. This lady has come forward as a concert singer at a fortunate moment for the public and for herself. Now that Mad. Clara Novello and Mad. Lemmens Sherrington are both away from London, our public performances would be sadly deficient without the fine voice and good style of Mdlle. Parepa, and she would have less opportunity to prove her ability were those two merited favourites here to share her chances of public applause. The selection of this clever song was a suitable compliment to its author (one of the Society's honorary members), and a good refutation of the silly prejudice that would exclude Auber from the rank of first-class composers.

Sterndale Bennett's overture, *The Wood Nymphs*, was a revival that must have gratified every disinterested lover of art, and must have made everyone who is interested in the progress of art among us truly proud of their countryman. Too long, indeed, is it since this beautiful work has been heard in public, but not so long that its exquisite traits have passed from the memory of those whom they once delighted; not so long but that

* We should have preferred the finale in D major, the key of the overture. "*Pourquoi?*" Mr. Wallace will ask, and we shall be at a loss to answer him. *Nous ne savons pas;* but we should have preferred it. *Voilà-tout.*

everyone who remembered its charming effect rejoiced to hear it again. Twenty years have passed since the then prolific author produced this, the last of his three admirable concert-overtures; these twenty years have not sufficed for sound critics to determine whether this, or its predecessors, the *Naiades* and *Parisina*, is the best; each has its individuality, while all are peculiar to the composer, and all have pre-eminent excellence; and our only regret, in bearing testimony to their beauty, arises from the consideration that thrice as long a period as elapsed between the creation of the first and last of these has been insufficient for the production of a companion to them from the same source. The purely musical beauty of this work vies with its picturesque and fanciful imagery to charm the sense and delight the intelligence; and while there exists nothing that does more honour to our artistic character as a nation than the emanation of this masterpiece from one of our countrymen, there exists but very few works which more brightly adorn the art itself. The good effect of the performance would have been much increased had the marks of ritenuto been less rigidly observed, which the composer has too profusely inserted in his score; they induce an interruption of the continuous character of the whole, and thus take from the spirit and the animation which naturally belong to the composition.

Up to this point, the close of the first part, the place of Mr. Mellon (whose absence was compelled by the Queen's second visit to the performance of Mr. Wallace's *Lurline* at the Royal English Opera) was effectually filled by Mr. Henry Smart. The commencement of the second part was delayed till Mr. Mellon's arrival from the theatre, when Spohr's symphony, *The Power of Sound*, was performed in memory of the illustrious composer. One of the greatest successes of last year's concerts was the remarkable rendering of this excessively intricate and difficult work, which till then had never, save under the author's direction, had an approximation to a perfect performance in England; the performance on that occasion was not an approximation, but an attainment of such perfection as would have enraptured the veteran master, could he have witnessed such a presentation of his most esteemed orchestral composition. Only less fully complete than that celebrated performance, but immeasurably surpassing every other attempt, was the justice rendered to the symphony on Wednesday evening. Spohr, too, was an honorary member of the Musical Society, and the honour the institution received by the enrolment of his glorious name, was worthily reflected by the tribute paid to his greatness in such an interpretation as this was of his masterpiece. Each movement might have been supposed metaphorically to picture some aspect of the artist's career, or of his relation with the world—his struggles as a student, the dawning and the acknowledgment of his genius, the penetration of its influence into the homes and hearts of men, his triumph on the attainment of the pinnacle of his greatness, his own meek estimation of this and of its derivation, the sorrow of mankind for his loss, and our consolation in the possession in the treasures he has left us—some of the most noble examples of the Weihe der Töne.

Mdlle. Parepa appeared to less advantage than in Auber's scena, in the aria from *Robert le Diable*, "Idole de ma vie" a second impromptu substitution, in consequence of Signor Belletti's illness. Although possessing immense compass and great volubility of voice, this lady has not the finished execution with which Madame Dorus Gras made this song familiar to London audiences; she sings the last movement quicker, and with less of the pointed distinctness which gave a peculiar charm to her predecessor's rendering. As another honorary member of the Society, Meyerbeer will receive better justice when some other of his compositions are chosen for performances.

Rossini (also one of the Society's honorary members) received his homage in the selection of his overture to *La Siège de Corinth*, the sparkling brilliancy of which was spiritedly brought out in the glittering performance. And thus closed the concert, which was as creditable to the Society as it was obviously interesting to the large proportion of its fifteen hundred musician members who were present.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN DURHAM.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Was it, we wonder, a real love of music which drew together, on Tuesday and Wednesday last—under the roof of the New Markets—so many hundreds of the inhabitants of this city and the neighbourhood. There must have been a strong attraction in some direction; for despite the weather, which could not have been scarcely more unfavourable, we have seldom seen in this city audiences so numerous, or who appeared so thoroughly to appreciate the entertainment which had been provided for them. The large building was fitted with heating apparatus, matting, &c., kindly lent by the Dean and Chapter of Durham Cathedral, to ensure the comfort and convenience of the patrons &c., during the festival. The following is a list of patrons, viz:—His Grace the Duke of Cleveland, The Most Noble Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, The Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Durham, The Earl of Durham, The Earl of Scarborough, Viscount and Viscountess Boyne, Sir William Eden, Bart., Lady Eden, The Solicitor General, The Very Rev. The Dean of Durham, The Ven. Archdeacon Thorpe, The Worshipful The Mayor of Durham, Rev. Canon Edwards, Lady Williamson, Lord A. V. Tempest, M. P., The Right Hon. J. R. Mowbray, M. P., The High Sheriff, H. Fenwick, Esq., M. P., Colonel Stobart, S. Rowlandson, Esq., and E. Peele, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

On Tuesday evening, *Judas Maccabæus* was performed, and we heard but one opinion—that it was highly creditable to all concerned. The larger portion of the band and chorus were selected from the Bradford Festival Choral Society, including those who had the honour of performing at Buckingham Palace, before Her Majesty, a short time ago, assisted by efficient local talent. The principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Hiles, Miss Illingworth, Miss Wheater and Miss Pringle, and Messrs Walker, Bates, Ashton, Lambert, and Heming, of the Durham Cathedral Choir, and Mr. D. Lambert, of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor. The band was led by Mr. T. Smith, of York; and Mr. Burton presided at the organ and pianoforte. The organ, which was built for the occasion, is a very fine instrument, and was very effective in the choruses. Mr. Jackson, who has gained some celebrity as a composer of oratorio music, was conductor, and Mr. Kaye, director. The performance of *Judas Maccabæus*, as we have already said, was highly creditable, to all parties concerned, and gave every satisfaction to a numerous audience. The choruses were given with a breadth, precision, and effect, that would have done credit to a band of more pretensions. Mr. D. Lambert (Simon) sang the recitative and air for the bass, "I feel the deity within"—"Arm, arm, ye brave," with fine effect, and was very successful in "The Lord worketh wonders," the florid runs of which were clear and distinct. Mr. Ashton was much applauded in the recitative and air "'Tis well, my friends"—"Call forth thy powers," and showed the capabilities of his voice in "Sound an alarm." Miss Hiles sang "From mighty kings," and "Shall the lute," with ease and purity of tone. Miss Illingworth and Miss Wheater also sang their parts very judiciously, and Mr. Lambert, senior, gave "Rejoice, O Judah," with much effect. The performance was brought to a close at eleven o'clock, half-an-hour after the time announced, in consequence of the never-to-be-sufficiently-reprobated practice of indiscriminate encoring, which is especially out of place in oratorios.

On Wednesday morning, the *Messiah* (as usual) attracted an immense assemblage of persons from the adjoining towns and villages, as well as all the principal families of the city and neighbourhood. The choruses were very good, the voices keeping well together, and manifesting the great advantages of practice. We cannot say as much for the band, which was very often at loggerheads, and running a race for supremacy. The brass instruments, on the one hand, loudly claimed almost exclusive attention, and the violins and violoncellos were continually treading on each other's heels. Nevertheless, there is an excuse in the fact that the instrumentalists were not accustomed to play together, and some were out of their element altogether in such music as Handel's *chef-d'œuvre*. Mr. Ashton sang "Comfort ye" and "Every valley" in excellent style; his best and most successful effort, however, was in "Thou shalt dash them." Mr. Lambert, senior, a general favourite in Durham, was much applauded in "Behold, darkness," the accompaniments of which were played with precision by the band. Of the three young ladies, we may say that they sang their music correctly and in tune; that Miss Wheater has a good voice, that Miss Pickles ought not to attempt a shake till she can execute one, and that Miss Illingworth was passable. Mrs. Sunderland sang the opening recitatives very impressively. Her triumph was in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mrs. Sunderland's voice is as clear and resonant as ever, and if there is a change at all in her singing, it is, that she sings with greater fervour. "Why do the nations" was sung in such a manner by Mr. D. Lambert as amply to justify the good

opinions entertained of him; he also gave the recitative and air, "Behold I tell you a mystery," and "The trumpet shall sound," which elicited the warm applause of the audience. The organist, Mr. Burton, presided in a talented manner, and Mr. Jackson, the conductor, displayed good tact in keeping together his instrumentalists. The whole performance went off well, and gave great satisfaction to the crowded assemblage.

On Wednesday evening, the building was again visited by a very large and respectable company, when the following miscellaneous programme was gone through:—

PART I.

Madrigal, "Since first I saw your face"	Ford.
Madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale"	Festa.
Song, Mrs. Sunderland, "Why, my harp"	Bellini.
Part-Song, "Awake the starry midnight hour" ...	Mendelssohn.
Song, Mr. D. Lambert, "The village blacksmith" ...	Weiss.
Part-Song, "O, could I with fancy stray"	Hatton.
Part-Song, "The dawn of day"	Reay.
Song, Mrs. Sunderland, "Merrily o'er the snow" ...	Schlesser.
Glee and Chorus, "The sisters of the sea"	Jackson.

PART II.

Part-Song, "The wreath"	Benedict.
Madrigal, "I saw lovely Phillis"	Pearsall.
Song, Mrs. Sunderland, "Captive Greek girl" ...	Hobbs.
Part-Song, "Oh, hills! O, vales of pleasure" ...	Mendelssohn.
Song, Mr. D. Lambert, "I'm a roamer"	Mendelssohn.
Part-Song, "Pack clouds away"	Jackson.
Duet, Miss Illingworth and Miss Pickles, "I heard a voice"	Glover.
Madrigal, "In the merry spring"	Ravenscroft.
Chorus à la Valse (organ accompaniment), "Oh, the flowery month of June"	Jackson.

Finale, "God save the Queen."

The choir in the part-songs elicited frequent encores. In Bellini's song, "Why, my harp," Mrs. Sunderland's singing charmed the audience, and she won an *undeniable* encore in "The captive Greek girl," with a repetition of which she favoured the audience. Mr. David Lambert sang Weiss's popular song, "The village blacksmith," with great force, and enhanced his reputation with his Durham friends: he was encored. The concert gave great satisfaction, and the Festival, on the whole was, in every point of view, decidedly successful. Great credit is due to Mr. Thomas Kaye, director and manager, and we have no doubt that the endeavours to popularise the performances by adopting a moderate scale of prices has had much to do with the result.

LEICESTER—(*From a Correspondent*).—A concert of Handel's music was given by the New Philharmonic Society, in connection with Mr. Nicholson's cheap series, on Monday evening. The attendance, considering the badness of the weather, was large. The pieces selected were the Dettingen *Te Deum*, and portions of the *Messiah*. The former piece has never been given before in Leicester, and must, therefore, have been new to a large majority of the audience. Mr. Nicholson is deserving of much credit, for bringing such a masterpiece of sacred music within the reach of the whole of a population which has always been distinguished for its musical taste. The execution of the choruses reflected the highest credit on the performers. The chorus, "To Thee, cherubim and seraphim," was finely given. In the quartet and chorus, "The glorious company of the apostles," the vocal parts were sustained by Miss Jackson, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Sills, and Mr. Christian. Mr. Briggs sang the bass solos, and Mr. Oldershaw the solo, "When thou tookest upon Thee." The trio, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God," was well sustained by Messrs. Harrison, Wood, and Christian. The performance of the *Te Deum* occupied exactly one hour. The selections from the *Messiah* were "Comfort ye my people," "Every valley," "And the glory of the Lord," "For behold darkness," "The people that walked," the "Wonderful" chorus, "Behold I tell you a mystery," "The trumpet shall sound," and the Hallelujah chorus. Mr. Sansome sang "Comfort ye," and Mr. Briggs, in his allotted parts, fully sustained his reputation; but the precision which characterised the choruses exceeded anything ever heard in Leicester before. At the conclusion of "The trumpet shall sound," in which Mr. Harper fairly excelled himself, the audience instinctively broke out into loud and long applause. The air, however, was very properly not repeated, and the Hallelujah chorus brought the concert to a close, soon after ten o'clock. We should state that the principal instrumentalists were Messrs. Harper, Farmer, Gill, Selby, Weston, Smith, &c., &c. Mr. Nicholson conducted.—*Leicester Journal.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCOTCHMAN.—*The papers have not come to hand.*

J. A. J.'s "*trite*" *communication will receive attention next week.*

A. W. (Hanover).—*Next time.*

F. S. C.—*Next time.*

ARTIST (Brighton).—*We believe there are three in all, but will make inquiries.*

CHARLES MCKORKELL.—*Next time.*

NOTICE.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3RD, 1860.

WE believe it is still to be decided whether it is an advantage or a disadvantage for a composer to have good verses to set to music. Many composers seem to prefer bad ones, but perhaps they have no choice in the matter, for we have very few poets in the present day who know how to write tolerable songs. In "comic operas," we mean those in which singing and speaking occur alternately, the well-known rule, laid down by a writer who had too much wit to conform to it himself, is that which is too stupid to be spoken should be sung; and some of our English librettists seem to have improved upon this, and to have concluded that nothing ought to be sung except what is too stupid to be spoken. According to this precept then, grand operas, in which there is no speaking at all, ought to be stupid from beginning to end, and we confess that when we heard that *Lurline* was to be a grand opera, we expected to find the *libretto* one mass of nonsense, more or less melodious. But we reckoned without Mr. Fitzball, who laughs at rules, and who in *Lurline* has produced a poem which, in many respects, must be considered a masterpiece. We know that Mr. Fitzball's "book" has been sneered at by a large portion of the press, and that a number of critics, without taste or learning, pretend to have discovered faults in it. But nothing is more easy than to point out trifling errors in a work of high imagination, and it is usually found that those critics who are most apt at detecting flaws, are also the most insensible to great beauties. Dryden has expressed this tersely enough in the following couplet:

> "Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
> He who would search for pearls must dive below."

In *Lurline* it is especially necessary to "dive below," because all the most remarkable portion of the opera takes place at the bottom of the Rhine; it is in the "halls of liquid crystal" where Rhineberg dwells, in the "coral cave" of Lurline herself, and in the "opal shells" of her attendant nymphs, that we must look for our poetic pearls.

What first strikes us in the subaquatic scenes of *Lurline*, is not the novelty of introducing coral, which is a marine product, in the bed of a river, nor any other of those details which have fixed the attention of the undistinguishing critics who contribute to the columns of our daily and weekly contemporaries; it is the fine use Mr. Fitzball makes of supernatural machinery, and the manner in which he has abolished, once and for ever, the limits which formerly

separated the different regions of spirits. The learned and ingenious Paracelsus divided the world of spirits into four great kingdoms, corresponding to the four elements into which the ancient philosophers divided the material world. The gnomes inhabited the earth, not as Mr. Fitzball and we, ourselves, inhabit it, but dwelling in the bowels thereof, usually in the heart of a mountain, and with a marked preferrence for volcanoes. The air was peopled by sylphs, elfs, and fairies of all kinds. The water was the home of nixes and undines; and in the fire lived salamanders, whom the superstitious think to have been a species of devils, it being a well-established fact that devils are of so chilly a temperament that they can only exist with comfort in an atmosphere of flames. Some say that Paracelsus invented the salamanders because he was determined, while he was about it, to make his system complete. At all events, the salamander is not the hero of any popular tale or tradition, whereas the spirits of the earth, the air, and the water, appear in innumerable legends; and this has led to another theory, that trees, rivers, and rocks or stones, to all of which the ancient Germans sacrificed, were the true habitations respectively of the fairies or wood-nymphs, the nixes or water-nymphs, and the gnomes or dwarves, and that no other spirits than those just named (the ghosts of humanity excepted) can be considered genuine. The swan-nymphs are usually classed with the nixes, but they alone had the capacity of living in two elements; the delicate little fairies would have been drowned if they had attempted to visit the water-nymphs in the rivers, and suffocated if they had joined the gnomes in the mines, nor could gnomes live with water-nymphs, or water-nymphs with gnomes. Now to Mr. Fitzball belongs the merit of changing all this. He has understood that it is as easy to exist without air in one place as in another, and if a being—say Mr. Corri or any one else—could live in a state of interment, he could live in a state of submersion. Accordingly he makes his gnomes and his water-nymphs reside together at the bottom of the Rhine, where they form a sort of spiritual happy family; and thus the poet enlarges the realms of romance, and shows the way to new and endless combinations of the supernatural.

Mark, too, how Mr. Fitzball has treated the character of Rhineberg; and in the first place observe his name, Rhineberg; berg means mountains; gnomes liked to live at the foot of a mountain, and the gnome Zelieck is always "crouching" at the feet of Rhineberg! Then how human this Rhineberg is. Other poets, when they introduce spirits, make them speak not like people of our own species, but like beings of quite a different order. Rhineberg, however, though a marine monster, is as eloquent about a "father's love" as a parishioner of Marylebone who has just been registering the birth of his first little boy.

Cowley, in a letter to a friend, says: "You tell me that you do not know whether Persius be a great poet, because you do not understand him." If any one says this about Mr. Fitzball, we can only reply that he humanises monsters, and breaks down the barriers which once separated the earth from the water.

Pantagruel was fast asleep, happy as if he had swallowed the wondrous narcotic of Monte Christo, made up after the Old Man of the Mountain's own prescription. For he thought he was Paris passing judgment on the three goddesses, who were exact likenesses of ——, we need not say whom, for we know that our readers are fully capable of filling up the blank. While he was rolling his eyes this way and that, wondering whether M. W., M. T., or L. T.—Juno, Pallas, or Venus—best deserved the prize, the golden apple suddenly slipped from his hands, and began bounding upon the ground like a *gutta percha* ball, making all the time such an odd noise that the goddesses at last melted away, and the mighty Pantagruel awoke. The lovely forms were gone, but the noise remained; for there was such an unseemly knocking over head, that Pantagruel thought a whole committee of spirit-rappers had hired Panurge's bedroom for the purpose of holding a full board.

So, being in an angry mood, he took his night-lamp and walked up-stairs till he reached the door of the offending apartment.

"Worshippers of the devil!" roared Pantagruel, "why do ye make such an infernal disturbance at this time of night? If you must summon the shades of departed fools, why didn't you furnish them with gloves, that their hard knuckles might sound less loudly upon your accursed table. Deal with all the fiends and ghosts of Tartarus if you will, for I know the bottom of the bottomless pit will not throw up rascals more damnable than yourselves, but, miscreants as ye are! dare not to disturb my slumbers, or there shall be such a rapping of spirits as never was since the fall of Lucifer."

"It's only me, master," squeaked Panurge.

"Respect Lindley Murray, thou slave! if thou carest not for me,—and at least say 'it is only I,'" retorted Pantagruel. "But what the devil art thou doing? I know thou art not the man to call about thee a mob of fleshless, penniless ghosts that could not lend thee a farthing. Let me hope at least that thou art making thy own coffin, and intend to be buried in it to-morrow."

"I am investing my property," squeaked Panurge; "but walk in, an thou wilt, for the door is neither locked nor bolted."

Furiously did Pantagruel open the door, but he soon stood still and gazed with much curiosity, for there was Panurge fastening a thin sixpence to the wall, with a nail as thick as a skewer, which he struck with the end of the poker, looking all the while as grave and as wise as if he were making some singular philosophical experiment. And on other parts of the wall were nailed sundry other coins, all of small value,—silver three-pences, fourpenny-bits, rusty farthings,—with a pewter medal or two for the sake of variety and ornament.

"Expound the meaning of this stupendous foolery," bellowed Pantagruel, but his voice and his countenance were not half so angry as his words, for he was really amused to see the ugly face of Panurge wear an aspect of such exceeding gravity, and anxious to know the purpose of his strange operations.

"Look ye now," said Panurge, "I am acting on the advice of Watts"——

"Dr. Watts?" asked Pantagruel. "Art thou fancying thyself a little busy bee? when thou art infinitely more like a blue-bottle, making much noise to no profit."

"Not Dr. Watts—but Watts Phillips," proceeded Pantagruel, "who hath written a play called *Paper Wings*, which was brought out to-night at the Adelphi. Now this same play is not only distinguished by remarkably fine acting on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, but it aboundeth in so many wise precepts, that I can only compare it to the Hitopadesa, which the Gentoo nurse read to me in my infancy."

"Gentoo nurse, ignoramus!" thundered Pantagruel,—"Who

talks of Gentoos now-a-days?—Can'st thou not say 'Aya,' like a gentleman, when I have paid for thy admission into the upper gallery of the Haymarket, in order that thou mightest pick up Oriental lore from Tom Taylor's *Overland Route?*"

"Let me go on," said Panurge, humbly. "The passages in this play, whereof I speak, warned me, through three long acts, against the danger of ordinary investments. The good man and the bad man, the stock-broker and the clerk, the housemaid and the footman, however they might differ in other particulars, all united against banks, shares, and paper representatives of value. And shall I let all this wisdom be poured into my ears for nothing? Not I, forsooth." And so saying he dealt a mighty blow at the nail, that made the whole street echo, and caused the policeman in the neighbouring square to pause in the pursuit of a little boy, who had been taking a sight at him from behind the lamp-post.

"No," continued Panurge; "I will be ruined by beer, I will be brought to starvation by tobacco; yea, oceans shall roll over my treasury, but my money shall never have paper wings, now I am counselled by Watts Phillips. Here it all standeth—it is not much—but, nevertheless, here, I say, it standeth an unimpeachable testimony to the moral utility of the stage, that I trust will be found perfectly satisfactory by the whole bench of bishops."

MDLLE. PICCOLOMINI is said to have been recently married in Dublin to an Italian nobleman.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—This great establishment opens with *Der Freischütz*. The novelty of the season will be Félicien David's grand opera, *Herculaneum*.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION will repeat Mendelssohn's psalm, "Hear my prayer, O God!" on Thursday evening, at St. James's Hall, with Mdlle. Parepa and choir of 200 voices. Miss Arabella Goddard will perform Handel's "Harmonious blacksmith," and Benedict's "Where the bee sucks."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last evening, *Judas Maccabæus* was performed, with Miss Parepa, Miss Banks, Miss Laura Baxter, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Belletti as principal vocalists. Particulars next week.

MYDDLETON HALL MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—At the fourth concert, on Monday last, when the following *artistes* were engaged:—Mesdames Cooper, Woodward, Paget, and Fanny Reeves; Messrs. G. A. Cooper, G. C. Rowland, and Elliot Galer; pianist, Mrs. Seymour.—Mr. Frank Mori conducted. The first part of the programme comprised selections from the sacred works of Mendelssohn, Haydn, Handel, and Rossini; the second part was miscellaneous. Mr. Elliot Galer sang Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," eliciting a loud encore. He also received the same compliment in a new song by Lutz, "Under the linden tree." Miss Fanny Reeves (a great favourite at these concerts) was encored in Mr. Frank Mori's new ballad, "Where art thou wandering, little child?" Miss Woodward, Miss Paget, and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Cooper all acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

HERR MAURICE NABICH, a celebrated soloist on that rather unwieldy and decidedly inconvenient instrument, the trombone, and who first made his appearance some years ago at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts with such eminent success, gave a *soirée* on Tuesday last, at Willis's Rooms, assisted by Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Herr De Becker, the "Islington German (!) Gesang Verein," Herr Pauer, M. Papé, and Mr. Svensden, with Sig. Randegger and Herr Ganz as conductors. The *bénéficiare's* performances were an arrangement of the grand septet from *Lucia*, for trombone and pianoforte, David's concertino, in which, we believe, he made his *début*, and some other solo, whose title did not transpire. His pure tone and singular command over the instrument elicited universal admiration. Mr. Svensden's flute solo was encored, and all the vocal pieces gave much satisfacton.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Lurline increases in attraction, and the management has announced its performance nightly up to the end of the season. No curtailments have been deemed necessary, or, perhaps, found practicable. The performance, as a matter of course, is smoother than on the first night, and thereby considerably abbreviated.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

DR. WYLDE has this year again taken the field early, and again taken the initiative in the great classic performances of the season. The director and conductor of the New Philharmonic Concerts has issued his prospectus, but stands pledged to nothing definite. He intimates persistence in his former course of administration, and proclaims non-interference with the open policy of the Musical Society of London, especially that part of it which holds out a protective hand to the British musician. The first concert of the ninth season was given on Monday evening week. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (Abenceragen)	Cherubini.
Aria, "Parto, ma tu ben mio"	Mozart.
Concerto in E minor, violin and orchestra	Spohr.
Chorus (Ruins of Athens)	Beethoven.
Romanza ed Aria, "Einst träumte," (Der Freischütz)	Weber.
Symphony in B flat	Beethoven.

PART II.

Concerto in G minor, pianoforte and orchestra ...	Mendelssohn.
Sarabanda e Gavotte, violoncello	Bach.
Madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed" ...	Edwardes, A.D. 1560.
Aria, "Batti, batti"	Mozart.
Overture (Ruler of the Spirits)	Weber.

Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

The only fault in the selection was the introduction of the two concertos, one of which should have been omitted, more particularly as there was another single instrument performance. Mr. H. Blagrove played the violin concerto, and Mdlle. Marie Wiecke the pianoforte. The violin concerto—one of Spohr's noblest contributions to the instrument—was performed by Herr Joseph Joachim at one of the concerts of the Musical Society last year. It was at once correctly and brilliantly executed by Mr. Blagrove. Mdlle. Marie Wiecke played Mendelssohn's concerto with immense vigour, exhibiting something akin to her sister's manner, but wanting the poetical depth and energy of style which have been long recognised as the distinctive characteristics of Madame Clara Schumann's playing. Signor Piatti's execution of Bach's *Saraband and Gavotte*, was faultless.

The band has not deteriorated—that is a great matter. Beethoven's symphony—the irresistible No. 4—was splendidly executed, and called forth enthusiastic plaudits from the audience. The overtures were both finely played, and both welcome for different reasons, one as a new, the other as an old acquaintance.

Dr. Wylde, who is conducting with more and more intelligence and decision, comes forward again with a capital choir. The choral performances have constituted from the commencement an eminent attraction at the New Philharmonic Concerts. The two pieces given on Monday night went admirably, especially the wonderfully dramatic chorus from the *Ruins of Athens*. Edwardes' madrigal was encored.

Mdlle. Parepa and Madame Rudersdorff were the solo vocalists. The last-named lady appeared to supply the place of Signor Belletti, who was prevented from attending by illness, and gave both her songs with great power and great expression. The clarinet *obbligato* in Mozart's air was played by M. Pape; and the viola *obbligato* to the romanza from *Der Freischütz*, by Mr. R. Blagrove. Few are more successful than Madame Rudersdorff in the interpretation of strong emotions; and this is the reason why she is better than any one else we have heard in this country in the *finale* from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Lorely*. Mdlle. Parepa is making ground fast with the public. She is a brilliant *bravura* singer, and has a clear penetrating soprano voice, with plenty of power. She came late

having to sing in *Sonnambula* at Covent Garden, but not too late to achieve a triumph, which she did in a most unmistakable manner, both her songs being applauded with enthusiasm.

The attendance was very large, and Dr. Wylde was honoured at the beginning and at the end with the customary ovations.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Two concerts have been given since we last wrote about musical doings at the Crystal. One took place on Saturday, the 18th ultimo, and was signalised by the first appearance this season of Mdlle. Piccolomini, whose attractive power appears as great as ever. Nearly five thousand people went out on a raw uncomfortable day, to hear the popular little lady warble some of her pet tunes. The new music hall was besieged at every point of access, and hundreds were content to remain standing during the entire performance, within reach of the faintest echo of the singer's voice. Mdlle. Piccolomini sang six times, and was encored four, all her solos being repeated. She gave "Vedrai carino;" a new valse "Il bacis," written for her by Signor Arditi; the brindisi from *La Traviata;* the duet "La ci darem," with Signor Aldighieri; the duet, "Sulla tomba" (*Lucia*), with Signor Belart; and Martini's laughing trio, "Vadasi via di qua," with Signor Belart and Aldighieri. Signor Belart, in addition, sang the romanza "Maria Sperando" from the *Figlia*, and the air "Ecco ridente" from the *Barbiere*." The first was charming, the latter wanted more breadth and power of voice. Signor Aldighieri does not overflow with humour. His "Largo al factotum" is not humorous. The band, under the direction of Signor Arditi, played the overture to *Martha;* and Signor Giraldoni played a fantasia on the contra-basso.

At the concert last Saturday, Mdlle. Parepa, who had not appeared at the Crystal Palace since she was a member of Mr. Gye's Italian *troupe*, was the vocal star. She sang a scena by Benedict, and the "Shadow song," from *Dinorah*, both with great brilliancy. The latter was encored, and Mdlle. Parepa repeated the *coda*. Miss Lascelles sang the contralto song from *Dinorah*, "Fanciulle che il core," and joined Mdlle. Parepa in Mendelssohn's two part-songs, "I would that my love" and "May Bells," both of which were taken too slowly.

Miss Lascelles was announced to sing Balfe's "Reaper and the Flowers," but Mr. Manns apologised for the lady, who was suffering from hoarseness. The symphony was Haydn's in G, one of the best. The *minuetto* contains as bold and extraordinary syncopation as anything which Beethoven has written, and the work generally has less of the antique about it than many of the composer's orchestral compositions of this class. It was well played, as, indeed, were the accompaniments throughout the programme. The brothers Louis and Adolph Ries (violin and pianoforte) joined in a duet by Wolff and Vieuxtemps on *Don Giovanni*, and each played the first movement of a concerto, that for the pianoforte by Ferdinand Ries, and that for the violin by Félicien David. M. Hector Berlioz's fanciful "Carnaval Romain" overture brought the concert to a conclusion, to quote a Sunday contemporary, with due clangour.

To-day, Mendelssohn's operetta, *Son and Stranger*, will be performed entire.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The second concert took place on Thursday evening week, when, notwithstanding the counter-attraction at Covent Garden—it being the first night of Mr. Wallace's new opera—St. Martin's Hall was crowded in every part. The selection comprised—madrigal (Dowland), "Fine knacks for ladies;" part-song (S. Reay), "The clouds that wrap the setting sun;" madrigal (Weelkes), "Welcome, sweet pleasure;" madrigal (T. Morley), "What saith my dainty darling;" part-songs, for small voices, "Evening" (Henry Leslie), and "The arrow and the song (Macfarren); solo and chorus (Purcell), "Come, if you dare;" madrigal (G. Croce), "Cynthia, thy song and chaunting;" glee (W. Horsley), "See the chariot at hand;" madrigal (Wilbye), "Stay, Corydon;" part-song (Benedict), "Home, sweet home;" glee (J. Elliott), "The bee, when varying flowers are nigh;" part-song (F. Mori), "Welcome, heavenly peace;" part-song, for male voices (Mendelssohn), "Eastern drinking song;" cradle-song (H. Smart), "Lullaby, the winds are singing;" and madrigal (Saville), "The Waits." A more admirable selection Mr. Leslie never gave at any former concert. Every piece was applauded, and encores were awarded to Weelkes' fine madrigal, "Welcome, sweet pleasure;" to Mr. Leslie's part-song for male voices; to Horsley's glee, "See, the chariot at hand;" to Mr. Benedict's part-song, "Home, sweet home;" and to Elliott's glee. Mr. Macfarren's part-song, "The arrow and the song"—one of the most beautiful and masterly things in the selection—was loudly applauded, and might have been repeated without any strain on the inclinations of the audience. Several of the pieces were given for the first time by the choir, whose performance was entitled to the highest praise in almost every instance. In the course of the first part Mr. J. C. Ward executed Spohr's fugue in C on the organ.

MR. RANSFORD'S ANNUAL CONCERT.—That old favourite of the public, Mr. Ransford, gave his annual concert on Tuesday evening, at St. James's Hall, to one of the most crowded audiences of the season. It was his first appearance in public since the severe accident which so disabled him from giving his nautical entertainment, announced some time back under the title of "The Tales of the Sea." The *bénéficiaire* sang, with great spirit, Dibdin's "Tom Tough," with other of his popular ballads, in his usual vigorous and manly style, and, with his daughter, the duet, "Oh, tell me, gentle stranger," which was loudly encored. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss sang solos each, and a duet. Miss M. Collins gave the ballad of "Tripping down the lane." Miss Ransford afforded her admirers an opportunity of hearing her sweet and powerful voice in an Italian aria, and one or two English songs. Miss Palmer, Miss Leffler, Mad. Vinning, Miss Laura Baxter, with several other singers, likewise gave specimens of their vocal abilities. Miss Arabella Goddard performed Benedict's fantasia, "Where the bee sucks," with brilliant success. She afterwards played a new and brilliant fantasia, by Ascher, on the "Shadow song" from *Dinorah*, which was one of the gems of the concert. It was unanimously encored. Mr. Viotti Collins gave "La Clochette" in first-rate style. Messrs. Lazarus on the clarinet; Pratten, on the flute; and Blagrove, on the concertina, executed solos. A portion of the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. C. Godfrey, performed several popular *morceaux*. The concert afforded great satisfaction to Mr. Ransford's numerous patrons.

LONDON QUINTET UNION.—This new society, under the direction of Mr. Willy, gave the first of a series of four concerts, at St. Martin's Hall, on Tuesday evening. The members of the Union comprise, in addition to Mr. Willy, Mr. Westlake (second violin), Mr. Webb (tenor), Mr. Pettit (violoncello), Mr. Reynolds (contra-basso), and Mr. Maycock (clarinet). The instrumental part of the programme of Tuesday's concert included two quintets by Onslow—A minor, Op. 34, and D, Op. 18; Mozart's pianoforte quartet in E flat; and Weber's clarinet quintet in B flat. One of the quintets of Onslow might have advantageously made way for Beethoven, Spohr, or Mendelssohn. Mr. Willy, probably, has some special object in view which inclines him to favour this semi-Gallic composer. We infer this, not merely from the two quintets of Onslow given at the first concert, but from two others being announced for the next. "Verily," as a morning contemporary observes, in an execrable pun, "this favour shown to Onslow is not the way for the London Quintet Union to get 'on *fast*.'" Mr. Willy and his coadjutors did their utmost to recommend them to the hearers. There was applause certainly, but the applause was bestowed rather on the excellent playing than on the music. Weber's quartet is brilliantly written for the clarinet, but by no means an inspiration. Mr. Maycock played capitally, exhibiting fine execution and a clear sound tone. Mozart's quartet was the instrumental gem of the evening, and executed *à merveille* by Miss Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Willy, Webb, and Pettit. The last movement elicited a round of applause. Miss Goddard also performed Benedict's sparkling and admirably effective fantasia, "Where the bee sucks," with wonderful brilliancy and delicacy, and was honoured with a tumultuous recall. The vocal music, in consequence of the sudden indispo-

sition of Miss Lascelles, was restricted to two songs by Mr. Sims Reeves, "Adelaida," and "The last rose of summer," both of which he sang with consummate beauty of voice, and a taste and expression entirely his own. He was encored in both, but only returned to the platform to bow. We doubt if we ever heard Mr. Sims Reeves sing "Adelaida" more admirably. Miss Goddard accompanied him on the pianoforte, and by her expressive and perfect playing added materially to the effect. It was, indeed, a duet between two consummate singers. Mr. Lindsay Sloper accompanied Mr. Reeves in the Irish song, how well we need hardly say. The hall was well attended.

Mr. Howard Glover's Concert.—Mr. Howard Glover's Annual Morning Concert at Drury-Lane Theatre (crowded to the roof) was almost as long as the speech in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer unfolded, one by one, the items of his budget for 1860; but, as in the instance of that remarkable and eloquent address, the many things to be said were perfectly well said, and, moreover, as in Mr. Glover's case there was no "opposition," his success was unequivocal. The programme comprised upwards of 40 pieces, in the elucidation of which the majority of the musical talent now in London was called into request. To attempt anything like a description of such an entertainment (which required no fewer than four eminent conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, F. Berger, and Alfred Mellon, besides Mr. Glover himself, to direct) would be out of the question. Enough that the regularity and skilful management which invariably distinguish these enormous musical "pasticcios" were as apparent as at former anniversaries. The only disappointment experienced was in the unavoidable absence, on account of indisposition, of Signor Belletti. We cannot even record the names af the singers, with Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper at the head of the head of the gentlemen, and Madlle. Parepa, Madame Rudersdorff, and Miss Palmer (our most rising "contralto") at the head of the ladies, much less glance, however rapidly, at the innumerable pieces set down for them. In addition to the plaintive and beautiful song to Shelley's stanza, "I arise from dreams of thee" (Mr. Sims Reeves), and two graceful and thoroughly charming new ballads, "A sweet good night," and "The violet" (Madame Rudersdorff), from the pen of the concert giver, the programme included his dramatic and vigorous overture to *Comala*. An efficient band being thus at disposal, one of Haydn's genial and masterly symphonies was also put down. There was several instrumental displays, among the rest a solo on the violin by Herr Molique, and another on the clarinet by Mr. Lazarus. Especial mention, however, is due to Mr. Glover's youthful and very clever pupil, Miss Emma Green, who, in Beethoven's first (and too much neglected) pianoforte concerto in C (with a masterly *cadenza* composed expressly for her by her instructor), exhibited a marked advance both in style and execution. Miss Green's talent is worth serious cultivation.

Death of Mr. Haydn Corri.—With regret we announce the demise, on Saturday, the 12th ult., of the above well-known and clever *artiste*, both as a composer and teacher of music, in Dublin, where he had been settled for many years. Mr. Corri was son of the celebrated Domenichino Corri, who composed the once popular opera of *The Travellers*, in which the elder Braham, in days of yore, used to excite the utmost enthusiasm by his splendid singing of "He was famed for deeds of arms," and was brother-in-law of Dussek. Mr. Haydn Corri held the responsible post of organist to the Cathedral in Dublin, Great Marlborough-street, for years, where many of his sacred works were performed. Cherubini was said, with what truth we will not vouch, to have intrusted Mr. H. Corri to arrange for the organ from the great score for orchestra, his famous Mass in D, composed for the Coronation of Charles the Tenth, and to supply an additional voice part, which he did to his entire satisfaction. Mr. Corri has left a numerous family, some of them occupying important positions in the musical world. His talented sons, Henry, Pat, and Master Corri, are well known to the theatrical and musical world. Mr. Corri died at the advanced age of seventy-five. He was beloved and respected by his numerous friends and pupils, who have heard of his death with deep regret.

Why is Mrs. Howard Paul like a twenty pound note? Because she is the "double" of a "tenor."—*Punch*.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, *February 29th*.

If some old Roman had been thrown into a lethargic state for a few centuries, like the Sleeping Beauty, and by the stroke of some magician's wand suddenly transported to Paris, were he to wake up in one or other of the principal lyrical theatres, his astonishment would not be as great as we might expect; for he would find himself surrounded with all the splendour of the pagan ages. At the Théâtre-Lyrique alone, he could one night descend with Orpheus into the dark regions of the lower world, and wander with him in search of his Eurydice; and the next night he could, in the same Théâtre-Lyrique, sup, in company with Philémon and Baucis, in their humble cot, with the great chief of the Olympian deities. The *libretto* of M. Charles Gounod's new opera is written by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. It is in three acts. Instead of a grand overture there is a simple introduction, worthier of a classical subject and in accord with the subdued tone of the first act, the more striking and brilliant efforts of the composer coming in the later parts of the opera. This introduction is a pastoral, in F, and on its last notes, the curtain rising, we find ourselves in the cottage of Philémon and Baucis, which, poor as it looks, is rendered a pleasant spot by the happiness of the good old couple. In a duet these happy beings celebrate their love, which has resisted time and poverty and age. While they are softly singing this, sounds of quite a different kind are heard in the distance. The other inhabitants of the village, who have lost all fear of the gods, are giving themselves up to their impious saturnalia. The effect of this *ensemble* is striking. Soon, however, the rising sounds of a tempest are heard, and while the storm is raging round the little cottage, two strangers knock at the door, asking shelter. Philémon, who is for the moment alone, receives them. These two strangers are Jupiter and Vulcain. There is here a very good trio, after which Vulcain sings a few stanzas with a very characteristic accompaniment, to represent the strokes of a hammer on the anvil. The air sung by Jupiter which next follows, "Allons, Vulcain," is also good. Baucis makes her appearance, and, after a long speech, sings in a manner that proves she can sing as well as she talks. But as Vulcain says, "Supper, not singing, is now the object," and to supper they accordingly go, when Jupiter, by changing their humble fare into a more *recherché* repast, declares himself, and promises to reward Philémon and Baucis for their virtue and piety, but, wishing them to avoid seeing the vengeance he intends taking on the impious villagers, he throws them into a deep sleep, and a *melange* of horns, arpeggios on the harp, and the tremolo of the violins, is a pleasing termination to the first act.

The second represents the people of Sybarites reclining in gala attire, under the portico of the Temple of Cybele. Here the composer strives to assume all the passion and fire such a scene requires. The stanzas sung by Madlle. Sax (a bacchante), "C'est le vin," are not, however, worthy of the rest of the score. In the midst of the dances to which they are giving themselves up, Vulcain appears, and upbraids them. They wish to drive away this bird of ill-omen, when Jupiter appears, and, in a grand and dramatic *finale*, destroys this sacreligious people. All this time Philémon and Baucis have been sleeping, and, in the third act, the curtain rising to the refrain of the pastoral in the first act, Baucis is discovered in all the splendour of youth and beauty, and in festive attire. Still in a trance, starting up, she seeks Philémon, to whom his youth and good looks have also been restored. Hardly knowing each other at first, the truth then breaks on them, but for a moment their felicity threatens to be troubled, for Jupiter, like Pygmalion, is very nearly falling in love with his own work. Baucis, however, rather than listen to any other voice than Philémon's, implores her gray hairs and wrinkled features may be restored to her. Jupiter, thereupon, like a gentlemanly deity, withdraws his suit, but leaves the happy pair in the enjoyment of their renewed youth. Battaille performed the part of Jupiter, M. Froment that of Philémon, and Madame Miolan-Carvalho that of Baucis, and M. Balanqué Vulcain.

A slight accident occurred on the first night: a bouquet, thrown to Madame Carvalho, fell on the foot-lights and took fire; after a few minutes' suspense, a fireman advanced, and bore the bouquet off to a watery doom.

The concerts are going on still. The one given by Kruger on the 10th of February, in the new salons of Erard, was one of the best. Kruger played the grand sonata (Op. 57) of Beethoven, and the duet in D major of Mendelssohn, with the violoncellist, Rignault. He also gave "La chanson du chasseur," "Guitare et marche nocturne." Kruger had just returned from Stutgardt, were he had gone to be present at a festival given in honour of his father, on the occasion of the latter's completing the fiftieth year of his membership of the Chapel-Royal. The violinist, M. Servais, has just arrived here (Paris); he proposes making some stay here. The third concert of the Société des Concerts gave the symphony in E flat of Félicien David, the benediction of the flags from the *Siège de Corinthe*, and fragments from the ballet of *Prométhée*, the *Berceuse de Cherubini*, the Symphony in D of Beethoven completed the programme. The Société de Jeunes Artistes, under the direction of M. Pas de Loup, pursues its course with success. At their third concert some fragments, never played before, of Meyerbeer's opera of *Struensée* were given; the "Revolte des Gardes" and "Le bal et l'arrestation" were the titles of these pieces; the overture was also given, but it is well known here. The rest of the concert was equally well composed. To-morrow a concert that is looked forward to with the greatest interest will be given in the *salons* of the Louvre, M. and Mad. Sainton (late Miss Dolby) being the great attraction. Mad. Pleyel will perform on the 7th. M. Jacques Bauer also gives a concert to-morrow at the Salle Erard. A banquet was given the other day at the Café Véfour, at which many English and French writers assisted. M. Delaporte presided. He is the clever director of the concerts of the French Orpheonists. The object of the banquet was to publish the project that has been decided on, and which will be accomplished in the month of June. At that period 3,000 French Orpheonists will go to England to renew at the Crystal Palace the festival held by them in Paris in 1859. Twelve steamers will convey these artists over. Every one seems to think the company of the Crystal Palace have behaved in the most liberal manner. 200,000 francs is the sum said to have been given to defray the expenses. The Orpheonists stay one week in England, and they will give three concerts. This enterprise has been welcomed in the warmest manner here, and will doubtless prove successful. These are some of the choruses that will be sung: "Le Septuor des Huguenots," "Le Cimbres et Teutons," "Le Psaume de Marcello," "Le Veni Creator," "La Retraite, le Départ des Chasseurs," "Le Chant des Montagnards," and "Le Chœur des Prêtres des Mystères d'Isis." Paris has been making up this last week for the tranquillity of the winter; three masked balls, one at Colonel Fleury's, one at M. Fould's, and one at the Comte Tascher de la Pagerie's, have all been remarkable for their elegance and brilliancy. The Emperor and Empress, of course, were at them, though masked as the others. A great French artist has just died at Genoa—Raffet—as much beloved for his amiable character as admired for his talent; his two most remarkable paintings are, "La Revue passée aux Champs Elysées," and the "Dernière charge des lanciers rouges à Waterloo." An Indian instrument, called "The Xilo," composed of wood and straw, has been performed on with success by M. Henri Spira. He played national airs on it, and also the *Carnaval de Venise*.

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I never more will grieve thee:
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Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken;
I did not dream those cherished chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly.
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Call the valiant Palikari,
To the coming Fight.

What though foes surround us,
Though their chains have bound us,
We will live as freemen live,
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Come with weapons gleaming—
Come with banners streaming,
Raise your glorious battle cry,
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There should be no despair, though tears
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Are not the best-beloved of years
Around your heart for ever.

They weep, you weep, it must be so;
Winds sigh, as you are sighing,
And winter sheds its grief in snow,
Where autumn's leaves are lying.

Yet, these revive, and from their fate,
Your fate cannot be parted;
Then, journey on, if not elate,
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A rival—his loved one to prove,
A shelter he sought next the heart of the rose,
And whispered soft vows of his love.

Still nearer came that sunbeam gay,
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Those words the dew-drop heard him say,
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Not the mere friend of summer day,
But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
And sad the spirit sighs alone;
Then marvel not that thus I twine
My thoughts around this gift of thine,
And muse on hopes and joys that last,
And bloom through life's most piercing blast."

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Prithee tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me?
It is not *Love* torments me so:
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me!

I try to sing—my voice is sad!
I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can *you* not tell? nor *you*? nor *you*?
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here, *he'd* tell me what to do,
To bid the demon slumber!
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm *sure* 'twould cheer my heart—but then
"I'm not in love, remember!"
I'm not in love, remember.

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Are they meant but to deceive me,
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Ah! for ever it would grieve me
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Though my heart would trust them gladly,
Though belief, alone, is bliss,
Yet I still must ponder sadly,
Ah! what bitter pain is this.

All my inmost soul concealing,
Shall I sternly answer "No?"
Or each secret wish revealing
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Ever lingering, never speaking,
Here my thoughts shall I express
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Strive to find it by a guess.

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"'The soil is barren, the farm is old,'
The thoughtful planter said;
Then look'd upon the slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains,
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak,
He took the glittering gold;
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold."

"The *heart* within" the bosom of this planter must have been a heart of slow "beat"—not such a heart as Longfellow ordinarily delights in pourtraying, not such a heart as the heart of his "Blacksmith." In all respects the position of the unfortunate Quadroon was deplorable—for, sings the poet:—

"Her eyes were like a falcon's, *gray*,
Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore, save a kirtle *gray*,
And her own long raven hair."

(If she had a hawk's nose and a swan's neck, she must have been a most bird-like Quadroon, and was purchased, peradventure, by the slaver for his legitimate wife's aviary). More puritanical than the American verse maker, Mr. Blatchley (who embellishes the song with a striking pictorial frontispiece) has clad her decently in a long white gown, with blue girdle, and scarlet dressings, besides placing bracelets on her arms, and red and pink roses in her "raven" hair. Mr. Balfe's music—assuming the form and dimensions of a *scena*, with recitatives and movements in varied *tempi*—is eminently dramatic and expressive. It would suit any *contralto* or bass singer now before the public, and, delivered earnestly, could not fail of producing a marked sensation. Our prolific composer has no doubt felt deeply for the miserable Quadroon, whose beauty might excite the compassion of even a less sensitive son of Orpheus than the author of "The power of Love."

Of "*Magenta*," too—where the words (anonymous?) represent the solitary grief of a bereaved girl (whose true-love has been slain in battle), alternated and, at times, combined with the shouts of victory and demonstrations of joy, to which the inhabitants of a disenslaved country give vent outside—Mr. Balfe has (less ambitiously) made a species of dramatic *scena*. His martial touches are confined to imitations of trumpets and reproductions ("transcriptions?") of trumpet-calls, assigned to the peaceful Benedict or Jules de Glimes of the piano; but with the tender complaints of the unhappy girl, his melody is entirely and appealingly sympathetic. Here, again, we have a song fitted alike for *contralto* or bass, its highest note being D on the fourth line, while the highest note in the "Quadroon-girl" is F on the fifth, of the upper stave.

"*The Poor Orphan Child*"—written by R. Lincoln Cocks, composed by F. Campana (Boosey and Sons). An *arietta* in the pleasantest and most unlaboured manner of its agreeable and unlaborious composer—a simple ballad, in short, giving real musical charm to a poetical appeal on behalf of the friendless orphan, from the pen of Mr. Cox, which, if sung to Sig. Campana's melody, at the door of an asylum, would be pretty sure of obtaining admission for any pitiable *protegé* (or *gée*) either, or both, of them might adopt.

"*Adieu, dear Home*"—words by Richard Bennett, music by E. J. Loder (Boosey and Sons)—is another unpretending ballad, superior even to the one just criticised, combining a graceful and easily-remembered melody with an accompaniment the neatness and propriety of which are alike eminent. The lines of Mr. Bennett, although on a hacknied theme, are simple, healthy, and unaffected.

"*The Dew-drop and the Rose, song for voice and piano*"—poetry from the German, music by G. A. Osborne (Duncan Davison and Co.)—is remarkable alike for expression without exaggerated sentiment, and for cleverness without pedantry. (Dr. Johnson, or Mr. Chorley might here interpose—"Sublime without whiskers?—melancholy without a white waistcoat?" but the "withouts" in this instance are not open to such carping.) Not only is Mr. Osborne's song well written and expressive; it is marked by decided *character*, and character well sustained throughout, which in a composition of so little pretence is a quality that at once arrests attention. The words, moreover, are so nicely exhibited in their English costume—by a poet (ess?) who need not have adopted the anonymous—that we are tempted to quote them:—

"A dew-drop reclined on a beautiful rose,
And whispered soft vows of his love,
When near that sweet flower to seek soft repose,
A sunbeam fell down from above!

The dew-drop instinctively felt there had come
A rival—his loved one to prove,
A shelter he sought next the heart of the rose,
And whispered soft vows of his love.

Still nearer came that sun's bright ray,
As he called the rose his bride,
Those words the dew-drop heard him say,
Then droop'd his head and died."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MOZART'S TRIOS.

SIR,—Can you inform me how many *original violin* trios, by Mozart, are in existence besides the well-known Grand Trio in E flat, Op. 19. My object in asking this is to complete my collection of original violin trios, quartets, and quintets. By publishing this in the *Musical World*, you will oblige, Sir, your obedient servant,

ARTIST.

Brighton, March 1st.

FAIR PLAY.

SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing you, hoping you will allow me a space in your columns, for which I shall feel much obliged.

I played at the competition for the situation of organist at St. Luke's, Chelsea, which took place on Monday the 6th instant, and was returned by the umpires (three in number) as the best player; notwithstanding the organ is not my principal instrument. It would be out of place to repeat the umpire's report here, as it could do no one but myself any good. However, three were selected for election—No. 8, first; No. 2, second; and No. 9, third. The election took place on Monday the 20th instant, when Mr. Carter (a resident of Chelsea), the worst of the three, was elected by a large majority. Is it not a most shameful proceeding to bring a dozen men from different parts of London and elsewhere, to play for an appointment that was virtually, if not actually, given to Mr. Carter long before the playing? I, for one, lost a whole day's teaching, Monday being one of my busy days.

One thing, I have not yet mentioned, I think deserves more than

ordinary condemnation; that is, the fact of several of the trustees telling me that they had made up their minds to vote for *the best man*. I (from the judgment of the umpires) thought they would vote for me, and, in consequence, made sure of my election. I should not take this step, were this the first time I have been thus treated in a like affair. I never played in a competition but once before, and being returned by the umpires as the best, and not being elected, I made up my mind never to play in competition again, which resolution I kept until the time that Chelsea became vacant. Should Mr. Carter refer to a competition that took place for St. Helen's, Bishopgate, years back, I answer him in the following terms, "I did not play for it;" that is to say, I played one piece, but finding that there was something to play at sight, I declined going on further (having at that time very imperfect sight, which is now, thanks to Mr. Bowman, of Clifford-street, quite perfect). Hoping that you will not find this letter too long, and that you are of my way of thinking—that is, that such things should be made known, for the good of organists as well as of congregations—I remain, sir, yours respectfully, F. SCOTSON CLARK.

4, *Union-grove, Wandsworth-road, S.,*
Feb. 29*th*, 1860.

P.S.—The trustees have not thought fit to write to inform me of their decision. "How very business-like!" but what is one to expect? Perhaps they are ashamed of their conduct—and well they may be.

THE BROTHERS HOLMES.

SIR,—Having had the great pleasure to make the acquaintance of the English violin *virtuosos*, the Messrs. Alfred and Henry Holmes, I ought to write you some lines on this occasion.

Believing it will be interesting for you and the musical public to know the artistical movements of your praiseworthy countrymen, I beg to inform you that they have been for the last two weeks staying here amongst us, during which time they have played at the Court with the greatest success. They so enchanted the King, that after hearing them the first time, he begged them to stay for some days longer, that they might play again at the palace; and further, by his wish a concert was arranged for them in the Opera-house, which went off most brilliantly. They were recalled with the greatest enthusiasm, after each of the solos and duets which they performed.

Previous to their arrival here they were two months in Copenhagen, where they created a great sensation by their concerts and by their performances in the Society of the Musik-verein. They also gave several concerts in the provinces of Denmark with the greatest success. Therefore the young artists have sufficiently confirmed the great praise which my cousin the happy deceased senior of the violists Mr. Spohr often had spent them; and on that account my sincere interest for the two brothers will excuse this letter and my bad English therein.

I am, sir, yours truly,
ARNOLD WENNER,
Kapellmeister of his Majesty the King.

Hanover, 27th Feb., 1860.

MR. RANSFORD'S CONCERT.

SIR,—In a letter addressed to you last Monday, I called your attention to several errors in the account given by one of the morning papers of Mr. Ransford's annual concert. I now trouble you again to point out that in the *Musical World* of last Saturday you have, in your report of this concert, printed the same errors with some additional ones.

Your reporter says: "The *bénéficiaire* sang, with great spirit, Dibdin's 'Tom Tough,' with other of his popular ballads, and, with his daughter, the duet, 'Oh, tell me, gentle stranger,'" &c. Mr. Ransford sang only "Tom Tough" and the duet, not any "other of his popular ballads."

Miss Ransford did not (as stated) sing "an Italian aria," and one or two English songs, but one solo only and the duet. The fantasia by Ascher, played by Miss Goddard, was not on the "Shadow song" *only*, but on several airs from *Dinorah*; and, finally, Mr. Lazarus did not execute a solo on the clarinet—in fact, he did not make his appearance at the concert at all.

Your reporter (like he of the morning paper previously alluded to) makes no mention of the *fracas* caused by the non-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, and of which I gave an account in my previous letter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. T. A.

[Our reporter has not been dismissed.]

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

THE one hundred and twenty-second anniversary festival, which took place on Thursday evening, at the Freemasons' Hall, was the most successful in our remembrance. In the first place, the assembly was larger than on any former occasion; in the next, Mr. Charles Dickens, one of the most entertaining and accomplished of chairmen, presided; and lastly, the donations, if they did not exceed that of any previous year, were more liberal than ordinary. The concert, too, was on an unusually ambitious scale, and the dinner, served by Mr. Elkington, a *bonâ fide* Freemasons' Tavern repast. The utmost hilarity prevailed throughout the evening, in a great measure due to the president, who was the sun of the festival, and shed a light on all around, and infused warmth into every bosom. Mr. Charles Dickens, to speak in theatrical *parlance*, made a decided hit. He was voted *nem. con.* the very best chairman who ever occupied the seat of honour at one of the Society's dinners; and, we have little doubt, if he was installed "perpetual president," it would enhance the prosperity of future festivals, to say nothing of the effect it might have on the general state of affairs. Mr. Dickens is not personally mixed up in musical matters, but on behalf of charity no more appropriate president could be found. No bad specimen of Mr. Dickens's oratorical powers will be found below; but even this admirable impromptu display can convey but a remote idea of his readiness to seize upon a point for illustration, the fertility of his imagination, his piquant style, his logical acumen, and his wonderful powers of accommodating himself to his particular hearers. Moreover—and this is the rarest virtue in a public speaker—he is never diffuse, and consequently never wearies. If copious at times, it is because his matter is abundant and thought flows freely; and, to crown all, we never knew a chairman or president who knew better the exact moment when to speak and when to refrain.

If there was any drawback to the enjoyment of the evening, it was that the first part of the concert was much too long. The practice of giving more than one musical performance after each toast is, we fancy, a mistake. If, instead of fifteen pieces in the first part of the programme, there had been ten, no one would have complained, although ten would have been too many, more especially with such long operatic pieces among them as the recitative and aria, 'Ah! fora' è lui," from the *Traviata*. The fact that the first part was not over until near eleven is enough to show that the system is wrong. Fortunately there was but one encore (to Miss Arabella Goddard, in Stephen Heller's *Improvisation* on Mendelssohn's air, "On song's bright pinions," for which "The last rose of summer," of Thalberg, was substituted), or there's no knowing at what unusual hour the concert would have terminated. A good selection, on the whole, was provided, and justified the announcement that "the festival should be considered more in the light of a musical entertainment than a public dinner." This will be at once granted, after perusing the following list of artists, all of whom gave their gratuitous services:—vocalists—Misses Augusta Thompson, Lascelles, Haywood, and Rachel Gray, and Mad. Rieder Schlumberger (soloists); with Messrs. R. Barnby, H. Buckland, W. Coward, J. Coward, W. Distin, W. J. Fielding, A. G. Ferrari, Handel Gear, Donald King, F. Kinkee, E. Land, T. Whiffin, T. Williams, Whitehouse, and T. Wallworth, for the madrigals, glees, and chorus;—instrumentalists—Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Paque, Mr. John Thomas and Mdlle. Sophie Humler—who, at the last moment, volunteered a solo on the violin, and played it capitally in the bargain, and pleased all the amateurs by her choice of the music. The band was under the direction of Mr. Lazarus, and consisted of sixteen wind and brass players. And to conclude our catalogue, Messrs. James Coward and W. G. Cusins presided at the pianoforte.

The royal toasts having been proposed and duly honoured by the company and the musicians, the next on the list was "Prosperity to the Royal Society of Musicians."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS rose and said: Ladies and gentlemen, I suppose I may venture to say that it is pretty well known to everybody, that all people, whenever they are brought together at a dinner in

private society, for the declared purpose of discussing any particular matter or business, it has invariably happened that they never can by any ingenuity be brought to approach that business, and that they invariably make it the one sole subject and ground on which they could not be rapped into the utterance of a syllable. This being the curious concurrent experience of all mankind, it is the cautious custom of this particular public dinner, to place its business in the very front of the evening's engagements. It commits it to paper, and places it in black and white before the unhappy chairman whilst he feasts. (Laughter.) It guards him with a long row of distinguished gentlemen on either hand, to keep him up to the mark, and force him to approach the thing from which everybody knows he has a secret tendency to retreat, and there is a voice in his ear—a sonorous voice—which, like the warning voice of the slave of old, reminds him in all stages of the pageant, that he is but a mortal chairman, and that it is the common lot of all his race to be commanded to "speak and to die." This, ladies and gentlemen, is the one hundred and twenty-second anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians. (Loud cheers.) One hundred and twenty years have passed since the casual contemplation by two gentlemen, standing at a coffee-house door, of two poor boys driving a pair of milch asses through the London streets, within half-a-mile of the place where we are now assembled, led to its establishment. These two poor boys were the sons of a deceased musician, and the two rich hearts that took pity on them were the hearts of two deceased musicians, and the noblest soul that came spontaneously to their aid was the soul of a deceased musician, known amongst the natural nobility of the art but by one "Handel" to his name—(Great cheering)—and that a very glorious one, and derived, as I venture to take it, directly from God. (Hear, hear, hear.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, that "harmonious blacksmith" hammered so soundly upon the iron of his order, while it was hot, that he struck out of it the sound of self-respect, independence, and prosperity, which are present in this society at the moment while I speak. During the remaining nineteen years of his musical life he wrought for it at the forge of his art with a truth, faith, and vigour belonging only to a great nature; and when he died he left it the princely bequest of £1,000. (Loud cheers.) We now see what good seed is, and we see what good music is. One hundred and twenty-two years have gone, the ruffles and powder have gone, the lace and buckles have gone, the white-cape great coats and the huge cravats and top boots have gone; but the good seed is here, in the shady and flourishing tree under which we sit to-night, and the good music is here, ever young, and the young ears, the young fingers, have it every new generation. (Cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, it is my custom, when I have the honour to hold such a position as this, to offer to those amongst the company who may not be personally acquainted with the society under consideration, those recommendations in its behalf which have been most powerful with myself. Will you allow me to sum up, under a few heads, the reasons that I have for regarding with particular sympathy and respect this Royal Society of Musicians. First, because it is a real thing—(Hear, hear)—because it is, in fact, as well as in name, a society of musicians—not a heterogeneous concourse of nondescripts and toadies, with here and there a musician smuggled in to justify the misuse of an art; but a society of professional men bound together in a love of their common art, and with the object important to their art. (Cheers.) Because these gentlemen come together, as they only usefully and independently could come together, as a benefit society—(Hear, hear)—making timely provision, if not for their own old age, distress, or infirmity, certainly for those casualities in the life of their brethren, and for their widows, and for their orphan children. Because it not only grants money for the education and apprenticeship of those children, but afterwards preserves a parental care over them in this way, that when they have done well in their apprenticeship, it encourages them to come back and be rewarded for having done well, and to stimulate them to continue to tread the paths of truth and duty. (Applause.) Because it is not an exclusive society, but concedes to its youngest members the privileges of its oldest, and freely admits foreigners as members who are really domiciled in England as practitioners of music. Because it manages its own affairs—(Hear, hear)—and manages them in a manner so excessively unnational and unpopular that it pays only two small salaries for real services, while the governors actually pay the expenses of their own meetings out of their own pockets. (Loud applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, you have no notion what confusion would be carried into a certain literary society if the ferocious person who now addresses you were in his own plain way to get up there, and propose the musicians in these respects as an example for imitation. (Laughter and cheers.) Lastly, ladies and gentlemen, I recommend this society to such of this assembly as do not know it, because it is a society of artists who begin by putting their own shoulders to their own wheel. Every member of this body stands pledged to every other to exercise his talents gratuitously at any performance whatsoever and whensoever given in aid of the society's objects. Every member is formally and distinctly reminded on his enrolment that he accepts the responsibility of a great work connected with the labour of his art, and to that he is understood to pledge himself thenceforth. Now these, ladies and gentlemen, are the main features of the body of professional men that pass to night the one hundred and twenty-second milestone on the road of its life—the main features, except one—and that is that the annual income derived from the one source, the annual subscription of its members, is not much more than a tithe of the money annually expended in the execution of its excellent objects. Turning over this book just now, with the words "one hundred and twenty-second night" printed on its outside, I feel in a half kind of fancy—remembering the wonderful things which music has, of course, suggested to me from my earliest childhood; I feel a kind of fancy that I might have gone back to the one hundred and twenty-second of the Great Arabian Nights, and have heard Dinarzade saying, about half-an-hour before daybreak, "Sister Schehrazade, if you are still awake, and my lord the Sultan will permit, I pray you to finish the story of—the British musicians"—(Laughter and cheers)—to which Schehrazade replied that she would willingly proceed, but that to the best of her belief, it was a story without an end—(Cheers)—because she considered that so long as mankind lived and loved, and hoped, so long music, which draws them upwards in all their varying and erring moods, could never possibly cease out of the world. (Cheers.) So the Sultan, who changed his name for the purpose for the time, girded on, not his scimitar, but a scythe, and went out, graciously resolving that the story should have its one hundred and twenty-second night, and that the brotherhood should live for ever. (Loud applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, these may appear to you vagrant ideas, but music is suggestive of all fancies. You know it can give you back the dead; it can place at your side the congenial creature dear to you who never lived. You know that the blind see in it; the bedridden have hope in it; the dead hear it. We all hear it, from the sounds of the varying seasons to the beating of the waters upon which our Saviour walked. Let me, in conclusion, entreat you to listen also to one strain which will certainly be heard through all the sweet sounds of to-night, and which will be simply this—no less, no more. The hand cannot always keep its hold upon the bow, the strings, the keys; the breath will sometimes fail. It is the inevitable result of the skilful combination of many instruments, that there must have been some players who never can hope to attain a great success or great reward, but who are nevertheless quite inseparable from, and necessary to, your delight; and so the strain will say, and, if you listen to it, it will say, "I am one of those; I have been young, and now am old; my hand has lost its mastery; my breath has failed. Now, for the love of the much that music has done for you, do that little for me." I beg to propose to you to drink, "Prosperity to the Royal Society of Musicians."

Mr. Dickens resumed his seat amidst loud applause from all parts of the room.

The other toasts were "The Patrons of the Society," "The Army and Navy," "Charles Dickens, Esq., President of the Day," "The Ladies who honoured the Festival with their presence," "The Chaplain and the Honorary Officers of the Society," "The Professional Ladies and Gentlemen who assisted at the Festival," and "Prosperity to the Royal Society of Female Musicians and other Musical Societies." In giving the toast of the "Army and Navy," Mr. Dickens drew a graphic picture of the influence of music as exercised in every phase of the life of a soldier or sailor; and in proposing the health of the ladies, he created infinite merriment, by remonstrating against the separation of the sexes at the dinner table.

At the commencement of the second part, Mr. G. F. Anderson, honorary treasurer, read a list of the donations, which is too long to insert in this place. We may, however, mention that Messrs. Broadwood and Sons gave £50 (the seventeenth donation, making the entire sum bestowed on the charity by that eminent firm £2050); Mr. Collard, £50; Messrs. Addison and Lucas, 10 guineas; Miss Arabella Goddard, 10 guineas; Mr. Benedict, 5 guineas; Mr. Bowley, 5 guineas; Signor Ferrari, 2 guineas; Mr. Gruneisen, 2 guineas; Mr. Metzler, jun., 5 guineas; Mr. Handel Gear, 1 guinea, &c., &c. The entire amount had not been made up when we left, but we have every reason to suppose it will be considerable.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

PROBABLY a larger audience was never assembled in St. James's Hall—which, though calculated to admit two thousand persons, was by no means sufficiently spacious to accommodate more than three-fourths of the amateurs of classical music who applied for admission at the doors—than at the eleventh concert. Many hundreds were unavoidably denied admission, and almost as much money was "returned" as would have made an ordinarily successful evening. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Quintet, in A, stringed instruments and clarinet	...	Mozart.
Song, "Soft and bright"	...	H. Smart.
Song, "I quit my pillow" (Don Quixote) ...	...	Macfarren.
Sonata, in A flat, pianoforte, "Plus Ultra."	...	Dussek.

PART II.

Sonata, in E flat major, for pianoforte and clarinet		Weber.
Song, "Adelaide"	...	Beethoven.
A Lullaby, "Golden slumbers kiss your eyes"	...	17th Century.
Quartet, in D major, Op 18	...	Beethoven.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

The Quintet of Mozart was repeated by desire. Its manifold beauties, and the faultless execution of the clarinet part by Mr. Lazarus, were dwelt upon in appropriate terms some weeks ago, when Herr Becker took the principal violin part. Herr Molique was now at the head of the stringed instruments—as much as to say that both reading and execution were masterly. In the quartet of Beethoven (in which, as in the quintet, the other players were Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti), Herr Molique exhibited the same artistic qualities that have long constituted him one of the foremost "classical" violinists of the day.

The pianoforte sonata—Dussek's *Plus Ultra*, or, as the composer himself entitled it, *Le Retour à Paris*—is one of the most magnificent, no less than one of the most difficult, ever contributed to the repertory of "the universal instrument." Dussek wrote it when, after a life of unprofitable excitement and artistic vagabondage, he had settled down quietly in Paris, as pianist and concert-master, in the residence of the famous Talleyrand, with whom he seems to have enjoyed other intimate sympathies besides those springing from a mere community of musical tastes. A piece occupying more than forty minutes in performance may be regarded by those who are sceptical about the influence of what is denominated "high art" as something beyond the endurance of an audience of considerably beyond 2,000 persons; but there appear to be no sceptics among the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts. At any rate, neither the lovers of Dussek's music nor the admirers of Miss Arabella Goddard's playing could have been otherwise than satisfied with the attention bestowed on the sonata, and the hearty appreciation of the efforts of the performer, who, though she had more than once previously introduced the *Plus Ultra* in public, had never before essayed it in presence of so vast an assembly, and whose task became, therefore, doubly arduous, while its successful accomplishment was doubly honourable. Equally well received was the beautiful duet of Weber, for pianoforte and clarinet, in which Miss Goddard enjoyed the co-operation of that unrivalled master of his instrument, Mr. Lazarus. Every movement of this genial inspiration of the author of *Der Freischütz* was heard with unequivocal delight.

Miss S. Cole gave the the graceful ballad of Mr. H. Smart, and the charming "Lullaby" from Mr. Wm. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, with irreproachable taste; and to the plaintive romance from Mr. Macfarren's opera of *Don Quixote*, Mr. Sims Reeves imparted such heartfelt tenderness, that no Quiteria would have hesitated for an instant to abandon however wealthy a Camacho in answer to such an appeal. Beethoven's "Adelaida," in which Mr. Reeves was accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Goddard, and which he never sang to greater perfection, was encored with such enthusiasm and unanimity that there was no alternative but no repeat it from the first note to the last. The other vocal pieces were accompanied by Mr. Benedict in that refined and artistic manner to which he has always accustomed the musical public.

At the twelfth and final performance of the first series (second season), the programme included Mendelssohn's quintet in A, Beethoven's quartet in D, Weber's pianoforte sonata in A flat, and Beethoven's rarely heard variations on "See the conquering hero comes," for pianoforte and violoncello—all "for the first time." A more rich and varied selection could not have been made; and that ample justice was awarded may be guessed from the names of the performers—Messrs. Molique, Ries, Doyle, and Piatti in the quartet, with the addition of Mr. Schreurs as second viola in the quintet, Miss Arabella Goddard in the sonata, and the same pianist, associated with Signor Piatti, in the variations. The singers were Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Fanny Rowland (who introduced, with eminent success, a very fine air from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulide*), and Mr. Sims Reeves. The ladies were encored in "Sull' aria," Mr. Sims Reeves being similarly complimented in "I arise from dreams of thee" (H. Glover), and in "Adelaida" (accompanied by Miss Goddard), the last of which composer created a furor.

The concert of Monday week (the first of the new series, the 13th of the second season), was one of the greatest possible interest. It was composed entirely of works, vocal and instrumental, of the Italian masters. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Quintet, in A major, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos	Boccherini.
Aria, "Resta in pace, idolo mio" (Gl' Orazi ed i Curiazi)	Cimarosa.
Recitativo e Rondo, "Ah non sai qual pena" ...	Sarti.
Scena Tragica—Grand Sonata, in G minor, for pianoforte alone (Didone Abbandonata) ...	Clementi.
Duetto, "Cantando un' dì"	Clari.
Aria, "Com' ape ingegnosa" (Tarara)	Salieri.
Quartet, in E flat (No. 5), two violins, viola, and violoncello	Rossini.

PART II.

Grand Quartet, in E flat major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello	Cherubini.
Grand Aria, "Se il ciel mi divide" (Didone Abbandonata)	Piccini.
Capriccio (Moto Continuo), violin alone	Paganini.
Aria—Almaviva—"Io son Lindoro" (Barbiere di Siviglia)	Paesiello.
Duetto—Almaviva and Bartolo—"O che umor" (Barbiere di Siviglia)	Paesiello.
Terzetto—Rosina, Almaviva, and Bartolo—"Ah chi sà questo suo foglio" (Barbiere di Siviglia)	Paesiello.
Trio, in for violin, viola, and violoncello ...	Correlli.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

We may at once state, that the concert was eminently successful.

The grand features were Clementi's sonata and Cherubini's quartet. These created the profoundest impression. The sonata is the work of a poet as well as of a great musician, and sets at nought the idea entertained by some modern amateurs, that Clementi was a pedant. Whoever heard *Didone Abandonata*, executed as it was magnificently and with kindred feeling by Miss Arabella Goddard, and did not feel his spirit bowed before genius, must have been hard to please indeed, or hard of hearing. The quartet of Cherubini is one of three, which, with a sonata for two organs and a pianoforte fantasia, are all he is known to have dedicated to the chamber. The quartet is a work of large proportions, written with peculiar breadth and dignity of style, increases in interest from the second movement to the end, and gradually captivates the hearer. It was superbly executed by Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle and Signor Piatti, and, like Clementi's sonata, received with enthusiastic plaudits from all parts of the hall. Correlli's sonata is by no means devoid of interest, if for no other reason than that it shows the kind of instrumental music which attained popularity some century and a-half ago in England. Rossini's quartet, an amusing bagatelle, was (together with four others) written at the age of sixteen, and published without the consent or knowledge of the master.

Herr Becker's performance of Paganini's Variations on "Nel cor piu," took everybody by surprise. That he was a first-rate

quartet player all who had heard him at St. James's Hall were aware; but that he could stand his ground with the most accomplished *fantasia* players remained to be proved. He was recalled by the whole audience at the termination of the performance.

The selection from the *Barbiere* of Paesiello excited general curiosity. The tenor air (remarkably well sung, by the way, by Mr. Tennant) was at once remembered by the old opera-goers as the late Mr. Tom Cooke's duet, "Ah! maiden fair," interpolated in place of the great air, "Ecco ridente," in Rossini's *Barbiere*. In those days managers and directors had little respect for masterpieces. Paesiello's (not Tom Cooke's) air, however, is eminently graceful. It must be remembered, Paesiello's *Barbiere* was written thirty or forty years before Rossini's. The duet (Mr. Tennant and Mr. Winn) and the trio (the same gentlemen with Miss Susanna Cole) are extremely graceful and quaint, and, no doubt, on the stage, would open a vein of comedy which they seem to want in the concert-room. Mdlle. Parepa was highly successful in Piccini's splendid *scena*, which Mozart might have endorsed, and which Gluck, Piccini's great rival, has not always equalled. Allowing high praise to Mdlle. Parepa, Miss Susanna Cole, and Mr. Winn for their several solos—the first in the recitative and words, by Sarti; Miss Susanna Cole in Cimarosa's air; and Mr. Winn in the aria from *Turara*—(admirable specimens all three)—we must close our remarks with a word of commendation to the two ladies for the artistic manner in which they sang Clari's very difficult duet.

A "Beethoven Night was given on Monday, and attracted an immense audience. The programme could not have been better selected:—

PART I.

Posthumous Quartet, in F major (No. 17)	Beethoven.
Song, "Ave Maria,"	Schubert.
Air, "Deh per questo"	Mozart.
Air, "Le Pastorella dell' Alpi"	Rossini.
Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sonata, in A major, Op. 30, for pianoforte and violin	Beethoven.
Songs, "Ah, how sweet it is to love!" and "On the brow of Richmond Hill"	Purcell.
Song, "A bird sat on an alder bough"	Spohr.
Septet, in E flat, Op. 20	Beethoven.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

The miscalled "Posthumous" Quartet, executed by Herr Becker, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, created, as before, an immense effect, and the slow movement was again encored and repeated. The execution was magnificent, and Herr Becker—"the new discovery of the Monday Popular Concerts," as a morning contemporary calls him—more than ever established his claims to be considered a "genuine artist." About the septet, so well-known and so much endeared to all amateurs of music, we need only say, it was grandly played, the executants being Messrs. Becker, Doyle, Lazarus, C. Harper, Chisholm, Severn, and Piatti. The two sonatas exhibited Miss Arabella Goddard's talent to perfection; and in that for the piano and violin, she enjoyed the powerful co-operation of Herr Becker. A more thoroughly satisfactory performance of both works could not be given. The intensely poetical "Appassionata" (though "Appassionata" was not Beethoven's title) was listened to with breathless attention, and at the end the fair pianist was recalled and overwhelmed with applause from all parts of the hall. The sonata in a major, which betrays the influence of Mozart in every movement, more especially in the finale, afforded unqualified gratification.

The vocal music was divided between Miss Parepa and Mr. Sims Reeves. The lady was encored in Rossini's air, No. 6 of the *Soirées Musicales*, and gave Schubert's "Ave Maria," with much expression. Spohr's song would not have suffered by being taken a little faster. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the air from the *Clemenza di Tito* with infinite taste and refinement. The two songs of Purcell (with accompaniment arranged by Mr. J. L. Hatton), are somewhat old-fashioned, but still interesting as coming from Purcell. Both were admirably sung by Mr. Reeves, and the last unanimously encored. Mr. Benedict conducted all the vocal music, and especially distinguished himself in the picturesque accompaniment to the song from *Tito*.

A second "Italian night" will be given on Monday, with an entirely new instrumental selection, one piece excepted—the grand quartet of Cherubini in E flat, which created so profound a sensation at the first Italian concert.

FESTIVAL OF THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTS IN LONDON.

A GRAND Choral Festival will take place at the Sydenham Palace, in the course of next June. Three thousand French Orpheonists are invited to participate in this artistic solemnity, which will be a landmark in the history of the two countries, and mark another and a glorious step on advance, taken by the human mind on the sacred road of the fraternity of nations. During a visit I lately made to London, I settled the general arrangements of the Festival with the committee of the Sydenham Crystal Palace. The following are the principal clauses of the agreement concluded with the Company:—

"All travelling expenses will be paid for the three thousand Orpheonists, both ways, from Paris to London, and from the intermediate stations of the network of the Western lines of railroad, as well as from Dieppe to Hâvre, and thence to London.

"The same privilege is accorded to those Societies which come from the various points of the Northern line, from Arras and Vergnier to Calais, and thence to London.

"Those Societies, participating in the Festival, who are not situated on the line of the Northern or Western Railway, will have to pay their own travelling expenses from their respective localities, either as far as Paris or to some station of one of the railways just mentioned.

"The Societies existing in that part of the country which is traversed by the Orleans line can reach the Western railway at Mans, by the branch line from Tours, without the necessity of coming to Paris.

"The Societies on the Eastern line can take the branch rail running from Rheims, and joining the Eastern to the Northern line, they will thus not have to pass through Paris.

"The Societies on the Lyons line will have to come to Paris.

"The Orpheonists will remain in London for one week. They will embark on one Sunday and return the Sunday following."

The stay of a week in London is indispensable. We are to give three concerts, and it is natural to suppose that, without rehearsals, it would be impossible to carry out so grand an artistic manifestation, which is unprecedented, and, in all probability, will not be repeated. As the three concerts must be preceded by rehearsals, which take up a long time, it would be difficult, if we were to stop in London only from Monday to Thursday, for us to visit the public monuments and enjoy the repose and amusements required by such a journey. The Orpheonists of the central and southern portions of France, and of the localities beyond the range of the northern and western railways, will perceive at once that it was impossible to extend the invitation for the London Festival to the whole meridional portion of France. It is the Crystal Palace Company who have undertaken to pay all travelling expenses on the northern and western lines, as well as on board the steamers, as far as London, but we shall neglect no means to enable the Orpheonists living beyond the range of these privileged lines to participate conveniently in the solemnity. Measures have been taken for lodging and boarding the Orpheonists cheaply and well in London. The expenses under these heads will not exceed forty francs a head for the week. At the request of the Crystal Palace Committee we shall sing the following choruses, which were executed at the Paris Festival: the Septet from *Les Huguenots*, "Les Cimbres et les Teutons;" "Le Psaume de Marcello;" the "Veni Creator;" "La Retraite;" "Le Départ des Chasseurs;" "Le Chant des Montagnards;" "Le Chœur des Prêtres," from *Les Mystères d'Isis*. The other choruses which will be comprised in the programme of the grand London festival will be fixed on very shortly. The new choruses will be forwarded gratis to those Orpheonists who take part in the festival. The choruses sung in Paris will not be sent to the Societies which were present at the Palais l'Industrie, but they will be sent gratuitously to

those Societies which took no part in the Paris Festival, and which shall announce their intention of co-operating in the London Festival. The notices of co-operation must be sent in before the 10th March. They should contain the nominal list of the members of the Society, and, opposite each name, a notification to which class the member's voice belongs. It is most necessary that the promises of co-operation should be serious and definitive, since the number of executants is fixed at three thousand. Those Orpheonists who are not certain of having a week at their disposal should not enter their names. Inspections will be held in the various co-operating Societies, and members will only be definitively admitted after these inspections, which will necessarily be rigorous.

E. DELAPORTE,
President of the Choral Association of Paris.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. F. A.—*The letter accompanying our correspondent's private note was mislaid last week. It is now too late to possess any interest.*

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.—*It was merely an oversight. The article on the death of Mr. H. Corri, and that of Mr. Ransford's concert, were borrowed from* The Era. *We merely rectified the statement that Mr. Corri was Dussek's* nephew, *the fact being that he was his brother-in-law.*

CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE (Windsor).—*We regret to inform our correspondent that we cannot undertake to print articles written upon what is conventionally termed "flimsy."*

Dr. F. R.—*With thanks. Next week.*

W. N. S.—*We believe the celebrated artist's Christian name is Corno-Capricorno, or Cornuto, but are not sure, since it has been currently bruited that, being a Jew, the celebrated artist, properly speaking, has no Christian name; which, after all, may be a matter of taste on the part of the celebrated artist. For a satisfactory answer to the other question of our correspondent, we cannot do better than refer our correspondent to the celebrated artist himself, who, no doubt, will answer it with extreme alacrity.*

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10TH, 1860.

THE Musical Campaign is about to begin, and, from symptoms that have come beneath our notice, an unusually severe spring may be anticipated. We say spring, because we do not believe the season will extend very far, if at all, into the summer, unless people persist in calling June a summer month. Our advertising columns inform us that artists and musical professors are flocking to London from all parts of the world, and many of them have already issued their challenges, in which, singly or supported by a certain number of friends, they offer to meet the public at morning and evening concerts. But this sort of thing will not last long, and we are told that travelling carriages may be ordered this year as early as the first days of July.

A long essay might be written on the causes that have tended to abridge the London musical season, but we will not inflict it upon our readers. We may, however, call attention to the abolition of the before-Easter period at the Italian Opera, or Operas, which managers found too great a penance even for the last weeks in Lent, when some sort of mortification ought of course to be practised by all men People at last get tired of everything, even of losing money, and our Italian directors object now to open their theatres until there is some chance of filling them. Then, we fancy those families who visit London for fashionable purposes are really glad when their laborious pleasures are at an end; and they also retire to the country earlier in the summer than of old, because, thanks to the railways, they can come back to London at any other period of the year at less expense, and with far less inconvenience than accompanied travelling in the days of post-chaises. However, if in the year 1860 there is less time than ever for hearing music, there are certainly more musicians anxious and determined to make themselves heard, and accordingly there will be such a production of "sweet sounds" during the coming months of April, May, and June, that those who, like ourselves, have ears and must hear, run a considerable risk of getting their acoustic organs damaged. Last season there were sometimes as many as three morning concerts in one day, to say nothing of two Italian operas in the evening. This was quite as much as we could bear, but we are told that during the season that is approaching we shall have to suffer even more. All we can say is—we hope not: it is the last chord that shatters the musical critic's tympanum.

If concert givers would take our advice, we should counsel them, partly for their sake but principally for our own, not to make a point of giving their entertainments within the narrow limits of the London season. Those who can only count upon selling tickets to pupils and patrons have of course no choice, and must hold their *matinées* and *soirées* when their pupils and patrons are within earshot, or not at all. But a really great artist can now find a large and appreciative audience at any period of the year, and many foreign vocalists and instrumentalists who at present only visit London during the great musical months, when the market is sure to be overstocked, would probably find their journeys to England far more profitable—or, at all events, less unremunerative—if they were to make their appearance among us during the winter.

If Mr. Ella, of the Musical Union, were to advertise in the month of January that "Rubinstein is coming from the banks of the Neva," the announcement would not produce the same effect which it, doubtless, would have on the perusers of the *Record* in the middle of May. But as Rubinstein possesses remarkable talent, the frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts and the audiences at St. Martin's Hall are sure to recognise it; and it would be to the interest of concert-givers to engage him, as they engage Joachim, Wieniawski, Becker, and other visitors from abroad, during what is usually considered our dull season.

Anxious to know the worst as soon as possible, we have already, by an abstruse calculation, discovered on what day the Feast of Easter (no feast, alas, to us!) will fall this year. Easter-Day, be it known, is always the first Sunday after the Full Moon which happens upon, or next after, the twenty-first day of March; unless the full moon happens upon a Sunday, when Easter-Day is the Sunday after. But the scientific and orthodox mode of determining the occurrence of Easter for any given year is by performing certain operations with the Golden Number or Prime, and the Dominical or Sunday Letter. To find the Golden Number or Prime for the present year, it is only necessary to add 1 to 1860, and then divide by 19; the remainder, if any, is the Golden Number; but, if nothing remains, then 19 is the Golden

Number. The Dominical Letter is not to be found quite so easily; but having ascertained, by a lengthy process, what it was, we consulted certain tables in our possession, in which the Golden Number indicates to us the day of the Paschal Full Moon, and the Dominical Letter the day next to the Full Moon on which Easter falls. From this we learned that Easter-Day falls on the 8th of April, and consequently, that April the 9th will be Easter Monday. We might perhaps, have obtained this information by the less arithmetical process of consulting an almanac, but however that may be, the London season begins on the 9th of next month, and on the 10th we shall have two Italian Operas in the evening, and doubtless innumerable concerts in the morning. We are here reminded that the 10th of April is the anniversary of certain metropolitan riots. Let us trust that we may be able to do our duty in the character of musical "special constables!"

A STRANGE sight met the eyes of Pantagruel, when, at a quarter before seven, P.M., he entered the large room of the "Edinburgh Castle," for there, upon the floor, extended on his back, lay Panurge, kicking and howling, and by him knelt John the waiter, vainly endeavouring to recall him to a condition of self-respect.

"He's been like this ever since eight o'clock yesterday evening," said John, mournfully, "and I have poured more glasses of brandy down his throat than he will pay for in a twelvemonth."

"What's the matter, thou infernal idiot?" affectionately asked Pantagruel.

Thereupon Panurge began to shriek and kick anew with greater vigour than ever, making such an abominable noise that even the deaf old gentleman who was reading the day before yesterday's paper in the further box to the left was interrupted in his studies.

"Say what is the matter, and I will pay for all the liquor thou hast gorged, and thou shalt now have, in addition, a large glass of hot brandy-and-water," said Pantagruel.

Those consoling expressions brought the upper-half of Panurge into a vertical position, while his legs remained horizontal upon the floor, so that the ingenious might have compared him to the letter L. But he did not say a word till the lively John placed in his hands a steaming tumbler, from which he took a draught so huge, that his eyes incontinently blinked with the effect thereof. Then he spake thus:—

"I have seen Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, walking on all-fours and browsing on the grass of the field. I have seen Troy turned into a corn-field, and trampled upon by clodhoppers.

'——— Ilion, Ilion,
Fatalis incestusque judex
Et mulier peregrina vertet
In pulverem ———.'"

"What do you mean? What do you mean?" shrieked Pantagruel.

"I have seen the King Uzziah usurp the priest's office; I have seen the boor Mummius insult the marvels of Greek art; I have seen the Palladium defiled by unclean hands; I have seen immortal Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, stopping a hole to keep the winds away."

"Tail of Beelzebub! doth all this rhodomontade denote anything beside the *aqua vitæ*, for which, ass as I was, I promised to pay?" roared Pantagruel.

"I ought to have known it," screamed Panurge, wildly. "I ought to have known it. There is nothing certain in human affairs beyond their perishable quality—

'Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exiture et nos in æternum
Exsilium impositura cymbæ.'"

"At least make thy madness methodical, accursed pedant!" bellowed Pantagruel, frantic with impatience.

"True, true," said Panurge—

"Durum; sed levius fit patientia
Quidquid corrigere est nefas."

And then he put on a marvellously sober countenance, and greeted Pantagruel with a melancholy smile that almost moved him to tears.

"Thou mindest, master mine—a theatre—a small, pretty theatre—where the graces do flourish, and where profound wisdom is taught by philosophers who wear a comic mask?"

"I were much less wise than I am, if I knew it not," said Pantagruel. "Thou referrest to that small spring-head, whence issues the broad stream of wisdom, that so greatly refreshes and invigorates the population of this enormous town."

"A spring-head, too, over which the loveliest of nymphs presides," added Panurge. "But now, master, what wouldest thou have said if thou hadst seen cats drowned in Hippocrene, and the 'Fons Bandusiæ splendidia vitro' sullied by the paddling of tittlebat-seeking boys? Bend thine head, master mine, and I will pour into thine ear a tale of woe, that I dare not trust myself to speak aloud."

Pantagruel bent his head and listened, and lo! his face became so long and his eyes so wide, that John, the waiter, betook himself to the bar, and swore that Pantagruel had changed himself into the giant of the Drury Lane pantomime.

"And what is the piece called?" asked Pantagruel with a gasp, when Panurge had ended.

"I will not pronounce the name of ill omen," said Panurge with a shudder. "But as the Greeks termed their most ill-conditioned goddesses the Eumenides, or good-humoured, and the unlucky or left side the euonymous, or well-reputed, so will I term the matter to which I allude the *Delectable Chance*." At this moment the clock of St. Clement Danes told the hour of seven, and was confirmed in its assertion by the clock of St. Mary's.

"Knowing that thou art a scurvy toper and a liar," said Pantagruel, "I will go and see with mine own eyes, whether it be as thou sayest, or whether thou hast been hatching a vile fraud, for the sake of warming thy ignoble bowels at my expense." And he stalked out of the room and down the passage, looking so awful, that John the waiter, who lingered near the door, and whose countenance is never very florid, looked whiter than the table-cloth spread in the fourth box to the right for the gent who had ordered a kidney. Also John hesitated considerably before he executed Panurge's order for another tumbler of hot brandy and water, as he knew that if Pantagruel had quarrelled with him, his means of payment would be absurdly limited. However, John hath a large heart, so, after five minutes and a-half spent in deliberation, he supplied the consoling beverage, and Panurge gratefully acknowledged the obligation by sipping the liquor slowly, and making it last till eight o'clock, amusing himself in the meanwhile by watching the image of the dial in the looking-glass over the fire, and considering how absurd it was that time should seem to travel backwards. Also, he

reflected, how happy he should be if that were actually the case, and how, in his endeavours to return to babyhood, he would contrive to skip over all the floggings, kicks, and cuffs, that would be sure to encounter him on his retrograde journey.

As the clock struck eight, he was interrupted by the reappearance of Pantagruel, who came in, looking so wondrously sorrowful, that John the waiter immediately burst into tears, and the gent in the fourth box felt a bit of kidney sticking uncomfortably in his throat. But, Pantagruel placing his hand on the shoulder of Panurge, spake thus, in a broken voice:

"Old friend, I ask thy pardon. Generally thou art an abominable knave and a liar, and he is a fool who putteth trust in thee; but, in this instance thou art right."

And sitting down, with his elbows on the table, and his face in his hands, Pantagruel wept bitterly. Panurge howled by way of accompaniment. The gent in the fourth box, who had finished his kidney, and who, though he knew nothing of particulars, felt oppressed by a general sense of woe, lit a pipe and sat gloomily by the fire; while John the waiter, folding his arms, and leaning against the door-post, philosophically meditated upon things in general.

MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI is Mademoiselle Piccolomini still. The highly-popular little lady is not yet married, but, we believe, will change her state about the end of the month. Mademoiselle Piccolomini is at present performing with Mr. Willert Beale's *troupe*, in Italian opera, in Dublin.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The second Subscription Concert took place on Thursday evening, changed from Wednesday, to avoid clashing with the Volunteer Ball at Covent Garden. But this was like avoiding Scylla and falling into Charybdis, since the Anniversary Festival of the Royal Society of Musicians was held on Thursday. Mr. Benedict is not very lucky in fixing his nights, his first concert of the year being given on an evening when there was a powerful counter-attraction at St. Martin's Hall. The concert of Thursday evening, however, did not seem to be affected in any way by musical currents in other parts of the metropolis. St. James's Hall was filled in every part; and, among the fashionables in the reserve seats were the Earl of Dudley, President of the Association, and party.

The feature of the selection was again Mendelssohn's Hymn, "Hear my prayer," the impression it made at the first Concert necessitating its repetition. Miss Parepa again sang the solos. In the miscellaneous division of the concert, Miss Parepa sang a new Polka, the air "L'Alouette," from Clapisson's *Promise*, and the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, and was encored in all three. Four part-songs were performed for the first time by the choir—"John Anderson, my Jo," arranged by Mr. Hargitt; "The Nightingale," by Mendelssohn; "The Last Rose of Summer," arranged by Mr. G. W. Martin; and "The Forest Home," by Mr. Benedict. The last was encored. The prayer from the market-scene, *Masaniello*, was also given for the first time. Herr Francisco Berger's part-song, "Night, lovely night," was redemanded and repeated. The choir are evidently making progress. Miss Arabella Goddard played two solos—Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and Benedict's "Where the bee sucks." The first being rapturously encored, Miss Goddard substituted Heller's improvisation on Mendelssohn's air, "On song's bright pinions." The last was hailed with such vociferous applause as might with equal reason have been accepted for an encore; but Miss Goddard only returned to the platform and bowed. Mr. Benedict and Mr. C. E. Horsley alternated the conducting.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This Society gave its third concert of the season on Monday last, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The programme was not in accordance with the usual custom of the amateurs, as it did not contain a symphony, but, on this occasion, a chorus of some fifty voices was added to the instrumental force, and selections from *Guillaume Tell* and *Euryanthe*, with the choral fantasia of Beethoven, were the features of the concert. A printed apology was distributed, claiming the indulgence of the audience on behalf of Miss Emily Gresham, Mr. Richard Seymour and Mr. Gadsby, all of whom were suffering from colds, and at the last moment Mr. Winn was obliged to supply the place of Mr. Gadsby. The following was the collection:

PART I.

Overture and Introduction (William Tell)		Rossini.
Choral Fantasia		Beethoven.

PART II.

Overture (Cheval de Bronze)		Auber.
Part-Songs	"When the shades of eve" ...	Henry Leslie.
	"Love's heigho"	W. C. Macfarren.
Overture and Finale to Act I. (Euryanthe) ...		Weber.

Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

Considering that the majority of pieces was in a school entirely different to that in which the amateurs are most at home, the performance was highly creditable. One slight hitch took place in the choral fantasia, but the rebellious instruments were soon brought back to their allegiance, and all was well. Angelina was all that could be desired in the solo pianoforte part of the fantasia, and the applause with which she was greeted on entering the overture was redoubled after her performance. A few words of praise are merited by the principals (by Miss Emily Gresham and Mr. Richard Seymour especially) for their careful singing. The chorus was too weak for the hand, but they were encored in Mr. Leslie's part-song, "Where the shades of eve." The solo parts in the introduction to *Guillaume Tell* and the Finale from *Euryanthe* were sustained by Miss Emily Gresham, Miss Leffler, Mr. Richard Seymour, and Mr. Winn; the solo parts in the Choral Fantasia by Misses Chambers, Fosbroke, Leffler, Messrs R. Seymour Walker, and Winn. The room was very full.

HERR WILHELM GANZ gave a *soirée musicale* at his residence in Queen-street, on Thursday evening week. The special pieces were Beethoven's quartet, in E flat, Op. 16, for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, executed by Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Herr Deichmann, Herr Adolphe Ganz, and M. Paque; grand duo for pianoforte and violin, "Les Huguenots" (Thalberg and De Beriot), played by Herr Ganz and Herr Deichmann; and a duo for pianoforte, the composition of Herr Ganz, played by the composer and his *cara sposa*. These were all good performances and were all well received, the preference perhaps being for the quartet. The voice music was superabundant. The singers were Madame Louisa Vinning, Miss Lascelles, Madame Jenny Bauer, Madame Ganz, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Allan Irving. The Spinning-wheel Quartet, from *Martha*, sung by Madame Jenny Bauer, Miss Lascelles, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Allan Irving, was encored, as were also Venzano's valse "Ah che assorta," by Madame Jenny Bauer, and the popular song, "Thou art so near, and yet so far," by Herr Reichardt. The last was the vocal pet of the concert, and was sung to perfection by the German tenor. Madame Ganz displayed a pleasing voice and a cultivated style in the air, "Und ob die Wolke," from the *Freischütz*, in which she was admirably accompanied in the violoncello *obbligato* by M. Paque. The rooms were crowded by a brilliant and fashionable company.

HENDON CHOIR.—A series of three amateur concerts, under the direction and management of the Rev. F. D. Rabbitts, B.A., curate, were given last month by the choir of this suburban village, in aid of the funds for building class-rooms. The programmes consisted of a very good selection of vocal and instrumental music, and several of the glees, madrigals, and part-songs were deservedly encored. Mr. Butterworth, organist, presided at the piano. The solo singers and instrumentalists were the Rev. Mr. Rabbitts, Messrs. G. B. Tanqueray, Foot, Cooper, and Dearden. The two solos, played by Annie Butterworth, aged eight years, elicited much applause: and the performance gave universal satisfaction. The proceeds amounted to more than £40.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Judging from the attendance at Exeter Hall on Friday se'nnight, we may safely infer that *Judas Maccabæus* is now fairly taking as high a place in public favour as that so long awarded to, and still held by, the *Messiah*, and more recently to its no less admirable compeer, *Israel in Egypt*. Long before the commencement of the oratorio, every corner of the vast but inconvenient building was crowded, and many were the disappointed ones who were turned away with the money in their hands, casting longing and envious eyes upon those who had made the wise provision of taking their tickets in advance. *Judas Maccabæus* was undertaken by Handel at the command of Frederick Prince of Wales, to celebrate the return of his brother the Duke of Cumberland, who, on the 16th of April, 1746, had won the battle of Culloden. It was began and completed in thirty-two days—between the 9th of July and the 11th of August, in the same year as the victory, and achieved a remarkable success (for those days), being performed thirty-eight times, and on the thirtieth occasion the receipts amounting to £400. However, like many other of Handel's great compositions, it was soon comparatively neglected, and, even when occasionally performed, regarded as a work rather heavy in character, though relieved by some pieces which by some chance having become better known are consequently more popular. "*Nous avons changé tout cela;*" and with such performances as that of Friday, there is no fear of *Judas* being denied one atom of that esteem which is so justly its due. Taken in its entirety, we may safely say, that so unexceptionable an execution of the work has not before been heard. The influence of the Handel Festivals continues to make itself felt, and the frequent practices have rendered the chorus-singers so thoroughly proficient in their work, that little if any fault or shortcoming could be detected even by ears most critical. Abounding as this work does with choruses of the loftiest and most majestic character, it is eminently calculated to display the quality and test the training of the executants, and, although all were well given, we must single out, "Hear us, O Lord," which ends the first part, "Fall'n is the foe," commencing, and "We never will bow down," concluding the second part, as especially worthy of praise. The last-named choruses are among the most magnificent ever penned, and their effect on this occasion was nothing short of marvellous. Ample testimony was borne to this by the long-sustained applause which followed from the audience.

We observe, by the way, that the Society have withdrawn from their programmes the stereotyped edict forbidding any manifestation of feeling, and wisely, so we think, as it had long ceased to be regarded by the public. It is folly on the part of any givers of entertainments, sacred or secular, to prescribe what shall or shall not be done by the audience, who, after all, please themselves in the matter, and applaud or remain silent precisely as they are impressed with any particular portion of the performance.

We have spoken highly of the chorus-singing, and it is no less gratifying to award equal commendation to the soloists, who, one and all, exerted themselves with the best possible result. Miss Parepa made her first appearance at the Sacred Harmonic, and was heard to considerable advantage in all the music allotted to her. Of the three airs, "O Liberty," "From mighty kings," and "Wise men flattering," sung by Miss Parepa, we are inclined to adjudge the highest place to the last, which was given in a highly artistic manner. Miss Banks, too, who is slowly and surely rising in public favour, confirmed the opinion we have frequently expressed of her singing when at St. Martin's Hall; the air "Pious orgies" being given with remarkable chasteness and expression. Miss Laura Baxter, who only appeared in the third part, sang the air, "Father of Heaven," with great taste and feeling, and joined the before-named ladies in the trio, "See the conquering hero comes," also taking part in the duet, "O lovely peace," with Miss Banks, all of which were highly effective.

Signor Belletti being prevented by indisposition from appearing, a most efficient substitute was found in Mr. Weiss, who, as usual, showed himself a thorough master of Handel, displaying all his well-known qualities of voice and style to the best advantage, and more especially in "Arm, arm ye brave," and "Rejoice O Judah." Every person who has heard *Judas*, must know that it contains two of the most trying tenor airs ever written, "Call forth thy powers," and "Sound an alarm." On Friday night, Mr. Reeves fairly outshone himself in these, and the effect created, especially by "Sound an alarm," was electric. It was curious to watch the faces of the audience; the excitement produced was just such as we could have imagined the composer to have intended, and we need hardly say the enthusiasm that followed this display was unbounded. Had there been a heavy legal penalty against applause, we think that the most apathetic of the audience would have been mulcted in a severe fine, for such a burst of feeling it would be next to impossible to repress. Totally different in style, but equally well given, was the florid air, "How vain is man," and finer singing throughout could not have been heard. As second tenor, Mr. Montem Smith rendered efficient service in the small part allotted him. The band went as it always does under the *bâton* of Mr. Costa, and was in every way worthy of fame.

At the next performance, Haydn's *Seasons* will be given.

ENGLISH OPERA.—An English Opera, under the direction of Dr. James Pech, will be given at the Princess's Theatre, commencing in May next. The season will extend over a period of fifteen weeks. We hear engagements are pending, and in many instances concluded, with some of our most eminent *artistes*, amongst whom are Mdlle. Parepa, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Emma Heywood, Mdlle. Jenny Baur, Messrs. Durand, Weiss, and Haigh, with Mdlle. Bury, an eminent *cantatrice* of Berlin, who, some years back, created a great sensation at Drury Lane Theatre, and who possesses a charming voice, combined with great powers of acting. The band and chorus will be very complete, numbering some 70 or 80 *artistes*. The operas to be placed upon the stage are spoken of as *Gustavus*, *Oberon*, *Acis and Galatea*, and *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, which ran for 500 nights when produced at Paris, with some of the earlier works of Balfe and other English composers.

BARNSBURY.—On Monday evening, the 27th inst., a lecture was delivered at the Barnsbury Schools, on behalf of the funds, by Mr. Nathaniel Cork. The subject was, "Music, the Church, and the Fire-side." The lecturer traced the origin of many of the psalm tunes found in the various collections now in use. Quoting from the Puritan writer, Myles Coverdale, the lecturer showed that his work, entitled, "Psalms, or Songs of Sion, turned into the language, and set to the tunes of a strange land," contained many of the abominations, in the way of psalm-tunes, even now popular in some sections of the Christian church. Speaking of *Fire-side* music, Mr. Cork contended that its cultivation would do much to give the English the character of a music-loving nation; that the concert-giving societies now so common fostered a love of display rather than devotion to the art, and that thus although there are thousands of singing classes and choral bodies in and around the metropolis, scarcely one singer in a hundred can take an independent part in a quartet, or sing a song, without displaying ignorance of the first principles of vocalisation. Speaking of the importance of the children of the poor being instructed in the rudiments of the science, the lecturer observed that—

"The cultivation of music does more than is generally imagined in creating a happy and agreeable tone of mind. Long, long after the words of the song have fallen from the lips of the loved one, will its melody float over the troubled spirits—involuntarily and almost unperceived, will calm them like oil upon the waters. Teach the little children of the poor man how to sing, and you do more to make his home happy, to soften down his troubles, than by any other mode you can devise. He may have, without expense, a continual source of enjoyment. Music is God's gift to man, and, properly used, it may diminish much of the moroseness, the dulness, the drunkenness, and the brutality which characterise the labouring classes."

The illustrations, consisting of old chants, chorales, anthems, madrigals, and part-songs, were given in excellent style by Messrs. Belton, Giles, Fluit, Farquharson, Bryne, Hursthouse, Volckman, Alexander, and Stevens. Four young gentlemen of the Abbey Choir also assisted.

LIVERPOOL.—The concerts given by the very talented Brousil Family are honoured with a considerable share of the patronage of our townspeople, and deservedly so, for assuredly if there be a family in which real musical genius, combined with the ability to appreciate more scientific compositions, is concentrated, it is in that of the Brousils. On the occasion of their former visit to Liverpool we spoke of their entertainment in terms of the warmest commendation, and are now glad to remark that their performance evinces a perceptible improvement; their style is more finished, more artistic, and there is a nicer blending of the instruments than was noticed formerly. The programme of the first concert comprised a good selection, and the pieces generally were rendered with a taste and precision which, taking into account the extreme youth of the performers, were truly remarkable. The entertainment commenced with a concerted piece, *Airs Russes*, including a violin solo, beautifully played by Mdlle. Bertha Brousil. Ernst's *Elégie*, a lovely composition, given by her in charming style, elicited much applause. Beriot's *Potpourri Burlesque*, in which the whole of the family were engaged, and acquitted themselves admirably, was vociferously encored. In this piece Mdlle. Bertha executed some passages in harmonics, showing an extraordinary command of the violin. A solo for the concertina, by Regondi, was given by Mons. Adolphe Brousil with an effect but seldom heard from that comparatively insignificant instrument. A great addition has been made to the performance of the Brousil family in the person of Miss Blanche Cole, a charming and talented little creature ten years of age. Her strength of voice, and artistic, easy execution, are far beyond her years, and must be heard to be properly appreciated.

GLOUCESTER—(*From a Correspondent*).—The third concert of the Gloucester Philharmonic Society took place on Monday, and, like the previous concerts, the Corn Exchange was well attended. Mr. R. G. Morris presided at the pianoforte, in the place of Mr. T. Goodfellow, who was prevented by illness from fulfilling his accustomed duties. The principal singer was Miss Clara Frazer, hitherto unknown in Gloucester. Although suffering from illness on Monday, her *début* was most successful, and should she again visit the fair city, she may anticipate a hearty reception. Her ballad, "The spell is broken," was warmly applauded, but, under the circumstances, Miss Fraser was unable to do justice to the aria, "Ah, fors' è lui." In the second part, however, the audience were delighted with the manner in which the fair vocalist rendered the once famous, still welcome, "Cherry ripe," and the Scotch ballad, "Comin' through the rye." An encore was in each case unanimously demanded. The other vocal selections were, Mr. Macfarren's glee, "The arrow and the song," well rendered, and "The cottage by the sea," sung by Mr. Dawes with so much effect that the audience were highly pleased. The overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* and *Le Pré aux Clercs*, were well played by the band, and agreeably varied the programme.

BIRKENHEAD—(*From a Correspondent*).—The Birkenhead Amateur Musical Union gave their fourth concert on Wednesday evening, at the Craven Rooms, before a crowded audience. Mr. Gunton was the conductor, and Mr. Charles W. Smith pianist. The concert was unusually interesting, being the first at which the Society has given an entire work. They very wisely selected Professor Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, one of the most genuine and beautiful works of the English school. Although Miss Millar, who sustained the part of the May Queen, was suffering from severe hoarseness, the execution of the *cantata* was, in every respect, most creditable. Several pieces elicited much applause, particularly the trio, "Shall a clown," &c. The second part of the concert consisted principally of some of the most popular airs from *Der Freischütz*. Miss Armstrong, in "Softly sighs," was remarkably effective. "Why, good people," elicited a hearty encore. The manner in which Mr. Smith accompanied the singers, particularly in the *May Queen*, was highly creditable to the talented young professor.

DUBLIN.—Verdi's opera of *Trovatore* (says the *Freeman's Journal* of March 6th,) was presented last evening, for the first time this season, with Madame Rudersdorff as Leonora. We deem it but just to advert to this lady's personation of the leading part in this opera, and to speak of her performance with due commendation. Only a few nights since Madame Rudersdorff took the musical public of Dublin by surprise, exciting their delight by her admirable version of the part of Lucrezia Borgia, notwithstanding the difficulty she had to contend with because of the want of adequate support in the male voices. This state of things would have been fatal to an artist of less capacity than Madame Rudersdorff, but it only served in her case to confer upon her an individuality which will not be soon forgotten by the Dublin public. The Leonora last night of Madame Rudersdorff was very little short of the perfection of operatic performance. Her solo singing was truly splendid, and her musical genius, sustained itself nobly throughout the entire of her arduous part, unsustained, we regret to say, by an efficient tenor. The applause she received was pointedly marked, and bestowed with a cordiality and earnestness indicative of the intensity of public appreciation of the genius and ability of this charming vocalist and able actress. Nothing could be more admirable than the vocalism and acting of Madame Borchardt as Azucena, and the Conte di Luna of Signor Aldighieri showed that this popular actor and vocalist has entirely recovered from his recent indisposition. The choruses were effectively rendered, and in all the opera went off smoothly and pleasantly. *Il Puritani* is announced for repetition this evening.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

PARIS, *March 7th.*

NEVER hardly has Lent been so little kept in this gay city as at present. Generally during the weeks that precede Easter, there is a dearth of novelty in the dramatic world, and the various brilliant saloons of Paris close for awhile their hospitable doors against the *beau monde*. But this season a new impetus seems given. All goes on actively. New operas are in preparation; new dramas are brought out; and the various "Concerts d'Artistes" have to keep head against the "Concerts d'Amateurs." This latter amusement has extended itself even to the Tuilleries, where the Empress and a privileged few join in this innocent way of passing their time. While waiting the representation at the Grand-Opéra of the *Pierre de Médicis* of Prince Poniatowski, the *habitués* of this theatre have just had a novelty, in the shape of M. Michot, a tenor, who used to sing at the Théâtre-Lyrique. He *débuted* at the Grand Opéra in the *Favorite*, in the part of Fernand. He sang remarkably well, especially the airs, "Une ange, une femme inconnue," and "Ange si pure." He was most ably seconded by Madame Barbot in the *rôle* of Leonora. At the Opéra-Comique, *Le Roman d'Elvire*—*Galathée*, and *Don Gregorio*, draw full houses; and the Théâtre-Lyrique has no reason to repent of its adhesion to the mythology of the ancients, the receipts being anything but mythological. Roger, after performing in the *Traviata* the part of Alfredo (with Mdme. Penco and Graziani as coadjutors) with unbounded success, has concluded his engagement at the Italian Opera; he has now left for Antwerp. Tamberlik will soon be here to fulfil his engagements at the Italian opera. Meanwhile, the rehearsals of *Il Crociato* of Meyerbeer are going on actively under the direction of M. Fontana. M. Merly will have a part in this opera.

At the Théâtre-Français no new piece has lately been played, but with such acting as that of Madlle. Plessy and M. Bressant, the attraction of the old ones continues unabated.

A comedy in five acts, and in verse, written by M. Amedée Rolland, has just been brought out at the Odéon. M. Rolland belongs to the school of MM. Ponsard, Augier, &c. His verse is remarkable for its facility, and the piece itself is full of telling speeches, and sound sense. There is not very much plot. The title is *Un Parvenu*, but the title of "parvenu" can hardly, with justice be given to the sensible old man who, however, fills the part. The tale runs somewhat thus:—Mercier, a man who has made an immense fortune in trade, at length retires on his fortune, and determines to spend his days peaceably. He makes his home comfortable, though not splendid, and surrounded by his wife, his son (a young man of twenty-five), his orphan niece and ward, Laure, and his two brothers (who are the real *parvenus*), he thinks to pass his life happily. But this kind of quiet little suits his son, whose mind seems made of feeble material, and under the influence of a Count de Mosca, a ruined nobleman with a few generous impulses still left in him, he is inducted into all kinds of dissipation, and at last owes so large a sum to a money-lender that he dare not tell his father of it.

Laure, who really loves her cousin, is, by the artifices of De Mosca, who wishes to marry her himself, induced to break off her marriage with Albert, whom the father proposes to marry to some young lady of noble family. Laure, hearing of Albert's large debts, withdraws her fortune from her guardian's care, and, without Albert's knowledge, pays his debts. Mosca gets Albert to intercede for him with his cousin. Laure refuses, and, deeply hurt, De Mosca gets up a quarrel with Albert. A duel ensues; neither are killed. Albert, learning how nobly his cousin has behaved, repents his follies. Of course, Laure forgives, and a happy marriage is the termination. The title of the piece thus becomes rather vaguely applicable, were it not for the sentiments and speeches scattered here and there. As to the moral, the piece has none in particular. Some speeches were very much applauded, especially these two lines—

"Oui: l'on est quelque chose avec une fortune,
Mais on n'est pas quelqu'un."

M. Tisserant played the part of Mercier—M. Delay that of Laure. The other theatres are "waiting" for their pieces, or rather the public are; they will soon be satisfied. The *Compère Guillery*, at the Ambigu-Comique, you shall soon have an account of. The concerts go on with unabated ardour; one feels astonished sometimes to think how it is that the rooms generally fill. That given by Madame Sainton-Dolby last Thursday, in the *salons* de l'Hôtel du Louvre, was very successful. The splendid *salon* was crowded, and Mad. Sainton most warmly received by both her French and English audience. The family of our ambassador was there. M. Sainton performed some very charming pieces on the violin—Ritter on the piano gave equal satisfaction. Jules Lefort sang two songs, a *cantique* and a very pretty French ballad, "Aimons toujours." The songs Mad. Sainton gave were rather of a grave kind, but then it is that suited to her voice, and yet the song that seemed to please most of all was a little Scotch ballad, "Over the sea, over the sea," and I could hear many of the French portion of the audience humming the air as they left the concert-room. The young prima donna, at St. Petersburgh, Mademoiselle Lagrua, has been re-engaged for three years, so says *Le Nord*, at the rate of 100,000 francs for five months. The demolition of part of the Théâtre-Français is at length decided on; the municipal administration have just made themselves *adjudicataires* of the house No. 216 in the Rue St. Honoré, and which quite recenly belonged to the Ministère d'Algérie. In April this house will be pulled down, and then the new alterations be made in the theatre. Mr. Chabrol has been charged with the works. The Théâtre-Français, which presents at present only two façades, one in a line with the Rue de Richelieu, and the other with the little Rue de Montpensier, will now have a third, looking on the Rue St. Honoré. Upon the spot occupied by the house that will be pulled down, a new place is to be built, which will bear the name of Place Napoléon. This great central building will leave the Rue St. Honoré to join the Rue Richelieu, passing by the corner of the street. The enlargement of the house will take the actual *foyer*, and the entrance on the Rue Richelieu will only serve for those on foot.

The sisters Marchisio are expected here at the commencement of April, and then the rehearsals of *Semiramide*, translated into French by Méry, will begin. Two new compositions, *on dit*, are being prepared, one at the Théâtre-Lyrique (by Theodore Semet—*Gil Blas*; they must be quick, however, for as Mad. Carvalho goes to London in April, but little time is left); and the other is at the Opéra-Comique, *Chateau Trompette*, by Gevaert. At the Vaudeville, Mdlle. Jane Elslèr has succeeded Mad. Doche in the *Penélope*. Mdlle. Dejazet is again playing in a little vaudeville in one act, *P'tit fi, p'tit mignon*. She fills by turns the part of a young Zouave and an old grandmother.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—Lord Taunton has been elected a Trustee of the British Museum in the place of Lord Macaulay.

MRS. KEELEY, reappeared, on Thursday evening, at the Lyceum Theatre, in the revived drama of the *Sergeant's Wife*.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—At the Italian opera, *La Traviata* has been produced, in which a young English lady, the daughter of a distinguished composer, sang with great success; but we did not hear Mdlle. Balfe ourselves, and shall not be able to give our own opinion of her until after the revival of *Rigoletto*, which will be restored to the repertory expressly for her the day after to-morrow, Sunday. At present, all we can say is that the public did not cause Mdlle. Balfe to suffer, in *La Traviata*, from the recollection of that sublime and deeply-regretted lady, poor Madame Bosio, whose glory and most striking triumph were the part of Violetta. It was to be feared that the painful remembrance of one so dear might be fatal to the daring young artist, who thus took possession of a part which is, of itself, difficult to support, and which might prove still more formidable by the emotion the audience might not be able to resist, and dangerous on account of the comparisons which, ever without justice, but swayed by their imperfectly soothed regret, they might institute to the detriment of the *débutante*. Nothing of the kind took place, however. Mdlle. Balfe was rapturously applauded two successive evenings. She was called before the curtain, flowers were showered on her—in fact, nothing was wanting to her success.—*Journal de St. Pétersbourg.*

PARIS.—Less than a year ago, we gave, in these columns, an account of the grand musical *fêtes* got up by the Orpheonists of France assembled at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris. At present there is in preparation a fresh solemnity, which we joyfully announce, being convinced of the success of the enterprise, and of the importance of such a manifestation for musical art; we allude to the trip of the Orpheonists to England. Three thousand French singers will proceed, about the 15th of next June, to London, and repeat, in the Crystal Palace, the pacific demonstration witnessed in Paris. These gentlemen are servants of Art, and—whether they appreciate all the importance of their mission, or whether they do not—obey the mighty agent of civilisation, which is pushing forward and widening its sphere of action every day. From all points of France they gathered together at Paris; this was the first step. Starting to-day from this centre, they will irradiate, in every direction, through England, Germany, and, perhaps, Russia, carrying with them the highest civilisation—that civilisation which imposes itself on nations without arms or combats—that civilisation which unites men and bids them live! Everything is being prepared for this splendid enterprise. Last Thursday, the managers of the *Orphéon* paper invited to a family dinner a large number of the representatives of the Parisian Press, and the correspondents of the principal English newspapers. It was, indeed, a family dinner, for all who partook of it felt the same desire for the success of the enterprise, and the same wish to co-operate in effecting it; several toasts were given. We must especially mention the generous words of M. Delaporte, the indefatigable director of the Orpheonic Societies, and the speech of the correspondent of the English paper, the *Globe*,* who succeeded in uniting to real simplicity that pungent and sterling humour which distinguishes good English speakers. M. de la Bédollière sang some couplets of his own to the air of *La Vigne*, by P. Dupont. The original words of the song expressed, as our readers will recollect, but faint sympathy with England. They would have been rather badly adapted for the occasion, so M. de la Bédollière merely retained the air, which he really improved by his words. It is superfluous to add that M. de la Bédollière was rapturously applauded; the applause was, as it were, but the prelude to the cordial reception which awaits our compatriots on the other side of the water.—*Europe Artiste.*

THE HAGUE.—It is not in a few hastily written lines that we can convey even a faint idea of the prodigious effect produced yesterday evening, by one of the most celebrated of contemporary violinists, M. Henri Wieniawski. All those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing, on various occasions, and always with fresh interest, this celebrated artist, during his last tour in Holland, and who had the satisfaction of being present at the brilliant solemnity, yesterday evening, will share our opinion that M. Wieniawski has, since his last visit, made a degree of progress that then appeared impossible. Yet nothing is more true. The quality of sound peculiar to M. Wieniawski, a year or two ago, assuredly possessed a delicacy, a caressing sweetness, beyond description; the great artist has improved it, by imparting to it greater breadth, and marvellous suavity, without allowing it to lose aught of its penetrating quality. We again admired in Herr Wieniawski

* The well-known "Father Prout."—ED. *M. W.*

that wonderful fingering, the dexterity of which is incomparable, enabling him to execute immense difficulties with frightful rapidity and imperturbable correctness. What we are never tired of admiring in this celebrated artist is the fact that, placed in his magic hands, we do not think we are listening to a violin, but to some new and unknown instrument, which emits incomparable sounds, by which he sways the most exquisite emotions of the soul, by which he causes his hearers to experience those ineffable joys which it is hopeless attempting to describe. This, in fact, is what constitutes the great triumph of M. Wieniawski. There are players who are perfect masters of the mechanical difficulties of their instrument, and whom it is impossible to accuse of the slightest defect, but who, notwithstanding, will never produce the shadow of that enthusiasm which Wieniawski excites and augments each successive time. On being brought into contact with his totally exceptional and, in the highest degree, sympathetic musical organisation, the assembly are subjugated, fascinated, and carried away by the profound impressions the artist sends thrilling through them.

M. Wieniawski played three times: a concerto by Viotti, with a splendid cadence; two new pieces of his own composition—a *Légende*, most ravishingly poetical, and a *Rondo giocoso*, sparkling with wit and dash—and, lastly, the celebrated *Di tanti palpiti*, as he had never been heard to play it before, for, in this case, it is not difficult to believe that he is continually advancing towards a degree of perfection, the boundaries of which he appears not yet to have attained.

Is it necessary to add that M. Wieniawski was honoured with the warmest marks of approbation, and recalled three times after each piece?

THE APOLLO AND MARSYAS AT VENICE.—On Monday, the 27th ultimo, His Excellency the Governor of Venice, accompanied by Baron Prato, secretary to the Luogotenenza, visited the I. R. Arcade mia di Belli Arti, in order to inspect Raphael's painting of Apollo and Marsyas, on exhibition there side by side with the original drawing for it belonging to the Accademia. His Excellency spent a considerable time in admiring this masterpiece, and in comparing the two works. Before leaving his Excellency added his signature to Mr. Moore's collection of autographs of conspicuous persons who have visited the picture. It is said, in order to pay every possible honour to so a great a work of art, and to diminish risk of damage to it, the government at Vienna has forwarded a despatch to Venice, ordaining that Mr. Morris Moore's baggage be exempted from search by the Custom-house officials on his leaving the latter city. The artists and lovers of art express themselves in the most rapturous terms upon the obvious authenticity of this, in various respects, unique work of Sanzio.

DON GIOVANNI AT THE ITALIENS.

(*From an Occasional Correspondent*).

PARIS, *Feb. 26th.*

THE production of Mozart's great work, in spite of many serious drawbacks, has proved eminently successful, the special attraction being Alboni's Zerlina. The report that M. Roger would undertake the part of the hero has turned out a mere *canard*. The suggestion was made to him, I learn, but I cannot believe that he ever entertained it seriously for one moment. If Mario, with all his captivating graces of person and his thorough instincts as a refined gentleman, failed to realise the character, what chance could M. Roger have, who has but little of the elegant comedian, and would have to sacrifice the music no less than his Italian *confrère*. For the admirable French tenor's sake, for Mozart's sake, and for the public's sake, it is as well the exhibition did not take place. Signor Badiali, a good artist, notwithstanding, is far from being the *beau idéal* of a Don Juan; but he sings the music correctly and with style, which are the most essential considerations. We have to wait a long time before another Tamburini arrives; but, in the meanwhile, let us be content with a singer like Signor Badiali, who comes forward only as the representative of Mozart.

Having found Madame Penco so charming in Zerlina, I did not expect to see her so excellent in Donna Anna. Her conception of the part was extremely good. Grandeur and dignity do not constitute the principal elements in her acting, as in Grisi and Titiens; but her passion was not without force, while her pathos was genuine. She sang the music well throughout, and was altogether an honourable successor to Madame Frezzolini. Madame Cambardi (why not Chambard, her real name?), who has been filling all sorts of parts at the Italiens with more or less success, from Leonora in the *Trovatore*, down to Elisa in *La Sonnambula*, sustained the part and sang the music of Elvira creditably.

I have said that Alboni's Zerlina was the special attraction of the performance. The readers of the *Musical World*, who cannot have forgotten this great artist in the part, will readily credit me. More exquisitely beautiful, pure, musician-like singing I never heard. Alboni, who invariably pays such respect to Rossini's music, of which she is one of the few living real interpreters, is not disposed to meddle with Mozart. The most rabid German could not be more scrupulous. This, after all, is a small merit in a legitimate singer like Alboni, who is not compelled to have recourse to clap-trap to produce effect, and has no one part of her voice better than another. Of the two great airs, "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino," I will not take upon myself to say which was most exquisite, which most perfect. "Batti, batti," made the heart beat; but "Vedrai carino" filled the eyes with tears. I never heard anything in singing more delicious than the opening of the last air by Alboni. But why should I dwell upon Alboni's Zerlina, when you and your readers know all and all about it? I must add, nevertheless, that her acting, full of life and heartiness, completely realized the picture Mozart must have had in his mind of the impressible peasant girl when he composed the duets, "Giovinette, che fate all' amore" and "La ci darem."

Signor Gardoni is a favourite with the audiences of the Salle Ventadour, and Don Ottavio, to my thinking, is one of his best performances. He sings "Il mio tesoro" with infinite taste, and goes through the part gracefully and unobtrusively, as becomes the love-sick swain of the old comedy. Signor Zucchini is a long way off from Lablache in Leporello, and Signor Angelini not quite equal to Signor Tagliafico in the Commendatore.

The opera has proved an undoubted attraction, when many of the old favourites of the popular school could not draw. This is a good sign, and speaks well for the growing taste of the French public.

HOW SPOHR LEARNED THE HORN.

(*From the "Autobiography."*)

IN 1808, there was held at Erfurt the famous Congress, during which Napoleon had as guests his friend, the Emperor Alexander, and the kings and princes of Germany, his allies. All the sight-seers of the neighbourhood flocked to Erfurt to view the pomps displayed there. I, also, set out from Gotha, with some of my pupils, less with the object of seeing the grandees of this earth, than of admiring those ornaments of the Théatre-Français, Talma, and Mdlle. Mars. The Emperor had sent for his tragic actors from Paris, and, every evening, they gave one of the classic works of Corneille or Racine. I thought that I and my travelling companions should be able to be present at one of these performances, but I learned that, unfortunately, they were intended only for the different sovereigns and their suites, and that every one else was excluded. I hoped, however, I should still be able to obtain a place in the orchestra, by the aid of the musicians, but I was compelled to give up this idea, for they were strictly prohibited from introducing any person whatever. At length I hit upon the plan of replacing, with my pupils, an equal number of musicians, and of witnessing the performance, by playing the music between the acts. A small present gained the consent of the musicians, who knew very well that their substitutes would replace them properly. But another difficulty sprang up. The violin and alto parts furnished us with only three places, and as we did not know how to play any other orchestral instrument, one of us would have been compelled to give up the performance. In this crisis, I suddenly conceived the idea of trying whether I could not, in a day, learn enough of the horn to take the part of

second horn. I went off at once to the person whose substitute I wished to be, and, borrowing his instrument, set about practising. After dinner, my pupils went out for a walk; I, however, resumed my practising, and, despite the pain I felt in my lips, I could not be easy until I was capable of playing correctly the horn-part in the overture—which, it is true, was very easy—and the occasional music to be executed in the course of the evening.

Thus prepared, I, with my pupils, joined the other musicians, each bearing his instrument under his arm, and we reached our places without difficulty. We found the room, in which the stage had been erected, brilliantly lighted up, and already filled by the numerous suite of the sovereigns. The places reserved for Napoleon and his guests were quite close to the orchestra. Being such a newly-fledged cornist, I confided the task of conducting the orchestra to the most capable of my pupils, and placed myself under his guidance. Very shortly after we had tuned our instruments, the august personages appeared and the overture commenced. The orchestra formed a long line turned towards the stage, and the musicians were strictly prohibited from looking round at the princely visitors, to gratify their curiosity. As I had been informed of this beforehand, I had taken with me a little looking-glass, by the help of which I was enabled to examine at my ease the arbitrators of the destinies of Europe, directly the overture was over. I was, however, soon so much captivated by the admirable acting of the tragedians, that I abandoned my looking-glass to my pupils, and devoted all my attention to the stage. But the pain I felt in my lips increased each time I had to play between the acts; and, at the conclusion of the performance, my lips were so swollen and discoloured that I could scarcely sup. Even the next day, on my return home, my young wife was not a little surprised at beholding me thus with lips like a negro's; and I augmented her consternation by informing her they were reduced to that state in consequence of kissing the pretty girls of Erfurt. She laughed heartily at me, however, when she heard the story of how I learned the horn.

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[Our contemporary perhaps intends "a mere *Scotch* musician;" otherwise, he is completely in error.—ED.]

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MR. MELCHOR WINTER, Tenor. All communications respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Ballad or English opera, to be addressed to his private residence, 17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN'S EVENING CONCERT, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday, March 29th, at Half-past Eight. Vocalists:—Madame Catherine Hayes, Madlle. Parepa, Miss Stabbach, Miss Eliza Hughes, and Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Mr. Salaman; Violin, Herr Molique and Mr. H. C. Blagrove; Viola, Mr. R. Blagrove; Violoncello, Herr Lidel. Accompanyist, Mr. Frank Mori. Programmes will be shortly published. Tickets, 7s. each; family ticket, for four persons, One Guinea; of Mr. Salaman, 36, Baker-street, and of the principal music-shops.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Gye has the honour to announce that the season will commence on Tuesday, April 10th. The Programme, with full particulars of the arrangements, will be issued in a few days.
Royal Italian Opera, March 14, 1860.

MISS STABBACH will sing Charles Salaman's New Ballad, "Good bye! a long good bye," at the composer's concert, on the 29th March. Published by Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street. Price 2s. 6d.

MISS MARGARET McALPINE (Contralto), requests that letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Pupils, be addressed to her residence, 66, Burton-crescent, New-road.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

MDLLE. MARIE WIECK, Pianist.—Letters respecting engagements for concerts and lessons to be addressed, 14, Leinster-square, Hyde-park, W.

MISS EMILY GRESHAM, Soprano.—Letters respecting engagements for oratorios and concerts, to be addressed, 20, Alfred-terrace, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.

W. T. BRIGGS (Bass).—Communications relative to engagements for oratorios or concerts, to be addressed, "Cathedral Choir, Worcester."

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK is in town for the season.—Letters respecting lessons or engagements for the pianoforte or harmonium to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

MR. TENNANT has returned to town. All communications respecting engagements for himself and Mrs. Tennant to be addressed to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or to their residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MRS. TENNANT (Sister of Mr. Sims Reeves), begs to acquaint her friends and the public that she continues giving lessons in singing. For terms, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or at her own residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MADEMOISELLE ANTONIA SPEYER begs to announce her return to town for the season. All letters to be directed to 7, Belgrave-street South, S.W.

THE LONDON CONCERT SEASON.—Mr. C. M. SHEE respectfully informs Musical Professors that he continues to undertake the arrangement of Concerts, Soirees, Matinees, as well as Programmes and Books of Words, at very moderate charges. Address, 105, Wardour-street, Oxford-street.

CONSERVATORIO AT COLOGNE.—Under the direction of Capellmeister FERDINAND HILLER.—Beginning of the next term, the 2nd April. For particulars or any information, apply to the Secretary of the Conservatorio, 35, Marzellenstrasse, Cologne.

"THE ARION" (Right-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 18, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.
F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.
Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDALE BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, are sung nightly at the CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and E. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

ST. MARK'S, MYDDLETON-SQUARE.—An Organist is required for the above church. Candidates (capable of conducting a choir) are requested to forward testimonials, etc., to Mr. H. Johnson, Churchwarden, 36, Amwell-street, E.C., on or before Wednesday, the 21st inst. Salary, £40 per annum.

ORGAN WANTED.—The Guardians of Mile End Old Town are desirous of obtaining for the Workhouse a Finger Organ. The size of the Chapel is 70 feet long, 24 feet broad, and about 30 feet high. Descriptive particulars and terms for 3 months' hire, including fixing and removal, with price, if then purchased, to be forwarded to Mr. E. J. Southwell, Clerk to the Board, Bancroft-road, Stepney, N.E.

MICHAEL COSTA, the Eminent Composer, beautifully engraved on Steel, from a Photograph by Mayall, is the Portrait to be issued with the ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WORLD, No. 111, March 17, or any other of the 100 Portraits already published, may be had in lieu of the above if preferred. Price 6d., by Post, 7d. THE THIRD SERIES of the DRAWING ROOM PORTRAIT GALLERY (for 1860), containing Forty Portraits and Memoirs, (issued to subscribers only), with the paper for Forty weeks, from date of subscription, for 30s., post free. FIRST and SECOND SERIES for 21s. each, (without papers). Quarterly subscription, 7s. 11d., post free. Of all Newsvenders. Office, 199, Strand, W.C.

WANTED, A GOOD TUNER.—For particulars, address, M. N., care of Messrs. Boosey and Son.

WANTED, immediately, a Pupil in a Musical Establishment, where he will have an opportunity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the profession in all its branches. Apply to Herr Winzer, Newcastle, Staffordshire.

IMPORTANT.—To be disposed of, immediately, a well-established Music Practice, including New Organ at good salary, in a Town of upwards of 40,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by large populations. The Advertiser is about to leave the kingdom. Apply, by letter only, to the care of Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street, London, W.

TO INVESTORS.—CONSOLS CAPITAL STOCK is a medium for employing and improving Large or Small Sums of Money, in connection with Government Securities. The Stock is issued by the Consols Insurance Association, 429, Strand, London. Incorporated pursuant to Act of Parliament. Investments bear Five per Cent. per Annum Interest, receivable Monthly, if desired.
Full particulars may be obtained on application at the Chief Offices, 429, Strand, London, to
THOMAS H. BAYLIS, Managing Director.

TO VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.—Boosey and Sons' military band instruments, reed and brass, as well as bugles, drums and fifes, have been used and approved of by almost every regiment in the service, at home and abroad. Those regiments that contemplate the formation of a band, are invited to apply to the firm, who will be happy to recommend them competent bandmasters, and render any further assistance that may be required.—Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

NEW SONGS. By the Composer of "Speak gently," "Castilmon," &c., &c. "Minnie, I would dwell with thee!" dedicated by permission to Mr. Sims Reeves, 2s.; "Were I a little bird like thee!" illustrated title-page, 2s. Post-free for half-price in postage stamps, of the composer, Brook-house, Hackney, and all music-sellers.

Shortly will be Published,
TWO EVENING SERVICES IN A MAJOR: Cantate and Deus, Magnificate, and Nunc Dimittis, with Organ Accompaniment. Composed by E. Bunnett, Mus. Bac., Cantab., Assistant Organist of Norwich Cathedral. Price (to Subscribers) 8s. Subscriber's names will be received by the Author, Upper Close, Norwich, and by the Publishers, Messrs. Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, London, W.

Second Edition, Folio, pp. 40, stitched. Price, complete, 7s. 6d.
R. R. ROSS'S Useful Morning and Evening Full Service in F, for four voices, with organ accompaniment. Separately, Te Deum and Jubilate, 3s.; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, 3s. London: J. A. Novello.

REVIEWS.

"*A set of Four-part Songs, for voices*"—composed by Henry Smart (Cramer, Beale and Chappell). One of these —"*Cradle-song*" (No. 3)—has been heard at the concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, where it was unanimously extolled as one of the most attractive things of its kind—as one, in short, of its accomplished composer's very best, and therefore worthy any amount of praise. The voices, as managed here by Mr. Smart, are a match for the orchestra itself, as a vehicle for what is somewhat affectedly denominated "colour-music." Never did sweeter "Lullaby" soothe baby to repose. The other three are as good in their way; "*What are the Joys of Spring?*" (No. 4) charms by its freshness as it enlivens by its vigour; "*Morning*" (No 1) has a genial touch of Mendelssohn in its melody and harmony, without, however, being in the slightest degree a plagiarism; while "*Hymn to Cynthia*" is of a more elaborate but by no means less agreeable texture. All four songs are models of vocal writing, and welcome additions to the repertory of English part-music.

"'*L'Avviso,*' *canzone per mezzo soprano*"—Giulio Regondi (Wessel and Co.)—is the composition of a thorough musician, graceful, melodious, and expressive.

"*Voice of the summer wind, tender and low*"—written by T. Douglas, composed by G. A. Macfarren, (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)—This really charming ballad may be apostrophised in precisely similar terms, with the additional acknowledgment that it possesses, what the other can hardly lay claim to with equal justice, viz.—*character*.

"'*Never, my child, forget to pray,*' *sacred song*"—by Frederick Spotson Clark, (Aggazzotti and Co.)—would extort unqualified praise, as a composition marked alike by taste and correctness, but that, at the end of each verse, occurs a section of a phrase, neither more nor less than a plagiarism from Sterndale Bennett's second *Impromptu* (in the same key too—E major).

In "'*Rita,*' *mazurka for the pianoforte*"—by W. Seymour Smith, (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas)—we have neat writing, the true *mazurka* accent, everything, in short, but originality, in which particular it is wholly deficient. Every phrase, or section of a phrase, seems as familiar as "God save the Queen," —or even "King," which is still older.

For "*mazurka*" read "*nocturne*," and for the attributes of "*mazurka*" substitute the attributes of "*nocturne*," and precisely identical criticism will suit "'*Liebe wohl,*' *reverie for the pianoforte*" (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas), by the same composer. Mr. W. Seymour Smith certainly composes well, and fluently; but his ideas are by no means new.

"*The Harp and the Poet*," romance—by J. Mc Ewan (Cramer, Beale, and Co.)—is neither unmeritorious nor inexpressive; but the bare fifth in the progression of harmony to the words, "The wind before it woos" (bar 1), is unworthy of the rest, and the whole is scarcely good enough for such a beautiful little bit of poetry as that of Mr. T. Powell, versemaker for the occasion. Let our readers judge:—

The wind, before it woos the harp,
Is but the wild and tuneless air;
Yet as it passes through the chords,
Changes to music rare.
And so the poet's soul converts
The common things that round him lie
Into a gentle voice of song—
Divinest harmony.
The Harp and Poet fram'd alike
By God, as His interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thought
Of ev'ry breath that stirs.

"'*Ye Banks and Braes, Scotch Melody,*' *for the pianoforte*" —by Brinley Richards (R. Mills)—is one of those moderately easy and very effective arrangements of popular airs, as short fantasias, for which its composer maintains a just renown. Though within reach of performers of modest attainments, it is not for that the less showy and brilliant.

"*Hail, hail to thee! beautiful spring*"—words by J. C. Prince, music by J. Dürrner (R. Mills)—like all the late Mr. Dürrner produced, is interesting, and shows the taste and knowledge of a well-tutored musician. There is also an original turn about it, the words being set in a manner not likely to have suggested itself to an ordinary composer.

"*The Young Pilgrim*"—written by Mrs. Veitch, composed by T. M. Mudie (R. Mills)—is another capital song, declamatory in style, after the manner in which Longfellow's "Excelsior" has been rendered more than once in music, but perfectly original notwithstanding, and highly expressive, to boot. Apart from these considerations, too, "*The Young Pilgrim*" is a composition in which the hand of an accomplished musician is everywhere apparent.

"'*A short and easy Morning Service,*' '*Te Deum*' *and* '*Jubilate,*'" with accompaniment for organ or pianoforte—by Ch. Fr. Hauptmann (Ewer and Co.)—is exactly what it is stated to be in the words on the title-page, neither more nor less. On the other hand, the worthy organist of St. Mary's, Tenby, may be especially complimented on the correctness and purity of his harmony.

"*My Love wants no jewels*" ("*Mein Lieb braucht nicht Perlen*")—Song, composed by Bernhard Althaus (Ewer and Co.)—is an elegant, unexceptionably-written commonplace.

If every composition of the same character was as spirited, rhythmical and unaffected as the "*Grand triumphal March*," for the pianoforte, by T. M. Mudie (R. Mills), we should hail the announcement of each successive new one with greater glee; but unhappily that is not the case, and Mr. Mudie must be ticketed with forming an honourable and vigorous exception to a general rule of dulness. His march, indeed, is all that a march should be—more than which it is needless to say in praise of it.

"*Thou art gone*" ("*Du bist fern*")—song, composed by Bernard Althaus (Ewer and Co.)—is less commonplace than "*Mein Lieb braucht nicht Perlen*," by the same composer (noticed above), but hardly more original in its general physiognomy. It is well written, like its companion.

HAMBURGH.—At the 125th Philharmonic Concert, Herr Joachim played two pieces—Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D major, and Tartini's "Devil's Sonata." In comparison with the mighty blade that Herr Joachim wields, in the guise of a violin bow, all the Lauterbachs and Rappoldis draw mere toy-swords out of their sheaths. Moreover, to the greatest power, Herr Joachim unites the sweetest gentleness. The applause at the conclusion of his performance seemed as if it would never cease. —*German Paper.*

BERGAMO.—Our travelling correspondent in Lombardy informs us, that Mad. Guerrabella appeared at Bergamo with immense success in Pacini's *Stella di Napoli*, and that the favour with which that opera was received was entirely due to her singing and to her admirable acting, especially in the last act. The soprano part in the *Stella* is extremely difficult, and in some passages the singer has to sustain B, C, and even D above the line. After the *cavatina*, Mad. Guerrabella was recalled several times, and she was forced to re-appear again and again in the course of the opera, at the conclusion of which she was accompanied home by a large body of enthusiastic amateurs, and serenaded.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "APOLLO AND MARSYAS."

SIR,—I enclose for publication a translation of a document which has been forwarded to me by order of His Excellency the Governor of Venice, and signed by him. So high a tribute to genius cannot but prove of great interest to every man of refinement.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

MORRIS MOORE.

[TRANSLATION.]

"We have the pleasure to communicate to you that in consequence of your having, with immense success publicly exhibited in Paris,* Munich, Dresden, and Vienna, in furtherance of pious and philanthropic objects, the picture of 'Apollo and Marsyas' in your possession, and of this picture having been every where acknowledged to be not only an undoubted original by Raphael, but one of singular interest; and in consequence, moreover, of your having desired to exhibit the said picture in this Accademia di Belle Arti, side by side with the corresponding original drawing by Raphael, the Supreme Ministry of Worship and Public Instruction, in reply to the petition which you had addressed to it, and in consideration that the exhibition of your famous picture side by side with the original drawing belonging to this Academy would be of the deepest interest to all artists and lovers of art, forwarded orders to the government of this Luogotenenza, not only to grant you the public exhibition of your picture of 'Apollo and Marsyas' side by side with the corresponding drawing belonging to this Academy, in a suitable place in the same, but in every possible way zealously to assist you towards this object.

"At the same time, the Supreme Ministry of Worship and Public Instruction, in order to protect so great a treasure as an original picture by Raphael from every possible risk through inadvertent handling, enjoined the Government of this Luogotenenza to make arrangements that the usual Custom House operations be waived respecting the case containing it, especially on your quitting Venice, and that, above all, be omitted the opening of it or the placing of any seal upon it, lest its contents be endangered.

"In the orders given on this head to the Presidency of the Accademia di Belle Arti, and in the understanding entered into with the I. R. Prefecture of Finance, you will have recognized the ready zeal with which the Government of this Luogotenenza has fulfilled the high behests of the Supreme Ministry.

"In the mean time, steps will at once be taken that the name of *Montagna* be removed from Raphael's original drawing of 'Apollo and Marsyas' belonging to the Accademia di Belle Arti of Venice, and that its authenticity be established in a way to cause all doubt to cease.

"Accept the assurance of my highest consideration,

"TOGGENBURG.

"*Vienna, March 1st*, 1860."

LEEDS TOWN-HALL ORGAN.

SIR,—I regret to see, by a report copied in the pages of the *Musical World* from the *Express*, that a feeling of doubt and dissatisfaction exists in Leeds regarding the new organ in your Town Hall. I had an opportunity of hearing and playing on it some weeks since, and, as an impartial observer, interested in the welfare of the art of organ-building, I beg you will allow me to express my opinion concerning this magnificent instrument.

I am acquainted with the finest organs in this country, as well as those in Paris and Germany, including those at Frankfort, Ulm, Weingarten, Haarlem, &c., and still have no hesitation in saying that yours is a master-piece of art and science combined.

The design alone displays consummate knowledge of organ-building; whilst the more artistic portions, such as the choice of registers, voicing, &c., reflect equal credit on the artists who planned the instrument, and the artificer who executed his share of the work.

It is essentially a concert-organ, adapted to the requirements of festivals, solo performances, &c.; and the general quality of tone, I consider excellent. The *ensemble* is superb. The groundwork, viz., the diapasons, are distinguished for breath and grandeur; and the voicing of the delicate wood flue-work, the free reeds, tuba and solo stops generally, I think very successful; whilst the Voix Humain certainly rivals that at Fribourg, or rather the more celebrated one at the Madeleine. Nor should I omit to specify the Mixtures (that glorious and exclusive monopoly of the organ) which are each definite in character, and designed on a new and excellent principle. The amazing amount of combination movements affords greater variety of effect than has hitherto been introduced, I believe, in any other organ. Respecting the working condition of such elaborate mechanism, my visit was too brief to form a decided opinion on it, and I never tamper with any instrument. No one can reasonably object to the weight of a touch which offers a resistance of only half-a-pound on each key; and if the delightful elasticity of the old action (well made) is wanting, when the pneumatic movement is applied, this addition was indispensable to counteract the high pressure of the wind.

The absence of a 32-feet wood open in the pedal organ is to be regretted, although the Bourdon is very good of its kind.

There can be no doubt that a most conscientious feeling has been displayed in the design and execution of the Leeds organ, and with due allowance for slight and temporary imperfections, the skill of the builder, and a just regard for his own credit, will cause these drawbacks to disappear. The external appearance is splendid, and in perfect keeping with your noble hall; and, with Mr. Best, I take the liberty of recommending some caution in placing the organ under the hands of every new comer.

I write only with the motive of upholding excellence in any organ-builder, of whatever nation; as although my experience has inclined me to a preference for the great German school of organ-building (to which we owe so much), I yet feel that candour and justice impel an acknowledgment of merit in our own countrymen, when deserved.

I am, &c.,

Northampton, Feb. 28, 1860. CHARLES MCKORKELL.

TO OUR POETICAL CONTRIBUTORS.

WE are compelled to reiterate our declension of any further so-called poetical contributions. Judge, by the following specimen, recently forwarded to our office, of the absolute necessity to which we are reduced of closing our columns against the whole community of bards:—

LOVE SICK SOL CURED BY A CLOUD.

On a violet bank lay sleeping
Sweet Julia, bright and fair;
Sol, blushing, down was peeping,
And kissed her shining hair;
Then swiftly hid behind a cloud,
Ashamed for what he'd done,
And trembling sat as bashful-browed
As any mortal one!

The Cloud, lamenting thus to see
Poor Sol so heavy-hearted,
Determined to amuse his glee—
Sought her for whom he smarted.
He on the bank fair Julia spies,
At once unto her steers,
And drops from out his ogling eyes
Some crocodile-like tears.

Then in a dreaming voice she spoke,
In accents known to none,
And list'ning Sol the trance near broke
By one more kiss—just one.
The Cloud, to stay their feeling, then
Quick deluged all his sheen,
And, jumping, Julia cried, "*Where's Ben!*
Ice 'stryde my erin-er-loen!"

DOVER.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The seventy-fifth season of the Catch Club being announced to close on Tuesday evening, March 8th, the Apollonian Hall was crowded, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The vocalists were Miss Louisa Jarrett, Miss Harcourt, and Mr. D. Lambert; and the programme excellent of its kind. Miss Jarrett's singing gained great applause, and in "I'll follow thee," she was encored; as also in the duets with Mr. Lambert, who justly received his share of approbation. Mr. Lambert sang "The Sailors War Song," and Bishop's, "Oh! firm as oak, and free from care," and in both was encored. Miss Harcourt, in her songs, afforded great satisfaction, and was also more than once encored. The instrumental part of the programme, consisting of overtures, galops, and valses, was well executed, and the entertainment concluded with "God save the Queen."

* The "Apollo and Marsyas" was not so exhibited at Paris. At Munich and at Vienna it was exhibited in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund; at Dresden and Vienna in aid of the Schiller Foundation Fund.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LET not the Germans henceforth imagine that they are the only people who can compose chamber-music. The concerts of February 27th, and March 12th, are a convincing proof that some Italians, at least, have invented combinations of harmony no less attractive than the melody which is characteristic of the "Sunny South." A programme, rich in gems, drew together on Monday last an audience which, braving the inclemency of a miserably wet night, crowded every part of St. James's Hall, and remained, with few exceptions, to the end of one of the most delightful entertainments ever provided.

The instrumental selection comprised Boccherini's quintet in A major (Op. 20), Cherubini's grand quartet in E flat (second time), and Donizetti's quartet in D major. In the hands of Herren Becker and Ries, Mr. Doyle and Signor Piatti, with the able co-operation of M. Paque in the first piece, each of these compositions received more than justice, being indeed played to perfection. Especially noticeable was again the quartet of Cherubini, displaying a freshness, and geniality, and science alike admirable, at times reminding us of the vigorous energy of Beethoven, at others of the delicate fancy of Mendelssohn, and yet without a trace of plagiarism, the whole being thoroughly original.

Mr. Charles Hallé contributed two solos—Clementi's sonata in A major (Op. 25), and three of Scarlatti's harpsichord lessons (including the fugue in D minor). Both authors were given irreproachably, in a style uniting all requisite light and shade with the most perfect mechanism, and both pleased unanimously.

Herr Becker once more distinguished himself as a soloist, and in Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo* more than confirmed the opinion expressed of his powers recently. He has fairly taken his place in the front ranks of "*virtuosi*" no less than quartet players. A hearty recall followed his really wonderful performance.

Mdlle. Parepa and Mr. Sims Reeves again shared the vocal music, the lady repeating Sarti's "Ah non sai qual pena," and the grand aria from Piccini's *Didone Abbandonata*, in both of which she was much applauded. The two airs allotted to Mr. Sims Reeves offered a great contrast, the first being "Pieta Signore," from an oratorio of Stradella's; the second, "Pria che spunti," from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. More exquisite singing never was heard, and in the last-named piece the voice and taste of our great tenor were displayed to such perfection that an encore was inevitable, and he repeated the air to the delight of every one in the hall.

On Monday next the instrumental portion will be from the works of Beethoven; the grand Septet and the Kreutzer Sonata, by Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Becker, being included in the programme, to say nothing of one of the latest sonatas (Op. 109) for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts.

THEATRICALS AT CAMPDEN HOUSE.

(From our Kensington Correspondent, by Omnibus Express.)

AN interesting performance took place on Tuesday last, at Mr. Wolley's miniature theatre, in aid of the funds of that excellent institution the Royal Benevolent Society. The entertainment commenced with, *Our Wife, or the Rose of Amiens*, an adaptation from the French, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson; followed by Peake's farce of the *Omnibus*, and concluding with *Betsey Baker*, the work of Mr. J. M. Morton, and some French person or persons unknown. In the comedietta, the Viscount Raynham, the Captain Mackinnon, the *Sieur* Wolley, the Lord Wallscourt, and the Ladies Colthurst and Anne Sherson appeared: the Viscount Raynham and the Lady Colthurst particularly distinguishing themselves. In the *Omnibus*, the Honourable Evelyn Ashley, the Major Mackinnon, the *Sieur* Maitland, the Honourable Reginald O'Grady, the Lord Wallscourt, and the *demoiselles* Newton and Barker performed. The *Sieur* Maitland is an excellent representative of the comic Irishman, and was seen to much advantage in the part of Pat Rooney. The fun of Peake's ancient farce turns upon the inconveniences likely to result to suburban residents from the invention of omnibuses. He, however, whom Hood, himself somewhat of a punster, called "punning Peake," always fortified his farces with a certain number of solid verbal jokes, and the great point in the *Omnibus* is the double meaning given to the word *curaçoa*, which the Irishman should pronounce "cure a sow," and thereupon inquires whether it will also "cure a mare." The joke was so much relished in its time that it not only made the success of the farce, but attracted amateurs of *jeux de mots* from all parts of England, and we are assured that hundreds of families visited the metropolis solely in order to hear Mr. Peake's pun. On Tuesday night it was by some error omitted, and we expected that cries for "the pun! the pun!" would have been raised from all parts of the house, but the audience bore their loss very composedly. We must add, in all seriousness, that the acting throughout the evening was most creditable to the amateurs, who, we believe, had never until this occasion played together.

Before the comedietta, a capital prologue, written by S. H. G. Wright, the physician to the institution, in aid of which the entertainments were given, was delivered by the author. It contains some excellent lines on the subject of amateur acting, and in reference to the charitable object of the performance of Tuesday evening, and it was much applauded.

The same amateurs re-appeared at Campden House on Thursday evening, the proceeds of the sale of tickets being again devoted to the "Royal Benevolent Society."

CONCERTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The concert given on Saturday, the 3rd instant, was principally devoted to a selection from Mendelssohn's operetta *Son and Stranger*, including the overture and the most important pieces in the work. The singers were, Mad. Weiss, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Smythson and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Manns had evidently taken pains, and the result was an excellent performance, thoroughly enjoyed by all present. *The Son and Stranger* was brought out in England in 1851 (the first time in public, although written in 1829), at the Haymarket Theatre, with Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. Weiss. It obtained a great success, although by no means satisfactorily executed, the band and chorus being indifferent, and was pronounced by universal assent a masterpiece of comic music. It seems strange indeed, that after such a success none of our lyric theatres, Italian or native, should have contemplated its production. At the Crystal Palace more than half its beauties were lost, as the music is eminently dramatic and the *libretto* spirited and amusing. The pieces which pleased most were the delicious romance of Herrmann, "When the evening bells are chiming," capitally sung by Mr. Wilbye Cooper; Ursula's song at the spinning-wheel; Lisbeth's air, "How oft the young have wandered;" and, of course, the famous *buffo* song, "I'm a roamer," splendidly given by Mr. Weiss. The concerted music might in some instances have gone better. The artists seemed as though they were unwilling to ruffle their drawing-room placidities by any dramatic perturbations—all except Mr. Weiss, who proved himself, even remote from the stage, every inch a pedlar. The remaining pieces in the programme were Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus*; the splendid "War March" from Mr. Horsley's *Gideon;* the "Rataplan" duet from the *Figlia*, by Mr. and Mrs. Weiss; the ballad, "Three fishers went sailing," sung by Miss Fanny Huddart; and a new song composed by Mr. Hullah, "The doubting heart," given by Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The concert-room was tolerably full—not crowded.

On Saturday last the programme comprised, for the band, Schumann's symphony in E flat, Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, and Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," arranged for orchestra by M. Hector Berlioz—an especial favourite with Mr. Manns, and deservedly so, the beauty of the composition and the extreme brilliancy of the instrumentation considered. The symphony of Schumann in B flat was performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace—though not for the first time in this country, as the annals of the Old Philharmonic can tell. It is an eminently characteristic work—that is, characteristic of its lamented author. The second movement, which is melodious and somewhat devotional in tone, could not fail to please. Mr. Manns,

however, will no doubt afford a second opportunity of judging the symphony. Miss Arabella Goddard played Hummel's rondo in A major, and Thalberg's *Mosè in Egitto*. The latter was loudly encored, but Miss Goddard only returned to the platform and bowed. We need hardly say with what incomparable brilliancy and grace both pieces were played. Miss Parepa, the favourite of the hour, sang Mr. Wallace's new song "Hope in sorrow," the cavatina, "Oh, bright were my visions," from *Victorine*, and the aria, "Gia dalla mente involasi," from Signor Alary's *Tre Nozze*. The florid cavatina from Mr. Alfred Mellon's opera was most favourably received, and Miss Parepa, we think, shines more in expression than in *bravura* singing. She gave Mr. Wallace's ballad admirably, but was not so much applauded as in the *cavatina* and the *valse*.

To-day M. Sainton and Madame Sainton-Dolby will appear.

An engagement has been concluded with Mdlle. Piccolomini for a series of twelve concerts, commencing on Monday the 2nd and terminating on Saturday the 14th of April—the usual one shilling admission to the Palace to be retained.

LONDON QUINTET UNION.—The second concert came off on Wednesday evening, at St. Martin's Hall. Again the music of Onslow predominated; not, however, exactly to the same extent as before, only one quintet, and a part of another, being given. Mr. Willy's admiration for Onslow must indeed be great, since he has introduced in two concerts three entire quintets, and one movement from another, of that composer. The entire quintet performed at the last concert was that in B flat, Op. 33, and the one which finished the single movement was the D minor, No. 3, Op. 1. The quintet in B flat was finely executed by Messrs. Willy, Westlake, Webb, Pettit, and Reynolds, and listened to with attention. The last movement of the quintet in D minor, *Presto Finale*, was heard by few, and therefore played to disadvantage. The remaining part of the selection was unexceptionably good. The other instrumental pieces were Mozart's quintet in A major, Op. 108, for clarinet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, and Professor Bennett's chamber trio in A., Op. 26, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. These two masterpieces would have made amends for any amount of dryness, and their introduction must exonerate Mr. Willy from any design of rendering his concerts heavy. Mozart's quintet was the instrumental feature of the evening. Every movement awakened a new delight, and it was difficult to say which created the greatest sensation, the exquisitely beautiful and plaintive *andante*, or the deliciously quaint air and brilliant variations of the finale. The performance was first-rate, Mr. Mayoock especially distinguishing himself on the clarinet. The pianoforte trio was hardly less admired, the slow movement, in which the *pizzicato* for the stringed instruments is employed with so much effect, eliciting, perhaps, the greatest admiration. The vocal music was assigned to Miss Banks and Madame Sainton-Dolby. The last-named lady, who has lately been winning laurels in Paris, made her first appearance since her marriage, and was received with warm and genuine tokens of admiration. She sang two of her most popular songs—"Cangio d' Aspetto," from Handel's opera of *Admetus*, and Mr. Balfe's "The green trees whispered low." Both were given to perfection, and the latter unanimously encored. Miss Banks gave Mozart's "Parto," from the *Clemenza di Tito*, and Mr. Henry Smart's song—a very charming one, by the way—"Love me, or love me not," and won the suffrages of the whole room, singing sweetly, expressively, and without ostentation. Mr. Lindsay Sloper accompanied the vocal music, and played the pianoforte part in Professor Bennett's trio, which we should already have signalised as a very fine performance on the part of the accomplished pianist and his coadjutors, Messrs. Willy and Pettit. The attendance was but indifferent, the body of the hall being no more than half, and the galleries about two-thirds full.

HERR WILHELM GANZ'S SOIREE.—In our notice of this young artist's *Soirée Musicale*, we should have stated that it took place at his residence, 15, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, and not Queen-street.

THEATRE-ITALIEN, PARIS.—Mad. Borghi-Mamo has created a great sensation in the character of Desdemona, in Rossini's *Otello*.

MR. AGUILAR'S FIRST PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC took place on Saturday evening, the 10th instant, at his residence, Westbourne-square. The following excellent programme was given:—

Sonata, in C, for pianoforte (Op. 2, No. 3), Beethoven.—Recitative and Aria, "Lascia ch' io pianga" (*Rinaldo*), Handel.—Prelude and Fugue, G minor, ditto in G major, J. S. Bach.—Caprice in B flat minor, for pianoforte (Op. 33, No. 3), Mendelssohn.—Recitative and Aria, "Deh vieni non tardar" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Mozart.—Sonata Quasi Fantasia, in E flat, for pianoforte (Op. 27, No. 1), Beethoven.—"Invitation a la Valse," for pianoforte, Weber.

The task Mr. Aguilar set himself was an arduous one for a single evening's performance; but his powers showed no abatement at the last, and Weber's sparkling "Invitation to the Waltz," the last piece in the programme, was played with as much facility and vigour as anything which preceded it. The performance, however, which appeared to afford most unqualified satisfaction was the sonata in E flat of Beethoven, in which Mr. Aguilar displayed his thorough feeling for classic music no less than his mechanical dexterity. Mendelssohn's *caprice*, too, was a capital performance and pleased unanimously. The two vocal pieces were assigned to Miss Lindo, who exhibited considerable talent in both, and evidenced genuine taste and feeling in the air from *Figaro*, "Dove sono," one of the very loveliest Mozart ever wrote. There was a full attendance, and the concert was of that reasonable length that, combined with its sterling character, must have satisfied everybody.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—On Thursday evening last, the second trial of musical compositions in connection with this society took place, at the Architectural Gallery, Conduit-street. The members of the "Arion," under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, gave the following programme:—Pater Noster, Meyerbeer; Contralto Hymn, Mendelssohn; "The Dream," Costa; Misericordias (double choir) Reichardt; "To love I wake" (double choir), Webbe; New Part-Songs (second time), Mendelssohn.

OXFORD—(*From a Correspondent*).—The current series of Lectures and Concerts was brought to a termination on Tuesday evening with a miscellaneous entertainment of vocal music, in which Miss Emily Gresham, Mrs. R. Paget, Mr. George Tedder, and Mr. Horsley assisted, and Mr. W. Ringrode acted as accompanyist. It was but a dull affair to the real lovers of music, there being no instrumental performances. Not so, however, thought the good people of Oxford, who were enchanted beyond measure with everything, and would fain have every piece over again. The singers were not of the same mind, except Mr. Horsley, who being a townsman and volunteer to boot, could not resist the onslaught made on him when he gave that war-exciting song, "Riflemen, form," but returned incontinently, and repeated it hilariously. There were fierce acclamations, too, when Miss Emily Gresham and Mr. George Tedder joined in the duet, "The Duke of Athol's Courtship," which the audience would fain have over again. This constrained the tenor to come forward and apologise for non-compliance on the score of indisposition, which speech was hailed with even more plaudits than the duet. Miss Emily Gresham pleased immensely in her solos, more particularly in Flotow's "Ave Maria," and Bishop's "Bid me discourse;" and Mrs. Paget was very effective in Mr. Hullah's song of "The Three Fishers," and "Kathleen Mavourneen." Although the concert seemed to please everybody, I should strongly advise the manager of the City Public Lectures and Concerts to think a little more of art next year and less of pleasing the mob.

EDINBURGH—(*From a Correspondent*).—The fifteenth of Howard's Saturday Evening Concerts took place in the Music Hall on Saturday evening last. In addition to his usual staff, Mr. Howard was assisted by the bands of the 15th Light Dragoons and West York Rifles, by the Edinburgh Orchestra, and Mrs. Howard, Messrs. Kennedy, Bishop, and D. Lambert (the last of whom made his *début* before an Edinburgh audience as vocalist). The first part of the concert consisted of the overture to Weber's *Oberon*, and Handel's serenata, *Acis and Galatea*, in which Mrs. Howard and Messrs. Bishop and Kennedy sustained their reputation. Mr. Lambert made a very favourable impression, and narrowly escaped an encore in "O ruddier than the cherry." Mr.

Howard judiciously introduced between the first and second parts of the programme, "The Garb of Old Gaul," composed by the late General Reid, in honour of whose memory this concert was announced to take place. In the second part Mr. Lambert sang, "Oh! firm as oak, and free from care;" and on being encored, gave the audience another specimen of his abilities. The crowded state of the hall attested the popular appreciation of Mr. Howard's services; as well as the fervid reception of his own *Flora, &c.*, the Rifle Band's selection from Scotch airs. A more strict adherence in the programme to the national music of Scotland would perhaps tend materially to the gratification of the class—and a large one it is—for whom these concerts were designed, and by whom they are supported.

NORFOLK AND NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*Communicated.*)

PREPARATIONS and engagements for the Festival, which will commence on Monday, the 17th September, under the conduct of Mr. Benedict, are already going on with activity. We understand that the services of Madame Clara Novello, Madame Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Charles Santley, and Mr. Weiss, have been secured, and that other important engagements are pending. Upon this occasion, a lively and peculiar interest attaches itself to the name of Clara Novello, because it will probably be the last time that the public will have an opportunity of hearing that accomplished artist prior to her final retirement from the profession. Standing upon the pinnacle of fame, as an English vocalist, this gifted lady has determined to descend from it whilst she can do so with dignity and grace. She is not one of those who would ever degrade her art, or suffer herself to be degraded by it, through a painful exhibition of incompetent efforts. Of Clara Novello it will never be said,—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Amongst the propositions about to be submitted by the sub-committee to the general committee, if not already accepted by the latter (a point on which we are not quite sure), is a performance of Haydn's oratorio of *The Creation*, on the Monday evening, at a greatly reduced price, instead of having cheap preliminary concerts. This will enable many lovers of music belonging to a class whose avocations will not allow them to attend morning performances, to enjoy a great work interpreted by first-rate voices and instruments. On the Tuesday evening it has been proposed to do Gluck's *Armida*, in either the first or second part of the concert. The success of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, produced under the auspices of Mr. Charles Halle, at Manchester, was complete.

On the Wednesday morning it is proposed to do *The Last Judgment* of Spohr, in honour of that illustrious composer's memory; this will be preceded, or followed, by Handel's famous "Dettingen Te Deum." On Wednesday evening, a leading feature will be Professor Bennett's *May Queen;* and on Thursday evening, Mr. Benedict's *Undine*, composed expressly for this Festival; on Thursday morning, a selection, and Herr Molique's new oratorio of *Abraham;* and on Friday, *The Messiah*. Two symphonies have been proposed, namely, Haydn's Military Sinfonia, No. 12, and Beethoven's in C minor. It will be seen that the novelty of the Festival will be Molique's *Abraham*. Of this work we can say nothing of our own knowledge, but we have heard it highly praised by musical authorities.

MADAME DOLBY-SAINTON AND M. SAINTON IN PARIS.

(Abridged from *La France Musicale.*)

WE were not wrong in predicting that the names of Madame Sainton-Dolby and M. Sainton would excite the curiosity not only of all the English of distinction who reside in Paris, but also of those Parisians who love serious and high art. The great room of the Hôtel du Louvre was scarcely large enough to contain the numerous audience attracted by these two names justly popular in England, and which are beginning to be so among ourselves. Last year, M. Sainton proved himself, at a concert given by Herz, one of the most correct and brilliant violinists of the day. Such, too, he proved himself at the concert which he gave on Thursday last, with his wife, Mad. Sainton-Dolby. He played with incomparable *maestria* the violin part in Mendelssohn's famous trio in C minor,* and in Beethoven's sonata in A minor.† We wish all the violinists in Paris had been there to hear him. They would, like ourselves, have been charmed by his neat and modest execution—as it ought to be in pieces where the violin is not alone—expressive without exaggeration, and, in a word, perfect. It was the first time Mendelssohn's trio had been played in Paris as it should be played. Sainton played it twice as quickly as it is always played here, and the work gained considerably in consequence. M. Sainton played, also, two delicious pieces of his own composition, which were warmly applauded—a "solo de concert," and a "valse brillante." Perfect correctness, sentiment, *brio*, nobleness, marvellous bowing, and, in a word, all the various qualities which constitute a concert *virtuoso hors ligne*, are possessed by M. Sainton in the highest degree. We can assure our readers that the success he achieved will be long and universally remembered.

We have reserved Mad. Sainton-Dolby as the "bouquet," not from mere gallantry, we beg our readers to believe, but because we thought so great a name and such marvellous talent ought to have a place by themselves in our appreciation, as they do in the hierarchy of fair concert-singers. As the interpretress of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart—of the sacred and profane music of those admired and venerated masters—Miss Dolby, now Mad. Sainton, has no rival in England. Her name is popular in all parts of the United Kingdom, and the fact of its appearing in the programme of a concert is sufficient to fill, as though by enchantment, the largest rooms, and Heaven knows there are plenty of them. We have heard her at Manchester, at the Sydenham Palace, and at Exeter Hall, sing before assemblies of from fifteen to twenty thousand persons, and never did they fail to salute her, on her appearance, with the most enthusiastic ~~choors~~. The English adore Miss Dolby; she is their favourite singer, and as, in her case, the woman is, at least, as *distinguée* as the artist, there is no mark of affection which this people, so jealous of its national glories, does not shower down upon her. We cannot describe with what joy she was welcomed, the other evening, in the rooms of the Hôtel du Louvre, by the English, who constituted a good half, at the least, of the distinguished persons who had flocked to hear her. When she appeared, beaming with grace and beauty, and with that charming smile and gentle look which fascinates and attracts one, the applause burst forth from all parts of the room, and lasted several minutes.

We will not mention all the pieces sung by this great artist. We must content ourselves with stating that her style of interpreting the thoughts of such masters as Haydn and Handel is quite new for us; that it is the true, the good style, and the only one which should be allowed. It is impossible to possess, at the same time, more grace, more grandeur, and more sensibility; it is impossible to identify one's self more intelligently and more truly with the musical idea, no matter how grandiose and profound it may be. A fact, too, which proves the suppleness of her prodigious talent, is that it adapts itself, without difficulty and with exquisite grace, to the forms of modern music, without ever sacrificing aught to the exigencies of a public spoilt by bad example. Madame Sainton sang in English an admirable melody of Haydn's; "L'Ame errante," a sublime air, from Handel's oratorio of *Samson;* a scena admirable for its simplicity, "The Irish Emigrant," by Luders; an English serenade, and a Scotch ballad. In all these pieces, varying in character and style, she displayed the admirable and extraordinary compass of her voice, a mezzo-soprano, peculiar in quality, which goes direct to the heart, besides exhibiting her rhythmical accentuation, her magistral phrasing, and, above all, her deep musical feeling. She was recalled, we cannot say how many times, and applauded with sincere enthusiasm. Among the entire audience there was not a single voice which did not say to her mentally: "Au revoir!"

* With M. Ritter (piano), and M. Rignault (violoncello).

† The "Kreutzer"—piano, M. Ritter.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, *March 13th.*

At last the long-expected opera of Prince Joseph Poniatowski has been brought out at the Grand-Opéra, and for some days the opinions "for and against" it will form one of the principal topics of conversation. The first representation was given on Friday last, the Emperor and Empress, and all the *beau monde* of Paris, being present. *Pierre de Medicis* is an opera in four acts; the libretto is written by MM. de St.-Georges and Vanin. From the title of this work, one would be led to think that it had something to do with the history of Tuscany. But it is not so, and the authors have chosen the heroes of their drama in the noble and powerful family of the Medicis, to give room for the gorgeous scenery and decorations with which this opera has been mounted.

Pierre and Julien de Medicis are sons of Laurent de Medicis, called the Magnificent. Pierre de Medicis, tired of the discontent of the Florentines, comes to establish his court at Pisa. His brother, Julien, who is the governor of the town, gives up willingly the command, and wishes for nothing better than to retire from the cares of state, and to marry the beautiful Laura Salviati, the niece of the Grand Inquisitor. But Pierre de Medicis is also in love with her, and, when alone with the Grand Inquisitor, tells him of his passion for his niece, and, of course, ambition easily leads the uncle to second his suit. Julien, however, who hears of this, goes to Laura's palace, and begs her to fly; this she refuses to do, and in a very expressive duet the first act finishes. In the second, Pierre de Medicis, with his court, are witnessing a splendid *fête*, given in honour of Laura. The gorgeousness of this scene, in point of decoration, has rarely been rivalled. The scene represents gardens, with every floral treasure; a fountain, from which veritable *eaux pures* flows over marble statues; and beyond, the gardens, gradually ascending. The scene begins with daylight; and numerous Florentine peasants, in their picturesque costumes, are grouped about. Then, after the court has arrived, the *ballet* begins. It has for subject the loves of Diana and Endymion, and gives ample scope to Madame Fornaris to display her wonderful talents in choreographic art. Meanwhile the Inquisitor has told Pierre de Medicis of the affection of his brother for Laura, and to get rid of his rival, Pierre creates him admiral, and orders him to leave with the fleet that is to set sail the next day. Julien contrives to speak to Laura, and they agree to meet in a fisherman's hut, and to fly together. Night has now come on, and suddenly the gardens are most brilliantly lighted up, and each of the peasants bearing in their hand an illuminated tulip, while they dance about, the effect is very novel—this ends the second act. In the third we find Laura waiting in the fisherman's hut for the signal that a devoted friend of Julien's is to give her that all is ready, when the door bursts open, and the Inquisitor and Pierre de Medicis enter. The latter offers Laura his hand and crown, which Laura refuses; and when told she will be shut up in a cloister if she persists in this refusal, chooses the latter alternative, and is half dragged away just as the barcarole is being sung under her window that was to serve as signal for her departure. We have next a very lovely moonlight view of the Campo Santo, with a view of Pisa and the Leaning Tower in the distance. Julien de Medicis is praying at the tomb of his mother, when several conspirators enter, tell him of Laura's detention in a cloister, and of the revolution that is going on in the town. Julien determines to head it, and with a grand finale this act ends. The fourth opens near the ramparts of the town; the people are dancing and singing, while further on fighting is going on. Suddenly Pierre de Medicis enters, mortally wounded, and repenting of his cruelty to Laura, wishes to save her from taking the veil. Julien enters, and, supporting his brother, they both go off together. The scene then changes to the most striking part of the opera—the interior of the convent, filled with nuns, monks, and the *frères de la miséricorde*—monks covered in black and only their eyes showing. Laura in splendid wedding garments is brought in; the Grand Inquisitor once more offers her freedom, on condition of her marrying the Grand Duke; she refuses, and after vainly imploring mercy of her uncle, her wedding wreath is taken off, the black veil is thrown over her, when suddenly the doors burst open, the De Médicis and their soldiers enter, but it is too late. When Julien asks the Inquisitor, "What have you done with her?" he touches the veiled figure: "She belongs now," he says, "to Heaven," and while Laura is dragged towards the steps of the cloisters, and Julien bends, overwhelmed with sorrow, Pierre de Medicis expires. As music, this opera, though it can never bear comparison with the more inspired works of the great masters, is a work Prince Poniatowski will add greatly to his laurels by. Mdlle. Gueymard was admirable in the part of Laura Salviati: dramatic and touching as her acting ever is, she surpassed herself. Obin, in the part of the Grand Inquisitor, shared the honours of the evening with her. M. Gueymard, as Pierre de Medicis, and Bonnehée, as Julien, did their best. The two most striking *morceaux* in the whole opera are the trio in the fisherman's hut, and the duet between Obin and Ladra, when she takes the veil.

At the Opéra-Comique, *Galathée* is still being played. At the Italiens, Tamberlik has been singing in *Otello*. The Théâtre-Lyrique, has suspended for a short time *Philémon et Baucis*, as Madame Miolan-Carvalho has sustained a sad loss—her mother having just died. Very little is going on in the way of novelty at the theatres: at the Vaudevilles old pieces are being performed, but soon M. Octave Feuillet's new work, which is to bear the title, I believe, *La Tentation*, will be given at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu. The *Compère Guillery* drama, in five acts and nine tableaux, has just been brought out. It were impossible to wade through the tissue of nonsense and improbabilities contained in a melodrama of this class. It turns on the wonderful adventures of a wonderful gentleman brigand, who is at last reclaimed by the affection of some young lady *de grande famille*. Mélinque of course plays well. Various are the concerts going on. Last Wednesday Madame Pleyel gave a concert at which she played the first concerto of Mendelssohn, and a concert piece by Littolf, in her most charming manner. Many are the improvements projected here in the architectural line, and projects about some of the theatres are going on. I hear that the *Maritana* of Wallace is to be performed at the Théâtre-Lyrique next season. The accounts of the termination of the season (the theatrical one) at Naples is deplorable. The management is even worse than under the Duke de Salarino.

CHERUBINI.—Those *artistes* and amateurs who have a passion for works not printed or published of a great master, will learn with pleasure that the compositions of the renowned composer, Cherubini, the greatest contrapuntal writer that ever existed, are now for sale at Paris by his widow, in manuscript, consisting, in his own handwriting, of overtures in score, masses, operas, sacred pieces, cantatas, orchestral pieces, quartets, quintets, solfeggi, &c., &c., consisting of nearly 300 works, composed between the years 1773 and 1841. Here is a field for musical societies, students, and directors of music to produce novelties, and study one whose works, hitherto known and printed, are patterns of excellence in every point of view, and held up as models of perfection to the student. The directors of the Philharmonic Societies, Musical Unions and Sacred Harmonics, &c., should look after the works. They will find overtures, chamber-music, oratorios, and choral pieces never produced before the public, and what better name could they have than the renowned one of Cherubini to grace their programme. There are also the Psalms of Marcello, in four volumes, 1,540 pages; some of the works of Pergolèse, Iomelli, Clari, Durante, Sarti; the canons of Padre Martinè, with various other of the old Italian great masters, all arranged, and in the writing of M. Cherubini. So varied and public a collection by one author has seldom or ever been offered for sale before. Madame Cherubini is now in her eighty-seventh year. The collection ought to be secured for some institution—the British Museum or Royal Academy of Music—as standard works of art in every branch of music.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.—*Neither of the copies of the* Scotsman *came to hand.*

S. (North Brixton).—*We shall be glad to hear from our Correspondent at all times.*

BELFAST.—*We shall be glad to hear from our recent Correspondent always, at his leisure.*

NOTICE.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17TH, 1860.

An advertisement, headed "Jullien Fund," will be read on the front page, and a paragraph, headed "M. Jullien," in the leading columns of our impression of to-day. The object of the framers of both was a very commendable one—viz.: that of raising an amount sufficient to maintain an old and well-deserving servant of the British public in a Lunatic Asylum, to which the most terrible affliction in the list of mortal ills and penalties had consigned him, and to save those nearest and dearest to him from the impending fate of penury, which, in case of M. Jullien's recovery being hopeless, awaited them. Scarcely, however, had the advertisement and paragraph been committed to type, than the sad news came from Paris, that death had solved the doubts and allayed the professional anxiety of those who were in attendance on the suffering musician. M. Jullien passed away, after having spent about a week at the asylum, superintended by M. le Docteur ——— at ———, near Paris.

At present it is superfluous, and indeed would be obtrusive, to enter into details about the causes and progress of that disease which has thus fatally terminated. Nor is this the time or place to attempt a history of M. Jullien's very remarkable career, the most brilliant epoch of which, eminent and prosperous as he had been in other countries, and especially in France, was achieved in England and its immediate dependencies. It is enough—while recording the unwelcome intelligence of his being thus cut off in the prime and vigour of life—to offer some brief reflections on the man now lost to the world, and the influence, social and artistic, which he exercised.

Jullien was essentially and before all a man for the people. He loved to entertain the people; he loved to instruct the people; and the people were just as fond of being taught as of being amused by Jullien. His peculiarities, even his foibles, were but particles of a whole, portions of an idiosyncracy, which—combined with such geniality, moral and physical, such hearty earnestness and such intense devotion to his task, as has seldom distinguished a public character in that particular walk of life in which his energies were exhibited—made Jullien what he was. The performance of his public duties became not so much a task as a delight to Jullien. Pleasure beamed on his countenance as he rapped upon his conductor's desk, with that much admired, never-to-be-forgotten *bâton*; pleasure as he began, pleasure as he advanced, pleasure as he ended his labours, with the innate conviction that his aim had been accomplished and his audience gratified. There was, too, between him and them a kind of magnetic sympathy. Jullien knew, when he appeared, that his apparition was welcome to the crowd, and that only he in the same position could have afforded them the same degree of satisfaction. And this satisfaction on the side of his supporters did not simply arise from the indisputable fact of his having, during a long series of years, done more for their recreation, and at a cheaper rate, worked more zealously for their service in his peculiar way, and with proportionate success, than any other within the memory of the oldest of them. There was something more than all in the background. The mere personality of the man exercised a spell, a fascination, which rendered it a forlorn chance for a rival, no matter what his gifts, no matter what his experience, no matter what his acquirements, to attempt to fill the post, if Jullien was known to be alive, still more if Jullien was known to be at hand. Much of his popularity has been, and not altogether unreasonably, attributed to his physical conformation. To features intelligent and even handsome, a frame robust and firmly knit—with no sign of corpulence, however, but, while beneath the ordinary stature, almost a Hercules in strength of frame and symmetry of proportions—there was added a stamp of originality so marked, that Jullien could by no possibility ever be mistaken for another, even by those who might have obtained a glance at him for once and once only. It sufficed to place any temporary interloper before the same rostrum, at the so-called Promenade Concerts, to prove the immeasurable superiority—unaccountable it may be, but immeasurable—of Jullien. So singular and vivid, indeed, was the physical impression he created, that his figure became a household shape no less than his name a household word, throughout the length and breadth of the country in which for so many years he resided, and to the delight of whose populations he had so long, indefatigably and successfully ministered.

No public man ever so suddenly achieved popularity as Jullien. He had scarcely taken the conductor's stick out of the hands of Mr. Eliason (one of the earliest institutors of the London Promenade Concerts), than he became famous. He figured as often in *Punch* (never, be it remembered, to his detriment) as any of the political notorieties of the day. Such unprecedented vogue, too, he preserved, undiminished, for a period of over twenty years; and it is more than likely, had it been permitted him to resume, next November, his accustomed functions, in one of our great theatres (Drury Lane had been confidently reckoned on) he would have approached the public without one atom of his popularity abated. As the winter months that usher in Christmas were gloomy without him, so were they cheerful and brilliant with his periodical presence, which kindled like a fire, dissipated the fog, and warmed and enlivened all who came under its influence. The public and Jullien were, like old intimate friends, accustomed to look forward to an annual meeting—a meeting which was a festival to both of them, and the failure of which was a grievous disappointment. The last of those pleasant festivals, however, has been held; and henceforth—in our time, at least, when a new Jullien is not likely to arise—Promenade Concerts (should such speculations again be projected) will resemble any other entertainments, good, bad, or indifferent, as the case may be, but with nothing to mark them out, as exceptional and apart from such things in ordinary.

That Jullien did not make an ill use of his amazing influence with his patrons—whom, as we all remember, he could take by the button-hole when it suited his humour, and chide like children, if they were not as orderly during a performance of classical music, as he thought decorous and expedient—it is unnecessary to insist. What he was as a conductor, as a composer, and especially as a refiner of the public taste, is too notorious and too recent to be argued in detail. But it was to a combination of mental with physical attributes quite peculiar to himself, that his unexampled popularity must be traced, and that potent spell which he exercised over the public mind for so lengthy a period of time. Add to this a keen and lively intellect, uncommon enthusiasm, and as warm a heart as ever beat with kindly sympathy for others, and we have summed up the qualities that not merely explain Jullien's triumphs in the sphere to which his public talents called him, but the universal regard and affection in which he was held by those who counted among the number of his friends. He has gone to his last home, and, we believe, with the deep and unanimous regret of all who knew him either in his public or private capacity. Let us, then, express an earnest hope that the general sympathy excited by the news of his having been confined in a lunatic asylum will not be extinguished by the fact of his now being beyond earthly succour, and that those who have instituted and superintended the progress of the Jullien Fund, will carry out their benevolent object on behalf of the devoted wife and near relatives whom Jullien's death has left without the means of subsistence.

M. JULLIEN.—Though the report of M. Jullien having attempted suicide is without foundation, the fact of his being now in a lunatic asylum, with but slender hopes of ultimate recovery, is undoubted. It is also true that, owing to unsuccessful enterprises which led to his recent appearance before the Bankruptcy Court in Paris, he and those dependent on him are left wholly without resources. Under these circumstances a subscription has been set on foot by the friends of M. Jullien, to which the English public will doubtless be glad to contribute, in testimony of their appreciation of services long and zealously rendered. For upwards of 20 years the concerts of M. Jullien have afforded gratification to thousands upon thousands of persons; and it was not his least claim to notice that, in providing for the amusement of his patrons, he also contrived to improve and elevate their taste, and thus—while establishing an essentially popular entertainment—to aid in the great work of art-progress.—*Times*.

"SUMMER is icumen," as Mr. William Chappell might say, and Summer and Italian Opera in this country come together. No sooner had Mr. E. T. Smith issued his preliminary programme than the snow which had fallen a few days previously, melted, and with Mr. Gye's announcement that the Royal Italian Opera would open on the 10th of April, there was a further change in the weather, the barometer indicated "set fair," and a swallow made his appearance in the Green Park. By the time the rival managers have published their prospectuses the trees, already blooming in gardens with southern aspects, will have put forth ther leaves, and simultaneously with the first rehearsals the birds in the neighbourhood of London will begin to sing. Indeed, although we are in the middle of Lent, a few rural concerts have already taken place. We assisted at one, only a few days since, in the vicinity of Turnham-green, and were much struck by the performances of some of the rising vocalists. The youthful soprani have voices full of flexibility, and we noticed a linnet who excelled in the ornamental style. This was a morning concert, and before the general performance commenced, a lark, apparently the tenor of the *troupe*, made his appearance, and went through a very difficult solo with remarkable ease, and executed some passages in *altissimo* which quite surprised us. Neither Giuglini nor Mario, nor Mongini nor Tamberlik could go so high. In engaging tenors the rule appears to be that the higher they go the higher the manager must go in offering them terms; and we could not help reflecting what an enormous salary this lark might command if an operatic aviary or rather an aval opera were to be founded. At one time he attained such a height that we almost fancied he was never coming down again, and we thought how largely a director would have

to come down if anxious to retain the services of such a vocalist. We waited for the cadenza of our tenor, who had a fluttering tremulous voice, reminding us occasionally of Tamberlik, but need only say that it was performed in the well-known style peculiar to the lark.

A party of young linnets, who had wandered from the maternal nest, sang a part-song, and were afterwards recalled.

Besides the linnets and the larks, who had a large field for display, several thrushes were heard to advantage in a neighbouring grove; but they exhibited even more than the usual nervousness incident to a first appearance, and as if suspecting that we were present in a critical capacity, took to flight as we approached, and could not be prevailed upon to re-appear. This final allegro movement was scarcely worthy of them, but the cantabile passages by which it was preceded were given in the best taste.

Blackbirds appear to be the baritones and basses of the air, and we have remarked more than one who, as much as by the fulness of his voice as by the rotundity of his person, recalls poor old Lablache.

The bullfinches can only be classed as second tenors, but some are of no mean flight, and are determined, if possible, to soar in the highest regions of their profession.

These "ancient concerts," as they may be called—for are they not the oldest in the world?—are very interesting, and form tolerable substitutes for the before-Easter performances that used formerly to take place at the Opera. Unfortunately it is very difficult just now to get a seat at any of them, in consequence of the dampness of the grass. Nor, while we have excellent concerts of true music, must it be imagined that we are without "miscellaneous" musical entertainments at Turnham Green, for in one of our ponds there is an unusually fine collection of frogs.

With regard to the kind of music executed by our rural and aerial vocalists, we need only say that it has hitherto been chiefly of an amorous character. *Romeo e Giuletta* has been a good deal performed, and, at night, serenading is occasionally heard.

Philomela, however, our most distinguished *prima donna*, has not yet arrived, and is not expected until the middle of June. Let us hope that she will be accompanied, if not preceded, by Mdlle. Titiens.

WHILE Panurge, having taken a short trip by the third-class of the South Western train, was recreating himself by a stroll through the quadrangles of Eton College, he was not a little surprised to see that old humbug, Epistemon, standing by the mysterious door that shuts from profane eyes those birchen implements whereby Etonians are impelled, willy nilly, into the paths of sound learning. Epistemon was absorbed in grave discourse with a subaltern official of the college, who, after sundry coughs and shakes of the head, unlocked the tremendous portal, and drew thereout a wondrously constructed rod, which, in exchange for sixpence, he placed in the pedant's hand.

Epistemon, tucking his valuable purchase under his arm, was quitting the Etonian precincts with a step blither than usual, when to his surprise he was thus accosted by Panurge, whom he had supposed to be in London, safely lodged in the coffee-room of the "Edinburgh Castle," or in the station-house, or in one of the snug apartments in Fetter-lane, or in some other place of metropolitan recreation and repose:

"Quid agis, dulcissime rerum? What art doing, most detestable of mankind? Art thou, by the profligate waste of thy miserable sixpence, attempting to demonstrate anew the speediness of the parting that proverbially takes place between the fool and his cash?"

"A truce to thy gibes," said Epistemon, "since it is for thy profit and instruction I have expended my substance on this potent talisman. Truly, I am glad thou hast come down, for I can now try the effects of the charm here, instead of bearing it with me all the way to London."

"With what dost thou charge me, most superficial of smatterers, that thou darest to menace me with thy pedagogic weapons?" asked Panurge, with exceeding wrath.

"Read that!" said Epistemon, and he drew from his pocket the last number of the *Musical World*, and pointed to the report of the delectable discussion held by Pantagruel and Panurge. "Read that, thou 'Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens'—the gods whom thou most insultest being Apollo and his Muses."

To these words, which were uttered on the way towards Windsor, Panurge answered not a syllable, but he kept his eye fixed on the *Musical World*, looking exceeding crest-fallen and humiliated, while Epistemon continued his objurgations.

"Faith, here's a pretty smashing of Priscian's head—here is a rich harvest of solecism—here's a joyous infraction of every metrical law—here is a falsity of concord, that would delight the god Mavors. A choice companion thou wert to grin and shake thy sides when the classical writer of the *Entr'acts*, in the plentitude of his righteous indignation, exclaimed 'Qui bono,' instead of 'Cui?' Thou must sneer, forsooth, when the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* said 'Quoniam tandem, abutere, Gladstone, patientiam nostram,' as if thine own Latinity smacked so much of the Golden Age. Truly, thy pleasantries might rouse even Cato to merriment."

> "O rem ridiculam, Cato, et joccsam,
> Dignamque auribus et tuo cachinno!"

By the time they had reached this part of the discourse, they had ascended the broad staircase of the "Castle" Inn, and entered one of the best rooms, where Pantagruel lay asleep on a sofa, snoring most musically. Panurge first unlocked his jaws by ordering the waiter to bring him up a large glass of brandy and water, and set it down to Pantagruel's account. This he emptied at a single draught, and then he proceeded thus:—

"I see thy drift, great Epistemon—thou meanest that 'Cymbæ' and 'Bandusiæ' are both spelled erroneously, with the Œ diphthong instead of the Æ. Now that, I contend, is the fault of the reporter—doubtless the heavy-looking man who devoured kidnies at the end of the room—seeing that the combinations are both pronounced alike, I will claim a like indulgence for the 'vertet,' which is wrongly put for 'vertit,' for when one is in the tempest and fury of passio1, one is not careful as to the vocalisation of short syllables terminating with a consonant."

"I suppose I must concede so far," murmured Epistemon. "But what sayest thou to that delicious concord, 'Sors exiture'?"

"Still the fault of the reporter," said Panurge, with marvellous assurance. "Thou knowest that when I quote Latin verse, I speak it not in the manner of prose, as many others, but I regard the laws of metre, mine ears having been trained by the melodious numbers of Fitzball. I know as well as thou that the word ought to be 'exitura,' but

thou wilt understand that I cut off the final 'a' altogether, out of regard to the following vowel. Thereby I made use of the Synalœpha"—["Synalœpha be ——" muttered Epistemon]—"complying with the precept of the great poet, who wrote the Westminster prosody:—

'Vocalem Synalœpha delet truncare, sequatur
Si socia, aut h!——

If the reporter, muddle-pated by the dyspepsia arising from his too liberal consumption of kidnies, supplied my gap with the wrong vowel, the transgression was clearly his, not mine. So, all being satisfactorily explained," added Panurge, hilariously, as he slipped the *Musical World* into his pocket, "let us order another glass of brandy-and-water at the expense of Pantagruel, whom, I rejoice to see, we have not awakened, and then let us discourse of something else."

"Oh, monstrous!" ejaculated Epistemon. "I thought thy ignorance more stupendous than anything in the world, but I find that it is as nothing compared to thy truly colossal craft and assurance. Reproduce that valuable journal from that sink of iniquity, thy pocket: firstly, because it is my property; secondly, because the worst blunder of all has been left unnoticed. I willingly admitted thy plea in the case of the diphthongs, less willingly thy defence of 'vertet,' most unwillingly thy reference to the synalœpha; but what say'st thou to 'splendidis vitro,' when there is not a call-boy of the Royal Effingham Saloon who does not know that the word should be 'splendidior'—or—or ——? Clap not this revolting blunder on the broad back of that much-suffering reporter, whom thou so readily wouldst make the scape-goat of thy crass ignorance. Truly if he suffered from dyspepsia, it was not the kidney, but thine execrable Latinity which he was unable to digest. If thou hadst quoted scanning-wise, as thou pretendest, thy raven voice would have come down strongly on that final syllable 'or'—aye, with an *aplomb* like that of Lydia Thompson in the Sailor's Hornpipe, so that the ears of the veriest ass could not have taken it for an 'a.'"

"Well," said Panurge, "that I confess was a slip."

"Slip, indeed!" echoed Epistemon. "Rather say a fall into the lowest depths of Tartarus. Thou trained by Fitzball, forsooth! Thank thy stars that great lyrist did not hear thee, for if he had, he would have lashed thee soundly with a severe epigram after this fashion:—

'Defective lines I cannot bear,
For when the heart's oppressed with care,
It longs for something smooth and neat,
Which readers happiness complete.'

Also I should have preferred *Bland*usiæ to *Ban*dusiæ."

"Now, at last, do I snap my fingers at thee, "replied Panurge" with all the contempt thou so richly deservest. There is, I know, such a reading as Blandusiæ, but Bandusiæ is to be found in admirable texts, and why should'st thou so greatly affect the 'Bland' rather than the 'Band?' Has thy heart been more than usually exhilarated by the light comedy of Mr. Harcourt Bland, of the Princess's, or is thy brain strongly impressed with the image of Louis XV., as played by Mr. James Bland, at the Strand, with a portentous beard, that thou art pertinaciously set upon the more unusual reading? Truly thy learning is but superficial, after all, and I will henceforth call thee Joseph Surface"—

These last words seemed to have a magical effect on the sleeping Pantagruel, who with a mildly benignant face, softly murmured forth in his slumbers: "Joseph Surface—grand and dignified form—Charles Surface, solemn monument of the past. Ye veritable Dioscuri. Grave are ye all, from Sir Peter down to Snake. I am Pericles, and when I took the affairs of Athens into my hands, I swore that I would not again smile, and I thank ye, gentlemen, that, by your performance of the *School for Scandal*, you do not tempt me to break my oath. I will venture to say, that when the *Adelphi* of Terence was produced in honour of the funeral of Paulus Æmilius, it was acted much in this style. But what is this—*Forty Thieves!* Oh, how droll is Talfourd—how truly comic is Byron—how glibly flew the quips from the lips of Buckingham—Robert Brough, whether as author or actor, thou art a prince of burlesquers—ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho! Oh, I am Pericles, and I have broken my vow, and the Eumenides are lashing me about like this—like this—"

And so saying, he jumped off the sofa, snatched up the rod which Epistemon had laid upon the table, and with it chased both him and Panurge round the room, lashing them with such vigour, that, forgetful of minor differences, they howled together in the most perfect unison. Having sufficiently exercised his muscles by this notable feat, Pantagruel sank once more upon the sofa, and was again wrapped in slumber, while, with eyes and mouth opened to their full extent, Epistemon and Panurge gazed upon each other.

SPOHR'S LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(From Alexander Muliebran's *Louis Spohr. Sein Leben und Wirken. Frankfurt-am-Main. J. D. Sauerland's Verlag.* 1860).

II.

Paris, 31*st December*, 1820.

A very agreeable fortnight has elapsed, since my first letter was despatched, and we have heard and seen much that is beautiful since then; but, for the present, I must content myself with writing to you only about what is more immediately connected with my art. I have now made my *début* before artists and *dilettanti*, connoisseurs and laymen, as violinist and composer—first at Herz Baudiot's, first violoncello of the Royal chapel; the next day at Kreutzer's; and then at three parties. On the first two occasions, hardly any persons but artists were present: at Kreutzer's especially there were nearly all the distinguished composers and fiddlers of Paris. I gave several of my quartets and quintets, and, on the second day, my *nonetto*. The composers paid me a great many compliments on my compositions, and the fiddlers on my play. Of the latter, Viotti, both the Kreutzers, Baillot, Lafont, Habeneck, Fontaine, Guérin, and many others, whose names are not so well-known in Germany, were present; so you perceive that it was a grand occasion, and that I had to exert myself to the utmost, to do honour to my countrymen. The parts for the wind instruments in my *nonetto* were played by the five artists, of whose masterly execution of Reiche's quintets you must often have read in the accounts from Paris. I had the pleasure of hearing them play two of these quintets, but shall defer writing to you in detail about them, till I am acquainted with more of them. At the unanimous request of the artists present, we were obliged to repeat my *nonetto* the same evening; and if my fellow performers had surprised me the first time by the readiness with which they played this difficult piece of music *a prima vista*, they satisfied me far more when the piece was repeated, by entering into and rendering its spirit. The young pianist, Herz, of whom, also, you must have read in the musical chit-chat of Paris, played twice in the course of the evening—first variations of

his own on a theme from *Die Schweizerfamilie*, and then Moscheles' well known variations on the *Alexander March*. The extraordinary manual skill of this young man is astonishing; but in his case, as well as in that of all the young artists here whom I have as yet heard, technical culture seems to have preceded mental cultivation; he would otherwise have given something more sterling than these break-neck tricky things, in a society where none but professionals were present. It is, however, a striking fact that all here, old and young, endeavour to distinguish themselves only by mechanical dexterity; and people in whom, perhaps, there are the germs of something better, devote all their powers, for whole years, to practising a single piece of music, which, as such, frequently does not possess the slightest value, in order to perform it in public; that, by such a course, the mind must be killed, and that such people can become nothing much better than musical automata, is easily conceivable. The consequence is that you seldom or never hear a serious sterling piece of music, such as a quartet or quintet of our great masters for instance; every one rides his own hobby; there is nothing but *Airs variés*, *Rondos favoris*, *Nocturnes*, and such like trifles, while the singers give you only romances and little duets; and, however incorrect and insipid all these things are, they never miss producing their effect, provided only they are rendered smoothly and sweetly. Poor in such pretty nothings, I come second best off with my serious German music, and in such musical parties I feel, not unfrequently, like a man speaking to people who do not understand his language; for though I often hear the praise which is awarded, by some one or other of the audience to my play, extended to the composition, I cannot be proud of it, since, immediately afterwards, the same eulogiums are bestowed on the most trivial things. I blush at being praised by such connoisseurs. It is exactly the same in the theatres; the great mass, who set the fashion, are completely unable to distinguish the worst from the best; they hear *Le Jugement de Midas*, with the same ecstasy as *Les Deux Journées*, or *Joseph*. One does not require to be here long, to come over to the often expressed opinion that the French are an unmusical people. Even the artists here think so, and frequently reply, when I speak of Germany in relation to this point, "Ay, music is loved and understood there, but not here." This explains how, in Paris, good music may be unsuccessful when connected with a bad piece, and wretched music prove a great triumph when united to a good piece. This fact has deprived me of all desire to write for any of the theatres here, as I formerly wished to do; for, apart from the fact that, as a young composer, I should have to begin again, since, with the exception of a few things for the violin, my compositions are little or not at all known here, and, furthermore, apart from the fact that I should have to battle my way through a thousand cabals, which would be doubly formidable, on account of my being a foreigner, before I could get my work produced—I should, after all, though conscious of having written good music, not be certain of the result, which, as I have already said, depends here almost entirely upon the book. This is evident from the criticisms in the papers on new operas, where the writer speaks for pages about the libretto, while the music is merely mentioned casually in a few words. Were it not so lucrative to write for the theatres here, it is long since any good composer would have devoted himself to the task. On account, however, of the large sum an opera, if successful, brings in a man for his lifetime, new works are produced nearly every day; poet and composer are thinking incessantly of new effects; but, meanwhile, they do not neglect to work the public, by means of the papers, for months, to provide, on the evening of representation, a due number of *claqueurs* in the pit, in order, by all this preparation, to secure for their work a brilliant reception, and, by frequent performances of it, to obtain, in the end, rich profits. Were only half as much to be gained by an opera in Germany, we should soon be as rich in distinguished composers for the stage as we now are in instrumental composers, and it would no longer be necessary to transplant to our stage foreign productions, frequently so unworthy the artistic education of Germans.

That, after a stay of three weeks, we have visited each of the theatres repeatedly, is a matter of course. I am doubly glad of this, since, on account of the increase of my acquaintances, my engagements for the days and evenings have so accumulated, that we should be able to dedicate very few evenings in the course of the next fortnight to the theatre. I do not write anything about the Théâtre-Français, the Odéon, and the four small theatres, because they offer nothing remarkable in a musical sense. In the first two, you hear only *Entr'actes*, and in the two others scarcely any thing but vaudevilles. That pieces of this kind (which, thanks to Apollo and the Muses, have as yet been transplanted to no other country) are here so exceedingly popular, that four theatres play them almost exclusively, proves most convincingly that the French are unmusical; for the sacred art cannot be abused more shamefully than in these songs, which are neither sung nor spoken, but blurted out in intervals, diametrically opposed to the melody marked down, and to the accompanying harmony. All Frenchmen of taste, though, agree in saying that these vaudevilles, formerly given at one theatre only, smother, by their extension, the feeling for true music more and more, and thus exert a highly injurious effect on artistic progress. We have visited each of these theatres once, in order to see the celebrated comic actors, Brunet, Pothier, and Perlet, but we shall not, I think, make up our minds to pay a second visit, since the enjoyment these artists cause, by their wit and inexhaustible humour, is too dearly purchased by hearing such bad music. A thing which I found very remarkable in these theatres was the skill with which the bands manage to follow the singer, who does not pay the slightest attention to the tune, or the value of the notes. But this is their greatest merit; in other respects, they are but middling. We have, however, been to the Italian Theatre several times, and had many an artistic treat there. Yesterday we at last heard *Don Juan*, after it had been allowed to lay by for rather a long time. The house was crammed, as at the previous performances, hundreds being unable to find places, even half an hour before the opera began. I was inclined to think the Parisians had, at length, comprehended the classic excellence of the work, and thronged, in continually increasing crowds, to enjoy it; but I soon relinquished this opinion, on perceiving that the most magnificent pieces in the opera, the first duet, the quartet, the grand septet, and many others, passed over without producing any effect on the audience, while only two pieces were greeted with tumultuous applause, which, however, was intended more for the singers than for the composer. These two pieces, which were asked for *da capo* on each occasion, were the duet between Don Juan and Zerline: "Reich mir die Hand, mein Leben," and the aria of Don Juan, "Treibt der Champagner," the first—because Herr Garcia wants depth—transposed to B flat, and the latter

actually a tone higher, to C. Mad. Mainville-Fodor, who, no doubt was well aware that Zerline's pieces would please the Parisians more than anything else in the opera, very wisely chose this part, and the result shows that she calculated correctly. What does it matter to her that the opera is cast most faultily, if she is only greeted with tumultuous applause! This, however, the connoisseur can only allow her to merit by forgetting that she plays the part of a peasant girl, and by entirely renouncing all truth of pourtrayal, for she decks out the simple strains of her part with a number of high-trotting ornaments, which, however magnificently she executes them, are here doubly exceptionable, firstly, because they are altogether out of place in Mozart's music, and secondly, because they do not agree with the character of her part. If we leave these out of consideration, it certainly is an unusual treat to hear this part, which, in Germany, is generally given to the third lady, sung here by the first, and one, moreover, so distinguished. Herr Garcia, as Don Juan, gave us too much of a good thing. Whenever he can, by any means, manage it, he is ready with some ornament an ell long. Such ornamentation is most out of place in the serenade, where the figured mandolin accompaniment forbids even the simplest. In spite of this, however, he runs about in the wildest fashion, and, in order to do so, has the *tempo* taken very slowly. To make up for this, however, he sings his air, "Treibt der Champagner" incomparably, and I confess I never heard it so well given. The fluent Italian language is, however, of great service to him, and instead of his breath failing him, as it generally does our German singers, his strength goes on increasing to the very end.

The other parts were, on the whole, well cast; at any rate, none were badly so; and it must be thankfully allowed that every one exerts himself to the utmost to do honour to the work. We may, too, be very well satisfied with the performance, if we only forget what we have a right to expect from such a distinguished body of artists. Thus much, however, soon becomes evident to a German, namely, that these singers, who give modern Italian music, especially Rossini's, with the greatest perfection, cannot execute Mozart's with the same degree of excellence—it is of too different a sort. The effeminate, sweet style, quite in keeping with the former, weakens too much the energetic character, which is more peculiar to *Don Juan* than to any other of Mozart's operas.

The orchestra, which the Parisians always call the first in the world, displayed, at any rate, some few weak points this evening. In the first place, the wind instruments were twice most strikingly deficient, and, secondly, the whole body was so unsteady, several times, that the conductor was obliged to have recourse to beating time. I am now still more strengthened in my conviction that a theatrical orchestra, however excellent, should not, on account of the great distance between the two ends, be conducted otherwise than by beating time, and that it is not advisable for the conductor himself to play, not even when, as Herr Grasset did, he continually marks the time by the movements of his body and by his violin. The orchestra is, however, justly celebrated for the discretion with which it accompanies the singers, and might, in this respect, serve as a model for all the other Parisian orchestras, as well as for many German ones.

The chorus, also, is admirable, and produced an especially strong and magnificent effect in the concluding allegro of the first finale. But why was this allegro, here too, as in most other places, taken with such immoderate quickness! Do conductors never reflect that they only impair instead of increasing its strength, and that the triplet-figures of the violins, which are intended to give life and movement to the broad masses, can no longer, with such frantically rapid time, be brought out distinctly and vigorously, so that all the public at last hears consists merely of skeleton-like outlines, without anything to fill them up, instead of the living whole?

When any one hears the effect of so magnificent a piece of music lessened by a false *tempo*, he must again feel an earnest wish that, at length, the marking of the *tempi* should be universally determined in Malzel's or Weber's manner (or, still better, in both). It is true that the conductors would then be obliged to conform conscientiously to this plan, and not, as they do at present, unreservedly follow their own feeling.

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(*Continued from page* 113, *Vol.* 38.)

74.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, July 21*st*, 1770.

We congratulate you on your *fête* day, wishing you good health, and before all the grace of God. It is the one thing necessary, all the others are added blessings. We have been to hear a mass performed at Civita-Castellana, after which Wolfgang played on the organ. On the 16th we went to Loretto, I bought several relics there; amongst others a splinter of the true Cross. We saw the fair at Sinigaglia; yesterday we came here. We left Rome on the 10th; the Count Pallavicini has offered us here all that we wanted. I accepted the offer of his carriage. If Wolfgang continues to grow as he does, he will be very tall.

P.S. of Wolfgang.—I congratulate my dear mother on her *fête-day*, and hope she may live a hundred years. It is what I pray God for every day, and what I shall continue to ask for her and for my sister in my prayers. I can only offer my mother the bells, the wax candles, the caps and the ribbons, that we bought at Loretto, and which we will bring her. Meanwhile I remain her faithful child.

~~La vi augura d' cuore vi dia compimento e vi lasci vivere cent anni, e vi fanno mentre quanch avrete mille anni.~~ Spero che ovi imparerete meglio conoscermi in avvenire e che poi ne giudicherete come ch 'egli vi piace. Il tempo non mi permetto di scriver molte la penna non vale un corno, ne pure quello che la dirigge. Il titolo dell' opera che ho da componere a Milano non si sa anchora.

I have just received as a present from our hostess at Rome, the "Thousand and One Nights," in Italian; they are very amusing tales to read.

75.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, July 28*th*, 1770.

My leg has not got quite well yet; this accident will cost us 13 ducats. It is not very gay work being ill while at an inn; if I had made 1000 ducats at Naples I could easily console myself for the expense of my illness. However we have always something in hand, and with that, thank God, we live happily.

Yesterday we received the libretto, and the names of those who compose the Opera company. The title of the opera is, *Mitridate re di Ponto*, and it is written by a poet of Turin, Vittorio Amedeo Cigua Santi by name. The opera was performed in 1767. The dramatis personæ are:—

Mitridate, King of Pontus, Signor Gulielmo d' Ettore, tenor.

Aspasia, betrothed to Mithridate, Signora Antonia Bernasconi, prima donna.

Tipare, Son of the King, in love with Aspasia, Signor Santorini, first soprano, (who played in the last Carnival at Turin.)

Farnace, eldest Son of Mithridate, in love with Aspasia, Signor Cicognani.

Ismene, Daughter of the King of Parti, in love with Farnace, second prima donna, the Signora Varese.

Arbate, Governor of Mijea soprano.

Magio, Roman Tribune, tenor.

We heard Sartonini sing at Rome, we already know La Bernasconi, and Cicognani is also our friend.

The two portraits have pleased us very much, but one must not look too closely at them, for a pastel is not a miniature. They are rather too highly coloured, but they lose this looking at them from a distance; and we are satisfied and that is enough.

P.S. of Wolfgang.—Cara Sorella mio, Io vi devo confessare che ho un grandissimo piacere che vi avete mandat i minuetti i quali mi piaccio in molto.

76.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, August 4th, 1770.

I shall be surprised if my illness costs me less than 20 ducats, if it is even as little. With the help of God, if one keeps one's health let the devil take the money! Mislinetscheck* who has just paid us a visit, has the first opera for the Carnival of 1772, to do at Milan.

P.S. of Wolfgang.—I am truly sorry for poor Martha, who still continues ill, and I pray every day for her return to health; tell her from me not to agitate herself, and to eat a great many salt things. *Apropos!* Have you given my letter to Robini? You have said nothing about it; when you see him tell him he has quite forgotten me. I cannot write better than this, as my pen is made for making notes, not for letters. I have got fresh strings to my violin, and I play every day. I only tell you this because my mother wished to know if I still played on the violin. I have had the honour of going alone at least six times to different churches, and assisting in some magnificent ceremonies. Meanwhile I have already composed four Italian symphonies, besides five or six songs, and a motet.

Does your M. *Balordo* come often? and does he still honour you with his interesting *discourses*? and Monsieur Charles Noble, of Vogt, does he still condescend to listen to your insupportable voices? Tell Mr. Schidenhofen to help him often to compose minuets, or else he shall have no more bons-bons. My duty would be, if I had time, to inflict on MM. de Mœlle and Schidenhofen a letter, but I have not a minute to spare. I pray them then to excuse me, and reserve myself the honour for another time. My sole amusement consists in the somersaults I permit myself from time to time. Italy is a country for making one sleep, and one always feels sleepy in it.

* Composer born near Prague, in 1737, and that the Italians called *Il Boemo*. He died in Rome in 1781, after having struggled against poverty a long time. He only received from his operas 50 to 60 sequins, that is about 16 pounds.

(*To be Continued.*)

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JULLIEN FUND.—A severe illness, ending in mental aberration, has rendered it necessary to place M. Jullien in a lunatic asylum, as the only chance of his ultimate recovery. For some years—through causes not unknown to the public—M. Jullien's affairs have been in a hopeless state, and very recently he was compelled to appear before the Bankruptcy Court in Paris. Having obtained his certificate, M. Jullien was about to institute, with the countenance and support of several influential persons, a series of musical performances on the Continent previous to his return to this country. The first concert was to take place on the 10th inst., all the preparations having been made, but the excitement attendant on his arduous duties in superintending them, combined with a keen sense of his recent misfortunes, brought on a state of anxiety which led to M. Jullien's present unhappy condition. Under these circumstances M. Jullien and those dependent on him are left destitute. With a view of raising such a sum as may provide for his maintenance in the asylum, and secure a modest provision for his family, an APPEAL is made to the generosity of the British public, to whose amusements M. Jullien has diligently and faithfully administered for upwards of twenty years. Honorary Treasurers—Messrs. John Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; Thomas Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; W. R. Sams, 1, St. James's-street. Bankers—Messrs. Coutts, Strand; Heywood, Kennards, and Co., Lombard-street; London and County Bank, Hanover-square; who as well as the Honorary Treasurers, have kindly consented to receive subscriptions.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The Public is respectfully informed that this establishment will open for the season, on Tuesday, April 10th.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.—The Lessee and Director, having completed arrangements which enable him to make the announcement under peculiarly favourable circumstances, has the gratification to acquaint the nobility, gentry, and public, that Her Majesty's Theatre will Open for the Season on the 10th of April next. Her Majesty's Theatre has been for more than a century recognized as the first Lyric Theatre in Europe. With this magnificent establishment are intimately associated all the splendours and glories of Italian Opera. The history of Her Majesty's Theatre is identified with the progress of music in this country, and its name is made memorable by the special patronage of Royalty. Its spacious and noble area, its peculiarity of construction—which renders it the finest theatre in the world for sound—its perfect adaptation for the purposes of music, and, more than all, its locality in the most fashionable and easily-accessible part of the metropolis, point to it as the temple of high-art entertainment best adapted to the taste and accommodation of the Court and the aristocracy. In short, no other Opera-house in existence can boast of equal advantages, in convenience of site, fitness and commodiousness of construction, and elegance of appearance. During his previous seasons at Drury Lane Theatre, the Director received from the nobility and subscribers a gratifying recognition of his endeavours to place before them, under the most adverse circumstances, the best works, supported by the best available talent. Nor did the fidelity with which he adhered to the programmes, and, still more, the liberality shown in exceeding the promises contained therein, pass unnoticed. The experience of last year, however, has led him to appreciate the serious objections to the establishment of an Italian Opera in any situation separated from the West-end, and not accessible by easy approaches. To ensure success to his new management, a removal from Drury-lane to the Haymarket was imperatively necessitated. The untoward circumstances which have precluded the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre need not be alluded to in this place. It is enough to say that steps have been taken to place the Italian Opera on a permanent footing in its appropriate home, and with such complete arrangements in every department, as to lead to a confident hope that "Her Majesty's" will be restored to its ancient splendour and prestige. The lessee is deeply impressed with the responsibilities of his new undertaking. He feels that he has made himself answerable to all his patrons for the production of every work at Her Majesty's Theatre in a style of completeness and excellence worthy of their support. As an assurance that due exertion will not be wanting to arrive at this result, he refers only to the list of artists in the programme for the coming season, which will be immediately published. The Director has the greatest satisfaction of announcing that he has been able to retain the invaluable services of Mademoiselle Titiens, now universally acknowledged to be the greatest living dramatic vocalist, and to secure those of Madame Alboni, the unrivalled queen of song; also Madame Borghi Mamo, of the Grand-Opéra and the Theatre Imperial Italian, Paris, who will make her first appearance in this country. In making engagements for the orchestra, the greatest care has been taken to secure thorough efficiency in every department. The direction has been confided to Signor Arditi and M. Benedict. To Her Majesty's Theatre belong the most brilliant reminiscences of the ballet, which department will be complete in every respect, comprising artists of reputation. Among the engagements already concluded, may be mentioned Madlle. Pocchini, Madlle. Ferraris, and Madlle. Oucchi (of the Imperial Opera, Vienna), who will make her first appearance. Considerable alterations and improvements will be made in Her Majesty's Theatre, to conduce to the comfort and satisfaction of the subscribers and the public. The crush room and entrances will be rendered commodious and elegant, a perfect system of ventilation will be adopted, and every care be taken to insure the accommodation of the audience. With a répertoire so extensive and attractive as that of Her Majesty's Theatre, an assemblage of talent so remarkable, and with so magnificent a theatre, in every way peculiarly adapted to the various performances, the Director confidently looks to the nobility and the public for support. To fulfil the conditions entailed in carrying on so vast an establishment, requires more than common energies and common resources; and it is only by liberal assistance from the patrons of art, among the aristocracy and the public, that any good result can follow. While no labour, effort, or expense will be spared to render the performance of the highest excellence, the Lessee expects to receive that powerful aid, without which art, in its delicate and expressive form, cannot prosper. The conservation of Italian Opera in its proper temple rests more particularly with the exclusive classes; and the Director trusts that he shall obtain, as he shall earnestly endeavour to merit, their liberal patronage and assistance. Such assistance has been afforded to him on another occasion. May he not, without presumption, anticipate its extension to him in the present loftier and more onerous enterprise? The Director has ventured to speak thus openly, thinking it just and necessary to assert his full comprehension of the various and arduous duties and responsibilities which must devolve on the Manager of Her Majesty's Theatre. The Box-office of the Theatre is open daily for subscribers under the management of Mr. Nugent.

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Duet, "The Swiss Maidens" .. .. Holmes.
The Misses Brougham.

Song, "Margaretta" .. .. Balfe.
Mr. Sims Reeves.

Glee, "Maying" .. .. Muller.
Quartet Glee Union.

Song, "Where Trembling Lotus Flowers Lie" .. .. .. H. Bodor.
Miss Louise Keeley.

Song, "Tom Tough" .. .. Dibdin.
Mr. Ransford.

Song, "The Last Rose of Summer" .. .. Moore.
Madame Catherine Hayes.

Cavatina, "Away to the Fairies' Well" .. .. E. Land.
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Miss Laura Baxter.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE SIXTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 26th, 1860.

THE INSTRUMENTAL PIECES BY
BEETHOVEN.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

GRAND SEPTET, in E flat major, Op. 20 .. .. .. Beethoven.
For Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contra Bass.
Herr Becker, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. C. Harper, Mr. Chipshalm, Mr. Severs, and Signor Piatti.
(By unanimous desire.)

SONG.
SONG.
SONATA, in E major, Op. 109, for Pianoforte Solo .. Beethoven.
(First time.)
Miss Arabella Goddard.

PART II.

TRIO, in E flat, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello.. .. Beethoven.
(First time.)
Herr Becker, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.

SONG.
SONG.
GRAND SONATA, in A (Op. 47), for Pianoforte and Violin, dedicated to Kreutzer .. .. Beethoven.
Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Becker.

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison, and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, Carter, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent-street; Brooks, 24, Old Cavendish-street; Braidbury's London Crystal Palace, Oxford-street; Duff and Co., 65, Oxford-street; Prowse, Hanway-street; Wylde, Great Hall, Hungerford Market; Chidley, 195, High Holborn; Purday, 50, St. Paul's Church-yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Turner, 19, Cornhill; Cocks and Co., 6, Finsbury-place, south; Humfress, 4, Old Church, street, Paddington-green; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, and Willis, Bond-street; and Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On Wednesday evening next, March 28th, the Vocal Association (President, the Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley). Conductors—Mr. Benedict and Mr. C. E. Horsley. Artist:—Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Fanny Rowland: pianoforte, Miss Eleanor Ward; violin, Mons. Sainton. Madrigals and part songs by the choir, under the direction of M. Benedict. Tickets, 1s., 2s., and 5s. each, at the Hall. Commence at 8, terminate 10·15.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mis JULIA WOOLF'S new Concertante Duett for piano and violin will be performed for the first time by her and Herr Greebe, at the above Hall, on Monday evening next.

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2. "Ever linked from early childhood."
3. "Oh, thou that wert of life the source."

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Don't come teasing me, Sir, by Hatton	2	6
Sweetheart, by Balfe	2	0
Bird of Song, by Hatton	2	0
Thou art so near, by Reichardt ..	3	0
O live, or let me die, by Meyerbeer	2	0
Sister Mary, by Meyerbeer ..	2	0
It was fifty years ago, by Hatton	2	0
Why don't he tell me so? by Berger	2	0
Swifter than the swallow's flight, by Berger	2	0
When you and I were young, by Allen	2	0
O tender shadow, by Meyerbeer..	3	0
Margaretta, by Balfe	30	
The maid I love hath many a grace, by Hatton	2	0
You chide me for loving, by Berger	2	0
The Quadroon girl, by Balfe ..	2	6
The song of love and death, by Balfe	2	0
Sweet Katie, by Calcott	2	0
Magenta, by Balfe	2	0

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MONDAY, March 19th.

GRAND VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT for the BENEFIT of a LITERARY GENTLEMAN, long suffering from severe illness.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Duet, "Tell me, Gentle Stranger" .. .. Parry.
Mr. and Miss Ransford.

Song, "Dear, Delightful Dancing" .. .. Montgomery.
Miss Louise Keeley.
Composed expressly for her.

Song, "The Red-Cross Banner" .. .. Nelson.
Mr. George Tedder.

Song, "Gentle Troubadour" .. .. Wallace.
Miss Emily Jenns.

Romantic Ballad, "The Two Castles" .. .. S. Lover.
Mme. Catherine Hayes.
Written and composed for her.

Solo, Violin, "Saltarella" .. .. Molique.
Herr Molique, accompanied by Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

Duet, "The Swiss Maidens" .. .. Holmes.
The Misses Bredgham.

Song, "Margaretta" .. .. Balfe.
Mr. Sims Reeves.

Glee, "Maying" .. .. Muller.
Quartet Glee Union.

Song, "Where Trembling Lotus Flowers Lie" .. .. .. H. Beder.
Miss Louise Keeley.

Song, "Tom Tough" .. .. Dibdin.
Mr. Ransford.

Song, "The Last Rose of Summer" .. .. Moore.
Madame Catherine Hayes.

Cavatina, "Away to the Fairies' Well" .. .. H. Land.
Miss Ransford.

Grand Duet for Two Pianofortes, "Les Huguenots" .. .. G. Osborne.
Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper.

Mr. ALBERT SMITH has kindly consented to appear in the course of the evening.

PART II.

Glee, "The Soldier's Love" .. .. Kuhlau.
Quartet Glee Union.

Song, "The Young Volunteer" .. .. Vianesi.
Miss Stabbach.
Composed expressly for her.

Song, "Under the Greenwood Tree" .. .. Hatton.
Mr. Sims Reeves.

Solo, Violoncello, Fantasia.. .. .. Piatti.
Signor Piatti.

Ballad, "Home, Sweet Home" .. .. H. Bishop.
Miss Laura Baxter.

Song, "Ah, si, ben mio" .. .. Verdi.
Mr. George Perren.

New Ballad, "Clarine" .. .. L. Williams.
Miss Lascelles.

Song, "The Thorn" .. .. Shield.
Mr. George Tedder.

Song, "Shadow Song" .. .. Meyerbeer.
Mdlle. Parepa.

Duet, "Si la stanchezza" .. .. Verdi.
Mr. George Perren and Miss Laura Baxter.

Song, "La Vivandiera .. .. Vianesi.
Miss Stabbach.
Composed expressly for her.

Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED will generously lend their assistance in a short selection from their POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT.

Conductors—Messrs. BENEDICT, LINDSAY SLOPER, and WILHELM GANZ.

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 38.—No. 12. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860. PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

U. R.

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HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
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THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCESSES AND PRINCES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY,
The Most Worshipful the Grand Master of Ireland,
His Grace the DUKE of LEINSTER,
And Several other Distinguished Freemasons;
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EARL of EGLINTON and WINTON,
The LORD BISHOP OF MANCHESTER,
The Right Worshipful the MAYOR OF MANCHESTER,
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His Worship the Mayor of Salford, W. HARVEY, Esq.
SIR FREDERICK GORE OUSELEY, Bart., Director of Music at the University of Oxford.

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Organized in 1848, and developed at THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER, established by him expressly as a Great National Institution to facilitate the Encouragement and Promotion of NATIVE MUSICAL TALENT, and the GENERAL ADVANCEMENT OF MUSIC AMONG THE RISING GENERATION, upon his new and effective system, also as a NORMAL SCHOOL for the training of masters to conduct CONSERVATOIRES OF MUSIC to be established throughout the United Kingdom, for LITTLE CHILDREN, the whole comprising an entirely new scheme of NATIONAL EDUCATION, by blending music with general instruction, so that the study of music shall become a branch of education in the humblest of schools of this country. To illustrate and to rouse an interest in every town and city for these institutions, Dr. Mark travels with a number of his pupils occasionally through the country—giving lectures, and introducing his highly approved and pleasing Musical Entertainment, entitled DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN, who number upwards of Thirty Instrumentalists, and a most Efficient Chorus, the whole forming a most unique and complete Juvenile Orchestra, composed of LITTLE ENGLISH, IRISH, SCOTCH AND WELCH BOYS, FROM FIVE TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE, who play Operatic Selections, Solos, Marches, Quadrilles, Galops, &c., and sing Songs and Choruses in a most effective manner, and to whom Dr. Mark gives a gratuitous General and Musical Education.

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MISS LAURA BAXTER has the honour to announce that her Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will take place, at St. James's Hall, on the 15th of May. Under the immediate patronage of The Marquis of Lansdowne, The Right Honorable The Earl Mount Edgcumbe, The Countess Mount Edgcumbe, The Lady Brownlow, Viscount Valletort, M.P., The Lady Katherine Valletort, &c. Communications respecting the Concert, Lessons, &c., to be addressed to Miss Laura Baxter's residence, 155, Albany-street, Regent's Park, N.W.

MASTER HORTON CLARIDGE ALLISON (Pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes), begs to announce that at the first of his Pianoforte Performances, which will take place at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Tuesday, March 27th, to commence at three o'clock precisely, he will have the honor of playing a selection from the works of the following composers:—S. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Herz. Master H. C. Allison will be assisted by the following eminent artistes. Vocalists: Miss Ransford, Miss Fanny Rowland: Mr. Allan Irving. Instrumentalists: Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. R. Blagrove, Mr. Aylward. Accompanyist, Mr. Hammond. Tickets, for the series, One Guinea; for a single performance, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Master H. C. Allison, 144, Marylebone-road, N.W. All seats reserved. The pianoforte used at the above performances will be by Messrs. Broadwood and Sons.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN'S EVENING CONCERT At the Hanover square Rooms, on Thursday next, March 29th, at Eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists:—Madame Catharine Hayes, Mille. Parepa, Miss Stabbach, Miss Eliza Hughes, and Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Mr Salaman; Violin, Herr Molique and Mr H. G. Blagrove; Viola, Mr. R. Blagrove; Violoncello, Herr Lidel. Accompanyist, Mr. Benedict. Programmes are published. Tickets, 7s. each, with a reserved seat; family ticket, for four persons, one Guinea; of Mr. Salaman, 36, Duke-street, and of the principal music-shops.

MR. MELCHOR WINTER will sing at Miss CHIPPERFIELD'S CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday 26th instant; at Myddelton Hall, Islington, April 17th; and Hanover Square Rooms, April 26th.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—MR. GYE has the honour to announce that the Season will commence on Tuesday, April 10th.

The programme, with full particulars of the arrangements, will be issued in a few days.

MUSICAL UNION.—Members' Tickets are all issued, Changes of residence, nominations of new members, and non-delivery of of tickets to be notified to the Director. Extra copies of RECORDS, with Portrai. of Spohr, and account of Music in Paris, 1859, are just published, 2s. 6d. each. Letters to Cramner's, Chappell's, and Ollivier's, will receive prompt attention addressed to

J. ELLA, Director.

WANTED, in a Large Provincial Musical Establishment. an Assistant to manage the Paper Department. Apply, by letter, to H. L., care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London, W.

MR. RAMSDEN respectfully announces that he will return to Town, for the Season, on the 2nd of April. Communications respecting Engagements, Pupils, &c., to be addressed to Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201, Regent-street, W.

SIGNOR ROMMI, the well-known professor of singing, has returned to London, after a lengthened tour through Italy, France, and Switzerland, quite re-established in health.

MR. DYSON (Tenor), Vocalist, will sing the MESSIAH at Bury St. Edmunds, March 27th; Reading, April 9th, morning and evening; Uxbridge, 10th; Slough, 11th; Windsor, 12th, morning and evening; Maidenhead 13th. Letters to be addressed, 23, Cloisters, Windsor Castle.

MR. MELCHOR WINTER, Tenor. All communications respecting engagements for Oratories, Concerts, and Italian or English opera, to be addressed to his private residence, 17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

MISS MARGARET McALPINE (Contralto), requests that letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Pupils, be addressed to her residence, 63, Burton-crescent, New-road.

MR. TENNANT has returned to town. All communications respecting engagements for himself and Mrs. Tennant to be addressed to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or to their residence, 307, Oxford street, New Bond-street, W.

MRS. TENNANT (Sister of Mr. Sims Reeves), begs to acquaint her friends and the public that she continues giving lessons in singing. For terms, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or at her own residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MISS STABBACH will sing Charles Salaman's New Ballad, "Good bye! a long-good bye," at the composer's concert, on the 29th March. Published by Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street. Price 2s. 6d.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.

F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.

Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDALE BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, are sung nightly at the CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and R. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

MEYERBEER'S NEW WORK—"ASPIRATION"—CANTIQUE. (Short Anthem.) The words from the original latin of Thomas a Kempis, "De imitatione Christi." Composed for SIX VOICES (three sopranos, two tenors, and bass), with Recitatives for a BASS SOLO, and Organ (or Harmonium) accompaniment ad libitum, by GIACOMO MEYERBEER. Price, in score, 4s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where Meyerbeer's setting of the Lord's Prayer, for four voices, 3s., and the Serenade, for eight voices, "This house to love is holy," 4s., may be obtained.

WANTED, A GOOD TUNER.—For particulars, address, M. N., care of Messrs. Boosey and Son,

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REVIEWS.

"*Dussek's 'Plus Ultra' and Woelfl's 'Ne Plus Ultra,' Sonatas for the Pianoforte, with Biographical and Critical Introductions*—edited by J. W. Davison (Boosey and Sons)." We spoke some time since of Messrs. Boosey's new edition of Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra*, and suggested that it should be followed up by a re-issue of the far greater work, which Dussek gave to the world under the title of *Le Rétour à Paris*, and his London publishers rechristened *Plus Ultra*. We have now the two sonatas before us—remarkable compositions both, whatever difference may exist in their respective values as artistic creations—in one elegant volume, and at a price* which, not very many years ago, would hardly have paid for *The Battle of Pragua*, or for the once familiar *Sonata dedicated to Mrs. Chinnery*.† That every zealous pianist, amateur or professional, will make himself master of treasures so cheaply attainable, there can hardly be a doubt.

We have an objection or two to make, which, though of no great weight, is perhaps worth consideration, and may therefore be stated at once. The order in which the two sonatas are given in Messrs. Boosey's edition should be reversed. That Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra* was both composed and published before its present companion; and even were that not the case, it would appear from the title page of the London edition of *Plus Ultra*:—

Plus Ultra,

A

SONATA,

For the

Piano Forte,

COMPOSED & DEDICATED

To

**Ne Plus Ultra,*

BY

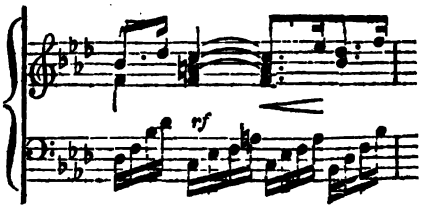
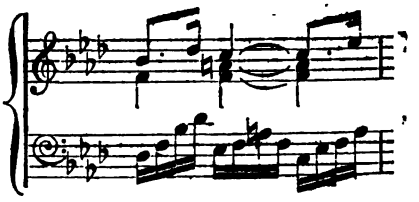
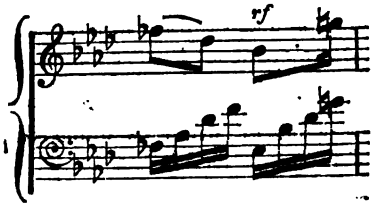
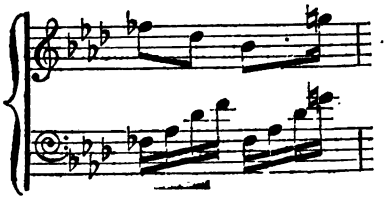
J. L. DUSSEK,

Ent. at Sta. Hall *Op. 71.* *Price 7s.*

LONDON.

H. Falkner, 8, Old Bond Street.

(*) *It alludes to a Sonata published under this title.*

On comparing the edition before us with an old copy of the *Plus Ultra* in our possession, we find two alterations, for which Mr. Davison (being manifestly responsible) should, we think, have stated in the preface his reason for adopting. In the old copy, the sixth bar of the first page stands thus:—

Mr. Davison, however, we know not on what authority, but probably on that of some German edition, has given it as follows:—

The object of the new reading was probably to get rid of *consecutive octaves* between extreme parts. In the other instance, the latter half of the 17th bar (same page), appears in the original, as subjoined:—

This the modern editor (or some foreign copy, in the correctness of which he has faith), modifies thus:—

In page 10 of the old edition (second part of the first movement), the same point occurs twice, in different keys, and in both cases have been altered accordingly. Now that in the first instance a harsh, unpleasant effect of octaves, and in another a still more disagreeable *feint* at fifths is done away with, we admit; but at the same time, unless on some undoubted authority, it is always dangerous to meddle with classical works. Who, for example, would presume to interfere with any of Beethoven's seeming eccentricities? Dussek was certainly not a Beethoven; but he was a man of genius, and is accepted universally as a classic. He was, moreover, by no means one of the most uniformly correct of writers, and for these reasons we trust that in the next issue Mr. Davison will enter into some explanation of the liberties he has taken. Elsewhere he has dispensed with a good number of wholly superfluous *accidentals*, a proceeding in which we wish every editor would follow him, since the only result of such a flux of flats and sharps is to perplex and add to the difficulty of the player, when deciphering a piece of music for the first time. By their partial evasion,

* Four shillings. † Dussek's Opera, 24.

the *scherzo* (which, though virtually in the key of A flat major, begins in F sharp minor), becomes much less of an enigma, and is twice as easy to read.

The introductory essay, which considerably enhances the value of Messrs. Boosey's edition of the *Plus Ultra*, especially to those who love Dussek's music, and are curious about the man and his life, is much fuller of interesting details than that which is prefixed to Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra*. It contains, perhaps, the longest biography of Dussek that has hitherto appeared, together with copious remarks on his works, and on the influence they have exercised on pianists and pianoforte composers. We are unable to afford space for much quotation, but an extract or two, taken at random, may not be unacceptable. One of the most interesting passages is contained in a foot-note. Dussek, in his youth, it appears, was the paid organist at various places, and among others at Ruttenberg, Maliver, and Bergop-zoom :—

"This early familiarity with the organ," says Mr. Davison, "explains in some measure the constant addiction to full, rich, and expressive harmony which is remarkable in all Dussek's best sonatas for the pianoforte. Some of his slow movements—instance that of *Les Adieux à Clementi* (grand sonata in E flat, Op. 44), that of *Le Retour à Paris*, better known as *Plus Ultra* (grand sonata in A flat, Op. 71), and that of *L'Invocation* (grand sonata in F minor, Op. 77)—might almost have been written purposely for the organ."

To the foregoing is appended the note just mentioned. Professor Marx, a great authority in the present day, says nothing of the organ, but a great deal about the keyed harmonica,* and still more about English pianofortes, to which jointly he attributes the prominent features of Dussek's manner. That Dussek played upon the former instrument in Berlin, and afterwards at Milan, is unquestionable; but that it had any influence on his artistic development we cannot believe. Passing over, therefore, the majority, the high-flown sentences in which Professor Marx loves to establish this fanciful relationship between a frivolous instrument and an eminently thoughtful man, we cite with pleasure the observations of the same writer that relate to English pianofortes :—

"Dussek *began his musical career*" (says very incorrectly the Professor), "as a player on the harmonica, and the choice of this sensitive instrument appears just as much to have proceeded from the inmost nature of the artist, as to have nourished and confirmed it."

* * * * * *

"His residence in London, and afterwards with Prince Louis Ferdinand, brought another and congenial influence from without to bear upon his artistic faculties. This was, that in both places he found no instruments to play upon but the English grand pianoforte, of which Prince Louis had in course of time imported no less than thirteen, being dissatisfied (we are credibly informed) with the effect of all others. Whoever is acquainted with English grand pianofortes, and compares hem with those of other countries (for instance the Viennese) cannot fail to observe that a certain unconquerable sameness is peculiar to them, which easily imparts itself to the player, more especially when this characteristic happens to be congenial to his nature. The tone of the English grand pianoforte, similar to the quality of the clarionet, is so full and continuous, so powerful and concentrated, that it wholly satisfies the ear, and that it both seizes and retains the undivided attention. This can by no means be said of other (for instance, the Viennese) instruments, whose tone, less satisfying, less resonant, in short, less decisive, leaves freer play to the fancy, whilst the character of the English grand piano is still extended by the soft pedal, with its highly sentimental, but somewhat monotonous effect, and by the great depth of the touch, which precludes almost every other style of performance than a *legato* of broad masses of harmony in extended positions, full of grandiose, noble and tender sentimentality. With this definition, to which we have almost unconsciously given expression, we believe that we have pronounced the basis of Dussek's character, as it reveals itself in his many (mostly instrumental) works, especially in his compositions for piano, in which it continually more and more developed itself."

In considering the foregoing (Mr. Davison remarks, with justice), it should be borne in mind, that Professor Marx is writing about the English pianofortes of more than half a century ago. The allusion of Professor Marx to Prince Ferdinand of Prussia has led to a note by the editor, which is worth quoting, as affording us a glance, however brief, at the private character and artistic idiosyncracy of an energetic and distinguished warrior, whose absorbing passion was love of music, and hatred of the French :—

"Frederick Christian Louis Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia, nephew of Frederick William II., born November 18, 1772, at Berlin, killed at the Battle of Salfield, October 9, 1806. This courageous, intellectual and amiable, though somewhat dissolute prince—one of the fiercest haters of the French, although a generous patron of Lamarre, the celebrated French violoncellist—was passionately addicted to the study and performance of music. An enthusiastic admirer of Dussek, he cultivated his society to such an extent, that disparity of rank was altogether overlooked, and the Prince and the Musician became friends. Dussek gave him finishing lessons in pianoforte-playing and in composition, to such good purpose that Louis Ferdinand achieved fame in both departments. When John Cramer visited Berlin, the Prince, delighted to show his proficiency, and also, as a graceful compliment to the musician, played without book, Cramer's own first Pianoforte-Concerto. "Prince," said the composer "your memory is astonishing; and you play my concerto much faster than I can myself." Beethoven dedicated his Third Pianoforte Concerto, (in C minor, Op. 37—first performed in public at Vienna, in 1804, by Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's pupil) to Prince Louis Ferdinand, for whom he entertained a high esteem. Dussek inscribed to him the Quartet in E flat for pianoforte and stringed instruments (Op. 56), and afterwards consecrated to his memory the grand and pathetic *Elegy* in F sharp minor. Among the engraved compositions of the Prince of Prussia are a quintet for strings, an ottet for wind and strings, two quartets and two trios for piano and strings, a four-part fugue for piano *solus*, and a variety of smaller works. In the best and most important of these the influence of Dussek's manner is strongly apparent. "It may be"—writes Professor Marx, in alluding to the intimacy between Dussek and Prince Louis—"that the Prince excelled the Musician in talent, at least in largeness and elevation of ideas, but he appears to have been indebted to the latter for much technical assistance. At least, so far as we can judge from the conflicting testimony of their contemporaries, the mutual influence of these two distinguished men upon each other is indisputable. It is apparent in the works of both, though it is likely to have been more to the advantage of the Prince than of Dussek, since the technical part of art is easier to communicate than the spiritual. But whoever is acquainted with the high-souled productions of Prince Louis will feel grateful to his friend for the share he has had in them."

That Professor Marx is more of a courtier (it must not be forgotten that he resides at Berlin) than the modern *Plus Ultra*, is revealed through a foot-note, in which the latter, somewhat ill-naturedly, surmises "that Dussek did more than *advise* the Prince of Prussia in his compositions" —which can only be translated that he helped him to *compose* them. While on the subject, we are at a loss to explain why Mr. Davison should have discarded Professor Marx's critical analysis of Dussek's style, which, though wordy and occasionally vague, contains some valuable suggestions. We are able, however, to supply the omission :—

"If we wish to obtain a full and vivid perception of Dussek, we must begin with the contemplation of his early, easy works, and proceed from them to the later, larger and maturer ones, of which we quote here, as examples, the concertos in G minor and the sonatas.

"In all these we perceive, together with a thorough and well-developed technical proficiency, an aspiration, quite free from all purpose of executive display or trickery, to draw forth all the resources of the instrument, a noble aim directed to the inward recesses of art, an emotion which strives to communicate itself to the soul of the hearer. We could say, without exaggeration, especially of his later and

* The manufacture of one Hessel, an instrument which Dussek only took up for some immediate purpose, and then abandoned.

larger works, that this striving is evident in every one of his subjects, and certainly that it is apparent in the general tenor of the majority of his works. But it is just as undeniable that throughout this resignation to the softer impressions, this condition of mind dilating the heart without strengthening it, that he was never roused to a bolder flight, by either a rich ideality within, nor by important and exciting circumstances of life, nor by incentives from without, (such as commissions to write for the church, theatre, &c.)

"Upon such a spirit, the instrument, in whose keyboard he had domesticated himself, could not but exert a decisive influence. Widespread, resonant chords, harmonies rich in modulation, especially in chromatic modulations, often unquestionably overloaded with these sort of secondary effects and attenuated to the extreme of vagueness; intimately connected with this, a rich, always soft, often enharmonically conducted modulation, which alternates between the most extraneous flat and sharp keys; manifold reduplication of the parts, out of which proceed the doubling of entire phrases, especially in imitation of the effect of the combination of clarionet and horns; extensive, resonant and flowing divisions and passages, mostly in several parts, very many triplets; the melody, when it appears in a single part, interspersed and embellished with sweeping passages of ornamentation; these are among the characteristics, which may severally be found in many pianoforte composers, but in such rich combination, and so constantly appreciated, so united with every thought and conception, like the body with the soul, they belong exclusively to the artistic physiognomy of Dussek (and of one living composer, besides the imitators of both). That this course of feeling, and its manifestation, became a mannerism, and spread monotony over his works, is, according to the above remarks, undeniable. In his later works, for instance, in the above-mentioned sonata, in the one in E flat (Op. 44), some cheerful pieces for four hands, this mannerism attains complete maturity, and we perceive how, under this all-penetrating, all-levelling habit of construction, the flow of composition, impeded by the accumulation of material, drags its slow course along, like a petrifying stream of lava; such as with an almost always felicitous, often but too symmetrical, framework, the composition drags itself onward, as it were without distinct sections, without appreciable phrasing, without perceptible rhythm, piling masses of chords one over the other.

"Although the deleterious and, in course of time, wearing features of this style are not to be denied, and scarce anyone who is familar with the pianoforte works of Beethoven and C. M. Weber, will go through several of Dussek's compositions conscientiously with the same perseverance and sympathy, yet Dussek merits, on account of the rich assemblage of single beauties, deeply-felt movements, and on account of his noble and grandiose style, which often makes us forget every monotony,—to have his memory perpetuated, at least in his principal works, by every lover of true art.

"It seems to be the inevitable fate of all players (to whom the development of the resources of their instrument has been paramount) that a certain *manner*, which grows out of their own executive peculiarities, should adhere to their productions. Thus has it been with Dussek, and we should the more easily reconcile ourselves to his manner, when we have come to the perception of all that is noble, and fraught with meaning, behind the veil.

"The halls of musical art would become too deserted, if we judged differently, more severely—I may say, more unartistically and uncharitably—and if we turned our contemplation solely towards those culminating points in which an entire period, an entire tendency, is concentrated.

"Least of all is abstraction permitted to the artist, and certainly as pianist, no composer for the pianoforte will study Dussek's works without abundant profit. His achievements and his failures, both will be instructive: the former to gladden us, the latter, by the side of them, will be absolved."

Finding fault as much with M. Fétis, Mr. Davison, nevertheless, quotes that eminent bibliographer's opinions of Dussek and his talent, on more than one occasion :—

"M. Fétis, who is able to remember Dussek's performance at the Odéon (1808), says: 'The extraordinary sensation he produced is still remembered. Until then the pianoforte had only been heard to disadvantage as a concert-instrument; but, under the hands of Dussek, it eclipsed all that surrounded it. The broad and noble style of this artist, his method of singing on an instrument which possessed no sustained sounds, the neatness, delicacy, and brilliancy of his play, in short, procured him a triumph of which there had been no previous example.' So that even if Cramer (and not, as some have asserted, Woelfl, or as would be still more likely to approximate to the truth, Beethoven, in his earlier period) was the '*Ne Plus Ultra*' of the pianists of his time, Dussek again steps forward as '*Plus Ultra.*'"

Again, the summing-up of M. Fétis' (very scanty) biography is cited in a foot-note :—

"Endowed with a most amiable character, full of kindness and courtesy towards other artists, of great natural parts, ripened and perfected by varied instruction, of a lively disposition, and distinguished manners and deportment derived from the high society in which he had lived, Dussek made friends of all who knew him. He could only be reproached with one defect—one more injurious to himself than to others. This was an incurable carelessness, which caused him to neglect the management of his affairs, and often was the means of placing him under circumstances of great and serious embarrassment. In the last days of his life, his *embonpoint* had become excessive, which, however, in no degree impaired the agility of his fingers; but the difficulty of moving about, which was the consequence, induced him to contract the habit of passing the greater part of the day in bed. To rouse himself from the sort of apathy that results from such a mode of existence, he was compelled to make an immoderate use of wine and ardent spirits, as stimulants, which ended by ruining his constitution, and ultimately causing his death."

With *Plus Ultra* Mr. Davison himself is evidently enamoured; but from an appreciation of considerable length we can afford space for a satire or two :—

"The passionate expression that stamps the *Allegro non troppo*, from which a sort of *Weberian* feeling repeatedly peeps out, the tranquil beauty and rich development of the *Adagio*, the plaintive character of the *Scherzo* (regarded by many as a kind of prophecy of Chopin—Chopin at his best, must be intended), and the animation, gaiety, and varied detail of the brilliant and sparkling *Finale*, are alike attractive and alike original. Rich invention and felicitous performance are apparent throughout the sonata, which, though resembling neither Mozart nor Beethoven, is not the less welcome on that account—being no more nor less than pure Dussek."

* * * * * *

"In contrasting the *Ne Plus Ultra* of Woelfl with the *Plus Ultra* of Dussek, the superiority of Woelfl as a musician has sometimes been cited, in contradistinction to Dussek's far higher claims as an imaginative and poetical composer. 'See'—argue the Woelflites—'how clear and symmetrical is Woelfl's first movement compared with that of Dussek.' 'Granting this to be true'—retort the adherents of Dussek—'see with what different materials they had to deal. Woelfl was trimming a garden—Dussek clearing a forest.'"

The fact that Dussek, in one of his quartets for stringed instruments* (in E flat), had already used the *minuetto* (though not the trio) of the *scherzo*, which forms part of the *Plus Ultra*, is interesting as a proof of the value set upon this singularly beautiful movement by its composer. A comparison of the two versions will show that Dussek was at pains to improve the original when he transferred it to the sonata, and that his pains were not thrown away. The *trio* of the sonata, although bearing some faintish resemblance to that in the quartet, is far superior. The key of the quartet being E flat, the *minuetto* is in E flat; while the *trio* is in B major—which responds to the A flat and E major of the sonata.

In this cursory review we do not pretend to have given any idea of the contents of the literary and critical introduction to Messrs. Boosey's edition of *Plus Ultra;* but as we have already transgressed our limits, we can only add that the musical text is remarkably correct, while the engraving, writing, and other accessories of publication all that can be desired, such, in short, as to constitute a handsome addition to any musical library.

* *Trois Quatuors, pour two Violons, Alto, et Violoncello—Op.* 60—*à Leipsic—chez Breitkopf & Härtel.*" How is it, by the way, that these works have hitherto eluded the research of those lynx-eyed *entrepreneurs*, the Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts.

THE LATE M. JULLIEN.

THE mental aberration of M. Jullien did not last very long, nor was he destined to survive more than a few hours the partial restoration of his faculties. On Tuesday he became sensible, and on Wednesday at 7 p.m. he expired, just a day too soon to see his wife, who had been summoned from London to attend him in his last moments.

In M. Jullien the British public have lost one who served them with ever increasing zeal during a more lengthened period than has ordinarily been given to entertainers of the class to which he belonged, and of which he was the undisputed chief. His career, though one of seemingly uncheckered success since he first superintended the concerts which were wont to enliven the dullest part of the winter in this metropolis, was by no means one of uncheckered prosperity. He was alternately rising and falling, not in popularity, but in the ways and means that helped him to his ends. When the Promenade Concerts, at one time a joint concern among the members of the orchestra, became a failure, M. Jullien boldly assumed the undivided responsibilities of speculation and command. What vogue he shortly obtained, and how rapidly his name became a household word, just as his face and figure and dress were familiar household shapes, is remembered even now, although nearly twenty years have elapsed since he first waved his conductor's stick over the enormous temporary structure that used to constitute his orchestra alternately at Drury-lane and Covent-garden Theatres As the entertainment he had invented became more and more the fashion, and the crowds that besieged the doors began to originate those *Saturnalia* which used to signalise the opening nights of his season, M. Jullien became more and more "magnificent," more and more prodigal of numbers and "effects." Certainly no one responded to public favour with heartier reciprocity than he, or with a keener ambition to merit the support with which he was honoured. The more freely the public gave their money the more untiring were M. Jullien's efforts to ensure his patrons a good bargain. Thus his concerts annually gained ground, until, encouraged by his successes and the increasing confidence attached to his undertakings, he resolved to found a national English Opera, and, leasing Drury-lane Theatre for a series of years, at once set his project on foot. Few who were present can have forgotten the first night's performance —Dec 6, 1847. The opera was an English version of Donizetti's *Lucia*, and, among other memorable incidents, brought forward one who has since gained the championship of English singing—Mr. Sims Reeves. The sort of establishment M. Jullien contemplated, and in a great measure had realized, was superior to anything recognised before in the shape of English opera, and has certainly not been equalled by any subsequent attempt. All departments were managed on the most lavish scale—orchestra, chorus, principal singers, officers before and behind the curtain, vying one with another in efficiency and also in expensiveness. The result might have been anticipated. The speculation was a failure, and M. Jullien in the end a bankrupt. With what untarnished reputation he left the court, however—how he not only abandoned everything, but shackled himself with future responsibilities, which the majority under such circumstances would have regarded as unnecessary—is very generally known. The next winter (1848) saw him once again, with undiminished energies, at the head of his concerts in Drury-lane Theatre, which has now passed from his hands as lessee into those of Mr. Gye. The public flocked to him as usual; and even in 1849-50, when a formidable opposition was instituted by a party of distinguished amateurs at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the greater number of his most famous instrumentalists were lured away from him, M. Jullien, nothing daunted, formed a new band, which, under his control, soon showed itself in all respects equal, if not, indeed, superior, to the other. In short he vanquished his opponents in a season. In the autumn of 1850 M. Jullien went to the United States with some of the principal members of his orchestra, and wound up his exploits in Trans-Atlantic regions, after visiting every town and city of importance in the New World, by that gigantic meeting in conjunction with the speculative Mr. Barnum, which drew 40,000 persons to the New York Crystal Palace. In 1851 he was again in London, and the comparative dreariness of the preceding year (when some desolate entertainments at St. Martin's-hall had done more than could have been effected by the absence of all to remind the public of M. Jullien's value) was compensated by performances as brilliant as any he had ever directed. Thus he continued until he found himself involved in another unfortunate enterprise—the new Music-hall in the Surrey-gardens, the result of which must be fresh in the memory of our readers. Drury-lane Theatre having passed from the hands of Mr. Gye, M. Jullien's concerts were again transferred to the late Royal Italian Opera, the destruction of which magnificent edifice by fire entailed a loss from the results of which he never actually recovered—viz.: the whole of his music, engraved and in manuscript, his own compositions and those which had formed the staple of his "Classical Nights," including even the parts and score of his opera of *Pietro il Grande*, which had been produced with great splendour under Mr. Gye's management in the year 1852—a proud and memorable epoch in M. Jullien's career. Thus the accumulation of many years, at an enormous expense, was swept away in one unlucky night; and M. Jullien became a sharer in the misfortunes, as he had been hitherto in the fortunes, of Mr. Gye. Compelled to seek a new home, or to suspend his public avocations until a new Covent-garden should rise from the ashes of the old, M. Jullien choose the former course, and entered into an arrangement with Mr. Lumley to give his concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, where they took place in 1857 and 1858. The year following, Her Majesty's Theatre being inaccessible—for reasons unnecessary to enumerate—M. Jullien was consigned to the Lyceum, where he was by no means in his element, want of space being a disadvantage against which it was not in his idiosyncracy to contend. This season, the incident of which was the introduction of M. Wienawski to the English public, was M. Jullien's "Song of the Swan." Beset with difficulties, he retired to Paris, spent four months in Clichy, appealed—being still a Frenchman—to the Bankruptcy Court, received his certificate, immediately laid plans for a new series of concertsin various parts of the continent, to begin with the French capital, and had already made considerable progress, when the unwonted excitement consequent on this renewal of physical and mental activity brought on the malady which so speedily terminated in his death at the age of 50.

When it is remembered that M. Jullien, previous to his arrival in England, had gone through a career of no small activity and continually shifting fortunes, it must be owned that he played his part in the world with a vigour not easily repulsed. What he seriously did for the art of music in this country—how by his frequent performances of the music of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other great masters, and by the constant engagement of the most eminent performers, he elicited at first the unconscious attention and then the enthusiastic appreciation of the vast multitudes that besieged his concerts, accomplishing this not merely in London, but during his winter and summer tours all over the provinces of Great Britain—will probably tend to preserve his memory among us even more than his unrivalled energy and talent, his unprecedented zeal and liberality as a public entertainer. To M. Jullien, moreover, is attributable in a large measure the immense improvement which our orchestras have made during the last twenty years, he having been the means not only of bringing over some of the greatest foreign instrumentalists, but of discovering and nurturing the promise of many English performers, who through the publicity he placed at their disposal, no less than through their own industry and ability, have since attained acknowledged eminence. What he was himself, as a conductor, a composer, and an administrator (*entrepreneur !*)—together with that peculiar idiosyncracy, physical as well as moral, which gave him so marked an ascendancy, and enabled him to stand quite alone in his particular sphere—will, in all likelihood, be forgotten when the present generation has passed away; but as one who essentially promoted the advance of a beautiful, refined, and civilizing art, M. Jullien is entitled to a niche in the Temple of Fame which the most hypercritical would be cautious to refuse him.

Apart altogether from his public capacity, the unanimous testimony of those who knew him speaks highly and unreservedly in M. Jullien's favour, citing in his person those best qualities of heart and intelligence that endear a man to his fellows, and, outweighing all petty faults and foibles, win for him a sympathy that lies deeper than mere popular esteem, and is of more genuine value than the loudest praises of the crowd. Now that he has gone—and we are not likely to see another like him soon—a keener sense of his long services, of his patience under adversity, and unswerving fidelity to the public will arise; and few, we think, will refrain from joining in the hope that the appeal but recently made on M. Jullien's behalf while he was living and there were hopes of his ultimate recovery may be yet productive of some benefit to the disconsolate wife and near relatives whom he has left behind—that the "Jullien Fund," in short, may not be relinquished because the one for whose benefit it was originally instituted is no longer able to derive any advantage from its success.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARISM.

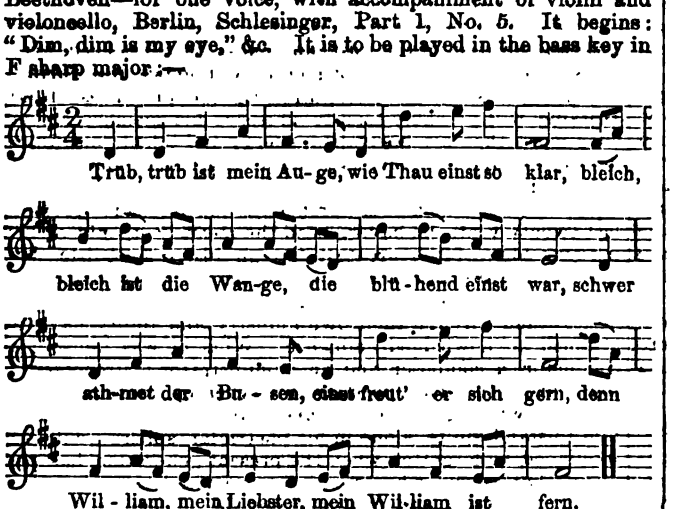
SIR,—Having seen your notice of my song, "Never, my child, forget to pray," I beg to say, in answer to the charge of plagiarism, that I, although a pupil of Dr. Sterndale Bennett, had never seen, heard, or even knew of the existence of the impromptu referred to, until I saw to-day's *Musical World*, when I procured the impromptu, and immediately found the section alluded to. This being the case, I can but feel highly flattered at your remarks on my song, and remain, Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

F. SCOTSON CLARK.

THE OLDEST (INDIAN, CHINESE) FIVE-TONE SYSTEM.

THIS system, which, according to the scale, is most clearly represented, as we know by the two and three upper keys (*Obertasten*) of the piano, is strangely enough, and as already mentioned in my notice in No. 32 of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, of last year, to be found in some of the national songs of Scotland (the Hebrides). In the number of the paper to which I allude, there were merely a Chinese hymn, and an "Air Chinois," from Rousseau's *Dictionnaire de Musique*. On which theme, by the way, C. M. Von Weber wrote an overture to Schiller's *Turandot*—I now append a *Scotch* song, contained in the arrangement of Scotch songs by Beethoven—for one voice, with accompaniment of violin and violoncello, Berlin, Schlesinger, Part 1, No. 5. It begins: "Dim, dim is my eye," &c. It is to be played in the bass key in F sharp major:—


Trüb, trüb ist mein Au-ge, wie Thau einst so klar, bleich,
bleich ist die Wan-ge, die blü-hend einst war, schwer
sth-met der Bu-sen, einst freut' er sich gern, denn
Wil-liam, mein Liebster, mein Wil-liam ist fern.

This system, although, when compared with our system of the present day, it appears defective and incomplete, affords, at any rate, quite sufficient scope for the foregoing beautiful national melody*. Most probably this oldest tone-system was completed in the later Greek, that is to say, church modes.

LOUIS KINDSCHER.

Cöthen.

EDINBURGH, 21*st March*—(*From our own Correspondent*).—This is now the fourth week of our Italian Opera season, and it is time that I should give you some account of the company, which is entirely new to Britain, having been brought direct from Venice, where the opera-house was closed on account of political disturbances. The performers are best adapted for light and florid music, accordingly comic opera has been in the ascendant. The soprano is Madame Lorini (wife of the tenor of that name) who is possessed of a sweet fresh voice of pleasing quality, not very large in volume, but the tone telling, especially in the high notes, while her execution is very clear and brilliant. She has established herself as a great favourite. The contralto is Madame Vietti, of whom it is difficult to speak too highly. With the exception of Alboni, she is the best operatic contralto I ever heard. Her voice is rich and deep, and yet soft and flexible in a remarkable degree. Her style is pure and finished, and her acting of a high order, so that it is no wonder she has achieved an immense success. Her characters have been Isabella, in *L'Italiana in Algeri*, Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*, Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and Azucena, in *Il Trovatore*. As an interpreter of Rossini's florid music (*i.e.*, in the *original* keys) she has few equals. The tenor is Signor Galvani, who has a sweet but not very powerful voice, with a flexibility which is quite unusual in a male singer. This enables him to do justice to the very florid music in Rossini's operas in a way few tenors can. His management of the breath, mode of joining the registers, &c., bespeak the finished *artiste*. Perhaps the great feature of the company, however, is Signor Ciampi, the *basso buffo*, who is a singer and actor of the highest talent and originality. His voice is powerful and of good quality, which, joined to a most distinct enunciation, and an absence of all effort, renders his singing very satisfactory. His acting, however is most worthy of notice, being characterised by genuine humour, unflagging spirit, most admirable by-play, and a careful attention to the minutest details connected with the various parts he has to fill. He has appeared as Taddeo, Dr. Bartolo, and Don Pasquale, the latter being a most clever and original impersonation. Dulcamara is to be his next character. When it is mentioned that Signor Ciampi is apparently not above 24 or 25 years of age, it will be seen that he has the prospect of a great career. I should think he will soon be "wanted" in London. The *basso profondo* is Signor Taste; the *seconda donna*, Mdlle. Martini; and the minor artists are Signor and Madame Aglondi, &c., all efficient in their respective capacities, and assisting to render the company most complete. The chorus and orchestra are capable of much improvement, but, at the prices, better cannot be expected. Among the operas in rehearsal is Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, which is exciting a lively interest by anticipation. The conductor is Signor Orsini, who resides here. Those who are accustomed to cry down Edinburgh in the matter of music, will at least admit that it does much for Italian opera, having for several seasons imported companies for itself, all of great talent.

[Our worthy correspondent is slightly in error, when he says that the present Italian company in Edinburgh is "entirely new to Britain." Mad. Lorini and her husband formed part of the Company engaged by Mr. Willert Beale, when that enterprising gentleman gave Italian opera at the Surrey Theatre. Mad. Vietti has been heard at Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Galvani was employed during a whole season at the Royal Italian Opera, and one of his parts was Nemorino in *L'Elisir d'Amore*.—ED.]

* There is, also, a pianoforte Etude (by Döhler?) in which the right hand plays exclusively the five upper keys.

JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in accordance with the wishes of the deceased, had it been permitted him to express them, viz., to the relief of his widow and family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

Mr. John Mitchell; Mr. R. W. Sams; Mr. Thomas Chappell; Mr. W. Duncan Davison; Mr. Robert K. Bowley; Mr. Jules Benedict.

Honorary Treasurers.

Mr. John Mitchell; Mr. Thomas Chappell; Mr. W. Sams.

Bankers.

Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand; Heywood, Kennards, and Co., Lombard-street; London and County Bank, Hanover-square;—who, as well as the Honorary Treasurers, have kindly consented to receive subscriptions.

Subscriptions already received.

	£	s.	d.
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A. W. Hammond, Esq.	10	10	0
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H. W. Goodban, Esq.	1	1	0
Miss Tod	1	1	0

*** A second Subscription List will be advertised forthwith.

DEATH.

On the 19th inst., at his residence, 67, Oakley-square, N.W., William Lovell Phillips, Esq., R.A.M., aged 43, deeply regretted by his widow, family, and large circle of friends.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the unusual pressure on our columns this week, the notice of the Second New Philharmonic Concert, and other interesting matters, is unavoidably postponed to our next.

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

ADVERTISEMENTS *are received until Three o'clock on Friday Afternoon, and must be paid for when delivered. Terms:—*

Three lines (about thirty words) ... ... 2*s.* 6*d.*

Every additional line (ten words) ... ... 0*s.* 6*d.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 24TH, 1860.

OUR readers will be pleased to know (and to see by the advertisement on this page) that the Jullien Fund is progressing favourably, and that the Committee for its distribution—all men of the highest respectability and personal weight—have very properly resolved to bestow it for the benefit of the deceased musician's wife and family. Before the fact of M. Jullien's death was known, a letter appeared in the columns of a contemporary, which, together with the editor's note, we have much pleasure in reproducing:—

"M. JULLIEN.

"To the Editor of the Sunday Times.

"SIR,—It is with feelings of deep regret that many of our countrymen hear of the serious mental affliction and pecuniary difficulties poor Jullien is now suffering from in Paris. I think I may with certainty say, that the majority of those who visited his 'Promenade Concerts' are indebted to him for the particular class of music he introduced into this country. Now, sir, as your paper is, perhaps, the principal channel through which an appeal of the kind I am about to suggest will find publicity, let me propose, for the many hours of pleasant recreation Jullien afforded us, we should return him, in his day of tribulation, a donation raised by a 'shilling' subscription, to be received by some respectable music-seller (say Messrs. Chappell and Co., of Regent-street), where Jullien first commenced his labours in this country. Those gentlemen, I feel confident, would aid in any way to further this object, and I am sure Jullien would appreciate the motive that actuates us in this cause. Whatever his feelings towards our countrymen (especially lawyers) may be, he will find he has staunch supporters, in his hour of pain and trouble, amongst

"THE SHILLING PROMENADERS.

"[We have great pleasure in laying the above communication before our readers, and shall be happy to be the medium of conveying any contribution to the fulfilment of the object advocated, which may be entrusted to our care.—ED. *S. T.*]"

Since the above appeared the idea has been acted upon by the Committee, and we hope shortly to be able to lay before our readers a general plan by which every lover of music, whatever his means, throughout the length and breadth of the country, may, by subscribing to the "JULLIEN SHILLING FUND," be enabled to express a sense of M. Jullien's exertions during a period of twenty years, and to evince regret for the loss of so valuable and zealous a public servant. No one ever gave the English public such a substantial shilling's worth as Jullien; and to bestow one additional shilling, without the prospect of an evening's entertainment in return, but with the sole object of providing a decent maintenance for Jullien's widow and family, would be doing that which Jullien would have enthusiastically urged his British patrons to do in a parallel case. All then, who believe with us, that to pay one shilling in to the "JULLIEN SHILLING FUND" is next door to an obligation on the part of those whom he loved to amuse just as much as they loved to be amused by him, will subscribe at once. The sum is small; but it is the moment and the cause that give signification to the deed; and here is an occasion when a trifling sacrifice may involve a graceful act—an act of simple gratitude.

Having, with no small labour effected a metrical translation of the first elegy of Propertius, Panurge was so mightily taken with his work, that he walked up and down the room, repeating it from beginning to end at the very top of his voice:—

"Never did I love, till my Cynthia's eyes
Woke within my heart a flame unknown,
Cupid, whom so long I had dared despise,
Proudly trampled on me, overthrown;
Teaching me to shun maids of good repute,
And to feel my precious time away:
Though the gods with scorn listen to my suit,
Passion for a year has held its sway,
When Milanion bore ev'ry toil for love
Atalanta's heart he touched at last,
Through Parthenian caves madly he would rove,
And his days mid rugged monsters past;

By the heavy club of Hylæus struck,
He bewailed his wounds in Arcadie;
Thus to win the swift maid he had the luck;—
Pray'rs and toils rewarded once could be!
As for me in love I'm a sorry loon,
New or old, my plans are sure to fail;
Wizards, who by spells conjure down the moon,
Or by aid of magic fire prevail,
Touch my Cynthia's heart—grant this simple boon—
Let her cheek e'en more than mine be pale.
Then will I believe you can change the track
Of the stars and rivers with your lay.
You, my gentle friends, who would win me back,
Please to heal me find a ready way,
Steel I'll stoutly bear, fire I'll proudly brave,
Only give my anger leave to speak,
Bear me far away o'er the foaming wave,
Vainly for the path let woman seek.
You who to your love gods indulgent find,
Stay at home, with calm contentment blest;
While a mad desire agitates my mind,
So that neither night nor day I rest;
Yes, be warned by me; happy in your fate,
Never let your passion change its place;
If to my advice you attend too late
Oft you'll think of my unhappy case."

"Bravo!" said Epistemon, walking into the room.

"So you overheard me?" said Panurge.

"Overheard thee! Why all the Dials have been rocked to and fro with thy bawling." Now the Seven Dials, called for brevity's sake the "Dials," was the name given to the lovely spot where Pantagruel's palace was situated.

"I presume," said Panurge, with a smile, "I presume from the exclamation with which thou hast entered the room, that thou art pleased with my work?"

"I confess" said Epistemon, "that it hath surpassed my expectations; but I attribute that circumstance rather to the smallness of the expectations than to the worth of the performance. I give thee credit for some slight ingenuity in devising a metre that—imperfectly enough, heaven knows—may in some sort shadow forth the effect of the ancient distich, though by a strange inconsistency, that pause in the middle, which belongeth of right to the pentameter and constituteth its very essence, is transferred by thee to the longer line, corresponding to the hexameter, a metre whose life and soul is its continuity. There is also something very wooden and unmusical in the mould of thy numbers, so that I would liken them less to the sweep of the lyre, than to the noise of a policeman's rattle, somewhat carefully sprung."

"Anything more?" said Panurge, resignedly.

"Had any one else been the writer," continued Epistemon, in a tone of great wisdom, "I should have remarked on the expressions 'had the luck,' 'sorry loon,' &c., and indicating an affectation of a familiar tone, which is extremely vulgar, without being in the slightest degree humorous. But seeing that thou art the poet, I refrain from the objection, satisfied that there is no affectation in the case, but that thou hast merely followed the dictates of thine own abject nature. In the same spirit do I lose sight of Propertius altogether, and fancy thou thyself art hymning some faded nymph of a vile *corps de ballet*; and that the wizards who conjure down the moon, are simply the dirty scene-shifters who manage the imitation of that luminary in some miserable gaff."

"Anything else," asked Panurge, with decreasing anxiety for a reply.

"As for that interpolation, 'Grant this simple boon,' not only is it unwarranted by the original, therefore entitling thee to the contempt and abhorrence which is bestowed on one who fraudulently inserteth an additional cipher in a cheque; but it is diametrically antagonistic to the whole spirit of the elegy. Look you, the poet, all for the sake of his Cynthia, has resolutely gone to the bad; he regardeth with envy that obscure blockhead Milanion, because he earned the love of his mistress by way of compensation for a smart tap on the head administered by a centaur—he is ready to endure any amount of surgery, cupping included, and to take any journey, however inconvenient, if he can only get rid of his pain; and in the face of all these striking facts, thou makest him regard the sympathy of Cynthia as a—(save the mark!—'simple boon'!"

"Thy comment is ended?" asked Panurge, meekly.

"Then how clumsily dost thou flounder in the last eight lines of thy work. Thou art bothered by the words 'Vos remanete,' and 'neque assueto mutet amore locum,' and canst not avoid a sneaking suspicion that the poet is telling his friends to stop at home, while he, like Lord Bateman, shippeth hisself a'board of a ship, some foreign country for to see. Know, thou wretched varlet, that the poet is not thinking in the least about change of place, but is recommending constancy to those who are fortunate in their love. Mend those last eight lines."

"Mend them thyself!" said Panurge, sturdily, and he thrust a pen into the hand of Epistemon.

"Rather," bawled Epistemon, "will I see thee"—

"Cease your senseless wranglings, you couple of pothouse brawlers," cried Pantagruel, stalking into the room with a French newspaper under his arm, and knocking together the heads of Epistemon and Panurge with considerable violence, "and hear of this last atrocity committed in our native France. In the pleasant town of Amiens, Mdlle. Gautrot, a *jeune première*, was hissed by the audience, whereupon she curtsied and retired from the stage."

"Thereby showing her wisdom," said Epistemon.

"Likewise her sensibility," whispered Panurge.

"Thy sentiments are correct," observed Pantagruel, "but don't be so cursedly fond of interrupting. For quitting the boards in the manner I have described, Mdlle. Gautrot has been condemned not only to pay a fine, but has been locked for a whole day in a vile prison."

"Oh, Picardy!" exclaimed Panurge, folding his arms, as if in despair,—"oh, Picardy! land with which I have nothing to do, and in which I do not take the slightest interest—oh, Picardy! art thou come to this? Doth the Picard require that youth and beauty should stand respectfully in his presence to receive his revilings? Is the Picard an avatar of Moloch, requiring the sacrifice of the young and the lovely? Would the Picard mourn to find that Iphigenia was saved at Tauris, instead of remaining at Aulis, to have her throat comfortably cut? What are the attributes of the Picard?"

"Gentle, but wise on this subject, is the editor of the *Revue et Gazette des Théâtres*," said Pantagruel, and he read as follows:—'Les spectateurs qui, par leurs démonstrations hostiles, ont pu pousser une artiste à l'oubli du respect, qu'elle devait au public, ont obtenu là un triste triomphe, et qu'ils doivent être les premiers à regretter, nous en sommes certains.' There, thou seest he bewaileth the event, without reviling the Picard."

"But what is this Picard," said Panurge, "that he does not care a brass farthing for a young girl's feelings, and yet is so mighty touchy with respect to his own? Of a truth, I will study ethnology, that I may be able to understand the nature of the Picard."

IN town and in the country, in art and in nature, the season of song is commencing. Look at the masons and plasterers at work under the Opera Colonnade, listen to the birds at half-past five o'clock in the morning, or at six if you happen not to be an early riser or to be an unusually late goer-to-bed. Nor will those songsters, of whom nothing is heard just now, sing the less loudly, or the less sweetly, when their time comes. Mr. Gye, with the politeness of the French at Fontenoy, has allowed Mr. E. T. Smith to *tirer le premier*, but even before these lines meet the public eye, he may have replied to him in his own excellent fashion. Some of the first foreign singing-birds have not yet arrived in this country, and it is so difficult to catch the rarer specimens and bring them over, that to announce their appearance before they have actually crossed the Channel, is something like counting chickens before they are out of the egg. Our skilful birdcatchers have been at work with their nets and their lures, and, above all, with their bits of shining metal —so especially attractive to larks and to human singing-birds of all kinds—in every capital of Europe; and the public may rest assured that with one choice though numerous flock in the groves of the Garden, and another equally multitudinous in the grove of the Market, the public, we say, may rest assured that when the season is opened, and the birds begin to sing, then the vocalisation will be quite fine enough to set before Her Majesty the Queen and all the Royal Family.

It was only the other day we were complaining that the musical months of the year were about to begin. We grieved, however, for this reason only, that the sooner they began the sooner also they must end. We were like Tiel Ulenspiegel, who, travelling along a mountainous road, was happy when he was climbing a steep hill, because he thought how pleasant it would be to walk down on the other side, and unhappy when he was walking down because he could not help reflecting how soon he would have to ascend again. To us the agreeable slope is the London season, that is to say, the Italian season; but it is scarcely in sight when we already begin to regret that in four short months it will be at an end. Have we not said that the birds are its natural harbingers and precursors? Did we not even publish, last week, a notice of a grand preliminary concert given by the vocalists of the air for the benefit of mankind? Several entertainments of the same description have since taken place, and, but for occasional bad weather, during which our aerial artists (who keep no carriages) are unable to appear, they would have been even more frequent. Allowing for the direct effect of storms and showers upon our rural singers, we are still of opinion that they disappoint the public less often than those of the town. In spite of their constant exposure to the atmosphere, they seem never to be troubled with sore throats and that formidable illness (especially formidable to managers,) the *maladie de larynx* is unknown among them. A few of these little vocalists, however, who have become domesticated and have acquired the manners of the theatre, are occasionally indisposed, when nothing is found to cure them so effectually as a certain yellow substance—not gold, but saffron.

A rural concert, at which we were present last Thursday, took place in a vast amphitheatre of wood, admirably constructed as regards sonority. The entertainment commenced at daybreak; and as soon, in fact, as the performers, who all sing at sight, were able to see. The opening chorus was most effective, and as fine a thing of the kind as could possibly be heard. The theme was simple and grand, though far from novel, while the rich harmony, in spite of its undeniable antiquity, possessed a certain sublime originality which compensated for any lack of science and elaboration that might have struck the skilled musician. The subject was first given by the linnets and soprani, and afterwards taken up by the thrushes and baritones, who were finally supported by the blackbirds and basses, the united choristers vieing with one another in their endeavours to do justice to this remarkable composition, which has something of the character of an anthem. This introduction of the motive *pianissimo* for a few voices, and its repetition *crescendo* by a constantly increasing number of executants, until, at last, a magnificent *fortissimo* is attained, is imitated neither from Rossini, nor, still less, from Meyerbeer, nor, least of all, from Verdi; it stands by itself, and cannot be traced to any known *procédé*.

As on the previous occasion, we heard several fine solo performances, and noticed a linnet who sang with as much fluency and grace as Madame Miolan-Carvalho. We were informed that the nightingale was expected every day, but that she would not make her appearance in public until the tenth of next month. By the way, as Philomela is so fond of performing at night, it is just possible that she would make an excellent Sonnambula.

Unfortunately, there are a few members of the immense *troupe* occupying the amphitheatre at Turnham Green whose voices are not beautiful at all, but we must do them the justice to say that, as a rule, they never attempt to sing. The swallows have no vocal expression, but they are good at fugues, and have wonderful agility. The sparrows are utterly bad, but some of them, by the mere force of ambition, may one day reach the top of the tree.

We regret to say that while some of the best of our aerial vocalists are not quite appreciated, a few of the more common birds, and even some who are not musical fowls at all, occasionally gain loud applause from the vulgar. Thus, while the linnets were singing most exquisitely, we observed a quadrupedal connoisseur, at no great distance from the amphitheatre, staring about him in his stall, and evidently paying no attention to the performance. A few minutes afterwards a cock crew, when a long-eared amateur at once uttered a bray of the most decided approbation.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

THE regular season was brought to a termination on Saturday, the performances being for the benefit of Mr. Harrison. The theatre was densely crowded, and people were sent away from every part of the house. The opera was *Lurline*, preceded by Henry Leslie's operetta of *Romance*.

The theatre did not close on Saturday, notwithstanding. Nine extra nights were announced, to finish with Miss Louisa Pyne's benefit, on Wednesday next. *Lurline* increases in attraction. We visited the theatre twice during the week, before seven o'clock, and found every seat occupied, or disposed of. It is a pity Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison did not produce Mr. Wallace's opera earlier. No doubt they did not anticipate such success, or they would not have delayed its production.

The fly-leaf of the programme contained the following valedictory address from the managers:—

"March 17, 1860.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—The close of our third English Opera Season presents us an opportunity of again thanking you for the liberal support with which you have hitherto met our endeavours to please you—a support which it ever shall be our pride to merit, and constant endeavour to maintain.

"Allow us to place before you a few of the statistics of our past pro-

ceedings, and to request you to accept them as a guarantee for our future ones. In three seasons we have produced four English operas and one operetta by native composers, namely—*The Rose of Castille* and *Satanella*, by Mr. Balfe; *Victorine*, by Mr. Alfred Mellon; *Romance*, by Mr. Henry Leslie; and *Lurline*, by Mr. Vincent Wallace. Also *Martha* and *Dinorah*, and a *répertoire* to whose merits the public approbation has been the best test.

"Again we request English composers, who have works complete, or in a state of preparation, to acquaint us with the same, in order that we may make our arrangements accordingly.

"We have been the means of introducing to the English operatic stage the following English artists:—Miss Parepa, Miss Corelli, Miss Pilling, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Fanny Cruise, Mr. Santley, Mr. Ferdinand Glover (an artist whose loss we much deplore), Mr. Patey, Mr. Grattan Kelly, Mr. Wallworth, Mr. Honey, &c., &c. During the three seasons we have expended, for artists, authors, rent, &c., the sum of £79,788.

"This being of a private nature, would not have been intruded by us on you, our generous patrons, but that you may *know* we spare no expense to please you and to deserve your kindness.

"We are delighted that through us a great boon has been re-opened to our sister and brother artists, namely, the Covent Garden Fund, which has been closed to all applications since the year 1842.

"It is with feelings of gratitude and pride we take the opportunity of acknowledging the high patronage we have received from her most gracious Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the Court, nobility and public, adding a double incentive to our motives, and honour and brilliancy to our undertaking, an undertaking which (if you will continue to aid us therein) it shall be the study of our lives to support—that of establishing in England a legitimate Royal English Opera.

"Trusting to find in you next season the same reciprocity to meet our endeavours that has been so liberally manifested towards us this, and with sincere thanks to *all* who have *assisted* us, without and within the theatre, we bid you respectfully and gratefully (until next October)—adieu.

"(Signed) LOUISA PYNE, WILLIAM HARRISON, } Managers."

The performances cannot be prolongued beyond Wednesday, as Mr. Gye will require the theatre for the purpose of re-adjusting it, as the Royal Italian Opera is announced to open on Tuesday, April 10th.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society gave its Fourth Concert of the season on Monday evening last, in the Hanover-square Rooms, and the selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Symphony, in C (Jupiter)	Mozart.
Recit. and Air, "Oh! joyous, happy day" (Rose of Castille)	Balfe.
Barcarole and Finale, 4th Concerto in F minor ...	W. S. Bennett.

PART II.

Overture (La Syren)	Auber.
Glee, "The Bee"	Elliott.
Ballad, "Poor silly heart (Romance, Dick Turpin)	Henry Leslie.
Polka de Concert	V. Wallace.
Glee, "Crabbed age and youth"	Stevens.
Overture (Der Freischütz)	Weber.

Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

The orchestra deserves the greatest credit for the admirable manner in which the symphony was performed. It was one of the best things the Society has ever done. The two movements (why was not the first given?), of Professor Bennett's Concerts, were exceedingly well played by Miss Fanny Howell, who, when she has overcome the timidity natural to early public appearances, will undoubtedly prove herself worthy of the name she bears.

The overtures, each highly characteristic of its composer, went well, and the Concert was agreeably varied by the singing of the Quartet of the Union (yet another Union!) who were encored in the glee of Elliott.

Miss Rose sang the two ballads.

Among the novelties to be produced at the next Concert, which will be given on Monday, April 2nd, is the finale to Mr. Frederick Clay's opera, *Out of Sight*, of the private performances of which so much has been said in London musical circles. Miss Augusta Thompson is also to appear.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE following was the programme of the second performance of this great Society, which, under the head of "Vocal and Instrumental Concerts," was given on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall:—

PART I.—SACRED.

Anthem, "O sing unto the Lord" soli and chorus—Henry Purcell (1658-1695).

Song, "'Gainst Thee, O Lord"—Beethoven (1770-1827).

Prelude and Fugue in E flat, organ—John Sebastian Bach (1685-1750).

Motet, "O Lord, Thou hast searched"—F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1807-1847).

Preghiera, "Non mi lagno di morir"—Lindpaintner.

Motet, Double Choir, "In exitu Israel"—Samuel Wesley (1766-1837).

PART II.—SECULAR.

Nonet (M.S.) in F minor (first time)—E. Silas.

Recit. and Air, "Why didst thou ever leave me"—Charles Salaman.

Madrigal, "Marrily wakes music's measure" (Fair Rosamond)—John Barnett.

Romance, "The Last Farewell"—Frank Mori.

Trio, "The Carnival"—Henry Smart.

Solo de Concert, Violin—Sainton.

Canone, "Placido Zefiretto" (first time)—Cherubini.

Hunting Song (Chorus)—F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Conductor—Mr. Henry Smart.
Organ Accompanist—Mr. C. G. Verrinder.
Pianoforte Accompanist—Mr. Walter Macfarren.

Purcell's anthem was sung by Miss Eliza Hughes, Messrs. Foster, Wilbye Cooper, and Weiss; Mendelssohn's motet by Miss Messent, Miss Eliza Hughes, Madame Weiss, Miss Leffler, and chorus of female voices; and Wesley's motet by all the principals and chorus. The last was encored. Mr. Silas's nonet is written for violin, viola, violoncello, contrabasso, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn, and was executed by Messrs. Sainton, Webb, Lidel, White, Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, Chisholm, and C. Harper.

Mr. Best played the prelude and fugue of Bach magnificently. The capital madrigal from *Fair Rosamond* was well sung. Mendelssohn's fine hunting-song deserved a better place. M. Sainton's solo was a first-rate display of bravura playing. The hall was full, but by no means crowded, exhibiting a marked difference when compared with its appearance at the first concert.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—*Judas Maccabæus* was given on Wednesday evening, under Mr. Hullah's direction. It was an excellent performance throughout, Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School distinguishing themselves more than ever by their force, precision, and energy. We hardly remember having heard them go through an oratorio so uniformly well. Even the grand chorus "We never will bow down," seldom satisfactory before, was all but irreproachable; while "Fall'n is the foe," left nothing whatsoever for criticism. The principal singers were Miss Banks, Miss Martin, Miss Mina Poole, Miss Palmer, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Thomas. The most striking solo performances were "From Mighty Kings," by Miss Banks, and the two bass airs "Arm, arm, ye brave," and "The Lord worketh wonders," by Mr. Thomas, both artists being entitled to unqualified praise. Miss Palmer sang the contralto music with great power and expression, and Misses Martin and Mina Poole did good service as second sopranos. Mr. W. H. Cummings had not power enough for the part of Judas, and, moreover, was evidently nervous, having undertaken to sing the music at a short notice. The Hall was full, and the audience most liberal of their applause.

On Thursday evening a new choral class, numbering nearly

three hundred voices, made their first appeal, and in public. This class was established last summer for the practice of choral music, and have been studying hard since, under the direction of Mr. John Henken, who had been for more than ten years Honorary Instructor to the London Mechanics' Institution. The members, we should suppose, are gleaned from the northern suburbs, seeing that their place of meeting is the Lecture Hall, Spa Fields. Suburban, or metropolitan, however, the choral class is entitled to consideration, not only as constituting a nucleus, out of which a grand and complete choir may be formed, but as indicating special capabilities in themselves, and showing what may be accomplished in a short time by careful and sedulous training. The choral class is far from perfect; but we can call to mind no first public exhibition of a body of amateur choristers which was so successful as the trial of Thursday night. Generally speaking, the trebles and basses are too powerful for the altos and tenors, and the proper balance of tone is consequently not obtained. Of course this can be easily remedied. We have rarely heard fresher and more brilliant voices than the sopranos, and the basses are of a fine quality. The performance was divided into two parts, one sacred and the other secular. In the former the class sang the two grand choruses from *Judas Maccabaus*, "We never will bow down," and "O Father, whose Almighty power;" "Sing unto God" from Himmel's "Koerner's prayer during the battle;" and two Anthems—"Awake up my Glory," by Broderip; and "The Dying Christian," by Harwood. Himmel's Prayer was encored and repeated. The secular part embraced in the selections: three part songs by Martin; Webbe's glee, "Swiftly from the Mountain's Brow," and the chorus from *Masaniello*, "Hear, Holy Power." The choral performances were relieved by solos, sacred and secular, sung by Miss Banks, Miss Fanny Huddart, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. Mr. John Henken is an energetic and rather demonstrative conductor, but the singers appear thoroughly to understand and appreciate the indications of his *bâton*. Mr. Henken, we understand, tenders his services gratuitously in training the class—a sketch of generosity seldom equalled, and which, no doubt, finds its best reward in the good result achieved. If the force under Mr. Henken's tuition have accomplished so much in nine months, what may not be anticipated from them in two or three years? Perhaps the establishment of a new Sacred Harmonic Society in the N. W. Suburbs.

BERLIN, *March 8th*—(*From a Correspondent*).—So surely as ignorance is accompanied by impudence, so surely is a truly genial mind, well stored and well disciplined, adorned by modesty and unassumption. The history of almost every true genius fully demonstrates the assertion. Luther, Shakspere, Newton, Beethoven, may serve as shining examples. But, apart from these greatest of the great, there are many truly genial men, whose accomplishments are not so universally known, but who ought by no means to be allowed to

"Waste their sweetness on the desert air,"

Such a one is Herr Laub, the greatest violin *virtuoso* of Berlin and one of the greatest in the world, according to my judgment. This is founded on extensive experience, and a tolerable knowledge of those capabilities which form, not only a mere *virtuoso* (in the accepted signification of that word), but in very deed an artist. In my opinion, Joseph Joachim stands at the head of this class. If Herr Laub's taste is somewhat less severe, it is not less varied. The first of his concerts this season (and perhaps the last) took place lately in the Sing-Akademie, which was filled to overflowing.

Herr Laub gave us, first, Beethoven's violin concerto, with a cadence of his own composition. His performance showed him to be a perfect master of his instrument, while the cadence demonstrated that he was something more than a mere finger-artist. That the cadence is, to a certain extent, in the modern style, need hardly be said; nevertheless, it was finely characteristic of the whole, and well developed, from Beethoven's own *motives*; a Polonaise, for violin and orchestra, which followed, only served to strengthen my opinion of Herr Laub's talents. To my thinking, however, he has here studied modern effects to the disadvantage of the more classical style. Two really *salon* pieces were well adapted to send the audience away full of admiration at his technical skill. One was an *air hongrois*, by Ernst; and the other a *rondo*, by Bazzini. In the former, one was enabled to judge of Herr Laub's masterly manipulation, and in the latter of his freedom of style and his admirably *bowing*. I never had the good fortune to hear Spohr play; but, to judge from Mr. Blagrove, his school of *bowing* must be the one followed by Herr Laub. The programme was interspersed with a couple of songs and a piano solo. Fraulein Hebbe (a Swedish *cantatrice*) failed to do justice to the songs, and Herr Dreyschock gave a splendid performance of the G minor concerto of Mendelssohn. The press has been unanimous in his praise, and the court has not been backward in paying its tribute of admiration, the Prince Regent having conferred upon him the order of the "Red Eagle." If we are rightly informed a similar honour has been shown to the pianist Dr. T. Kullak.* It is to be hoped such facts as these will not pass unnoticed at head quarters elsewhere.

At the last symphony concert of the Royal band, the music to Gluck's *Orpheus* was performed. Notwithstanding the favourable manner in which it was received, I cannot call the choice judicious. Gluck's music is always beautiful, but th scenic effects are absolutely necessary. Those who had often heard the work within the same walls in its entirety, could not feel perfectly satisfied with the result. The whole opera would, I presume, have been given, were Mdlle. Johanna Wagner not temporarily incapacitated from taking her *rôle*. The other pieces were Mendelssohn's magnificent overture to *Ruy Blas*, and Bethoven's second symphony. It need scarcely be added that everything was superbly executed. With such a band, and Taubert at its head, it could not well be otherwise. The pleasure one derives from these rare concerts would be increased, if the directors would not lose sight of the truism, *variatio delectat*. The finest music may become monotonous by too much repetition; so it is here. Why can the powers that be not take a hint from our Philharmonic, and introduce a vocal piece or two?

Our Princess was present with her Royal Consort, and kept her seat till the last note was played—an example which many less august personages did not follow.

A Mademoiselle Moesner has been giving several concerts at the Sing-Akademie, which, in a pecuniary sense, have been decided failures; but the contrary in an artistic sense. Her instrument is the harp, upon which she produces effects which must be heard to be believed. It must have been disheartening enough to her to have had such scanty audiences; but with her personal attractions and her talent, which is undeniable, she may feel sure of ultimate success. She starts hence on a tour through Germany.

The Dom-Chor has been giving three extra *soirées*, which have only served to strengthen my opinion as to the incomparable excellence of this renowned body of choristers. The chief director (Neithardt) is suffering from severe indisposition, and the choir may flatter itself that its second director (Herr von Herzberg) is no unworthy substitute. The following was the programme of the last concert:—

1.	Gloria	Palestrina.
2.	Crucifixus	Palestrina.
3.	Agnus Dei	Caldara.
4.	Sonata, Op. 29, G major	Beethoven.
5.	Requiem Æternam	Nic. Jomelli.
6.	Motet	J. S. Bach.
7.	Chorale	Melchior Frank.
8.	Motet	Schicht.
9.	Sonata, Op. 70 (Le Retour à Paris) ..	Dussek.
10.	Ave Verum	Mozart.

A young composer had just been introduced to the public, whose future career, if rumour is to be credited, will be worth looking to. He is called Heinrich Bellerman, son of the professor of that name. He directed a number of his own com-

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*Your Parisian correspondent is in error in calling Theodore Kullak, pianist to the King.

positions in the Sing-Akademie, the chief of which was a setting of Goethe's *Mahomed*.

More important for the musical world, however, than Bellerman's production, is Herr Blumner's new oratorio, *Abraham*, which was performed, for the first time, on Thursday last, and which is to be repeated this evening. A detailed account of the performance we must postpone till our next, and will dismiss it now by saying, that it has been unusually well received; in fact the critics are unanimous in its praise.

At the Royal Opera nothing new. Graf Redern's *Christine* was, however, given on Sunday, for the third time, with the substitution of Madame Köster for Mddle. Wagner as the heroine. The change has given great satisfaction; and will in all probability save the opera from a doom we most sincerely believe it does *not* deserve. At the Victoria Theatre, Mdlle. Artot continues to attract full houses. *Il Barbiere* has given place to *Rigoletto*, in which Signor Carrion is very effective. There is a sad want of good male singers at the opera, particularly of tenors and basses. In conclusion, it is painful to have to record two sad accidents which have happened at the opera. In the first case, a member of the ballet, being the outside of a semicircle which was swinging round, could not hold fast her partner's hand, and was consequently precipitated into the orchestra. She providentially fell clear of all the internal arrangements, and escaped with very slight injuries. The audience was much more alarmed than she was hurt. The second case has terminated more fatally. Just before the rise of the curtain a few nights ago, a slight commotion was heard to proceed from the stage. The audience, unaccustomed to such an event, for matters are marvellously quietly managed generally, seemed a little perplexed, which vanished when the curtain had once risen. In those few minutes which had elapsed, Fraulein Holcke, of the ballet, *had met with a fearful death*. It appears, in passing some lamp in the *coulisses*, her dress had caught fire, and, notwithstanding every effort to extinguish the flame, the poor girl was fearfully burned. She was at once conveyed to the hospital, where some hopes were entertained that she would survive. This inspired the intendant of the opera to publicly express a hope that she would *soon be able to resume her duties*. A change, however, for the worse took place on Sunday, and, after fearful suffering, she died on Monday of lock-jaw. The Princess of Prussia, and the public generally, have expressed their deepest sympathy for the unfortunate girl's relatives.

COUNT REDERN'S NEW OPERA *CHRISTINE*.

BERLIN (*Communicated*).—The event of the last few weeks has been the production of Redern's new opera, *Christine*, at the Royal Opera-house. It took place on the 17th ult., since which time it has been performed but once, and that for the *last time*, according to some very wise heads out here, who predict a thousand different things that never come to pass. Count R.'s work had so long been the subject of talk in the art circles, that we were not at all surprised to find a full house. It was no ordinary audience either, but as select and aristocratic as ever assembled within the walls of that world-renowned establishment. Nearly all the members of the Royal Family, of the "House of Lords," of the extensive nobility in general, and every one curious in the musical art, were to be found there in common. Doubtless, different motives had drawn many to the spot, some going because of the novelty of the thing; some to see the fine folks, without any reference to music whatever; some with no other object in view than that of grumbling, and finding fault, as the sequel will show. For our own part, we went with none of these ugly intentions, but solely and purely, in as unbiassed a state of mind as possible, to listen and profit by a new creation in art of no trifling pretensions. A *little* behind time, Herr Taubert entered the orchestra, and "went in" immediately for the overture. It was curious to observe the different effects produced upon it the audience. Impressions more agreeable than otherwise, it was plain to see, had been made on some, the unsavoury quality of which sat unmistakeably reflected on the soul's mirror. The majority were pleased, however, and a crash of applause followed, highly flattering to the composer. But silence! Taubert is tapping with the tip of his more useful than ornamental *bâton* at the prompter's box before him, and the curtain rises amidst breathless silence. The plot is so simple and comprehensible, that we prefer following its straightforward course, as it opens out to us in the progress of the piece.

The first scene, then, introduces us to the sea-shore "somewhere" in the north. All is life and animation. There you have sunburnt maidens making, repairing, and vending nets, and other articles of marine "furniture." There, on the left, a dozen "duffers" are engaged in unloading a fishing-smack, the weather-beaten crew of which join some of their fraternity in draining a barrel, which the forethought of the landlady of the little inn hard by has placed there. After the contents of the said barrel have had the desired effect, a jolly bacchanalian chorus bursts forth, which is well written, and in every respect effective. The landlady herself (Madame Tuczek) then steps forward, and in a sweet little recitative tells her kind supporters to sing and be cheery as much as they like, but not to forget the while to drink lustily. They express their agreement thereto in a racy little strophe, and then, with nothing like reluctance, act in accordance with Madame's wishes. During this time a young marine officer (Arvid, Herr Worworsky) strolls in, and treats us to a touching song about the pleasures of Vaterland and home. As might naturally be expected, he sings the praise also of *her* whose like the whole world, &c., &c., &c. His pathetic strains fail to create any serious effect on the jovial crew around him, short refrains from whom (on quite another subject) serve to heighten the effect of Arvid's song. Suddenly a scream for help is heard, and the landlady rushes in in breathless haste to announce the running down of a ship and peril of the passengers. The tables are now really turned. Mirth becomes earnestness, and the confusion which ensues has given the composer the opportunity of plying "storm effects," which he has done to good purpose. Arvid makes a Curtius sort of leap into the sea, and swims back to shore in a few minutes with an apparently lifeless female form in his arms. The excitement during the few minutes spoken of is something terrible to the audience, and apparently much more so to the people on shore, who give vent to all sorts of hopes, and prayers, and fears. On the safe return of Arvid, they demonstrate their gratitude by singing manfully a short, well-conceived, and characteristic chorus:—

"Preis Dir, o Gott, den Hülf' in Nöthen sendet!"

The exertions of the females to restore animation in the rescued passenger are at last successful. The first object she casts her eyes on is Arvid, to whom she whispers, "Hide me, and let no one know who I am." Now he has not the remotest notion who she is; her caution is quite superfluous. 'Tis, in fact, Christine, the Queen of Sweden herself (Madame Wagner). How *she* comes to be navigating the salt sea in this style, Herr Tempeltey (the poet) is much more likely to know than ourselves. Too much of a gentleman not to respect the feelings of a lady, Arvid consents to keep a secret he knows nothing of, and the landlady then takes Christine away under her care and protection. Arvid orders in a new barrel (what are bottles to a sailor!), and the merriment is resumed by the chorus singing to the praise of the fearless rescuer. There are certain crude changes in this chorus which mar the effect sadly; nevertheless, there is much clear writing in it, and, what says more, much music; this is followed by a ballet, in which something vastly like our sailors' hornpipe occurs. Ye god-like shades of Lydia Thompson obscure such a violation of your sacred rights from our bewildered vision! A new character, in the person of a nobleman of the Swedish realm, Count Löwenholm (Herr Fricke), makes his appearance during this ceremony. This same count is the foster-father of Arvid, with whose daughter, Ella (Frau Harriers-Wippern) he is betrothed. After a little recitative, in which the Count welcomes his *quasi*-son home, he tells him that through the influence of a deadly enemy he has been banished. A very expressive duet follows, in which both swear revenge for this cruel sentence. After various efforts, they learn that the Queen is this enemy. While further imparting certain information to him not very favourable to her Majesty's character, she makes her appearance in the garb of a young officer. Löwenholm, fearing that his maledictions have been thus overheard, is for killing *him* on the spot; but is prevented by his declaration of kindred feeling of hate and revenge against the Queen. This forms the burthen of a most charming trio, which, in point of vocal as well as instrumental beauty, will stand comparison with any modern music that we know of. It is the gem of the opera, to our taste, and was loudly applauded at its conclusion. A chorus follows, singing in praise of the ruler of the realm, &c., &c. This is just one of those pieces for which the whole opera has been condemned for want of connection. It stands indeed in no sort of relationship to what precedes it, and to our mind the opera would gain something by its expunction. At this point a body of soldiery enters, and commences a search for Löwenholm, who is on the point of being taken, when the Queen calls her captain, and, by the magic power of a ring she wears, releases Löwenholm from further molestation. The first act closes rather noisily by the chorus singing a masterly piece of choral

writing in praise of union and peace, with which is cleverly interwoven a trio by the Queen, Löwenholm, and Arvid, expressive of each other's doubts what the effect of the unexpected intervention will be, and speculations concerning the rank, &c., of the supposed young officer. The *ensemble* is striking, if only on account of the noise made. It is a pity this close is so fully instrumented. The whole chorus—to the minutest progression—is laboriously worked out, and convinced us at least that Redern's pen can make some master-strokes at times. The curtain falls, as the last strains of the chorus die away, and as the soldiers depart in military order. This situation is very effective, and gives evidence of judgment and matured reflection.

The second act opens with a chorus of female voices. It is in praise of beauteous nature, and has a charmingly pastoral character. We are thus introduced to Ella, or rather she to us. In company with Arvid, she sings with him a duet, the refrain of which is his safe return and the prospect of future joys. To our thinking, the composer has been here least happy in his efforts. He appears not to have had sufficiently definite ideas of what he wanted to pourtray in tones. The remainder of the act is devoted to the concocting of a plot against the Queen and throne. The finest movement of the whole is the oath of the conspirators. It is a unisonic phrase of no great length, but great power and and effect. The whole arrangements are completed, and the conspirators are just about to proceed to active measures, when a body of armed soldiers burst into the room, and demand of them in the name of the Queen to lay aside their arms and vicious intentions. During this operation, performed, as may be supposed, with a very ill grace, the curtain falls on act the second.

The third and last act shows us the Queen in her royal capacity, surrounded by the usual number of well-got-up ladies in waiting, lords of the, &c., &c. After dismissing her attendants she unburdens her soul, and acknowledges two very startling circumstances, firstly, that she is tired of the "cramping crown;" and, secondly, that she is in love with Arvid. The ballad form has here been employed with the utmost success. The composer has been fortunate enough to *create* a beautifully plaintive melody, and to avoid damaging it by overloaded and far-fetched accompaniment.

Poor Ella, who comes to petition for her imprisoned lover, meets with a decidedly cool reception, in fact, it is only on the promise of renouncing him altogether that the Queen promises to spare his life. There is here plenty of opportunity for dramatic display, both for the composer and executant. The contrast is very striking; on the one side, the brutal outburst of triumph when the Queen has wrung the cruel resolution from her victim, and the heart-rending sobbings of the other over her cruel fate. It is a grand dramatic climax, in fact, and did not fail in its effect either on the part of the singer or the public. Ella's departure from the presence of the Queen with the words—

"O Herz, uns soll dein Schlagen"—

is as beautifully conceived as carried out. Overjoyed at her success, the Queen scarce suffers Ella to be clear away, before she summons Arvid, and confesses her passion for him without reserve, adding, of course, the comforting remark, that Ella was unfaithful, &c., &c. Arvid stands aghast at this bewildering change o'er the spirit of his dream. However, he defeats the selfish ends of her Majesty by vows of eternal fidelity to Ella, and, finding herself defeated here, she sends for her counsel, Rinsfelk, and, in giving Ella to Arvid, pardons the conspirators, and abdicates the throne in favour of her cousin "Charles Gustave." The whole closes with a chorus and trio by Ella, Arvid, and Löwenholm, in praise of her Majesty's virtues, &c.

Such is an outline of Count Redern's new opera *Christine*. What remains to be said of the music can, fortunately, be said in a few words. It betrays throughout considerable melodic talent; judgment in the employment of the instruments; a thorough comprehension of the human voice, and its natural capabilities; and lastly, a more than meagre acquaintanceship with the intricate laws of polyphonic writing. It is the misfortune of the composer, however, to be of noble birth, and to this fact alone we attribute the fate which seems to have fallen to the lot of his maiden opera. Almost without exception the blindly biassed critics have "cut" it up. One thinks it vile presumption and abuse of power to have ever produced such "stuff" at all, etc. Another pities the singers who are compelled to learn "rubbish," etc., of this calibre; pities the public for having found any good point in the whole work, and closes his splenetic effusion by calling on heaven to forgive him for the three wasted hours, etc. Another hints that such *composers* are fit subjects for St. Luke's, etc. Such like criticisms as these are what these gigantic scribes call unprejudiced remarks! Only one (Rellstab) criticises in the spirit of a well-wishing artist and of a gentleman. He does not overlook the weak points, nor forget to say an encouraging word concerning the good ones. Here, however, just as mysteriously as in *Richard the Third*, we are told:—

Aunt Voss* of Berlin is not so bold,
For Rellstab, thy critic, is bought and sold!

And all these outpourings of bitter malice, simply because the composer of the new opera bears at the same time the title of nobility and that of the intendant of the king's chamber-musicians! In asserting that had the ink proceeded from the pen of a mere plebeian author, it never would have been produced where it was, etc., they have betrayed their selfish political opinions, and suffered them to gain the better of their judgment; and yet these very men cry loudest for a clear distinction to be kept between mean, worldly, political life, and the more holy, more ennobling pursuit of art. We have no striking partiality for the nobility *as such*, but far be it from us to forget the debt of gratitude artand artists owe to those whom fortune has been pleased so to smile upon. In conclusion, we would just say to the composer of *Christine*, pursue your artistic career without fear of such manifestly one-sided attacks as you have been lately subjected to, not forgetting, however, to profit by the well-meant, and *gentlemanly* counsel of the true art-critics. To the Berlin critics, and to the critics in general, we can only say, be wary in putting out *altogether* the fire of *any* artistic spirit. Leave but *one* spark, that animation may not be beyond the pale of possibility. After being once chicoked, the flame *may* burn the brighter; extinguish it, and it is dead for ever. Admonish as you will, but always as gentlemen, and rather endear the artist to you by your friendly counsel, than dishearten and disgust him.

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(*Continued from page* 178, *Vol.* 38.)

77.

The Same to the Same.

A Country House near Bologna, August 11*th*, 1770.

We are living here in the house of the Marshal Pallavicini in a most princely manner; we have a valet and a footman always at our orders, the first sleeps in our ante-chamber, so as to be always within call; we have the coolest rooms next the *Sala terrena*. The young Count, who is exceedingly well brought up, and has much talent, is the best of friends with Wolfgang, who loves him tenderly. They never allow me to stand, they insist on my being seated on one chair, with my leg supported on another. Indeed, to-day, in the chapel, during mass, which is performed every day at noon, two chairs had been thus arranged for me. The young count, who is only the same age as Wolfgang, is already Chamberlain to the Emperor, and he assists in the mass, after which they say the chaplet, the litanies, the Salve Regina, and the De Profundis.

Wolfgang goes out in the carriage with the old countess and her son, I with the old count. We shall stay here until my leg is quite healed.

78.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, August 21*st*, 1770.

We are still in the country, at the *Croce del Biacco*, which belongs to the Count Bolognetti, but which has been rented of him for several years by Count Pallavicini. The 30th they will celebrate in a magnificent manner the annual *fête* of the Philharmonic Society of Bologna; there will be high mass, vespers, &c.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—I am still living, and always gay; to-day I had a wish to ride on a donkey—it is the fashion in Italy, so consequently I thought I must try it. We have the honour of knowing a certain Dominican, who passes for a saint; as for me I don't believe a word of it, because I see him take, at breakfast, first a good cup of chocolate, and then on the top of that, a large glass of Spanish wine. I have had the honour of eating in the company of this saint, who, besides drinking freely during the repast, finished it up with a large glass of the strongest wine, two good slices of melon, peaches, pears, five cups of coffee, a plate of little cakes, and a lemon ice. Perhaps he did all this on a system of "mortification," but yet I should have some trouble to believe that; it would be too much at a time, and then, besides his dinner, he takes too good care of his supper.

* "Tante Voss," the popular name for the newspaper.

79

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, August 25th, 1770.

We are still in the country! We have a Dominican friar here, who is a German (from Bohemia), which has enabled us to perform our devotions in the parish church: we have confessed, taken the communion, and made a little pilgrimage to the cross together. At noon we were at mass in the chapel in the castle. You may certainly prepare two beautiful golden relic boxes for your husband and son, as we shall certainly be saints by the time we come back. My friends must forgive me for being such a poor correspondent. To give credit is not to cancel a debt—better late than never—are two proverbs that come as excuses for my idleness; and then, in travelling, one has a thousand things to occupy one's time. My books and my collections of music are most notably augmented. Everything is getting too small for Wolfgang, the silk rolled round his diamond ring has been unwound, only a little wax remains; his limbs have become larger and stronger; he no longer has any voice for singing, neither high notes or low ones, not even five pure notes. This vexes him, because he can no longer sing his own compositions, which he was very fond of doing.

80.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, September 1st, 1770.

Still in the country! The 30th we heard the high mass and vespers of the Philharmonic Society, at which ten maestros had worked. The Kyrie and the Gloria were by one, the Credo by another, and so on, each composer superintended his own work; but to do that, one must be a member of the Academy.

81.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, September 8th, 1770.

Do not forget to tell me about the ecclesiastical council who have arrived in Salzbourg; of whom this congress is composed, and where it is held. If you do not know, ask of one another.

We shall soon leave for Milan. As we have not been able to go to Leghorn, I shall make a little excursion from Milan to the Borromean Islands, which are quite worth visiting.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—I add a few words to accomplish my duty—tell me to what brotherhood I belong, and what are the prayers I have to say. I am reading at this moment the second volume of Telemachus.

(To be continued.)

RAPHAEL'S APOLLO AND MARSYAS.—The Marchese P. Selvatico, formerly Director of the Accademia di Belle Arti, at Venice, whom we find quoted as an authority in Sir C. Eastlake's annual reports, has emphatically declared the picture of Apollo and Marsyas belonging to Mr. Morris Moore, to be not only obviously by Raphael, but a singularly beautiful and well-preserved specimen of the incomparable master. He has also expressed his astonishment how such a work should leave England at a time when the Director of the English National Gallery is expending vast sums on inferior pictures, such as the Pisani Paul Veronese, "The Family of Darius," &c., &c.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SEASON 1860.

THE LESSEE and DIRECTOR, having completed arrangements which enable him to make the announcement under peculiarly favourable circumstances, has the gratification to acquaint the nobility, gentry, and the public, that HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE will OPEN for the SEASON on Tuesday, the 10th of April next. Her Majesty's Theatre for more than a century has been recognised as the first Lyric Theatre in Europe. With this magnificent establishment are intimately associated all the splendour and prestige of Italian Opera; to it also belong the most brilliant reminiscences of the Ballet. The history of Her Majesty's Theatre is identified with the progress of music in this country, and its name made memorable by the special patronage of Royalty. Its spacious and noble area, its peculiarity of construction—which renders it the finest theatre in the world for sound—its perfect suitableness for the purposes of music, and, more than all, its locality in the most fashionable and easily-accessible part of the metropolis, point to it as the temple of high-art entertainment best adapte dto the taste and accommodation of the Court and the aristocracy. In short, no other opera-house in existence can boast of equal advantages in point of convenience of site, commodiousness of construction, and elegance of appearance. Considerable changes and improvements have been made in order to conduce to the comfort and satisfaction of the subscribers and the public. The theatre has undergone a thorough renovation in the interior and exterior, and several alterations have been effected throughout the building, which the Director thought were imperatively called for, and which he feels satisfied will meet with universal approbation. The crush room and entrances have been rendered commodious and elegant, a perfect system of ventilation has been adopted, and every care taken to ensure the accommodation of the audience. The Lessee is deeply impressed with the responsibilities of his new undertaking. He feels that he has made himself answerable to all his patrons for the production of every work at Her Majesty's Theatre in a style of completeness and excellence worthy of their support. As an assurance that due exertion will not be wanting to arrive at this result, he may refer to the accompanying list of artistes and arrangements for the forthcoming season :—

ENGAGEMENTS—Mdlle. Piccolomini (her farewell nights previous to her final retirement from the stage), Mdlle. Vaneri, Madame Laura Baxter, Mdlle. Maria Brunetti (from the Grand Opera Paris, her first appearance in this country). and Madame Alboni; Mdlle. Lotti della Santa (her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre), Mdlle. Dell'Anese, Mdlle. Nardi, and Madame Maria Cabel (Prima Donna of the Opera Comique, Paris,) Madame Borghi Mamo (her first appearance in this country,) and Mdlle, Titiens, Signor Mongini, Signor Belart, Signor Corsi, Signor Mercuriali, Signor Soldi, Signor Giuglini, Signor Everardi (of the Imperial Italian Operas of Vienna and St. Petersburgh, his first appearance in this country), Signor Aldighieri, Signor Fellar, (his first appearance,) and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, (of the Regio, Turin, La Pergola, Florence, &c.,) Signor Gossier, Signor Castelli, and Signor Violetti, Directors of the music, Composers and Conductors—Mr. Benedict and Signor Arditi. Principal Violins—Herr Molique, and Mr. Henry Blagrove. Leader of the Ballet—Signor Bollilli (Musical Director for the Theatre Bologna.) The Military Band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey. Suggestiore—Signor Fontana. Regisseur—Signor Grua. The carefully selected and highly trained Chorus under the direction of Signor Vaschetti. The Corps de Ballet will include several additions from the continental theatres, under the direction of M. Petit. The engagements for the Ballet comprise: Mdlle. Salvioni, (of the San Carlos, Naples, her first appearance,) Mdlle. Morlacchi, Mdlle. Pocchini, Mdlle. Clavelle, Mdlle. Moncelet, Mdlle. Claudini Cucchi, (of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, her first appearance), Mdlle. Bioletti, Mdlle. Loquine, Mdlle. Ferraris, M. Merante, (of the Grand Opera, Paris, (his first appearance,) Signor Carlori, (of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, his first appearance,) and M. Durand. Maitre e compositeur de Ballet—Signor Borri (of the principal Theatre in Italy.)

With a repertoire so extensive and attractive as that of Her Majesty's Theatre, an assemblage of talent so remarkable, and with so magnificent a theatre, in every way peculiarly adapted to the various performances, theDirector confidently looks to the nobility and the public for support. To fulfil the conditions entailed, in carrying on so vast an establishment, requires more than common energies and common resources; and it is only by liberal assistance from the patrons of art, among the aristocracy and the public that any good result can follow; while no labour, effort, or expense will be spared to render the performances of the highest excellence. It is further the intention of the management to produce during the season the following:—Weber's grand romantic opera of Oberon, which has been for a long time in active preparation, and will be produced on a scale and with a completeness worthy of this great work. The minor as well as the principal parts will be effectively filled. The scenery and dresses are being prepared with great care, and will present features of special interest. The whole will be produced under the immediate superintendence of J. R. Planché, Esq., Author of the Libretto, by whom several changes and modifications have been made, while the whole of the original music has been carefully preserved. The recitatives expressly arranged by M. Benedict, pupil of the composer of this great work. Beethoven's Fidelio, Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens. A new and original opera by Maestro Campana, in which Mdlle. Piccolomini will appear. Rossini's opera of Otello.—In consequence of the enthusiastic reception accorded to Mme. Borghi Mamo, at the Italian Opera in Paris, the above opera will be produced early in the season, with the following cast:—Otello, Signor Mongini; Rodrigo, Signor Corso; Elmiro, Signor Vialetti; Iago, Signor Everardi; Desdemona, Mme. Borghi Mamo. And about the middle of May, Rossini's Semiramide, with the following powerful cast:—Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens (her first appearance in that character); Arsace, Madame Alboni (her first appearance this season; Idreno, Signor Belart; Oreo, Signor Vialetti; and Assur, Signor Everardi. Mozart's Le Nozze di Figaro, with an unprecedented cast. Also Weber's opera of Der Frieschütz, in which Signor Mongini and Mdlle. Titiens will sustain the principal characters. Mdlle. Brunetti will arrive at the end of April, and make her first appearance at the early part of May, in Verdi's opera of Rigoletto. Madame Alboni will make her first appearance about the middle of May, as Arsace in Semiramide. Mdlle. Titiens will appear on the opening night Tuesday, April 10, in conjunction with Signor Giuglini. Madame Borghi Mamo will make her first appearance in this country on Thursday, April 12, as Leonora, in La Favorite. Madame Marie Cabel (from the Imperial Opera Comique, Paris,) will appear during the season in several of her favourite characters. On the opening night also will be performed the ballet of Fleur des Champs, in which Mdlle. Pocchini will appear. The general favourite, Mdlle. Ferraris, will appear in Mazalier's highly successful ballet of Orfa (first time in this country). Mdlle. Claudina Cucchi will make her début in a new ballet. The season will commence on Tuesday, April 10, when will be performed (for the first time at this theatre) Flotow's admired opera of Martha. Lionello, Signor Giuglini (his first appearance this season); Plumkett, Signor Vialetti; Lord Tristano, Signor Sebastian Ronconi; Nancy, Mdlle. Vaneri; Lady Henrietta, Mdlle. Titiens (her first appearance this season). On Thursday, April 12th, La Favorita. Fernando, Signor Guiglini; Alfonso, Signor Everardo (his first appearance); Baldassare, Signor Vialetti; Leonora, Mdlle. Borghi Mamo (her first appearance). On Saturday, 14th April, will be performed Verdi's opera of Il Trovatore, Manrico, Signor Giuglini; Ferrando, Signor Vialetti; Comte di Luna, Signor Aldighieri; Azucena, Madame Borghi Mamo; Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens. The Box-office of the Theatre is open daily for subscribers form 10 to 5, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

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V. R.

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13

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE SEVENTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 2nd, 1860.
THE INSTRUMENTAL PIECES BY
MOZART.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A major, for Clarinet, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello .. .. Mozart.
Mr. Lazarus, M. Sainton, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Mr. Paque.
(By general desire.)

SONG, "Lascio ch' io pianga," .. .. Handel.
Miss Laura Baxter.

SONG, "Oh! beauteous daughter of the starry race," .. Beethoven.
Mr. Sims Reeves.

FANTASIA, in C minor, pianoforte .. .. Mozart.
Mr. Benedict.
(First time.)

PART II.

SONATA, for Violin and Pianoforte, in B flat .. .. Mozart.
M. Sainton and Mr. Benedict.
(By desire.)

SERENADE, "When the moon is brightly shining," .. Molique.
Mr. Sims Reeves.

SONG, "The Savoyard's Song," .. .. Mendelssohn.
Miss Laura Baxter.

QUINTET, in E flat, for Pianoforte and Wind Instruments .. .. Mozart.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—MR. GYE has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the public, that the Opera Season of 1860 will commence on Tuesday, April 10, on which occasion will be performed, for the seventh time on the Italian Stage, Meyerbeer's New Grand Opera, DINORAH. Prospectuses with the terms of subscription, full particulars of the engagements, operas to be given, &c., &c., may be obtained at the box office, under the portico of the theatre; also of Mr. Mitchell; Messrs. Ebers; Mr. Hookham; Messrs. Chappell; Mr. Bubb, Bond-street; Mr. Sams, St. James's-street; Mr. Hammond, and Messrs. Cramer and Co., Regent-street; and of Messrs. Keith and Prowse, Cheapside.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT. Thursday next, April 5th, at 8 o'clock, Macfarren's Cantata, "May-day," "Il Clemenza di Tito"; Mozart, "Ave Maria"; Double-choir, Mendelssohn, MS. part songs for Double-choir. Filby will be rehearsed. 13, Berner's-street. F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.

MISS LAURA BAXTER has the honour to announce that her Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will take place at St. James's Hall, on the 15th of May. Under the immediate patronage of the Marquis of Lansdowne, The Right Honorable The Earl [illegible], The Countess Mount Edgcumbe, The Lady Brownlow, Viscount [illegible], Lady Katherine Valletort, &c. Communications respecting [illegible], &c., to be addressed to Miss Laura Baxter's residence, [illegible] Regent's Park, N.W.

NEWSPAPER

MR. MELCHOR WINTER (Tenor), and Mr. Beujamin WELLS (flautist), beg to announce that they will give a GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, at the Hanover-square Rooms, early in May. Full particulars will be shortly published.—17, St. James's-square, Notting hill, W.

MR. MELCHOR WINTER will sing at Miss CHIPPERFIELD'S CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday 26th instant; at Myddelton Hall, Islington, April 17th; and Hanover Square Rooms, April 26th.

MR. RAMSDEN respectfully announces that he will return to Town, for the Season, on the 2nd of April. Communications respecting Engagements, Pupils, &c., to be addressed to Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201, Regent-street, W.

MR. MELCHOR WINTER, Tenor. All communications respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Italian or English opera, to be addressed to his private residence, 17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

MISS MARGARET McALPINE (Contralto), requests that letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Pupils, be addressed to her residence, 63, Burton-crescent, New-road.

MR. TENNANT has returned to town. All communications respecting engagements for himself and Mrs. Tennant to be addressed to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or to their residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MRS. TENNANT (Sister of Mr. Sims Reeves), begs to acquaint her friends and the public that she continues giving lessons in singing. For terms, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or at her own residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MISS EMMA BUSBY begs to announce her return to London for the season. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 42, Blandford-square, N.W.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT, Pianist & Composer, will return to London from Germany for the season, early in April. All letters and communications respecting engagements and lessons, to be addressed to the care of Mr. Joseph Barnett, 3, Upper Craven-place, Kentish-town.

MISS AUERHAAN, (pupil of Mrs. Arthur Willmore) the juvenile pianist, who made a successful debût at St. Martin's Hall, will play the "Sonata Pathetique" at the Russell Institution on Tuesday next.

MR. WALLWORTH'S engagement with the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company being terminated, he is now at liberty for concerts, pupils, &c.—30, Edwardes-street, Portman-square, W.

MR. MEYER LUTZ has the honour to announce that he has returned to London for the season.—36, Richmond-terrace, Clapham-road, S.; or to Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, Regent-street.

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK is in town for the season.—Letters respecting lessons or engagements for the pianoforte or harmonium to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

MISS EMILY GRESHAM, Soprano.—Letters respecting engagements for oratorios and concerts, to be addressed, 20, Alfred-terrace, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO'S FAREWELL.—MADAME CLARA NOVELLO respectfully acquaints her friends and the public that she will revisit England in the autumn to sing at a few Oratorios and Concerts in London and the provinces, being her last appearances in public. Communications from Musical Societies to be addressed to Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street.

MEYERBEER'S NEW WORK—"ASPIRATION"—CANTIQUE. (Short Anthem.) The words from the original latin of Thomas a Kempis, "De imitatione Christi." Composed for SIX VOICES (three sopranos, two tenors, and bass), with Recitatives for a BASS SOLO, and Organ (or Harmonium) accompaniment ad libitum, by GIACOMO MEYERBEER. Price, in score, 4s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where Meyerbeer's setting of the Lord's Prayer, for four voices, 3s., and the Serenade, for eight voices, "This house to love is holy," 4s., may be obtained.

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MUSICAL UNION.—Members' Tickets are all issued. Changes of residence, nominations of new members, and non-delivery of tickets to be notified to the Director. Extra copies of RECORD, with Portrait of Spohr, and account of Music in Paris, 1859, are just published, 2s. 6d. each. Letters to Cramer's, Chappell's, and Ollivier's, will receive prompt attention addressed to

J. ELLA, Director.

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REVIEWS.

"'*Chopin's Mazurkas,' in eleven books, complete, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction*—edited by J. W. Davison (Boosey and Sons)." "Chopin for the many" will, perhaps, appear an anomaly to those who look upon the individual Chopin as a spirit, dwelling away from the mass of artistic workers, and devouring his own heart in defiance of the oracle of Pythagoras—"*Cor non edite*" (which will be disregarded by secret mourners, so long as the world lasts). Equally anomalous will it sound to all who have read (and can understand) the rhapsody published by Messrs. Wessel and Stapleton, some twenty years ago, under the name and title of *An Essay on the Works of Frederic Chopin*, in which Shelley's definition of Coleridge—

"He was a mighty poet,
And a subtle-souled psychologist"—

is placed to the account of Chopin himself, with a stretch of indulgence that not one of the three Anabaptists who figure, as customers at the Edinburgh Castle, together with the learned Epistemon (in our leading columns of to-day), would have accorded to Mr. Fitzball, whose recondite verse they severally endeavour to explain or contemn. But the real fact is, that what is intrinsically good and true, however at the outset confined to a narrow circle of appreciation, *must* in the end find its way to "the many," from whom it will receive the stamp of immortality. That which never can by any chance become popular is somewhere intrinsically wrong. "Popular" is one thing—"vulgar" is another; and we must beg our readers to admit a wide difference in the signification of the two epithets. The popularity of "The Ratcatcher's Daughter" is a very dissimilar matter from the popularity of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and springs from wholly dissimilar sources. The first finds its way speedily to the barrel-organ; the last must not aspire to such distinction, for it would never be likely, under any circumstances, to obtain it; and indeed it would be a pity if the contrary were true. The Mazurkas of Chopin stand much in the same predicament, notwithstanding that they proceed directly, in the majority of instances, from the fountain of National Tune, in which Chopin's country (Poland) is so individual and so rich. The poet-musician has endowed them with a new physiognomy, and in effecting this has separated them for ever from those vulgar sympathies with which art has nothing whatever in common. Probably among the numerous productions of Chopin, the Mazurkas are the most genial and characteristic. The natural offspring of his peculiar idiosyncracy, they breath his spirit, reflect his sentimentality, and are the truest *media* of communication between his inner self and the outside world, which he, like all men specially gifted—men of genius, in short—was born to delight. We verily believe that there is more of the genuine spirit of Chopin in one of these brief Mazurkas, than in the whole of his concertos, sonatas, and larger compositions put together. Whereas, in his elaborate compositions, he was stilted, mannered, and catachrestical, in his Mazurkas (and the minor effusions) he is nearly always spontaneous, natural, and, therefore, *sympathetic*. With this conviction, we can endorse, without reservation, the words with which the editor, whose labours are now before us, sums up the paragraph in which he briefly glances at the entire production of Chopin:—

"That Chopin, however, excelled less in works of '*longue haleine*' than in those of smaller pretensions, will hardly be denied. His *Etudes*, his *Preludes*, his *Valses*, his *Nocturnes*, and above all his Mazurkas, are quite enough to save him from oblivion, whatever may eventually become of his concertos and sonatas. The variety with which in the Mazurkas he has said the same thing some fifty times over, will go further than anything else to prove that Chopin's genius, whatever its eccentricities and failings, was decidedly *inventive*. The best of the Mazurkas are without question those that smell the least strongly of the lamp, those which, harmonised in the least affected manner, are easiest to play, and bear the closest affinity to (in some cases are almost echoes of) the national dance tunes of his country. Some of them are gems, as faultless as they are attractive, from whatever point of view regarded: others, more evidently laboured, are less happy; but not one of them is wholly destitute of points that appeal to the feelings, surprise by their unexpectedness, fascinate by their plaintive character, or charm by their ingenuity."

The distinction between Chopin's more ambitious efforts and those which (like the Mazurkas) came most directly from his natural genius may be likened to the distinction between the formalities of high-bred society and those in the humbler spheres of life in Poland. The Polish gentleman preserves, in his vocabulary of polite intercourse a strong imprint of the hyperbolical features of oriental phraseology. The expressions, "*Very powerful*," and "*Very enlightened, Sir*," are still indispensable. That of "*Benefactor*" ("*Dobrodzi*") is frequently employed in conversation; while the customary salutation between gentlemen, or from gentlemen to ladies, is, "*I throw myself at your feet*" (*Padam do Nog*"). The people's salutation, on the other hand, is "*Glory to God*" ("*Slawa Bohu*"). The works of Chopin might, without any very great impropriety, be classed under the two heads of *Padam do Nog* (including concertos, &c.), and *Slawa Bohu* (including Mazurkas, &c).

Mr. Davison's general view of Chopin, as a man and as an artist, will, probably, be regarded by some as scarcely favourable, if not indeed somewhat prejudiced. It certainly differs *in toto* from that inculcated in the *Essay*—or "Yellow Book," as it was nick-named—on Chopin, which at the time of its appearance was (truly or erroneously), attributed to his pen. We have shown how he speaks of the Mazurkas in Messrs. Boosey's new edition; see how he raved about the same exquisite trifles in the "Yellow Book."

"Among the lesser compositions of Chopin, the mazurkas—those 'cabinet pictures,' as Liszt has happily designated them—those green spots in the desert—those quaint snatches of melancholy song—those outpourings of an unworldly and tristful soul—those musical floods of tears, and gushes of pure joyfulness—those exquisite embodiments of fugitive thoughts—those sweet complaints of unacknowledged genius—stand alone and unrivalled. These are wholly and individually creations of Chopin, which none have dared to imitate (for who, indeed, could aspire to imitate that which is inimitable?)—pourtraying, in vivid colours, the patriotism and home-feeling of the great Polish composer (we need hardly remind our readers that Poland boasts the honour of having given birth to Chopin), affording vent, in passionate eloquence, to the beautiful and secret thoughts of his guileless heart. Of these, there are eight sets,* all of the rarest loveliness—sparkling with genius—redolent with fragrant thought—very nosegays of sweet and balmy melody. If we have a preference, where all is beauty unsurpassed, it is for the first and sixth sets, which, for quaint and happy melody, rich and delicious harmony, ingenious and novel treatment, are unrivalled since music was an art."

We have not quoted more than a third of this rhapsody, at the end of which, on throwing down his pen, the writer might appropriately have addressed Chopin in the Polish formula, after the *Grand Seigneur* has entertained his guests with a magnificent feast—"*Czym bohat, tym rad*" (which, paraphrased in English, would be—"Deign to pardon what is unworthy of you, but it is all my poor wealth that

* The last three had not then been composed.

I place at your feet"); for surely such a banquet of literary adulation was never served up to king or hero, even by the historiographers who recounted the virtues and exploits of the Cæsars. However, "Let by-gones be by-gones;" the modern opinion is probably the sounder of the two, and we have no wish to quarrel with it.

Mr. Davison's preface, like that to Dussek's *Plus Ultra* (*ante*, page 183), contains almost as much of biographical and anecdotical as of critical and analytical matter; and, had we space, we could entertain our readers with no end of *ana*. We must, however, be satisfied with one or two extracts. Here is a paragraph about Chopin's early love:—

"Chopin never married; but he cherished, it is said, an attachment all his life. This Dr. Liszt informs us was for a young compatriot of his hero—'*belle et douce jeune fille, comme une Madone de Luini*, &c.' It appears that this '*belle et douce jeune fille*' loved Chopin with an earnest love to the end, and really, in examining the scanty incidents of his life, it is difficult to assign any reason why he should not have married her. She was faithful to his memory after death, and wasted her maidenhood in constant care and solicitude for his surviving parents. She made a portrait of him, which Chopin's father would never allow to be replaced by any other; and in a thousand various ways exhibited her devotion."

The origin of the Chopin-Mazurka may be cited as a corollary to the foregoing:—

"But Chopin, who (like Steerforth) was very popular at school, became intimate with Prince Borys Czetwertynska and his brothers. At their house, where music was assiduously cultivated, he saw and knew the Princess-mother, '*belle encore*,' and of an '*esprit sympathique*,' whose saloons were the most brilliant and *recherchés* in Warsaw. The Princess-mother was, nevertheless, only a monad in the new sphere which now became Chopin's universe. 'At her house Chopin often met the most distinguished ladies of the capital; he became acquainted with those *seductive beauties* whose renown was European, at a time when Warsaw was celebrated for the *éclat*, the elegance and the grace of its society. Through the intervention of the Princess Czetwertynska he had the honour of being introduced to the Princess Lowicz, at whose house he became intimate with the Countess Zamoyska, the Princess Radziwill, and the Princess Jablonowska—*enchantresses*, surrounded by other beauties less *illustrious*.'

"The conception of the Mazurka, as Chopin understood it, here took place in his perplexed brain. Let this important period be described at length—with the apology that Dr. Liszt's French is not easy to reduce into English:—'Still very young, it fell to the lot of Chopin to govern their steps by the chords of his piano. In these reunions, which might be likened to assemblages of fairies, he was no doubt often enabled to discover, suddenly unveiled in the whirl of the dance, the secrets of those aspiring and tender hearts; he was able without difficulty to read in their souls, which leaned with friendly sympathy towards his adolescence, and saw of what a mixture of *levain* and *pâte de rose* (of —— and ——; but the original is inimitable) of saltpetre and angel's tears (!) was kneaded the poetic ideal of his country. When his fingers unconsciously ran over the keys, and drew from them a succession of touching harmonies, he was able to divine in what manner the secret tears of enamoured girls and young neglected wives were shed; how the eyes of men both given to love and jealous of glory became humid with emotion. How often must some lovely girl, petitioning for a simple prelude, have leaned her beautiful elbow on the instrument, to support her dreaming head, and allowed Chopin to guess from her look the strain her heart was singing; how often must a group of *nymphes folâtres*, in order to coax out of him a waltz of vertiginous rapidity, have besieged him with smiles that placed him in unison with their gaiety! There he saw unfolded in the Mazurka the chaste graces of his magnificent countrywomen,' &c., &c., &c.

"Chopin used to recount in his peculiar manner (he did everything in a 'peculiar manner') that here he 'understood for the first time what sentiments the melodies and rhythms of the National Dance were capable of expressing.' Here, too, he learned how to set high value on that noble and reserved deportment, united to vivacity of sentiment, '*qui préserve la délicatesse de l'affadissement, qui empêche la prévenance de rancir*—' which Dr. Liszt may translate for himself. At all events, the Mazurka—Chopin's Mazurka—was the offspring of these reunions, which at the same time may account for the reason of his leaving the '*belle et douce jeune fille*,' who sketched his portrait, to pine away in loneliness, while he wasted his manly vigour in the enervating saloons of enervated capitals."

And as corollary, No. 2 (the early love still figuring in the back-ground), a paragraph may be added, relating to Chopin's intimacy with the Baroness Dudevant (George Sand):—

"A professed hater of women-authors, Chopin had a great disinclination to make the acquaintance of Mad. Georges Sand, with whom he subsequently, however, formed an intimacy which for some years wholly absorbed him. In 1837, this celebrated lady accompanied Chopin to the island of Majorca, where he had been ordered by medical advice, and where he remained, tenderly nursed by the authoress of *Lelie*, during an alarming and protracted illness. 'The remembrance of the days passed in Majorca'—says Dr. Liszt—'was graven on the heart of Chopin like that of a rapture, an ecstasy which fate accords but once to the most favoured.' 'He was not' (it is probably Mad. Sand who speaks) 'on earth, he was in an empyrean of golden clouds and perfumes; his fine and exquisite imagination seemed drowned in a monologue with God himself, and if perchance, on the radiant prism where he forgot himself, some accident caused the little magic lantern of the world to pass, he would experience most frightful uneasiness, &c., &c.' (the rest to match). However, Chopin's residence in Majorca was beneficial in every respect, and his 'admirable nurse,' Mad. Sand ('herself a great artist'), embellished every incident of his sojourn.* Under these circumstances, what chance was there (it may be asked) for the '*belle et douce jeune fille*,' pining in the land of Mazurkas?"

For an account of the incidents connected with Chopin's death, and with the friends immediately about him at the time; for a description of his funeral obsequies at the Madeleine (Paris); for an elaborate analysis of Chopin's talent, as pianist and composer, including observations on his social qualities and individual character as a man, together with comparisons between him and other musicians; we must refer our readers to Mr. Davison's preface, which leaves few points of any importance undiscussed. We can only find room for a passage or two concerning Charles Filtsch, whose early demise (at the age of fourteen) deprived the musical world of an undoubted genius. Speaking of Chopin's play, Mr. Davison thus alludes to the talent of his pupil:—

"It must, however, be admitted that the pupil, Charles Filtsch (who died at the early age of fourteen), surpassed the master, inasmuch as while preserving all the ethereal grace and delicacy of Chopin's play, all its variety of tone and passionate impulsiveness, Filtsch superadded a certain vigour and unity, which endowed it with a more consistent vitality—rare (almost unprecedented) instance of a copy excelling the original, and the more wonderful considering the extreme youth *of* the copyist."

Here is an instance of Filtsch's extraordinary memory:—

"Filtsch passed the season 1843 in London. How intimately he was versed in the music of his master, may be gathered from a fact which occurred under the notice of the writer. Engaged to perform Chopin's second concerto in public, the orchestral parts not being obtainable, Filtsch, nothing dismayed, wrote out the whole of them from memory."

Mendelssohn of course knew Chopin (whom did Mendelssohn *not* know?); and with a Mendelssohn paragraph we must be satisfied to close our budget:—

"Mendelssohn, in speaking of one of the *Preludes* of Chopin, expressed himself in terms of such unqualified admiration, as to elicit a query from an interlocutor, unable to understand the cause of the great master's enthusiasm. 'I love it,' replied Mendelssohn, with unusual warmth—'I cannot tell you how much, or why; except, perhaps, that it is something which *I could never at all have written*.' On the other hand, questioned about the finale of one of the sonatas, Mendelssohn said, briefly and bitterly—'Oh! I *abhor* it'. When Chopin was first in Paris he took lessons on the pianoforte of the late Kalkbrenner,

* Chopin lived, however, to be separated from the accomplished novelist, which separation he often declared was equivalent to his death-knell.

whose reputation as a professor then stood very high. This fact, for some unfathomable reason, used to be kept a secret by Chopin, and was openly denied by some of his friends, indisposed to believe that such a wayward and fitful genius could receive any benefit whatever from the tutelage of a musical drill-sergeant. It is, nevertheless, true; and equally so that Mendelssohn, with whom at the time Chopin had contracted a friendly intimacy, expressed his astonishment, on being told by Chopin himself that he had come to Paris expressly to study under Kalkbrenner. 'Why,' said Mendelssohn—always quick to appreciate talent in others—'you play *better* than Kalkbrenner.'"

And so he did—as all can testify who ever heard him, even when sickness weighed him down, and he was scarcely more than a shadow. Chopin's play, indeed, was so original and individual, that his music, performed by almost any of the great pianists, his contemporaries (Filtsch alone excepted), seemed to want something, which though undefinable, was indispensable to its perfect interpretation.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

AT the second concert, on Monday week, there was even a better programme than at the first :—

PART I.—Overture, "Isles of Fingal"—Mendelssohn. Aria, "O del mio dolce ardor"—Stradella. Concerto in E flat, pianoforte—Mozart. Aria, "Pensa alla patria"—Rossini. Pastoral Symphony—Beethoven.

PART II.—Overture, "Masaniello"—Auber. Chorus, "Away, the morning freshly breaking"—Auber. Song, "The first violet"—Mendelssohn. Fantasia, violin, "Hongrois"—Ernst. Aria, "Robert, toi que j'aime"—Meyerbeer. Hungarian March—Berlioz.

Mendelssohn's grandly picturesque overture and the *Pastoral Symphony*, to the lovers of grand orchestral music, were treats of a high order, and thoroughly enjoyed. The pianoforte concerto was entitled to unqualified praise. We have rarely indeed listened to a more splendid performance. That such a work should be seldom introduced in public is unaccountable, seeing that good pianoforte concertos are not too plentiful, and that this one in particular, for symmetry of design, beauty of details and novelty of ideas, has never been surpassed. The concerto in E flat, in short, may be reckoned among the finest, not only of Mozart, but of any composer. Miss Arabella Goddard's performance was faultless from end to end, and her execution of the cadenzas introduced in the first and last movements (Hummel's) a triumph of mechanical skill, united to consummate grace. Her success was triumphant. Herr Becker played Ernst's very difficult piece with surprising skill and taste, and brilliantly inaugurated his first appearance at the New Philharmonic Concerts. In the overture to *Masaniello*, the vigour and energy of the band were remarkable.

The vocal music was allotted to Madame Sainton-Dolby and Miss Augusta Thomson. Stradella's air was sung admirably by the first-named lady, and (need we add?) Mendelssohn's "First Violet" to perfection. The air from the *Italiana in Algeri* is hardly suited to Miss Augusta Thomson, whose style is better adapted to the French than the Italian school. The air from *Robert* was quite another affair.

The audience was numerous and fashionable, and, as a manifestation of the progress of music, it may be stated that Dr. Wylde's subscription this year is larger than ever.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE instrumental pieces last Monday were from Beethoven, and the songs from Mr. W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. A better programme has been seldom presented :—

PART I.—Grand Septet, in E flat major, Op. 20—Beethoven. Song, "Sally in our alley," 1620. Song, "Oh! the oak and the ash," 1650. Sonata, in E major. Op. 109, for Pianoforte Solo (First time)—Beethoven.

PART II.—Romance. in G major, Op. 40. Violin Solo (First time)—Beethoven. Song, "At her cottage door," 17th Century. Song, "Kitty, dear Kitty," 1605. Grand Sonata, in A, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin—Beethoven.—Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

The septet was repeated by general desire, the impression it created at the fourteenth concert having been very great, in spite of its being the last piece in the programme. The superb sonata in E major (Op. 109) was the interesting novelty of the concert. Even the most enthusiastic admirers of Beethoven were doubtful about the reception which would be accorded to this, one of the most profound of his latest compositions. They were not long in suspense, however. The audience were enchained from the commencement, and a more genuine triumph was never achieved. That much of this was due to Miss Arabella Goddard's magnificent playing can hardly be denied; but the feeling created by each movement, more especially by the variations, *Andante molto Cantabile*, was not to be mistaken. The applause at the end was genuine, and Miss Goddard was unanimously recalled to the platform. It is now established beyond further question that the later sonatas of Beethoven are no more "caviare" to the multitude than the so-called "Posthumous Quartets," and the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts have entitled themselves to the gratitude of lovers of real music for settling the matter, through the medium of Miss Goddard's admirable talent, at rest. Every great violonist has his peculiar mode of playing the Kreutzer Sonata. Herr Becker's style no more resembles that of Herr Wieniawski, than Herr Wieniawski's that of Herr Joseph Joachim. The execution of this incomparable work, however, won new laurels for Herr Becker, and, with Miss Arabella Goddard at the piano, the excellence of the performance may be easily estimated. It was another triumph for the work, and out of the large audience assembled, only three or four ladies rose to depart before the last note of the last movement had been heard. The lovely romance, played to perfection by Herr Becker, was encored with acclamations, and the one in F major (Op. 50) substituted in its place. Herr Becker seems to know all the good music extant.

The vocal music was shared between Miss Fanny Rowland and Mr. Tennant, the gentleman singing "Sally in our alley," and "Kitty, dear Kitty," and Miss Rowland the other ballads. Both lady and gentleman did themselves infinite credit. These fine old specimens of English melody gave great satisfaction, and should lead to other contributions from the same source on another occasion.

CONCERTS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Friday, the 23rd, Haydn's *Seasons* was given. The performance had, to some extent, the attraction of novelty to recommend it; hence the crowded audience which thronged the building in every part, despite the rain, which steadily descended in torrents for some hours. Of the general execution, we are bound to speak in highly laudatory terms, band, chorus, and principals, all exerting themselves with the best possible effect. There being but one female solo part, Miss Parepa had undivided possession of the soprano music, and confirmed the favourable impression previously recorded in our notice of her first appearance at Exeter Hall, in *Judas Maccabæus*, although the majority of her pieces being concerted, she had less opportunity for display than was afforded her upon that occasion. Mr. Sims Reeves again distinguished himself, particularly in the airs, "Distressful Nature," and "Now o'er the dreary waste," both being perfect master-pieces of singing, and drawing down enthusiastic applause. Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang with all his usual care and correctness. Mr. Weiss sustained the whole of the bass music, and showed himself as thoroughly at home in Haydn as he invariably does in Handel. The vigour and energy imparted to the air, "With joy the impatient husbandman," had the effect of causing the audience to forget all about the stereotyped veto, and applaud most heartily. In our last notice of the Sacred Harmonic Society we took occasion to observe that at the performance in question (*Judas Maccabæus*), the ordinary injunction had been withdrawn. We now find (as usual), at the foot of the programme that, "In consideration of the sacred nature of the performance, the audience is requested to allow it to proceed without interruption from applause or encores." We are

much inclined to doubt whether the *Seasons* can be considered as a "sacred" work at all. Generally speaking, it partakes of a pastoral character, the "sporting" element being by no means wanting. Is the air, "When sluggish Phœbus," or the chorus, "Hark the merry-toned horn" (encored by the way), or "Again the merry horn resounds, huzza," or "Shout boys, shout," or "Pass round the wine," or the unmistakeable dance music, to be regarded as sacred? If so, *Acis and Galatea*, *Alexander's Feast*, and *The May Queen*, might as well claim to be sacred. The chorus at the end of Spring, "Marvellous, Lord, are thy works;" and the final chorus, "Hosannas to Thy Name," are the only ones that can strictly pretend to anything of a sacred character; but these being exceptional and so disproportionately in the minority, cannot give colour to the entire work any more than an occasional pious explanation in a three-volume production can entitle it to be considered as a religious book.

On Wednesday next, the customary Passion Week performance of the *Messiah* will be given.

MR. AGUILAR'S SECOND PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC came off at his residence, Westbourne-square, on Saturday evening last. The part of the programme dedicated to the pianforte comprised Beethoven's sonata in G major, op. 29, No 1; Mendelssohn's "Volkalied" and Caprice in E, op. 33, No. 2; the same composer's *Lied ohne Worte*, No. 1, book 2; Weber's Rondo Brillante; variations in A, by Mozart; the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven. The last, as may be imagined, was the feature of the evening, and Mr. Aguilar had the good fortune to find an excellent coadjutor in Mr. Henry Holmes, whose violin playing pleased immensely. Next to the incomparable sonata for pianoforte and violin, Mozart's variations appeared to afford most gratification; although every piece found its admirers, and all were masterpieces of their kind. In addition to his share in the Kreutzer sonata, Mr. Henry Holmes played the *Adagio* from Tartini's violin sonata, No. 2, Op. 1, and the *Giga* and *Allegro* from Corelli's sonata, No. 10, op. 5. Mr. Holmes is a performer of considerable merit. His play is characterised by great purity and sound taste; his tone is full and sonorous, and his execution finished and easy. He might, certainly, have found pieces more conformable to the taste of the audience than the sonatas of the two old masters—the audience, be it remembered, consisting mostly of lady amateurs of the pianoforte; or, if he really intended to conciliate such connoisseurs of fiddle playing as might have been present, he should have given an entire sonata, not fragments of two. Mr. Holmes, nevertheless, created a great sensation, and impressed everybody with his talent. Miss Lindo relieved the instrumental performance with some voice pieces. These were the beautiful contralto song "Fac ut portem," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater;* Beethoven's "Herz, mein herz;" and Schubert's "Nachstück." All three were carefully and nicely sung, the last in particular engaging the attention of the company and eliciting expressions of satisfaction. The rooms were crowded. The last performance is announced to take place on Saturday, the 14th of April.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The third Subscription Concert came off on Wednesday. The programme presented many features of interest, and the choir, who had more than their average work to accomplish, sang well from first to last. The choral performances comprised Hauptman's motet, "Salvum fac regem;" Orlando Gibbons's madrigal, "The Silver Swan;" Luca Marenzio's madrigals, "Lady, see on every side," and "Fair May Queen;" Mr. Benedict's serenade "Blessed be the home" (first time); Her Otto Goldschmidt's part-song, "Come when the dawn;" the prayer from *Masaniello*, "Hear holy saints;" Sir Henry Bishop's glee, "Where art thou, beam of light?" Mr. Benedict's cradle song, "Sweet repose is reigning now;" Kucken's Suabian melody "Come, Dorothy, come;" Mendelssohn's part-song, "Remembrance;" and Franz Abt's part-song, "Gaily o'er the ocean." Mr. Benedict's cradle song, sung by twelve ladies of the Vocal Association, was encored, a compliment richly merited. M. Sainton performed two violin solos of his own composition—the *Traviata* fantasia and the *Valse de Concert*—in his usual brilliant manner; and Miss Eleanor Ward, a promising young pianist, was encored in Her Kuhe's fantasia on "Martha." The vocal music was divided between Miss Fanny Rowland and Mad. Sainton Dolby, and comprised, for the former lady, Mozart's aria "Or che il cielo" and Mr. Macfarren's ballad "The beating of my own heart," for the latter the air from Handel's *Admetus*, "Cangio d' aspetto," and Mr. Balfe's song, "The green trees whispered low." In the case of both artists, the English song was more successful than the Italian, the ballads of Messrs. Macfarren and Balfe being both redemanded and repeated. Mr. Benedict conducted with his accustomed musician-like ability.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN gave a concert on Thursday evening which attracted a very large audience to the Hanover-square rooms. Even the orchestra was crowded. In the plenitude of his good nature, Mr. Salaman made himself a veritable cornucopia of music, and poured out his entertainment in too liberal a stream. The programme divided into two would have been of average length, and none have felt wearied at the end. Mr. Salaman, indeed, must have fancied himself a Titan—in point of endurance, we mean—to set down for himself such a programme as the following:—

Sonata in E flat (Steibelt); air with variations in D minor (Handel); Sonata in A minor (Philip Emanuel Bach); Romance in F (J. B. Cramer); Rondo del tempo della Giga (Salaman); Capriccio in E flat on a melody, by Cherubini (Salaman); Andante and Presto Agitato, in B minor (Mendelssohn); and with Messrs. H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, Lidel, Ferdinand Ries's Quartet in E flat, op. 17, for pianoforte, violin, tenor and violoncello.

The pieces which received most applause, were Ferdinand Ries's quartet—which in addition to its being admirably executed, was attractive on its own account, the *rondo* especially—and Steibelt's sonata (dedicated to Madame Bonaparte), a very showy composition. Of Mr. Salaman's own pieces the *Rondo* pleased us most. Mad. Catharine Hayes sang Mozart's "Non tema," Mr. H. Blagrove played the violin *obbligato*, and an air by Galuppi, "In lasciar si caro amante; Mdlle. Parepa was encored in a song by Mr. Salaman, "Why didst thou ever leave me?" and gave also the "Laughing Song," from *Manon Lescaut;* Miss Stabbach introduced a new ballad by Mr. Salaman, "Good Bye! A Long Good Bye!" and joined Mr. Wilbye Cooper in Mendelssohn's duet, "Zuleika." Mr. Wilbye Cooper gave another new song from the same pen, "The Modest Suitor." Herr Eibenschütz, a bass from "Fatherland," recommended himself in Mendelssohn's "Jagdlied" (Hunter's Song), and an air by Adolphe Gollmick. Herr Molique executed a romance on the violin, the composition of M. Lafont; and Mr. Benedict accompanied all the vocal music, excepting Mr. Salaman's songs, in which the composer played the pianoforte part.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The third concert was one of the best ever given by the choir. The programme (the first part of which was unusually interesting) is worth citing:—

PART I.—The Forty-third Psalm, "Judge me, O Lord." For an Eight-Part Choir. No. 2, Op. 78—Mendelssohn. Motet for Quartet and Chorus, "Source of all light"—Hauptmann. Sonata for Pianoforte, in D minor, No. 2, Op. 29—Beethoven. Motet, "Pater noster"—Meyerbeer.

PART II.—Madrigal, "Sweet flowers"—T. A. Walmisley. Vocal Duet, "When birds are singing"—Henry Smart. Part-Song, "Welcome, Spring"—Henry Leslie. Air, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?"—harmonised by Harrison. Part-Song, "Home"—Benedict. Countryman's Song—Dr. Rimbault. Fantasia, Pianoforte, on Airs from "Maritana"—W. V. Wallace. Part-Song for Male Voices—J. L. Hatton. Madrigal, "In the merry spring"—Ravenscroft. Part-Song, "Oh! who will o'er the downs"—R. L. Pearsall. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

Hauptmann's "motet"—clever and well written as it is—was placed at great disadvantage in coming immediately after Mendelssohn's Psalm, an incomparable masterpiece, and executed in the most finished style imaginable. Meyerbeer's impressive setting of the Lord's Prayer, a sacred composition in the strictest application of the term, was not so well sung, the voices dropping more than a tone before the conclusion, and the intonation not being always perfect. It was, nevertheless, encored with acclamations. The part-song from Mr. Henry Leslie's *Romance*, one of the most popular things the composer has

written, was also redemanded and repeated. In Hauptmann's piece, the solo parts were sustained by Miss Fosbroke, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Regaldi, and Mr. Hodson; in "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me," by Miss Clara Hemming, Miss Sheppard, Mr. Richard Seymour, and Mrs. Gadsby. Mrs. Percy and Miss Leffler gave Mr. Smart's beautiful duet. Miss Freeth was equally successful in the fantasia and the sonata. Both were well executed, but the undue acceleration of the *tempo* in the first and last movements of the former was hardly an improvement. The galleries were crowded, and the body of the hall was well filled.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The last two concerts—Saturday the 17th and Saturday the 24th instant—did not present any novel points of interest. At the former the instrumental pieces comprised Haydn's symphony in B flat, and the overtures to *Melusina* (Mendelssohn) and the *Flauto Magico* (Mozart). Madame Sainton-Dolby and Miss Parepa were the vocalists, and M. Sainton played two solos of his own composition on the violin. The ladies were encored severally in Mr. Balfe's ballad, "The green trees whispered low," and the cavatina from *Victorine*, "Oh, bright were my visions;" and M. Sainton was loudly applauded in both his performances, chiefly in his *Lucrezia Borgia*. There was a good attendance.

At the concert, last Saturday, Mr. Augustus Manns, not satisfied, let us suppose, with the reception accorded at the concert on the 10th instant, to Robert Schumann's symphony in B flat, introduced it a second time, and announced in the programme its repetition as by "special desire." This, no doubt, referred to a few individuals, lovers of the music of Robert Schumann, who, with great philanthropy, would convert all to their own way of thinking. The symphony did not much improve on closer acquaintance. The overture to *Fidelio* was the only other piece for the band, who, it must be confessed, aided Mr. Manns to the best of their power to ensure a favourable reception for Schumann's work. Herr Becker, who appeared for the first time at the Crystal Palace, created a highly favourable sensation in Paganini's "Nel cor piu," and Ernst's "*Airs Hongrois*." The vocal music was entrusted to Madame Catharine Hayes and the Orpheus Glee Union. The lady gave Mozart's "Non temer" (violin *obbligato*, Herr Becker); Lachner's song, "The sea has its pearls," and "The Irish mother's lament." The Irish ballad was given with so much expression as to elicit a general call for its repetition. Madame Hayes, however, substituted "Comin' thro' the rye," which, though more comic, was less effective. The Orpheus Glee Union sang Webbe's "Discord, dire sister," and Muller's "Maying" with precision if not much power. The attendance was larger than on the previous Saturday.

WILLIS'S ROOMS.—Master Horton C. Allison, pupil of the eminent pianoforte professor, Mr. W. H. Holmes, gave a concert in the lower room at Willis's, on Tuesday morning. This young gentleman, though not yet thirteen, has already made some noise in the musical world. His first appearance in public, we believe, was in 1858, when he gave a concert in Willis's Rooms. Last year Master Allison performed, at Mr. Holmes's Annual Concert of his Pupils, in the Hanover-square Rooms, and specially distinguished himself. The pieces he selected on Tuesday were *Fugue* (No. 2 of the Book of 48 Fugues), Bach; *Allegro*, in F major, from the *Suite de Pièces*, Handel; *Fantasia* and *Fugue*, Mozart; *Andante* and *Rondo Cappriccioso*, Mendelssohn; *Sonata*, No. 2 (dedicated to Haydn), Beethoven; Chopin's *Seconde Ballade;* Herz's *Fantasia* on the March from *Otello*, and, with Mr. Henry Blagrove, and Mr. Aylward, Haydn's trio (No. 1), in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. Master Allison has great power and great dexterity, but his power is not invariably well regulated, and he is too fond of exhibiting his power at the expense of other qualities no less indispensable in pianoforte playing, and which we have little doubt he possesses. All his performances were interesting, but Haydn's trio was perhaps the best. Such a talent as Master Allison possesses is well worth cultivating, and he is lucky in having the counsel and tuition of so accomplished a master as Mr. Holmes. The programme was varied by songs, and a solo on the concertina by Mr. Richard Blagrove. Miss Fanny Rowland gave Macfarren's "Beating of my own heart," with exquisite feeling, besides an *aria* by Donizetti. Mr. Allan Irving sang "The White Squall" and an air by Donizetti, displaying both method and style. The room was tolerably full, but the applause faint, the majority of the company belonging to that sex whose approval is rather indicated than expressed.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A grand vocal rehearsal by the London Division of the Handel Commemoration Festival Choir, numbering above 1,600 voices, took place last night at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. Costa.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—We have too many choral societies already, and without applying this remark to the one in question particularly, I may cite the programme of Wednesday last as a proof that choral music in London is overdone. There is no band at the Vocal Association's concerts this year, and the selections are therefore limited to madrigals, glees, and other unaccompanied part-music. This brings the body into rivalry with Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, a dangerous position for any society to be in. The music on Wednesday last was very uninteresting, the part-song "Remembrance" (Mendelssohn) and one or two English madrigals, and these of the most hackneyed, being the only works of merit on the list. It is certain that some alteration must be made; either the band must be restored, and large works performed, or war to the knife with the more finished and cultivated rival above alluded to must be declared. Where is the "Orchestral Association?" By this time a goodly array of amateur instrumentalists should be ready, and the two "Associations" might work together for their mutual advantage.

Here again, what are the solo vocalists about? Why don't they let others choose for them? Madame Sainton-Dolby generally knows what she is about. On Wednesday night she sang two of the best known pieces in her extensive *répertoire*—"Cangio d' aspetto" (*Admetus*), Handel; and "The green trees," by Balfe. Miss Fanny Rowland, on the contrary, was unwise in selecting "Or che in cielo" of Mozart. It is too thin for her style of vocalisation, which inclines to the robust. M. Sainton played "Fantasia on *La Traviata*," and a Valse de Concert, both from his own pen. Miss Eleanor Ward, a young lady of prepossessing exterior, made her first appearance. She exhibited some executive talent, particularly a clear and well-defined trill and repetition touch, in a fantasia on *Marta* by Herr Wilhelm Kühe. I am not much impressed with the advisability of writing fantasias on operatic airs; and a few bars of the sparkling Flotow watered down to about twenty pages by Herr Kühe, is as unsatisfactory an achievement as the latter's worst enemies, if he have any, could desire.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.,
NON-CONTENT.

LEICESTER.—Messrs. Henry and Alfred Nicholson gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, at their annual concert, on Monday, 26th inst. The principal vocalists were Madame Weiss, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. The secondary parts in the quartets and terzetts, &c., being filled up by Misses Deacon, C. Weston, and Groscock, Messrs. Sansome, Branston, and Christian. The orchestra consisted of the local instrumentalists, strengthened by assistance from London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Nottingham; the chorus was that of the Leicester New Philharmonic Society, and numbered some 200 performers. Mr. Alfred Nicholson was the conductor. The performance gave great satisfaction.

LEEDS.—The last concert but one of the season was given on Saturday last, by the Town Hall Concert Society, when the following were the performers:—Miss Clarke, Miss Watson (both *débutantes* in Leeds), Mr. Inkersall and Mr. Henry Phillips. The programme was made up of old English ballads, varied by two organ solos, cleverly played by Mr. Spark, the conductor of the concert.

ORGANIST FOR THE LEEDS TOWN HALL.—At a special meeting of the Leeds Town Council, to be held this day (Saturday), the following resolution is to be proposed:—"That the Town Hall Committee be authorised to make arrangements for the election of an organist, at the salary of £200 per annum."

JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in accordance with the wishes of the deceased, had it been permitted him to express them, viz, to the relief of his widow and family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The performance at the Royal Italian Opera, in aid of the funds of the Dramatic College, and the third concert of the London Quintet Union, will be noticed next week.

R. W.—*Next week.*

NOTICE.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31ST, 1860.

THE new lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre has issued his prospectus, which will be found at length in our advertising columns. All we can undertake in this place is to point out some few of its more important features.

The engagement of Mad. Alboni is one of the most satisfactory annnouncements which the document contains. This incomparable artist is to appear about the middle of May, as Arsace in *Semiramide*, with Mdlle. Titiens as the Babylonian Queen. Arsace is not only one of Mad. Alboni's greatest parts, but doubly interesting as the one in which she made her first appearance before the English public, when old Covent Garden Theatre, enlarged and remodelled for the occasion, was first opened as the Royal Italian Opera, under the management of Messrs. Persiani, Galetti, and Beale, on the 6th April, 1847. Since then Madame Alboni has become famous and rich; Madame Grisi has taken her "farewell" (1854), and come back again, to take another in 1860; the theatre has been burned down, and a new one has risen from its ashes! Rossini's fine and recently too-much-neglected opera will be further supported by Signor Everardi as Assur, Signor Belart as Idreno (who, we trust, will be induced to restore the tenor air, almost invariably omitted), and Signor Vialetti, as Oroe. We may further expect to see Madame Alboni in *La Cenerentola*, the *Barbiere*, and perhaps, *La Donna del Lago*—all of which are operas at once worth producing on their own account, and as vehicles for the favourable display of the lady's magnificent talent.

Madame Borghi-Mamo — the quasi-rival of Madame Alboni, in the Parisian world, if nowhere else—is also engaged. Madame Borghi-Mamo will fill the place vacated by Mademoiselle Guarducci (not yet, we hope, forgotten by Mr. E. T. Smith's patrons), and make her first appearance before an English audience as Leonora, in *La Favorita*. Subsequently Madame Borghi-Mamo will appear as Azucena in the *Trovatore*, and Desdemona in *Otello*; the first a part in which she has already reached eminence; the second, in which she will find more difficulty in attaining it—at least on this side the Channel.

Mademoiselle Lotti, who made so favourable an impression last season at the Royal Italian Opera, is next on the list of engagements. This promising lady will find her best place in the operas of Verdi, whose music suits her peculiar talent better than that of other masters; but whether *Rigoletto* or *Ernani* will be her new *point de départ*, we are unable at this time to predict.

Madame Marie Cabel—the celebrated Belgian, who

occupies the post of *première chanteuse* at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, and was the original Dinorah in Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploërmel*—is also one of the company. Whether Mad. Cabel, who made such a deep impression on John Bull at the St. James's theatre, in several operas of Auber, Adam, &c., will be equally successful on the Italian stage, which she has never yet tried, remains to be seen. Report says she is to appear in a new Italian version of *Dinorah*, but report is not always a truth-teller; and Manager Smith has not been explicit on this head. Here, by the way, would be a good chance for the often-asked-for *Domino Noir*—or, as it, has long threatened to become, *Domino Nero*.

Last, *not* least, the universally popular Mdlle. Titiens will not only reappear as Valentine, Norma, Lucrezia, &c., but with other operas, in which, though famous abroad, she is unknown here—such for instance as *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Oberon*. Weber's *Oberon*, which though of English birth, has been little cared for in England, will, in all probability, constitute the "special novelty" of the season; and upon its production, we hope, as we are given to understand, no pains or expense will be spared. Mr. Benedict (Weber's favourite pupil) is composing recitatives for the Italian version, and his name is a guarantee for the fidelity and talent with which this difficult task will be accomplished.

Last, *and* least (in proportions), Mdlle. Piccolomini has accepted an engagement, and, in six farewell performances of six of her most popular parts, will take her final leave (unless her aristocratic future husband should change his mind) of the English public, and—it is said (*on dit*)—public life. The muses will weep and put on sackcloth.

About the other lady-singers we say nothing beyond stating that Mdlle. Brunetti is reported (*reported*) a talented vocalist of the Persiani school. A pupil of M. Duprez, Mdlle. Brunetti made her *début* some time since at the Grand-Opéra of Paris—the reason of her abandoning which great lyric temple, where now they sacrifice to Poniatowski, has not transpired.

The list of tenors includes Signors Giuglini, Mongini and Belart, besides some of lesser—or, speaking in the Palace of Truth—*no* note. Signor Giuglini intends confining his exertions to his old *répertoire*, while Signor Mongini will make a first attempt at several characters, the most important of which are Otello, Florestan (*Fidelio*), and Sir Huon (*Oberon*). God speed him! These are up-hill parts for a quondam Elvino.

No new name of consequence appears among the barytones and basses except that of Signor Everardi, who now enjoys, at Vienna and St. Petersburg, and formerly in Paris, at the Italian Opera, a high reputation as a singer of Rossini's music, which commodity, with such artists as we have enumerated, will, it is likely, be more generally in request than has been the case of recent years. M. Gassier, too—an adept in the same line, as English amateurs well know—is also not merely on the books, but prepared once more to challenge public opinion.

The list of the band has appeared, and in stating that, to officiate at the head of the first violins, are appointed Herr Molique and Mr. H. Blagrove, and at the head of the second violins, M. Tolbecque, we cannot refrain from adding a strong hope, that all the rest may be as efficient in proportion. Mr. Benedict is not a likely man to undervalue the immense importance of a thoroughly good orchestra, both in numbers and in talent, and will doubtless be on the alert. Meanwhile, all we know about the chorus is, that a new chorus-master, Signor Vaschetti, has been summoned from Bologna (where Rossini fed pigs, ate sausages, and turned fishmonger), and that he will obey the summons.

The ballet arrangements, even for her Majesty's Theatre, look unusually powerful and complete, and in perspective bring us back to the days of the *Pas de Quatre* and the triumphs of Esmeralda-Carlotta, when Terpsichore was worshipped, *danseuses* were deified, and even *danseurs* (thanks to the inimitable little Perrot) admired by one sex (the "*beau*"); and tolerated by the other (the "*laid*"). We may point emphatically to Marietta Pocchini, one of the most accomplished of living *danseuses*; to Amalia Ferraris, idol of the French and Russian capitals; and to Claudina Cucchi, who has jilted her Parisian adorers to turn the heads of the Viennese. These make a splendid trio to begin with. The promised new ballets, and the period for the expected rising of each "particular star," may be ascertained by a reference to our advertising columns; we cannot enumerate them here. Enough to add that M. Pettit is at the head of the ballet department, a pledge for its efficiency.

The theatre has undergone thorough renovation within and without. The old frequenters will hardly recognise the interior. The pit-vestibule, the lobbies on the grand tier, and the crush-rooms, are lined with mirrors. The walls have been papered, the ceilings painted, the floors and stairs carpeted, the chandelier glossed and burnished, the stalls newly arranged, &c., &c. A conservatory is, we understand, projected, on the balcony overlooking the Haymarket, which, being on a line with the grand tier, will cause no inconvenience to promenaders. The Concert-room, too, is to be "freshened," and converted into a lounge-room. In fact, Her Majesty's Theatre, in point of anything excepting its outward and inward conformation, its "power of sound," and its amber curtains (Lumleyan legacy), will be a new edifice. Much more might be said of what is in progress, but enough has been adduced to show that the new manager emphatically intends "business."

What would Her Majesty's Theatre before the curtain be without Mr. Nugent? *N'importe*—Mr. Nugent is once again before the curtain, or, more properly, behind the mahogany desk in the Box-office, whence he will dispense boxes, stalls, and good humour, with his accustomed placidity and gentlemanly bearing.

JOHN, the waiter of the Edinburgh Castle, never very florid, was ten times paler than usual at the hubbub made by the three Anabaptists, who had rushed from the Royal English Opera, each armed with a book of *Lurline*, and who, occupying the choicest seats, and giving no orders whatever, were making the coffee-room ring with their noisy æsthetics.

"Ye thick-headed children of Belial!" bellowed Knipperdolling, "the sense is as clear as the sun at noon-day, or the light of the blessed John of Leyden. 'Offended skies are demons lashing,' that is to say, demons are lashing the offended skies,—offended either on account of things in general, or because the demons are lashing them."

"Shut up thine heretical mouth, accursed Manichee!" roared Matthias, "or rather worse than Manichee, for thou makest the powers of darkness triumphantly smite the powers celestial. The natural order of the words, too, should teach thee,—apart from theological considerations—that the skies lash the demons,—not the demons the skies."

"Both utterly false and utterly perverse," growled the third Anabaptist. "Our poet doth not merely state a fact

of the moment but inculcateth an irrefragable dogma. 'Offended skies *are* demons lashing,'—that is to say the skies, or the celestial powers, are themselves lashing demons—evil having no independent origin, but merely representing the worth of the good principle."

Now these three opinions were all knocked and jostled and banged together, to the infinite annoyance of everybody, and the special horror of John, whose face at last beamed with hope, when he saw Epistemon walking up the passage, looking infinitely placid and benignant.

"Oh, sir," said John, "pray make them stop their noise, and persuade them to order something."

"I will do my best," replied the sage. "Thanks to the power of your lungs, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the Anabaptists, "I heard all your views, while I was taking the air in Clare-market; and I think I can, as it were, tie them together in a knot of concord. The sentence is curiously composed, as it is doubtful which of the two, the skies, or the demons, are in the nominative case, or whether indeed both may not be in the nominative, according to the hypothesis of Mr.—Monsieur—Herr—

"I have no name," murmured the third Anabaptist.

"Then," said Epistemon,. "Thou shalt be called Nixmydolly, which is a name, moreover, that harmoniseth, to some extent, with that of thy friend Knipperdolling. But to revert to our theme: May we not suppose that our poet had a deep purpose in this seeming ambiguity? Oracles, ye know, were obscure, and I trust we all agree that our Fitzball is an oracle."

"Else had we not quarrelled about his meaning," chorused the three Anabaptists in unison.

"And perhaps might have ordered something," suggested John, but his hint was disregarded.

"I, for my part," proceeded Epistemon, "should give the line what I may call a reciprocal force, by making a nominative, first of the "skies," afterwards of the "demons;" so that the skies lash the demons, while the demons lash the skies—thus indicating that state of doubt and suspense in which things remain at the end of the first act."

The three Anabaptists all folded their arms, and with solemn faces chewed the cud of this subtle interpretation.

"Let us avail ourselves of the present opportunity," said Epistemon, getting upon the table, "of descanting on the merits of this last work of our inspired Edward. It aboundeth with beauties that escape the vulgar eye, but amply reward the search of the curious and refined. How exquisitely beautiful, for instance, is the exclamation of Rudolph, when he first receiveth the ring from Lurline.

"'Behold! a magic band—
This ruby ring of her a part.'

Now if he were speaking of a mortal, the expression would be incorrect. We should not call a ring a part of a woman, any more than we should call that white choker a part of John; but such is the nature of spiritual beings, that their individuality extends even to their outward ornaments."

"Then a part of himself were John of Leyden's breeches," observed Knipperdolling.

"Perhaps, thou subtle expounder!" said Matthias with a meekness he had never felt before in his abominable life, "perhaps thou canst explain the force of Rudolph's expression in the third act:

'A jealous rival's art
Tore the solemn gift apart.'"

"Thy question is shrewd," said Epistemon, blandly; "as the lady called Ghiva simply took the ring off, there is something odd and even round about in the statement that she tore it *apart*. Let us believe that the poet here sports with the recondite, to show his aptitude for dealing with the world of spirits. I may say that this word 'apart,' placed as an equivalent for 'off,' hath on me the effect of a spirit-rapping. We know not exactly what the rapping means, but it indicateth the approach of another nature."

"Be *apart!*" said John sternly, to some one on the other side of the door."

"What say'st thou, John the Blond," said Epistemon.

"Only telling a beggar-boy to be off," said John, with considerable dignity.

"Dost thou put the same spiritual interpretation on the distich

'The billow swell
Rings out thy knell.'

sung by the spirits in the finale to the first act?" asked the third Anabaptist, with marvellous solemnity. "The bell-ringer of Notre Dame, whom they called by the popish, and therefore repulsive name Quasimodo, was an odd sort of personage, but methinks the swell of the sea placed in a similar office would be more extraordinary."

"What," said Epistemon, "dost thou really think that by the billow-swell is meant that rise of the waters that so much troubleth weak stomachs on the way to Ostend?—not at all; the 'billow swell' is the gnome, played by Mr. Corri, who, profusely adorned with all sorts of supernatural trinkets, is a 'swell' in the most modern sense of the term—blessings on his long hair! and a billow-swell because he abideth among the billows. Our poet could not always be recondite, else would he destroy that sympathy between the actual and the spiritual world which is necessary for the enjoyment of his work. The incredulous can no longer marvel that a mortal falls in love with a naiad, when a smart gnome is called a 'swell' by his fellow-spirits. Truly the passage has puzzled thee by its excessive clearness, as the sun dazzles by too much light. Thou wilt therefore the more readily applaud those verses in which our poet is manifestly inspired by the Delphic Apollo. Thus, when Lurline singeth

"'My wild chords pierce the gale,
And distract the mariner's sail,'

one begins to marvel at the sensitiveness of the canvas that was so much annoyed by an unprepared fourth.

"When again she saith:

"'My fairy spell shall breathe thy call,'

the mind seemeth to be brought before the veiled figure of Isis, and indulgeth in fantastic permutations. Would the spell that breatheth a call be very different from the call that breatheth a spell, or the spell that calleth a breath, or the breath that spelleth a call. Thus sporteth the mind, I say, till it becometh faint and weary from its own gambols. Moreover, observe"—

Here Panurge sprang into the room, playing a hurdy-gurdy, and singing the following song, while he danced about like a wild Indian:

"Oh, nothing shall from memory blot
My childhood's home, that pleasant cot
More happy than a fairy's grot;
For tied to mem'ry by a knot
Is that incomparable spot.
Whether a store of gold I've got,
Or miserably go to pot,

I do not care a single jot,
So long as 'tis my wretched lot
To miss creation's fairest dot.
Oh, if but homewards I could trot,
I would encounter—I know what."

Having finished this wild lay, Panurge danced out at the door, furiously playing his hurdy-gurdy, and followed by Epistemon and the three Anabaptists, who disported themselves as if they had been bit by a tarantula. When he had arrived at Bow-street, Panurge gave himself and his followers into the charge of the nearest policeman, who safely locked them up in the station-house for the rest of the night.

Not one of them had laid out a brass farthing; and when John the waiter went to bed, he reflected that he had never heard so much wisdom, or taken so little money, in the course of his life.

WILLIAM LOVELL PHILLIPS.

IN our obituary last week we briefly recorded the death of this lamented and highly respected musician, whose loss is as sincerely regretted by the profession of which he was so long a member, as it is deeply deplored by his family and friends.

Mr. Lovell Phillips was born at Bristol, December 26th, 1816, and at an early age entered the Cathedral choir of that city, subsequently proceeding to London, where he occasionally sung as Master Phillips, the beauty of his voice being greatly admired, and particularly attracting the approbation of Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex. He became a student at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was a pupil of Cipriani Potter and class-fellow of Sterndale Bennett, both youths distinguishing themselves by the highest promise, and eventually becoming professors of that Academy from which they had derived their instruction. For some time Master Phillips took lessons on the violoncello from Robert Linley, who looked upon him as one of the most talented and promising of his pupils, and gave him his portrait with an inscription to that effect. He soon became a member of the leading orchestras in London, the Philharmonic, Ancient Concerts, Her Majesty's, and afterwards the Royal Italian Opera, the Sacred Harmonic, &c., &c., besides being regularly engaged at the Festivals of three Choirs, Birmingham, Norwich, Bradford, and for many years holding the appointment of organist at St. Katherine Church, Regent's-park. At different times Mr. Phillips was musical director at the Olympic and Princess's Theatres, composing the music to *Gwynneth Vaughan* and a variety of pieces; and at one time conducting a series of concerts at St. Martin's Hall. His songs, &c., are very well known, and it is not long since we had occasion to commend one of his latest productions in that way, "The Christmas Rose." An opera founded on a Rosicrucian story, and a cantata on a Welsh subject, had, for some time prior to his illness, engaged his attention, and, from his thorough musical knowledge, would no doubt have achieved a success, had he lived to complete them. Among the earlier compositions of Mr. Phillips was a grand orchestral symphony in F minor, which was performed with great success at the concerts of the Royal Academy and of the Society of British Musicians. He also attained great proficiency on the pianoforte, and played more than once at the concerts of the Royal Academy, his last public performance being the fifth concerto of Moscheles, in C major.

Always ready in the cause of charity, for many years past Mr. Phillips had given his services at the General Theatrical Fund Dinner, organising and conducting the musical portion of the entertainment, and had made all the necessary arrangements for the forthcoming dinner, to be held next week. So anxious indeed was he on the subject, that, even during the last few days of his illness, he gave directions for all the correspondence and necessary preparations, hoping to be sufficiently recovered to attend personally; but the hand of death frustrated these expectations. His last moments were eminently calm and peaceful; and he retained full possession of his faculties until his latest breath. Surrounded by his family, he passed away with a placid smile on his countenance, and a conscience guiltless of wrong. The immediate cause of his death was disease of the heart, from which he had long been suffering.

Few men in the profession were better known than Lovell Phillips, none more beloved. His genial, good-tempered manner and kind heart endeared him to all with whom he was brought in contact. The loss to his widow and two children is irreparable, for his domestic qualities were as endearing as his professional talents were remarkable. His mortal remains were interred at the Highgate Cemetery on Saturday last, some of his oldest and most attached friends following to pay him the last sad tribute of respect.

THE JULLIEN FUND, as will be seen by the advertisement, is progressing steadily; and the shilling subscription, as we anticipated, has proved signally successful. We may here state that the publishers of this journal (Messrs. Boosey and Sons) have opened a book to the JULLIEN SHILLING FUND, at 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, and that, for the convenience of those residing in the country, and who may be anxious to contribute, will be happy to receive the amount in postage stamps, and give an acknowledgment in the columns of the *Musical World*.

MDLLE. PICCOLOMINI.—We understand from the best authority, that this popular artist will take her final leave of the stage on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre on the 30th of April, and on the following day be united in matrimony to a noble compatriot.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL, on Monday next, resume their entertainment, with new songs and characters, at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, for a brief farewell season.

JULLIEN.

(Translated expressly for the *Musical World*, from the Paris *Figaro*, of the 22nd inst.)

JULLIEN, the celebrated Jullien, died last week. He was one of the most extraordinary men it is possible to imagine. Born in a little town in the Basses-Alpes, and the son of a poor musician, at the age of sixteen he reached Paris, unable to read, but with such a marvellous musical organisation that he played almost every instrument.

Jullien subsequently had lessons from Raimondi, and became a truly talented instrumentalist, conductor, and composer.

Jullien possessed a real genius for the puff and the *casard*, or English "shave." At Paris, thanks to his talent, and thanks to the art with which he excited public curiosity, he was named the Napoleon of Music. At the Jardin Turc, at the balls of the Opéra, and at the Casino Paganini, in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, he discovered the secret of attracting and captivating the masses. He invented a great many things; he invented pyrotechnical music; he invented also, a style of street-posters but slightly respectful towards the constituted authorities.

M. Delessert, the Prefect of Police, having insisted that the Casino Paganini should be closed, Jullien conceived the notion of giving a grand monster festival, which he announced by advertisements and bills. By means of an ingenious combination of large capitals, six inches in height, with type of a microscopic size, he managed to

make the posters express something very different from what expressed ostensibly. When near them, you read the announcement of the concert; but, at a distance, the small type disappeared, and only the large capital letters were visible. These large letters apostrophised the authorities with a word which may have been sublime, from the energy, on the hostile field of Waterloo, but which was grossly impertinent in a Parisian poster.

To avoid the consequences of being condemned in a criminal court, Jullien left France and settled in London. In England he invented things far more extraordinary than those of which he had dreamt in France. Thanks to his promenade-concerts, his provincial tours, and his really great talent as a composer of dance-music, as well as of serious compositions, and to his skill as a performer on the flageolet, he made and lost a fortune two or three times. By the word fortune, too, I do not mean a composer's fortune, but a banker's fortune—a fortune of sixteen or twenty thousand pounds.

The London concerts are interminable. I have at this moment before my eyes a programme containing, for a single concert, five trios, twelve airs, six ballads, three melodies, three fantasias, a caprice, four duets, and five concerted pieces. The first thing by which Jullien brought himself into notice was the composition of his programmes.

By the way, no one can be more fantastic than an English amateur. A short time after his arrival in England Jullien was engaged to play the flageolet at the mansion of one of the principal members of the English peerage. His Lordship, supposing that Jullien did not understand English, approached the accompanyist and said in a low voice:

"Tell the gentleman not to play anything too long. I do not like long pieces."

The accompanyist did not know what to do, but Jullien said to him with a smile:

"Stop when I stop, and close the book."

Every one was silent, and listened. Jullien played twenty bars and stopped. The accompanyist did the same, The audience were in raptures. His Lordship, running up and pressing the artist's hand, said:

"Ah! Monsieur, the piece you have played is admirable. But it is too short, you must give us another."

"With pleasure, my Lord, but you must pay me double."

His lordship consented enthusiastically. Quietly opening the music-again, Jullien went on from the passage where he had left off, and concluded the piece amidst thunders of applause.

The influence exercised by Jullien over the London amateurs was something immense. The following is an instance of this. It is impossible to convey an idea of the excesses of monomania to which an English lover of music will go. There are, in London, musical amateurs who possess admirable instruments which they zealously guard, day and night, like so many dragons, for fear an artist should get at them. Thus Mr. Plawden has, in his collection, two Stradivarii, and three Guarnerii worth an empire; Mr. Livingston owns one-and-twenty Stradivarii; and Mr. Goding, a brewer, boasts of four Joseph Guarnerii, one And. Guanerius, four Stradivarii, three Bergonzi, one Amati, and violoncellos of Stradivarius, Bergonzi, and Gaspare de Salo, besides a magnificent harpsichord, which belonged to Louis XIV. Every morning the worthy brewer takes a violin out of its case, extracts from it two or three chords, which make the passers-by shudder, and then puts it back again. When he has thus tasted all the instruments, one after the other, as if they samples of ale or porter, he rubs his hands, and breakfasts with an Englishman's appetite.

Jullien conceived the idea of giving a concert in which all the instruments belonging to Messrs. Plowden, Livingston Goding, Sir John Lambton, Sir Arthur Cook, and many others should play their parts! These ferocious amateurs who would not haveallowed Bériot, Vieuxtemps, or even Paganini himself to try their instruments, actually consented to trust them to Jullien, who distributed them among the members of his band. The concert created a great sensation. The place where it was held was crowded to suffocation, and the price of admission was four guineas.

In 1851 a formidable rival seemed likely to deprive Jullien of his monopoly of winter music. Mr. Balfe, the composer and conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, got up a series of magnificent concerts. He engaged all the soloists on whom Jullien relied to carry out his usual enterprise. It was impossible to maintain the contest with the ordinary resources. It is true that Jullien might have crossed over to the Continent, and engaged soloists as skilful as those who had been snatched from him. But this would not have been doing more than his rival, and the chances would have been equal. Jullien was too well acquainted with the musical taste of the English not to know what would suit them best. He sent over to Paris for thirty drummers of the National Guard, with a magnificent drum-major. On their very first appearance at Jullien's Concert, the fate of Mr. Balfe's concerts was sealed. How was it possible for anyone to stand his ground with the symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart against thirty drummers of the National Guard? Then, too, the evolutions of the drum-major invariably excited the enthusiasm of this eminently musical people. The town was in a delirium, a perfect fury. Everyone must hear and see them. The rub-a-dubs of these *virtuosi* on asses' skins turned everyone's brain, and London was nearly going mad with pleasure and admiration.

When he had well worked out the Metropolis, Jullien took all his band to the principal towns of the United Kingdom. Ah! what splendid bills he composed for his concerts. The following is a fragment of one of them.

"M. JULLIEN'S*

"GREAT EXHIBITION QUADRILLE

"*Will be performed.*

"The band will execute M. Jullien's Great Exhibition Quadrille, allowed to be the best quadrille ever written by the composer, and performed thirty nights running with unprecedented success. To add to all that has been announced above, and to contribute to the better execution of the quadrille, M. Jullien has obtained from Gen. PERROT, PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, PRESIDENT DE FRANCE (*sic*), as well as from the *Minister of the Interior*, leave of absence for

"THE FRENCH DRUMMERS

"of the 12th Legion of the National Guard of Paris, who will appear in grand uniform, and be conducted by

"M. BARBIER,

"*their Drum-Major.*"

Is not this the ideal of its kind, and what are our modest advertisements, our innocent bills, compared to the noble and pompous style employed by the nation whom Voltaire styled *a people of thinkers*, because they possessed a constitution? What would he now say of us, who have since had so many?

Jullien had a passion for fine shirts. He had some which cost him forty, sixty and eighty pounds. On one occasion, when he was going to give a concert at New Orleans, the bill contained the following paragraph:

"The shirt M. Jullien will wear, while conducting his orchestra, will represent the Falls of Niagara."

At New York, after a concert at which forty-two thousand persons were present, he was offered the title of an American citizen.

"In spite of his eccentricities, Jullien was a man of great merit and talent. He was very fond and proud of his art. He was conductor at Her Majesty's, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Lyceum. He was also conductor of the Court Balls. The Queen and Prince Albert liked him very much.

One day, Prince Albert said to him:—

"Well, M. Jullien, are you getting on in your business?"

"Your Royal Highness," replied Jullien, "I am not in business; I am in music."

While in London, Jullien composed a large quantity of dance-music, as well as symphonies, maritime symphonies, *Le Corsaire Noir*, *Rosita*, *Les Nuits de Rome*, &c., &c. He composed, also, a grand five-act opera, *Pietro il Grande*, the subject of which is the same as that of *L'Etoile du Nord*. The great reputation of Tamberlik dates partly from the performance of the former opera.

Jullien had been all over the world, and everywhere made theatres and concert-rooms his study. He conceived, and had the plan, of a hall formed to seat ten thousand spectators comfortably, and enable them to hear a quatuor by Beethoven as easily as if they were in a drawing-room. He erected a building, the Royal Surrey Gardens' Hall, which combined these conditions of space and acoustic excellence. Unfortunately, this ruined him. He returned to Paris, where, despite his failure in London, he wanted to erect an immense hall, which, according to his plan should be equally adapted for summer or for winter; in which chandeliers should be done away with, and the light be supplied through a ceiling composed of opaque crystal, mellowing the rays of the four thousand gas-burners. The plans of this hall were executed by himself and M. Galvani, a young Italian architect, grandson of the inventor of galvanism.

Shortly after his arrival in Paris, Jullien was arrested and confined

* As we have not the original, we give a version of the French translation.—ED. *M.W.*

in Clichy, on a bill of exchange given to Mr. Patey Chappell, and paid in to the account of Mr. John de Lapierre, both Englishmen. These gentlemen took proceedings against Jullien as a foreigner, on the plea that he was a naturalised Englishman. He was consequently treated as a foreigner, rendered incapable of being declared a bankrupt, and imprisoned at Clichy. Five months afterwards, on his appealing against the first decision, the Court, enlightened by the proofs he had procured from London, decided that Jullien was a Frenchman, that he was not a naturalised British subject, and that he had simply obtained the authorisation to take up his residence in London, an authorisation which conferred on him, in London, the same commercial privileges as a native, but in no way affected the fact of his being a French subject. In consequence of this decision, he declared himself a bankrupt, and was released from Clichy.

But the mischief was done. He had been deeply affected by his arrest, and his mental faculties were seriously shaken. On several occasions, his friends fancied they observed in him fits—although passing ones—of insanity. These fits consisted of sudden overflows of high spirits, followed by prostration and dejection without any cause. In his attacks of melancholy, he used to speak of his death as very near. One day, he returned home armed with a large knife. He found there his niece, a young lady of fifteen, whom he had adopted, a pupil of Duprez, and who bids fair to turn out a great singer.

"Come here," he said to her. "I am going to let you hear the most marvellous of all music; the grand concert of the angels; I am going to kill you."

With these words he was about to carry out his threat, when the young lady, with rare presence of mind, observed:

"With all my heart! only, before sending me to Heaven, just play me an air once more on your piccolo, so that I may compare your music with that of the angels."

The idea struck him as admirable. He kissed his niece, and went to get his instrument. Meanwhile, the young lady made her escape, and the poor madman, having been secured, was taken to a *maison de santé* at Neuilly, where he died a few days afterwards.

It was Jullien's wish to devote himself to serious music, as the programme of his monster festival proves. He feared nothing so much as to be considered merely a conductor of public balls, or a composer of polkas.

Mad. Jullien and his adopted daughter survive him. He has left them nothing. It has been proposed that a grand concert, at which all artists of eminence would gladly lend their assistance, should be got up for the benefit of these two interesting objects of sympathy.

PAUL D'IVOI.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, March 28th.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late gales, the rain and the cold, the theatres have been as full as ever—fuller, indeed, so that the old proverb, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," has been verified, for it would seem as if the public would willingly forget the inclemency out of doors in the ideal regions of Thalia and Melpomene. The Grand-Opéra continues to be one of the greatest points of attraction, and the success of *Pierre de Médicis* —*La Pierre de Médicis*, as some of its now-admirers call it—has gone on increasing. M. Bonnehée, who filled the part of Julien de Médicis, is about to take a holiday of two months duration, on account of the state of his voice, and will be succeeded by M. Dumestre. The *Sémiramis*, of Rossini, is to be given in September, not in June, as was first said. The two sisters Marchisio will make their *début* in this opera, and M. Obin, I believe, will play the part of Assur. Next year the *Tannhauser* of Richard Wagner will be given. As Richard Wagner is the musician of the "future," it is not to be wondered at that this opera is spoken of so long ere it will be given. The *Galathée*, of Victor Massé, still keeps good her ground at the Opéra-Comique, and though the part of Pygmalion seems to me utterly unsuited to the voice of Mdlle. Wertheimber, Mad. Cabel is such a favourite that the little opera always goes off triumphantly, with a never-failing encore for Mad. Cabel in the drinking song, "Verse encore ce vin généreux." Before M. and Mad. Faure leave the Opéra-Comique, M. Faure-Lefèvre is to play the principal part (Rita) in an unedited work of Rossini's, the libretto of which is written by M. Gustave Vaëzy. Afterwards M. Faure is engaged to sing at Covent Garden with Madame Miolan-Carvalho in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*. Madame Faure, they say, is going to St. Petersburgh; meanwhile several revivals are projected at this Opéra, amongst others, *Le Jugement de Midas*, by Grétry, and *Masaniello* of Carafa. At the Théâtre-Lyrique, Madame Carvalho, who was most warmly received on her re-appearance in *Philémon et Baucis*, will enjoy a little rest if they bring out, as they talk of doing, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, Mad. Viardot performing the principal part. The *Crociato*, of Meyerbeer, was given last night at the Opéra, but I must give an account of it next week.

M. Octave Feuillet's last work, if it has not created any wonderful sensation, has by no means detracted from the well-earned honours of the writer. Lafont surpassed himself in his part, and greatly contributed to the success of the piece. The piece is somewhat in M. Feuillet's usual style, and paints, with that delicate touch which he knows so well how to employ, some of the clouds of married life, ending, of course, in the happy reunion of husband and wife. Amongst the *beau monde* which the opening night drew to the theatre, were the Emperor and Empress, who warmly applauded one of the favourite writers of the day. At the Bouffes-Parisiens, last night, a new operetta, called *Daphnis et Chloé*, was brought out with much success. And the Gymnase has also given lately a vaudeville in two acts, called the *Paratonnerre*.

When I think of all the concerts given lately, I hold my pen poised in the air with despair—where and with whom to begin, and where shall I end or what select. So that to mention two or three is all one can do: I will begin with the one given at the Tuilleries. The first of these *concerts d'artistes* was composed of the artists from the Opéra-Comique, the second of those from the Italian Opera, and the third of the artists of the Grand-Opéra; the selections of pieces were from *Pierre de Médicis*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Les Huguenots*, *Vêpres*, *Trouvère*, and *Herculanum*; the pianist was M. Hans Bulow, and Franchomme, on the violoncello, was clever as he always is. Meanwhile the Emperor's private concerts go on wonderfully, and some two or three "bright particular stars" attract considerable admiration and attention. Haydn's *Seasons* was the principal performance in the programme of the concert given on Sunday by the *Conservatoire*. The performance, both instrumental and vocal, was in every way worthy the work, though Roger, who had come from Belgium expressly to sing at it, was already beginning to feel the effects of the influenza, that has since prevented his singing at a concert at Amiens, which has been put off in consequence. At Brussels, Roger was received in the warmest manner; and one representation, got up entirely in honour of him, brought in a sum of 6,000 frs.

The second concert for the performance of modern music for piano and voice was given last Wednesday, in the Salle Beethoven. The rooms were crowded. The programme was exclusively (as regards instrumental music) reserved to the modern classical style—that is to say, modern music written in the style of the ancient masters. Fifteen pieces on the piano were given, and the three last, performed by M. Louis Drenier, were as warmly applauded as if the young *virtuoso* had given them at the commencement of the evening. M. Padilke, in the andante of the fourth concerto of Herz, and Fissot, in the *prière* of Stephen Heller, deserve especial mention, also the vocal part of the programme was ably interpreted by Mdlle. Remaury, M. Richer Cremont, and M. Bieval. Mdlle. Pleyel gave her second concert on Monday, and her playing of the *Serenade* of Mendelssohn, the *Fleuve* of Litolff, the *Truite* of Stephen Heller, and the *Etudes* of Jules Cohen, was admirable. Tagliafico's singing and Sighicelli on the violoncello completed the programme.

The decree which augments the "rights of authors," for the Académie Impériale de l'Opéra, is to appear, so they say here, in the *Moniteur*, in a day or two. This decree would maintain for all the representations of a work the rights limited at present to forty performances. After that number, the remuneration was lowered by two-fifths: thus the right fixed at 500 frs. for a grand opera, was reduced, after these forty representations, to 300 frs.

The *Moniteur* announces the little theatre of the Bouffes-Parisiens (Champs Elysées) is to be pulled down, and to be reconstructed on a new plan more appropriate to the comfort of the public and the embellishment of the Champs Elysées.

Last week a sale took place of which I must not forget to tell you. It was the valuable collection of the late Mr. Pierard of Valenciennes, and took place in the Salle Drouet. It is a long time since amateurs have been at such a *fête*, and there are few such collections perhaps in France. During twenty-five years M. Pierard had dedicated a part of his income to the acquisition of the gems of art, and the price his pictures fetched is very great even in France, the sale itself fetched 400,000 frs. Amongst the pictures the "Portrait of Gerard Dow," painted by himself, sold for 37,000 frs.; "La Kermeuse," by D. Teniers, 22,000 frs.; "Le halte des Cavaliers," by Ph. Wouverman, 25,700 frs., and nine other pictures by Vandevelde, Rubens, Ruysdael, Van Ostade, Huysum, Hobbema, Vander Neer, fetched equally high prices. A few days before there had been a sale of the *articles de virtù* of M. Norry, which were also very remarkable. The Emperor bought some very splendid things, amongst others two Bacchantes by Clodion, for which latter he gave 12,600 frs. The Empress also bought some things there. There was, amongst other things, a head of Greuze, that sold for 35,000 frs.

M. Gudin has painted two very remarkable naval pictures for the Emperor, they are executed in a most masterly manner. The Emperor, on visiting the studio to see them, expressed a wish to have another, the subject of which should be the landing of the troops at Genoa.

Amongst other improvements that have taken place here, the Ecole de Beaux Arts has been enlarged and extends now as far as the Quai Malaquais, before the spot occupied erewhile by the hotel Juiqué; Mr. Dubau, the architect to whom Paris owes the restoration of the *Portique d'Anet* and *Galérie d'Apollon*, drew the plans, and this new building is rising with that fairy-like rapidity one only sees in Paris. This new part is especially destined to the Concours de l'Ecole, and the exposition of works of art sent from Rome. The first saloon on the *res de chaussée* is for the works of sculpture of the pupils of the Villa Medicis; the other saloon on the *premier* is for the works of painters, engravers, and architects.

The steeple-chase at la Marche, which took place on Sunday, was a very gay affair, and "no end" of brilliant toilettes and gay carriages to enliven the scene. The only tragedian of the day (with exception of Mrs. Kean), Madame Ristori, is now at Brussels, and began her performances, in the Théâtre des Galéries, by Phèdre. The death of poor Jullien has caused, of course, much sensation here, and his brain-fever is attributed to the immense and unceasing efforts he made to bring out the "monster concerts."

W. A. MOZART.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*)

(*Continued from page* 108.)

IV.

SECTION nineteen gives an account of the arrangements undertaken by Mozart, at Van Swieten's suggestion, of some of Handel's oratorios. These are *Acis and Galatea*, the *Messiah*—which was the one in which he allowed himself the greatest freedom—the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, and *Alexander's Feast*. It was Joseph Starzer, and not Mozart, who arranged *Judas Maccabæus*.

At the conclusion of this section, we find the following exceedingly seasonable words concerning a certain fashionable partiality for old music (p. 466):—

"We must not leave out of consideration the fact that the historical feeling which would see a work of art appreciated, and rendered only in the form the master gave it, was wanting to that period. By far the greater number of compositions owed their origin and definite shape to accidental circumstances, which even the greatest masters acknowledged as determining conditions; while they endeavoured to satisfy the present, they created for the future. Hence, they used, with the utmost freedom, their previous labours, either wholly or partially, for new tasks, borrowing and employing whatever struck them as serviceable, and, at successive performances, adapting their work, by additions, omissions, and alterations, to the circumstances of each occasion. It was an easy thing to extend this freedom to the productions of foreign masters, especially of former times, and composers considered themselves justified in presenting them to the public dressed up in the mode in which the latter could most easily and most conveniently enjoy them. If we only call to mind what was thought allowable, at that period, in this particular,* we shall respect the artistic feeling with which Mozart performed his task.† The philologically historical way of looking at things which so pervades the civilisation of our times, that we view our literature and art most essentially in this light, requires the enjoyment of a work of art to be founded on historical knowledge and appreciation, and the work of art itself to be presented exactly as the artist created it. That, in the reproduction of musical works of art, this condition, though right in principle, undergoes many restrictions practically necessary, is as *equally certain* as that it is *doubtful* how far the great public, who must conform to the demands of the educated, *are capable of this kind of enjoyment; at any rate, it is much to be desired that the learned should not set the example.*

Section 20 treats of Mozart's professional visit to Berlin; section 21, of the opera, *Cosi fan Tutte;* Section 22, of a professional journey to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and the coronation opera, *La Clemenza di Tito;* and Section 23, of *Die Zauberflöte.*

Concerning *Cosi fan Tutte*, the author remarks that the defects of the libretto (by De Ponte), would not allow the musical portion of the work to be fully developed, and that the opera, from many influences Mozart was unable to avoid, approaches more nearly than any of the others to the last operas of Italian masters. But, even though this be the case, it never belies the peculiar traits of Mozart's nature, and especially our wonder is excited by

"The rich inventive faculty of the master, who, with an easy hand, strewed about a host of charming and attractive melodies more abundantly than almost anywhere else; melodies which always delighted the ear without becoming flat and insignificant. Not less wonderful, and, in many respects, even more palpable than elsewhere, does his technical mastery here appear to us. The plan of the several pieces, the connection of the different parts, the grouping of the voices in the concerted pieces, so that the requirements of the dramatic situation and those of the musical form are simultaneously satisfied, are so well defined and transparently clear, with the greatest richness of treatment, that we easily follow even the most complicated movements. Immediately connected with all this are the wonderful freedom and flexibility of the vocal parts, when the composer would combine different characteristic melodies, and the playful dexterity in the application of contrapuntal forms, which excite the interest of the hearer, and keep it actively employed, without his feeling any exertion. But we are more especially astonished in this opera by the delicate feeling for harmony, and the certainty with which the latter is, under all circumstances, achieved. Although this dexterity and skill cannot be separated from the inventive faculty and the talent for organisation, they are not always found co-operating to such a degree; here more especially we perceive exhibited in a most uncommon manner the power of actively employing in unclouded harmony all those component elements which must co-operate in order that full justice may be done to the material expression of musical beauty. This is plainly manifested in the management of the orchestra. Although the latter is not treated with the same delicacy of details as in *Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni*, but lightly, simply, and so as to allow full scope to the vocal parts, it is, in another point of view, fuller and more brilliant, and especially richer in certain particular instrumental effects. The wind instruments are brought more forward, in richer and particularly more varied combination, and with a more delicate distinction of light and shade in the various kinds of sound. It is interesting to perceive how much more

* Thus Hiller has not only scored Pergolese's *Stabat Mater*, but also partially arranged it for a chorus of four voices, while J. A. Schulze has turned six instrumental adagios, by J. Haydn, into a cantata, *Der Versöhnungstod*, for chorus and orchestra. And what has not been made out of Mozart's sacred music! (I. pp. 668, *et seq.*)

† Gerber proposed, quite seriously to produce the choruses of the *Messiah*, according to Mozart's arrangement, but with all the airs composed afresh by well tried composers. (A. M. Z., pp. 832, *et seq.*)

the clarinets are brought into the foreground, and what a characteristic difference is established, according as it is the clarinets or the oboes, which are, for character of the sound, subjected to various gradations by its mixture with the other wind instruments. The trumpets, too, are employed in a peculiar manner; they are not seldom used without kettle-drums, and like trumpets, in the ordinary sense of the word, but instead of the horns (and not combined with them), mostly in the lower passages, for the purpose of imparting to the tone a peculiar strength, freshness, and brilliancy. Such remarks might be pursued still further, in order to prove clearly, in each separate instance, with what delicate feeling, and correct calculation, the orchestral resources, as well as all the rest, are employed to effect the most charming harmony.

"Although it is not to be denied that the opera *Cosi fan Tutte*, regarded as a whole, and with especial reference to depth, significance, and detail of character, does not equal *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, it must, at the same time be acknowledged, that separate pieces, and especially the far greater majority of the principal parts, manifest all Mozart's genius, and all his mastery; that peculiarities of his artistic nature, which in other operas, either do not appear at all, or less prominently, are manifested in the most brilliant fashion; and that, in many directions, we have gained an advance, an extension of the realms of art."

We are presented with an interesting account (Supplement XXV.) how a mass in C major, which was in the collection of C. Zulhener, of Mayence, and marked under Mozart's name as the *Coronation Mass*, agrees in all its movements, with the exception of the "Credo." with whole movements or smaller pieces from *Cosi fan Tutte*, save that the key and instrumentation are changed, and a part sometimes added or omitted (pp. 767—769). The "Dona Nobis," for instance, is nearly the same as the final concerted piece of the opera.

Zulehner was of opinion that the mass was written by Mozart previously to the opera, and plundered for the benefit of the latter. From such twaddle as this, thinks Jahn, may have arisen censure like Thibaut's (*Reinheit der Tonkunst*, p. 11). That the mass was patched up from the opera by some boggling church musician, Jahn concludes from the passages not borrowed from the opera, and from the way in which the borrowed material is employed; and all musicians to whom he has shown the mass agree with him. He states, also, that old musicians have informed him that, in their youth, perfectly similar masses were common, from *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. To this we add, that such cases still occur, now-a-days, in the French provinces; from Meyerbeer's operas, not only is the march from the *Prophète* (together with scenes from Bellini's *Norma*) quite an ordinary thing on the organ—we actually heard it in a Parisian church—but also, the conjuration of the nuns from *Robert le Diable*, with a sacred Latin text! Military bands, too, with and without the *obbligato* serpent, which frequently alone represents both organ and orchestra in country churches, perform the most frivolous operatic pieces in the midst of the service.

In the spring of 1791, Emanuel Schikaneder applied to Mozart, whom he besought to save him, by the composition of a magic opera, from the desperate state into which his unfortunate theatrical speculation and his own giddiness had plunged him. He brought Mozart the book of *Die Zauberflöte*, which, however, only gradually assumed its present shape. In July, Mozart was able to enter the opera in his list as finished (that is to say, in all the essential points, though the scoring was not completed).

(To be continued.)

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THE LESSEE and DIRECTOR, having completed arrangements which enable him to make the announcement under peculiarly favourable circumstances, has the gratification to acquaint the nobility, gentry, and the public, that HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE will OPEN for the SEASON on Tuesday, the 10th of April next. Her Majesty's Theatre for more than a century has been recognized as the first Lyric Theatre in Europe. With this magnificent establishment are intimately associated all the splendour and prestige of Italian Opera; to it also belong the most brilliant reminiscences of the Ballet. The history of Her Majesty's Theatre is identified with the progress of music in this country, and its name made memorable by the special patronage of Royalty. Its spacious and noble area, its peculiarity of construction—which renders it the finest theatre in the world for sound—its perfect suitableness for the purposes of music, and, more than all, its locality in the most fashionable and easily-accessible part of the metropolis, point to it as the temple of high-art entertainment best adapte dto the taste and accommodation of the Court and the aristocracy. In short, no other opera-house in existence can boast of equal advantages in point of convenience of site, commodiousness of construction, and elegance of appearance. Considerable changes and improvements have been made in order to conduce to the comfort and satisfaction of the subscribers and the public. The theatre has undergone a thorough renovation in the interior and exterior, and several alterations have been effected throughout the building, which the Director thought were imperatively called for, and which he feels satisfied will meet with universal approbation. The crush room and entrances have been rendered commodious and elegant, a perfect system of ventilation has been adopted, and every care taken to ensure the accommodation of the audience. The Lessee is deeply impressed with the responsibilities of his new undertaking. He feels that he has made himself answerable to all his patrons for the production of every work at Her Majesty's Theatre in a style of completeness and excellence worthy of their support. As an assurance that due exertion will not be wanting to arrive at this result, he may refer to the accompanying list of artistes and arrangements for the forthcoming season:—

ENGAGEMENTS—Mdlle. Piccolomini (her farewell nights previous to her final retirement from the stage), Mdlle. Vaneri, Madame Laura Baxter, Mdlle. Maria Brunetti (from the Grand Opera Paris, her first appearance in this country), and Madame Alboni; Mdlle. Lotti della Santa (her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre), Mdlle. Dell'Anese, Mdlle. Nardi, and Madame Maria Cabel (Prima Donna of the Opera Comique, Paris,) Madame Borghi Mamo (her first appearance in this country,) and Mdlle. Titiens, Signor Mongini, Signor Belart, Signor Corsi, Signor Mercuriali, Signor Soldi, Signor Giuglini, Signor Everardi (of the Imperial Italian Operas of Vienna and St. Petersburgh, his first appearance in this country), Signor Aldighieri, Signor Fellar, (his first appearance,) and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, (of the Regio, Turin, La Pergola, Florence, &c.,) Signor Gossier, Signor Castelli, and Signor Violetti, Directors of the music, Composers and Conductors—Mr. Benedict and Signor Arditi. Principal Violins—Herr Molique, and Mr. Henry Blagrove. Leader of the Ballet—Signor Bollilli (Musical Director for the Theatre Bologna.) The Military Band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey. Suggestiore—Signor Fontana. Regisseur—Signor Grua. The carefully selected and highly trained Chorus under the direction of Signor Vaschetti. The Corps de Ballet will include several additions from the continental theatres, under the direction of M. Petit. The engagements for the Ballet comprise: Mdlle. Salvioni, (of the San Carlos, Naples, her first appearance,) Mdlle. Morlacchi, Mdlle. Pocchini, Mdlle. Clavelle, Mdlle. Moncelet, Mdlle. Claudini Cucchi, (of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, her first appearance), Mdlle. Bioletti, Mdlle. Loquine, Mdlle. Ferraris, M. Merante, (of the Grand Opera, Paris, (his first appearance,) Signor Carlori, (of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, his first appearance,) and M. Durand. Maitre e compositeur de Ballet—Signor Borri (of the principal Theatre in Italy.)

With a repertoire so extensive and attractive as that of Her Majesty's Theatre, an assemblage of talent so remarkable, and with so magnificent a theatre, in every way peculiarly adapted to the various performances, the Director confidently looks to the nobility and the public for support. To fulfil the conditions entailed, in carrying on so vast an establishment, requires more than common energies and common resources; and it is only by liberal assistance from the patrons of art, among the aristocracy and the public that any good result can follow; while no labour, effort, or expense will be spared to render the performances of the highest excellence. It is further the intention of the management to produce during the season the following:—Weber's grand romantic opera of Oberon, which has been for a long time in active preparation, and will be produced on a scale and with a completeness worthy of this great work. The minor as well as the principal parts will be effectively filled. The scenery and dresses are being prepared with great care, and will present features of special interest. The whole will be produced under the immediate superintendence of J. R. Planché, Esq., Author of the Libretto, by whom several changes and modifications have been made, while the whole of the original music has been carefully preserved. The recitatives expressly arranged by M. Benedict, pupil of the composer of this great work. Beethoven's Fidelio, Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens. A new and original opera by Maestro Campana, in which Mdlle. Piccolomini will appear. Rossini's opera of Otello.—In consequence of the enthusiastic reception accorded to Mme. Borghi Mamo, at the Italian Opera in Paris, the above opera will be produced early in the season, with the following cast:—Otello, Signor Mongini; Rodrigo, Signor Corso; Elmiro, Signor Vialetti; Iago, Signor Everardi; Desdemona, Mme. Borghi Mamo. And about the middle of May, Rossini's Semiramide, with the following powerful cast:—Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens (her first appearance in that character); Arsace, Madame Alboni (her first appearance this season; Idreno, Signor Belart; Oreo, Signor Vialetti; and Assur, Signor Everardi. Mozart's Le Nozze di Figaro, with an unprecedented cast. Also Weber's opera of Der Frieschütz, in which Signor Mongini and Mdlle. Titiens will sustain the principal characters. Mdlle. Brunetti will arrive at the end of April, and make her first appearance at the early part of May, in Verdi's opera of Rigoletto. Madame Alboni will make her first appearance about the middle of May, as Arsace in Semiramide. Mdlle. Titiens will appear on the opening night Tuesday, April 10, in conjunction with Signor Giuglini. Madame Borghi Mamo will make her first appearance in this country on Thursday, April 12, as Leonora, in La Favorite. Madame Marie Cabel (from the Imperial Opera Comique, Paris,) will appear during the season in several of her favourite characters. On the opening night also will be performed the ballet of Fleur des Champs, in which Mdlle. Pocchini will appear. The general favourite, Mdlle. Ferraris, will appear in Mazalier's highly successful ballet of Orfa (first time in this country). Mdlle. Claudina Cucchi will make her début in a new ballet. The season will commence on Tuesday, April 10, when will be performed (for the first time at this theatre) Flotow's admired opera of Martha. Lionello, Signor Giuglini (his first appearance this season); Plumkett, Signor Vialetti; Lord Tristano, Signor Sebastian Ronconi; Nancy, Mdlle. Vaneri; Lady Henrietta, Mdlle. Titiens (her first appearance this season). On Thursday, April 12th, La Favorita. Fernando, Signor Guiglini; Alfonso, Signor Everardo (his first appearance); Baldassare, Signor Vialetti; Leonora, Mdlle. Borghi Mamo (her first appearance). On Saturday, 14th April, will be performed Verdi's opera of Il Trovatore, Manrico, Signor Giuglini; Ferrando, Signor Vialetti; Comte di Luna, Signor Aldighieri; Azucena, Madame Borghi Mamo; Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens. The Box-office of the Theatre is open daily for subscribers from 10 to 5, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

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The Musical World.

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U. R.

UNDER THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
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EARL of EGLINTON and WINTON,
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THE EIGHTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 9th, 1860.

ENGLISH NIGHT.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUARTET, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello .. .. Alfred Mellon.
M. Sainton, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.
SONG, 'Sad was the hour," .. .. Henry Smart.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
SONG, "The Dew-drop and the Rose" .. .. .. G. A. Osborne.
Miss Eyles.
SONG, "Rough wind that moanest loud," .. .. J. W. Davison.
Mr. Santley.
MADRIGAL, "Maidens never go a wooing,"
(Charles II.) .. .. Macfarren.
SONG, "I wandered by my dear one's door each night." J. L. Hatton.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
SKETCHES, "The Lake, Millstream, and Fountain,"
Pianoforte, ... S. Bennett.
Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

PART II.

SONATA, Violin and Pianoforte .. .. Pinto.
Mr. Lindsay Sloper and M. Sainton.
GLEE, "By Celia's Arbour" .. .. Horsley.
Loudon Glee and Madrigal Union.
SONG, "Lovely maiden, keep thy heart for me" .. M. W. Balfe.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
SONG, "The Bell-Ringer" .. .. Wallace.
Mr. Santley.
SONG, "Near Woodstock Town" (Old English Ditty) .. W. Chappell.
Miss Eyles.
GLEE, "Blow, gentle gales" .. .. Bishop.
London Glee and Madrigal Union.
TRIO, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello .. .. .. Macfarren.
Mr. Lindsay Sloper, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti.

CONDUCTOR—MR BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison, and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, Carter, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent-street; Brooks, 24, Old Cavendish-street; Bradberry's London Crystal Palace, Oxford-street; Duff and Co., 65, Oxford-street; Prowse, Hanway-street; Wylde, Great Hall, Hungerford Market; Chidley, 195, High Holborn; Purday, 50, St, Paul's Church-yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Turner, 19, Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6, Finsbury-place, south; Humfress, 4, Old Church, street, Paddington-green; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, and Willis, Bond-street; and Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—MR. MELCHIOR WINTER (tenor) and Mr. BENJAMIN WELLS (flautist), beg to announce that their GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, will take place at the above rooms on the 28th of May, (Whit Monday.) Full particulars will shortly be published.—17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

MISS LAURA BAXTER has the honour to announce that her Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will take place, at St. James's Hall, on the 15th of May. Under the immediate patronage of The Marquis of Lansdowne, The Right Honorable The Earl Mount Edgcumbe, The Countess Mount Edgcumbe, The Lady Brownlow, Viscount Valletort, M.P., The Lady Katherine Valletort, &c. Communications respecting the Concert, Lessons, &c., to be addressed to Miss Laura Baxter's residence, 155, Albany-street, Regent's Park, N.W.

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK is in town for the season.—Letters respecting lessons or engagements for the pianoforte or harmonium to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

THE LONDON CONCERT SEASON.—Mr. C. M. SEER respectfully informs Musical Professors that he continues to undertake the arrangement of Concerts, Soirees, Matinees, as well as Programmes and Books of Words, at very moderate charges. Address, 105, Wardour-street, Oxford-street.

MR. AGUILAR'S THIRD AND LAST SOIREE will take place at 17, Westbourne-square, W., on Saturday, April 14, at Half-past Eight, when he will be assisted by Miss Lindo, Herr Eibenschütz, Herr Jansa, and Herr Lidel.—Programme.—Sonata (Op. 2, No. 5), piano and violin, Mozart; Song, Mendelssohn; Sonata, in B flat, (Op. 22), Beethoven; Song, Schubert; Trio in C minor, Mendelssohn; Vocal Duets, Figaro, Mozart; Polacca brillante, Weber. Tickets, 5s.; Triple admission, 10s. 6d.

MR. MELCHIOR WINTER will sing at Myddelton Hall, Islington, on the 17th instant; Chatham, 23rd; Hanover-square Rooms, 26th; Romford, May 3rd; Hanover-square Rooms, 28th. Address, 17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

MR. BEZETH, in answer to many inquiries, begs to announce, that he has resigned his engagement in the Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.
17, Prince's-street, Cavendish-square.

MISS MARGARET McALPINE (Contralto), requests that letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Pupils, be addressed to her residence, 63, Burton-crescent, New-road.

MR. TENNANT has returned to town. All communications respecting engagements for himself and Mrs. Tennant to be addressed to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or to their residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MRS. TENNANT (Sister of Mr. Sims Reeves), begs to acquaint her friends and the public that she continues giving lessons in singing. For terms, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or at her own residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MISS AUERHAAN, (pupil of Mrs. Arthur Willmore) the juvenile pianist, who made a successful debût at St. Martin's Hall, will play the "Sonata Pathetique" at the Russell Institution on Tuesday next.

MR. WALLWORTH'S engagement with the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company being terminated, he is now at liberty for concerts, pupils, &c.—30, Edwardes-street, Portman-square, W.

W. MEYER LUTZ has the honour to announce that he has returned to London for the season.—86, Richmond-terrace, Clapham-road, S.; or to Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, Regent-street.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER respectfully announces that he continues to train Students for the Concert-room, or Operatic Stage; and to prepare Artists in Operas, Oratorios, &c. 28, Alfred-place, Bedford-square.

MR. PATEY begs to announce that he has returned to Town, and will be open to accept engagements for Oratorios or Concerts on and after the 16th inst. All communications to be addressed to 9, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park.

MRS. ROBERT PAGET (Contralto) will sing "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep" (Knight), "Gentle Troubadour" (Lurline), &c., at Mr. H. Carvil's Grand Annual Concert at Myddelton Hall, on Wednesday evening next. Communications as to Concerts, Oratorios, or Pupils, to be addressed to Mrs. R. Paget, 60, Pentonville-road, N.

MISS SELINA PYKE (Pupil of Mr. Charles Salaman), continues to give lessons on the PIANOFORTE. Miss P. attends schools and her pupils westward, twice a week. 52, Great Prescott-street, E.

MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDALE BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, are sung nightly at the CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and E. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 18, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.

F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.

Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—MR. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artistes—M M. Sainton, H. Hill, W. Watson, H. Payton, Doyle, Trust, G. Collins, Aylward, Howell senr, White, P. S. Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, T. Owen, Hausser, C. Harper, Standen, T. Harper, Stanton, Jones, W. Winterbottom, Cioffi, and F. C. Horton. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Easter Term commences on Monday, April 23rd instant.

Candidates for admission must attend for examination at the Institution, on Saturday, the 21st instant, at One o'clock.

By Order of the Committee of Management,
J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
Tenterden-street, Hanover-square,
April 3rd, 1860.

MEYERBEER'S NEW WORK.—"ASPIRATION"—CANTIQUE. (Short Anthem.) The words from the original latin of Thomas a Kempis, "De imitatione Christi." Composed for SIX VOICES (three sopranos, two tenors, and bass), with Recitatives for a BASS SOLO, and Organ (or Harmonium) accompaniment ad libitum, by GIACOMO MEYERBEER. Price, in score, 4s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where Meyerbeer's setting of the Lord's Prayer, for four voices, 3s., and the Serenade, for eight voices, "This house to love is holy," 4s., may be obtained.

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REVIEWS.

"'*Mozart's Twelfth Mass,' arranged for the pianoforte*,"—by Henry Smart (Boosey and Sons). For those who wish to study all that Mozart has written, and are not able to read music from full score (how many *are* able?) adaptations, or reductions, for pianoforte alone, by so accomplished a musician as Mr. Henry Smart, will offer advantages difficult to over-estimate. While not a single point of any importance is avoided, or "botched," in his arrangement of the *Twelfth Mass*, it at the same time presents no obstacles at which even players of moderate attainments need stand aghast. Mr. Smart has indeed done his work to perfection, and as an example of the masterly skill that has enabled him to present so much of the original with such limited means at disposal, we may point to the fugue, "*Cum Sancto Spiritu*" (page 14)—premising, however, that all the rest is to match.

"'*Rossini's Stabat Mater,' arranged for the pianoforte*"—by Henry Smart (Boosey and Sons). The "*Stabat*" of Rossini was even a more laborious task than the Mass of Mozart, but Mr. Smart has arranged it with equal felicity. The much-criticised fugue, *fugato*, or fugued movement (whichever the reader pleases), to which Rossini, in a temporary access of contrapuntal enthusiasm unusual with his Melodic Majesty, has set the "Amen," may be quoted by the side of Mozart's "Cum Sancto Spiritu," as a specimen of Mr. Smart's consummate fitness for the labour he has undertaken. It is a great thing to say; but it is not the less a fact, that this pianoforte arrangement for two hands really gives an excellent idea of "Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

"'*Larghetto Cantabile, and Allegro Capriccioso,' for the pianoforte*"—dedicated to William Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Prof. Cantab., by George Forbes (Leader and Cock). Although in this ably-written piece of music no trace of direct plagiarism can be cited, it sounds, nevertheless, so familiar that we seem to have heard it all somewhere else before. We are haunted, from first to last, in the *allegro*, by reminiscences of the once-familiar duet of Moscheles in A major; of Sterndale Bennett's Study in B flat (*Six Studies in the form of Capriccios*)—at the top of page 19, when a certain passage of triplets occurs; by Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso* (in the same key)—where the second subject is accompanied by arpeggios allotted to the right hand; by the same composer's *Lied*, No. 6 (in A), from Book 5 of the *Lieder ohne Worte*—in the second subject itself, which Mr. Forbes gives in common-time, while Mendelssohn has it in 6-8; and by a faint echo of Hummel throughout. In spite of all this, we are both pleased and interested by the composition, which not only is clever, but straightforward, sensible and musicianly. The only fault is a certain diffuseness, which, now and then, leads to vapidity—or, as some would write, vapidness, which is all the same.

"*The Rifle Recruiting Call*, '*Arm, brothers, arm*'"—song with chorus, *ad. lib.*—words by Alexander Maclagan, music by Maurice Cobham (Wessel and Co.). We learn, from the title-page, which is, moreover, embellished with a boldly-executed lithograph, from the stone of Mr. A. Laby, that this spirited and well-written song was "performed by the band of the gallant 78th Highlanders, at the Grand Military Bazaar, Edinburgh."

"'*The Humming Top,' Folie Musicale, for the pianoforte, dedicated to Lady Cecil de la Feld*"—by Bellenden K. Atkins (J. H. Jewell)—may be recommended as an excellent study for young players, affording useful practice for the thumb and index of either hand, while the extreme digits, also of either hand, are employed on a sustained melody and bass. Unpretending as it otherwise is, "*The Humming Top*" is by no means without merit, although the episode, commencing at the foot of page 3, is rather tame until the progression begins (page 4), which conducts to the *coda*, and, like the *coda*, is decidedly good. May we, without offence, suggest to Miss Bellenden K. Atkins the propriety of adding a *flat* to the A in the bar at page 4, line 1, bar 3?

"'*An Evening with Balfe,' mélange of the most favourite airs of that popular composer*"—arranged for the pianoforte, by Rudolf Nordmann (Boosey and Sons). The airs comprise "Nelly Gray;" the Longfellow serenade, "Good night! good night! beloved;" "Daybreak" (a popular setting of another poem by Longfellow); the opening chorus from *Satanella* ("Donor of this lordly fête"); "Fortune and her wheel," the most admired of the four settings of the songs from Tennyson's *Legends of the King*; the *barcarole*, "Oh, boatman haste;" the simple but taking ballad of "Margaretta;" and last, not least, the universally-known "Come into the garden, Maud." The bouquet is made up of the choicest flowers from Mr. Balfe's most recently trimmed melodious garden, and is made up with infinite taste by Herr Nordmann.

"'*There's nothing like a fresh Evening Breeze'; song*"—composed expressly for Mr. Thomas, by Alberto Randegger (Boosey and Sons). There is nothing like a good song in its way; and here we have what in every way is a good song. It has life and vigour; it is perfectly well written; it is original (though flavoured with a smack of the old English character); and it is decidedly effective. We hope some day to hear it sung by Mr. Thomas, for whose fine bass voice and healthy energetic style it is eminently fitted.

"'*Don't come teasing me, Sir*'—*song*"—words by Herbert Fry, music by J. L. Hatton (Boosey and Sons)—is another song with a taste of the old English melody in it. Mr. Fry has addressed a smart homily to a male coquet (the most unpardonable species of human humbug), and Mr. Hatton has "music'd" Mr. Fry's disdainful epigram in his smartest and most epigrammatic manner. The neatness with which this little song is written, the raciness of its melody, and its admirably appropriate expression, should win for it a popularity at least equal to that obtained by any previous emanation from the genial and unaffected pen of its composer.

"'*The maid I love hath many a grace*'—*song*"—words by Augustus Greville, music by J. L. Hatton (Boosey and Sons).—Here we find Mr. Augustus Greville, in an effusion no less smart than the homily of Mr. Fry, apostrophising the perfections of a maid on whose physical graces and endowments he dwells with poetical pertinacity, eulogising them under the thin disguise of interrogatories addressed alternately to a mariner, a knight, and a herd. Listen to the amorous bachelor:—

"The maid I love hath many a grace;
How fair her form,—how sweet her face!
And cans't thou tell me, mariner, fast sailing o'er the sea,
If ship, or sail, or ev'ning star, were half so fair to thee?
The maid I love hath many a grace;
How fair her form,—how sweet her face!

And cans't thou tell me, cavalier, whose arms are gleaming bright,
If steed or arms be half so dear as her fond eyes of light?
The maid I love hath many a grace;
How fair her form,—how sweet her face!
And can'st thou tell me, shepherd boy, watching thy flock with care,
If herds, or sunlit valleys green, or skies be half so fair?"

More of the old English flavour, both in words and music, which, we may add, are all the more welcome on that account.

"*Meyerbeer's 'Dinorah,' complete edition, for voice and pianoforte, with English and Italian Words, the English version by H. F. Chorley, to be published in Eight Parts*" (Boosey and Sons). The whole of the voice and pianoforte score of one of Meyerbeer's master-pieces for eight shillings! What next? At first one would have expected to see careless engraving, bad paper, and worse printing. Nothing of the kind. The publication is as correct and as nicely got up as the matter is valuable; so that we have Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* "for the million" in a shape that would not disgrace the exclusive drawing-rooms of "the few." All that the publishers have to fear is that "the few" will too eagerly avail themselves of what is intended for "the many," and purchase the cheap edition to the detriment of its more costly predecessor.

"*De Beriot's Seven Airs, Nos.* 1 *to* 7, *with variations for the violin*" (Boosey and Sons). Here is another handsome shilling's worth, at which, or we are greatly mistaken, all amateur violinists will jump. What sound practice is to be got out of De Beriot's *Airs Variés* need hardly be said.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PNEUMATIC LEVER.

SIR,—Some time ago I troubled you with a few remarks on the Pneumatic Lever, in the hopes of drawing from some of your correspondents an account of their experiences in the working of this well-known mechanism; however, excepting a well-written article from the pen of your own organ contributor, I received no reply; and although many had verbally complained, no organist or organ-builder seemed to think the matter worth writing about. This seemed strange, when it is remembered that the pneumatic action has in a manner revolutionised the whole of organ-building: nevertheless, such is the truth. I see in the *World* of last week (17th inst.) a letter from Mr. McKorkell; in which, when speaking of the Leeds organ (one of the finest instruments of the day), he uses this expression: "The delightful elasticity of the old action (well made) is wanting," &c., in reference to the pneumatic valves. May I ask, then, "Is the *Levier Pneumatique* necessarily deficient in elasticity and rapidity of utterance?" I have found it so, and many have told me that their experience of it was to the same purpose.

FLUTE HARMONIQUE.

A DELICATE POINT.

SIR,—Much has been said at times respecting the rights of authors and composers; those rights are now sufficiently protected, but I would ask whether, in framing the laws to give that protection, it was ever meditated that commercial interests, other than those involved in the rights which an author or composer can justly claim—and they may make too much of their privileges—should seek to be able to place themselves under the same protection? I am not going to contend that an author or composer should not have the privilege of disposing of his rights to either publisher or director of any public entertainment; but I do consider it unfair and unjust for a work to be sold to two contending interests, made so by circumstances, as in the case of the opera of *Lurline*, where the exclusive right of performance has been secured to one party, and the publishing of the work disposed of to another, who sells it to the public. If an artist buys a copy, he cannot perform it in public without permission so to do from the party who has secured the exclusive right of performance. Here is a clashing of interests, and an injustice is done; a clashing of interests, for we all know that the greater the publicity of the work, the greater the chance of sale, but where is the publicity of a work if its performance is restricted? An injustice is done, because an artist has not the right, at least not a legal one, of singing or performing in public a piece of music he has bought and paid for at the market value. If this right of performance be withheld, then I maintain that the music ought not to be published and sold, particularly as no intimation of such restriction of performance is conveyed to the buyer either on the music or otherwise—a work once published and paid for by the public who buy it should become public property. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

28*th March*, 1860. R. M.

THE JULLIEN SHILLING FUND.

SIR,—The idea of starting a shilling subscription for the family of one who was the first to give the British public an opportunity of hearing for that sum the same class of music, by the same executants, and equally well performed, as had been hitherto the exclusive privilege of the wealthy, was an excellent one, and deserves universal support. Everyone said that they would willingly contribute, but a great many, I find, have omitted to do so, not from apathy or disinclination, but simply because they have not happened to pass anywhere in the neighbourhood (mostly the West-end) where subscriptions are received. I would suggest therefore that those who have this good cause at heart (and who has not?) should follow the example of the writer, and take every opportunity of personally canvassing their friends and acquaintances, by which means a considerable addition may be made to the fund.

I have since Monday last collected £1 12*s.* in single shillings, some from comparative strangers, whom I have only met upon business matters; but in no instance has the shilling been refused. I hope to add to this next week, and shall hand the amount over to be acknowledged in the *Musical World*.

Yours, &c., W. W. CLEMOW.

5*th April*, 1860.

THE LATE M. JULLIEN.

(*Extract from a Letter addressed by a Medical Man to a Friend in London*).

I WENT to Jullien's funeral yesterday with S——. He was buried in the most simple manner. It was distressing to see a man like him, after having entertained and enchanted thousands and thousands of people by his talents, to be followed to the grave by about ten persons. It is true, if it had been more generally known, I have no doubt more would have been there. Respecting the information you require, the following is what I have gleaned:—

Louis George Antoine Jules Jullien, born at Sisteron, Bas-Alpes, France, died on the 14th of March, aged forty-eight in April. He was a man of great intellectual capacity, and the power of his imagination equalled that of his herculean strength. No doubt the unavoidable reverses of fortune, particularly his incarceration in Paris, preyed deeply on his mind, as he feared that it would deprive him of the means of providing for his widow if anything happened to him. This circumstance he mentioned to me several times, and it seemed to pre-occupy his mind. His general health has been much better lately. At times he was rather exalted in his ideas, which were always of a philosophic turn. I had often cautioned him against applying himself too closely to his profession, for he would compose sometimes not only all day, but continue through the night, so late as three or four in the morning. With the exception of this, his habits were exceedingly regular, scarcely ever tasting wine, smoking, &c., &c.

When Jullien first came to Paris I attended him for a slight indisposition from which he quite recovered, and subsequently attended him. The first decided symptoms of the disease that terminated so fatally occurred about three weeks since, with eccentricities, then incoherence in his ideas. Still it was impossible to remove one of the causes of all this mischief, namely, composing and attending the rehearsals for a concert which was to take place shortly. From this state he became more and more extravagant in his ideas, until he grew into a dangerous lunatic.

After a conversation with Dr. Blanche (a very celebrated man

for those complaints), he ordered his immediate removal to a lunatic asylum. But, to spare the feelings of his poor widow, I suggested waiting another day. He had slept during the night, but in the evening he was much worse, in fact *raving mad*. I had him then removed to an asylum, where he had the care of another medical man, Dr. Pinel, who is likewise celebrated for all cases of insanity. He remained in the same excited state about a fortnight. I saw him several times; he knew me, but was very incoherent. During the last few hours, he seemed to have a few lucid moments. Every care and attention that was possible, he had. He received the sacrament the last half-hour, and died quite composed. He is buried at Neuilly. He was a good, honest man, notwithstanding his ruinous speculations, and *very few* such kind generous hearts are to be found to equal his. The fact of his giving the two last napoleons he had to a poor woman and her two children, who, she said, were starving, is sufficient to prove it.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The concerts of this Society are undoubtedly progressing, and the committee are to be commended for the energy they display in endeavouring to impart freshness to the programmes, which have been much varied of late, and no longer exhibit that air of monotony which for some time characterised them. Let us hope their policy will be persisted in, and that the stereotyped order of Symphony, Overture, and March, may be modified by the introduction of pieces adapted to create excitement amongst the listening members. The Fifth Concert took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday evening, when the following capital selection was made :—

Part I.

Symphony, No. 4, in B flat	Beethoven.
Recit. et Romance, "Guillaume Tell"	Rossini.
Duo Concertante, for Pianoforte and Violin, "Les Huguenots"	Thalberg & de Beriot.
Overture, "The Templar"	Henry Leslie.

Part II.

Air—Cornet-à-pistons, "Stabat Mater"	Rossini.
Finale to MS. Operetta, "Out of Sight"	Fred. Clay.
March of the Israelites, "Eli"	Costa.
Bolero, "Vêpres Siciliennes"	Verdi.
Overture, "Il Barbiere"	Rossini.

Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony was played very creditably, though we must not too curiously criticise the *finale*, which is a little beyond the capacity of our vigorous amateurs. Mr. Leslie's clever and dramatic overture has been several times performed by the Society, and on this occasion met with every attention from the orchestra. Mr. Costa's March, and a somewhat eccentric version of the overture to *Il Barbiere*, were both well executed. Mr. Mitford was unavoidably absent, and could not perform his solo on the cornet-à-piston. Mr. Val. Morris, in a brief and appropriate speech, stated that the band would play the overture to *Le Cheval de Bronze*, which gave general satisfaction. M. and Madame d'Egville deserve honourable mention; and, at the end of the Duo Concertante, were applauded enthusiastically.

The vocal music was as good as could have been desired. Miss Augusta Thomson created a marked impression, and was encored in the romance from *Guillaume Tell* (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. J. G. Callcott). Her voice is a high soprano, and the upper notes are of beautiful quality, but is scarcely equal to the *Bolero* from Verdi's French opera. We fully believe that Miss Thomson will, when she has overcome the nervousness natural to comparative inexperience, prove a valuable acquisition to the concert room.

A word of hearty commendation for Mr. Frederick Clay, whose *finale* was very well sung (by Messrs. Gordon Cleather, Charles Freemantle, Quinten Twiss, C. Stephenson, and W. H. Simpson), and loudly redemanded. We have heard a great deal of his drawing-room operetta *Out of Sight*, and can readily credit all that has been said in its favour, the *finale* exhibiting constructive ability, good voice-writing, and well-sustained melody. Mr. Clay must work hard, and take care not to be spoiled by praise. He has undoubtedly a "future."

The room was crowded, and amongst the company we noticed the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Montrose, Lady Theresa Lewis, Lady Elizabeth Bulteel, and a host of fashionables.

At the next concert, which is to be given on April 16th, we read with satisfaction that Miss Cazaly is to perform Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in D minor.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The instrumental pieces on Monday evening—when St. James's Hall was again crowded—came from what a morning contemporary aptly styles, "the inexhaustible repertory of Mozart." Subjoined is the programme:—

Part I.

Quintet in A major, for clarinet, two violins, viola, and violoncello	Mozart.
Song, "Lascio ch' io pianga"	Handel.
Song, "Oh! beauteous daughter of the starry race"	Beethoven.
Fantasia in C minor, pianoforte solo	Mozart.

Part II.

Sonata, for violin and pianoforte, in B flat ..	Mozart.
Serenade, "When the morn is brightly shining"	Molique.
Song, "The Savoyard's Song"	Mendelssohn.
Quintet, in E flat, for pianoforte and wind instruments	Mozart.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

The quintet in A major was repeated by general desire, and afforded even greater satisfaction than at its first or second introduction. Of the merits of this work, so well known to amateurs, we need not say a word. The performance was again admirable, the executants this time being Messrs. Lazarus, Sainton, Ries, Doyle, and Paque. The fantasia in C minor and the quintet in E flat were both played for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts. The entire collection of Mozart's instrumental compositions for the chamber contains nothing more exquisitely beautiful, nor more masterly, than the quintet, which created so powerful a sensation on Monday night, that the directors would be warranted in introducing it on another Mozart night. The performers were Messrs. Benedict (pianoforte), Lazarus (clarinet), Nicholson (oboe), Chisholm (bassoon), and C. Harper (horn), who, we need hardly say, played *à merveille*. Mr. Benedict executed the delicious fantasia with admirable expression, and was overwhelmed with applause on leaving the platform. The sonata for violin and pianoforte, like the quintet in A major, was given for the third time, and the slow movement encored as on a former occasion, when played by the same eminent professors—M. Sainton and Mr. Benedict.

The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Laura Baxter and Mr. Sims Reeves. The last sang Handel's song, "Lascio ch'io pianga," and Mendelssohn's "Savoyard's Song," both with genuine feeling—the latter, nevertheless, somewhat too slowly—and with a voice not easily to be surpassed for quality. Mr. Sims Reeves, who is singing better this year than ever, was encored in both his pieces, Beethoven's "Oh! beauteous daughter of the starry race," and Molique's serenade, "When the moon is brightly shining," the former of which he gave with superb devotional energy, the latter with equal taste and feeling. Mr. Reeves had, however, a greater triumph in store than either. In consequence of the non-arrival of one of the performers in the quintet in E flat, the audience, kept waiting an unusual time, did not refrain from expressing their dissatisfaction aloud, when Mr. Benedict came forward, and, announcing the cause of the delay, stated that Mr. Sims Reeves had volunteered to fill up the time by singing "Adelaida." This announcement was received with thunders of applause, which, when Mr. Reeves appeared, were redoubled. Mr. Reeves sang and Mr. Benedict played the accompaniment of Beethoven's divine song from memory, and the delight of the audience was beyond measure. Meanwhile the

"late" performer, whose delay could be satisfactorily accounted for, arrived, and the quintet was given with undiminished success.

The concert on Monday is to be devoted exclusively to the music of English composers.

CONCERTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Professor Bennett's cantata (or pastoral), *The May Queen*, was executed on Saturday, with a band and chorus of one hundred and fifty performers, under the direction of Mr. Augustus Manns. The principal singers were Madame Catherine Hayes, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. The execution on the whole was good, and the audience, a numerous one, appeared thoroughly to appreciate the beauties of the work. In addition to the cantata, there was a miscellaneous selection in which the band played Spontini's overture to *Olympia;* Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang Hatton's ballad, "Under the greenwood tree;" Mr. Santley gave Rossini's scena and *aria*, "Alle voci della gloria;" Miss Palmer, the air from the *Prophète*, "Ah! mon fils;" and Madame Catherine Hayes, Mr. Lover's song, "The two Castles" (composed expressly for her), and "The Irish Mother's Lament," the last "by desire." All were successful performances, and "The Irish Mother's Lament" was again encored.

On Monday, the series of twelve concerts for Mdlle. Piccolomini was inaugurated most inauspiciously in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather. It rained all day with few intermissions, and the Metropolis was visited by a hailstorm in the forenoon. No wonder the concert-room of the Crystal Palace was not more than three-parts full—the wonder, indeed, was, that so many attended. Mdlle. Piccolomini, however, sang with as much zeal as though she were exhibiting before her accustomed thousands, and was enthusiastically encored in both her songs, "Ah, fors' è lui," from *La Traviata*, and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," which we never heard her sing with greater expression. The concerts during the week require no further record beyond the fact that Mdlle. Piccolomini has given two songs daily, and that Mr. Patey was the other vocalist. Yesterday, the programme was devoted to sacred music.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The last concert of the season came off on Thursday evening week, and was one of the best and most varied entertainments of the series. The singers were, Miss Clari Fraser, Mdlle. Vaneri, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Allan Irving. We need only mention a few of the most successful performances in the programme, which extended to nearly thirty pieces. Miss Clari Fraser, Mdlle. Vaneri, and Mad. Sainton-Dolby were encored in the trio, "My Lady, the Countess," from the *Matrimonio Segreto*. Mad. Sainton-Dolby repeated Balfe's song, "The green trees whispered," which she sang delightfully. Miss Clari Fraser received a similar compliment in an old ditty of the seventeenth century, taken, we believe, from Mr. William Chappell's work, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, called "As down in the meadow I chanced for to pass," which pleased amazingly, not merely because it is a beautiful song, but because it was beautifully sung. Miss Fraser, however, acknowledged the compliment by bowing only. The same lady, to our thinking, was still happier in the old air, "When ye gang awa, Jamie," a model of Scotch ballad singing. Mdlle. Vaneri, although hardly in her best voice, gave Mr. F. Mori's charming ballad, "The May time is coming," with irreproachable expression and taste. Herr Ries executed on the violin Vieuxtemps' fantasia on *I Lombardi*, and Artot's *Souvenir de Bellini*. The concert terminated with Martini's laughing glee (trio), "Come, merry hearts, be free" ("Vadasi via di qua,") sung by Miss Clari Fraser, Mdlle. Vaneri, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Allan Irving. Mr. Frank Mori accompanied all the vocal music.

BELFAST.—Mr. J. C. Marks, of the Armagh Cathedral Choir, has just been appointed organist and choir-master of Cork Cathedral, in the place of Mr. Stevenson, lately deceased. This is one of the best appointments in Ireland, and its attainment must be very gratifying both to Mr. Marks, who is still a very young man, and to his master Mr. Robert Turtle.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—Last night Cimarosa's favourite opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, was performed for the first time in Edinburgh. The cast was as follows:—Carolina, Madame Lorini; Elisetta, Madame Maritini; Fidalma, Madame Vietti; Paolino, Signor Galvani; Count Robinson, Signor Baraldi; and Geronimo, Signor Ciampi. Signor Galvani, in the aria "Pria che spunte," sustained a well-merited encore. Signor Baraldi made a very creditable Count, and sang his music, as he always does, carefully and correctly. In Geronimo, Signor Ciampi has achieved another great success. It was a subtle and masterly conception, carried out with the highest artistic skill. The other *morceaux* of the opera which may be mentioned for special commendation were the sestetto "Che tristo silenzio" at the close of the first act, and the famous duet "Se fiato in corpo avete." Altogether the performance was highly satisfactory, considering that it was the first representation and that the music is exacting. The attendance in the boxes was very large; the other parts of the house, however, showed little improvement. At the close of both acts the performers were called before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience.—*Abridged from the Scotsman.*

YORK MINSTER ORGAN.—This organ, the progress towards the completion of which we noticed a few weeks since, has now passed out of the hands of Messrs. Hill and Son, the builders; and, with the exception of some little tuning, which it is now undergoing, the instrument may be looked upon as completed. In the external appearance of the organ, however, there is a want of finish, from the side cases not being nearly filled with pipes; but this space we have no doubt will eventually be filled up, and the sides made more consistent with other parts of the organ. Three of the hydraulic engines, which are intended to work the blowers, have been fixed and used, and they have been found to work most satisfactorily. Another engine, however, remains to be put down. As this is the first instance in which hydraulic power has been applied to a musical instrument, in a public place of worship, in this city, a brief description of the engines may be of interest to our readers. The hydraulic engines were invented and patented by Mr. David Joy, of Leeds, who has, by labour and ingenuity, succeeded in adapting them to organ-blowing, and other purposes. Those in the Minster will each work a set of feeders, by no other means than the pressure of the water, by a six-inch main, from the New Water Company's works. They can all, or any of them, be started at a moment's notice, at the will of the organist, and require no further care or attention, as they are perfectly self-regulating, and, by a careful adjustment, are made to blow quickly or slowly, according to the consumption of wind required. The parts working in the water are also of such materials relatively, as not only to prevent rust, but also to promote self-lubrication of these parts by the water itself. Great numbers of these engines have now been at work, since the date of the first patent in 1857, with perfect efficiency, several of the first having been erected in the above year, in London, by Messrs. Hill and Son, the builders of the York organ, who are also erecting others extensively in various parts of the kingdom. We understand that Mr. Jones, hitherto a tuner in the employ of Messrs. Hill and Son, has been engaged to remain permanently in this city, as tuner to the Minster organ.—*York Herald.*

LEEDS.—(*From a Correspondent*).—At a special meeting of the Leeds Town Council on Saturday last, the Town Hall committee were empowered to take steps for appointing an organist at a salary of £200 per annum. During the discussion on the subject, it was stated that out of the performances on the organ given last summer by Mr. Spark, Mr. Broughton and others, a profit of £50 was made—the admission price being only 3*d*. One of the reasons given why it was considered necessary to appoint a permanent organist, was the jealous and envious feeling of certain musical people, who declared the organ to be a failure, when they ought rather to have blamed their own want of efficiency in playing upon it. It was stated by Alderman Wilson, on good authority, that Leeds possessed one of the finest, if not *the* finest, organs in the world, and at a very cheap price. Competent authorities have long urged the advisability of ap-

pointing a permanent organist, who shall have full control over the instrument, instead of letting any inexperienced person tamper with such a wonderful piece of workmanship. The appointed organist will be required to give one hundred performances during the year.

The last concert of the Leeds Town Hall Concert for the season was given last Saturday evening, and was conducted by Mr. Spark. The season, on the whole, has not been quite successful either in a pecuniary or a musical point of view; and so long as the executive committee is composed of men notoriously ignorant in musical matters, no other result can accrue.

Birmingham.—A musical event of some importance took place on Sunday, March 25th. This was the re-opening of the organ at St. Philip's Church, after a thorough repair and cleaning. The organ, which is the finest in Birmingham, and one of the finest in the kingdom, was built, in the year 1805, by George Pike England, the son of the celebrated Geo. England, and the predecessor of the equally celebrated Mr. Hill of our own day. It was originally divided into two key-boards, swell and great, and consisted of the following stops:—In the great organ, open diapason; ditto (front); stopped diapason, principal; twelfth-fifteenth; sesquialtera mixture; trumpet, and solo trumpet (the last an inimitable stop). The swell contained open diapason; stopped ditto, principal; fifteenth mixture; bassoon; hautbois; trumpet, and cornet. The pedal organ had one stop of very fine open pipes, made of oak. In the year 1845, the instrument was altered and re-constructed by Mr. Hill. The old swell was made into a choir organ, and a new swell added, consisting of the following stops:—double diapason; open diapason; stopped ditto, principal; cornopean, and hautboy. The trumpet, in the original swell, was replaced by a cremona, and a wald flute was added, as was also a fine pedal-stop of 16 feet. The re-opening of this noble instrument was celebrated with a performance of sacred music, from Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. The services were, Dr. Boyce in C, and Ebdon in C. The anthem in the morning was, "We will rejoice in thy salvation," by Dr. Croft; that in the evening, "Oh praise God in his holiness," by Dr. Clarke. The choir, which was full and complete, was selected from the leading choral ladies of the town, and Miss Poyser, a local artist of some celebrity, was principal soprano. Mr. Simons, the organist of the church, presided with the ability and excellent taste which have so long distinguished him, and drew forth, in his voluntaries, tones from that noble instrument that delighted the numerous congregation, who, till this day, scarcely believed that it was capable of producing such wondrous effects. A collection was made after each service to defray the necessary outlay incurred by the repairs.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

March 28, 1860.

If the problem of perpetual motion could be solved, it would be in this gay city. There seems a constant succession of excitement going on. Hardly has all one's power of admiration been called into play by some wondrous work of art—some lyrical gem, or some great architectural wonder—than some fresh object rapidly succeeds, with all the ever-changing brilliancy of a kaleidoscopic view, to efface the remembrance of its predecessor. For once, however, there is a slight repose. *Pierre de Medicis*, the great subject of conversation with the *dilettanti* of the day, has had its various merits so discussed, that of course every one eager to judge for themselves will flock to the Opera. The 130,000 francs expended in decorations are made too much of, as they will be well repaid ere the end of the season. But it is the wonderful C sharp of Tamberlik—the force, the passion with which he sends out this note—which electrifies the public at the Italian Opera. Under the aspect of the terrible Moor he has once more made his appearance amongst us. And with the Borghi-Mamo as Desdemona, the success could not fail to be great. But in the *Trovatore* his voice comes out as pure and sweet as the notes of a flute. One can hardly imagine the wonderful tones to which, as the opera goes on, the voice will rise. Last night he was called on after the air of "Di quella pira," three times; he sang it twice. An accident which occurred in this Act threatened to bring the opera to an untimely end. Just as Tamberlik draws his sword to rush off and save his mother, whom he sees from the window they are preparing to burn on the pyre, Mad. Penco, who plays the part of Leonora, frantically implores him to stay. In approaching the foot-lights in one of her movements, the long tulle wedding veil she has on took fire. Mad. Penco did not perceive it, but fortunately two of the chorus-soldiers threw themselves on their knees, gathering her dress round, and extinguished the flames. It was a moment of breathless excitement in the house; and poor Madame Penco was so overcome by terror and emotion, that before the curtain drew up for the last act, the stage-manager came on, and begged for a few moments' indulgence for her. As it was, she cut out the air "D' amor sul all' rosa." It was most fortunate for Madame Penco that the dress she had on was a silk moire trimmed with ermine; for, had she worn a tulle dress, it would have been impossible to save her. There was some unknown person who performed the part of the gipsy mother; but it would be better to touch lightly on so painful a subject. Where were Madame Alboni and Borghi-Mamo? The revival of *Galathée* at the Opéra-Comique has brought nightly receipts of 5000 francs, so it is likely to be continued. *Jocomte*, with M. Faure as the hero, has also been revived with entire success. Madame Miolan-Carvalho will appear in *Philémon et Baucis:* the loss of her mother obliged her to suspend for a short time her performances after the *Gil Blas* of M. Lemet has been brought out, and she will go to London for the season. A very pretty little piece in one act and in prose, has been brought out at the Théâtre-Français; it is from the pen of M. Théodore Barrière, and is entitled the *Feu au Convent*. Of course, from the title, one would expect to hear a good deal about a convent: nothing of the sort. It is merely this: a young girl, Adrienne de Tavenay, has been obliged to be sent home, as the convent she was in took fire, and, of course, all the young ladies and nuns were obliged to disperse till some new abode should be arranged. Adrienne arrives at home, and finds her father, who has been all night at a ball, asleep on the sofa: ere he wakes, her fairy fingers change the aspect of the room, that was rather disorderly and bachelor-looking, into that home-like appearance that only the fingers of a woman can give a room. Her father wakes, and is equally astonished and delighted at the beauty and grace of his child, whom he had not seen for years; for, left a widower at five-and-twenty, he had sent Miss Adrienne to a convent, and led the life of a single man since. As he sits listening to his child's prattle with delight, while she unfolds her project that he is to marry a teacher, Mdlle. Hélène, who has been like a mother to her, the recollection of a duel he is to fight this morning flashes over him, and destroys all his pleasure. He had sought a quarrel with a Brazilian, as he had made a bet at his club that before the end of the year he would fight six duels: the year will expire the next day, and the duels must be fought that morning. On leaving his child, he confides her to M. de Meriel, a young philosopher of twenty, and in case of his death, constitutes him her guardian. They are left alone, while the father goes away. Adrienne has a presentiment of danger, from her father's manner, and in seeking to calm her, M. de Meriel begins to love—at last, as her despair for her father is at its height, the door opens, and he enters safe and well. The great practical joker of the club, M. Fortemin, had resolved M. de Tavenay should lose his bet, and had challenged and fought the Brazilian in his place, receiving a slight wound; of course all ends happily, de Meriel and Adrienne are to be married—the father says he will marry the friend of his daughter, Mad. Hélène. The subject may not be much, but the acting is all: Bressant is touching and charming as the father; and Mdlle. Emma Fleury as the *naïve* and witty little schoolgirl, goes through her part with the greatest *éclat*. It is what may be called a "refreshing" piece, after the tirade of nonsense—of absurdities and immorality—with which the French stage is too often overwhelmed. A new piece, *Daniel Lambert*, will be brought out in a few days at the Odéon: it is from the pen of M. Charles de Courcy; and also a new piece will succeed the

Compère Guillery, at the Ambigu: it is entitled *La Sirène de Paris*, and is written by MM. Grangé and Montépin.

The concerts are going on with unabated vigour. Last Thursday a Concert d'Artiste was given at the Tuilleries. MM. Tamberlik and Graziani; Mesdmes. Penco and Alboni. The Princess Clotilde presented Mdme. Alboni with a magnificent fan to replace a paper one she had made herself on account of the great heat. Alard played on the violin; Prudent, on the piano. The Concerts d'Amateurs at the Palace are still kept up, and equally successful. The Comte de Morny and the Préfect de la Seine are also giving concerts. Mad. Pleyel will give some more of her charming concerts. The Société de Jeunes Artistes gave, the other day, another of their concerts under the direction of M. Pas-de-Loup: it gave great satisfaction. The symphony by Charles Gounod, that in C major by Beethoven, and the overture to *Semiramis* were remarkably well performed. Faure sang the solo in the benediction scene of the flags in the *Siége de Corinthe*. Last Thursday the Salle Beethoven was the spot chosen for an excellent concert, in which MM. Brimer and Paldilke greatly distinguished themselves. There is a great deal of talk about building a new Italian Opera, and not before it is wanted; anything more uncomfortable than some of the boxes it is impossible to conceive, and amidst all the wonderful improvements taking place, it would be impossible to leave this alone unregarded. The aspect of Paris is rapidly changing; for to a person who has not visited for some few months one quarter of Paris, they gaze astonished, and ask whether the magic lamp of Aladdin has been discovered and brought into use, for from ground or wretched spots where hovels stood, rows of palaces almost are rising, but more durable than the palace of the Chinese prince, they will last for ages to come. Some excellent pictures of living artists have been exhibiting on the Boulevards. I have not yet been able to spare a minute to see them, but next week will say something more about them. From all accounts, London is destined to have a brilliant season; and already the talk is about the doings that will take place there.

WEIMAR.—An after-celebration of Mozart's birthday has taken place, when the performance began with a festival composition, with music and *tableaux vivants*, entitled *Die Tonkunst und vier Deutsche Meister*, by Dr. Julius Pabste. Then came *Don Juan*. The house was crammed, and the poem, as well as the suggestive and admirably arranged *tableaux*, was tumultuously applauded. When, at the last, the four stars, in which shone the names of Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber, were visible on the horizon, when, in poetical juxtaposition, the figures out of *Iphigenie*, *Fidelio*, *Don Juan*, and *Preciosa*, appeared beneath the sky, and the godlike, ever-youthful music of the *Past* was heard, we wondered whether, in another hundred years, the masters of the *Future*, now so often named, would be greeted and worshipped with equal enthusiasm.

LEIPSIC.—C. Reinecke is named as the probable successor of J. Rietz, appointed Hof-Capelmeister at Dresden. Nothing has yet been heard from Breslau on the subject.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—On Wednesday evening, at the Marylebone Institution, there was a trial of chamber instrumental pieces, in the presence of some members of the Council and a sprinkling of the Fellows. The pieces tried were a string quartet by Mr. Beaumer, a pianoforte trio by Herr Adolphe Schloesser, and a string quartet by Mr. Deane. Mr. Blagrove was the first violin and Herr Schloesser, assisted by Mr. Blagrove and M. Daubert, played the trio. There should be more of these "trials" of new works, which are eminently calculated to advance the objects for which the Musical Society of London was professedly instituted. We should have stated that a sestet for pianoforte and wind instruments by Mr. Aguilar was to have been rehearsed; but it was impossible to get together the necessary complement of "wind." With whom the fault lies we are unable to say.

JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in accordance with the wishes of the deceased, had it been permitted him to express them, viz., to the relief of his widow and family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the public are most respectfully informed that the Season of 1860 will commence on Tuesday next, April 10, on which occasion will be performed, Meyerbeer's New Romantic Opera, entitled DINORAH; or, Il Pellegrinaggio de Ploërmel. Dinorah, Madame Miolan-Carvalho (her seventh appearance in England); Una Capraia, Mdlle. Rapazzini (her first appearance in England); Un Capraio, Mdlle. Giudita Sylvia (her first appearance in England); Corentino, Signor Gardoni; Un Cacciatore, Signor Tagliafico; Un Mietitore, Signor Neri Baraldi; and Hoel, M. Faure (for whom the part was originally composed: his first appearance in England).

Conductor—MR. COSTA.

The Opera will commence at half-past eight o'clock. Pit tickets, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

Prospectuses, with full particulars of the arrangements, may be had at the Box Office, under the portico of the theatre, and at the principal music-sellers and librarians.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7TH, 1860.

THE prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera, besides announcing the re-engagement of most of the old favourites, promises two new singers of eminence, two operatic revivals of great importance, and one or two works that have not been heard before. Mdlle. Lotti della Santa, and Mdlle. Marai, no longer appear in the list of artists; but Mdlle. Rosa Csillag, if report does not err, will more than atone for the loss of the former; while, if Mad. Miolan-Carvalho fills the part of Marguerite de Valois, in the *Huguenots*, and Mdlle. Rosa Csillag that of Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, formerly sustained by Mdlle. Marai, there will be nothing to complain of. Other contemplated changes will be equally for the better—as, for instance, Madame Penco, *vice* Mdlle. Lotti, in Ninetta (*Gazza Ladra*), and M. Faure, from the Opéra-Comique, *vice* Signor Graziani, as Hoel (*Dinorah*), and (if the Italian language and Italian music are familiar to him), *vice* Signor De Bassini, in Fernando (*La Gazza Ladra*). Mdlle. Csillag and M. Faure are both unknown to the English public. The lady, it is true, appeared at one of the Philharmonic Society's performances last season, with very considerable success; but little can be predicted of her talent as a dramatic singer from this solitary exhibition in the concert-room. Mdlle. Csillag comes from the Imperial Opera of Vienna, where she holds a distinguished post. She will make her first appearance in *Fidelio*. If M. Faure creates as favourable an impression at the Royal Italian Opera as at the Opéra-Comique, he can hardly fail to become a valuable acquisition to Mr. Gye's company.

Among the ladies we find two unfamiliar names, viz.: Mdlle. Rapazzini and Mdlle. Giudita Sylvia. Of these, knowing nothing of their antecedents, we can say no more than that the latter, a contralto, is to make her first essay with Madame Nantier-Didiée's part in *Dinorah*, on the opening night, and that the former is entrusted with one of the subordinate characters in the same opera.

While on the subject of new comers, we may cite Signors Patriossi, Vairo, and Rossi, as barytones, or basses, about whom no rumours have travelled to cis-Alpine regions—unless, by the way, Signor Rossi should happen to be the gentleman who played Don Pasquale and other *buffo* parts at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1857 and 1858.

Madame Grisi "is engaged for twelve nights;" which may be interpreted, that she is at length *definitively* to take leave of the stage. Why the prospectus does not speak more explicitely on this head, we are unable to say. Perhaps the remembrance of 1854 may have something to do with it. Before the Norma of Normas, the Lucrezia of Lucrezias, the Semiramide of Semiramides, the Anna Bolena of ——— (but space warns us to desist) abandons us for ever, we should like to be assured of a competent successor. The prospectus further relates that "she will appear *in those parts which have chiefly contributed to her great popularity*, during her long-continued and brilliant career." Nevertheless, we find no mention of Ninetta (*La Gazza Ladra*), Elvira (*I Puritani*), Norina (*Don Pasquale*), Semiramide and Anna Bolena—to one and all of which, it will scarcely be denied, some of those laurels are due. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho is evidently intended to fill up the dreary vacuum created by the loss of Angiolina Bosio. Besides Dinorah, she is to appear as Rosina (*Barbiere*), and Zerlina (*Fra Diavolo*)—two of Madame Bosio's most renowned impersonations—in addition to Amina (*La Sonnambula*), and Marguerite de Valois (*Les Huguenots*). That Madame Carvalho will make an admirable Zerlina, and an admirable Marguerite, we cannot for a moment doubt, and only hope that her essays in Italian opera proper will be to match. Madame Penco, is not only put down for Ninetta (*La Gazza Ladra*), but for Lady Henrietta (*Martha*), Gilda (*Rigoletto*), and one of the two sisters in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. Madame Nantier-Didiée,—although (for reasons unexplained) she does not (at present at least) reassume her favourite part of the Goat-herd in *Dinorah*, for which Meyerbeer graciously composed the new air, "Fanciulle che il core"—retains her post as principal contralto. The name of Madame Tagliafico, too, re-appears as *comprimaria*.

The tenors are precisely the same as in 1859—Signors Mario, Tamberlik, Gardoni, Neri-Baraldi, Luchesi—a strong and gallant company. The basses and barytones we have still to name are—Signors Graziani, Polonini, and Tagliafico, M. Zelger, and last, not least, Signor Ronconi.

The *répertoire* for the season embraces twenty-four operas, of which two are novelties and four revivals. The novelties are M. Flotow's *Stradella*, and M. Victor Massée's one-act operetta, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, under the Italian title of *Le Nozze di Giannetta*. In the former, Signor Mario will sustain the principal part, while the latter is to be produced especially for Madame Miolan-Carvalho—

the original Jeannette at the Théâtre-Lyrique—and Signor Ronconi. The "revivals" include Beethoven's *Fidelio*, for Mdlle. Csillag and Signor Tamberlik; Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, with Mdlle. Csillag as Fides, Signor Tamberlik as Jean of Leyden, and ("peraunter") Madame Miolan-Carvalho as Bertha; and Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. There is a report that M. Félicien David's *Herculaneum* will be given; but respecting this we can state nothing definitively beyond the fact that M. David has arrived in London. Upon the revival of the *Prophète* the management is determined to expend all the means at its disposal. If, as is probable, the magnificence of former days is revived, Meyerbeer's grand lyric drama will be the most brilliant feature of the season. The cast of the *Matrimonio Segreto* includes Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho, Penco, and Nantier-Didiée, Signors Ronconi, Gardoni, and Graziani. The ladies are well placed, and from Sig. Ronconi's Geronimo, great things may be expected.

Four grand concerts are announced—one, "at least," to take place in the New Floral Hall. At the second concert, Glück's *Orfeo* will be performed, with costumes, scenery, and decorations.

About the ballet nothing is stated, beyond the fact that Mdlle. Zina Richard, the deserved favourite of the last two seasons, is engaged as principal *danseuse*.

"The full orchestra and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera," and Mr. Costa, as "director of the music, composer, and conductor"—these are items which speak for themselves.

Mr. Augustus Harris is again stage-manager, and Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, the *bonâ fide* scene-painters of the Royal Italian Opera, are associated with Mr. William Beverley, who is also scenic artist at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Smithson is chorus-master; Sig. Maggioni, poet; Mr. Godfrey, leader of the military band; M. Nadaud, leader of the ballet; and M. Desplaces, maître-de-ballet.

One important consideration arising from an examination of the programmes of both operas, is the decline of the vocal art in Italy. How else account for the fact that in both houses the chief parts are filled by foreign singers. At Her Majesty's Theatre, the *prima donna assoluta*, Mdlle. Titiens, is a German; while two others—Madame Marie Cabel and Mdlle. Brunetti (Brunet)—are French. At the Royal Italian Opera, Mdlle. Csillag is a German, while Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho and Nantier-Didiée are French. At Her Majesty's Theatre, Signor Everardi (M. Everard), Signor Vialetti (M. Vialette) and M. Gassier, are French. At the Royal Italian Opera, M. Faure and *Signor* Tagliafico are French, while M. Zelger is a Belgian. Furthermore, one theatre opens with a Russian, and the other with a French opera. While Art rejoices over the disruption of a monopoly which threatened to arrest her progress, Italy weeps that her lyric temple should be invaded by the foreigner.

GETTING up early last Tuesday morning, and walking into the room, which, because it was equally destitute of books and writing materials, was called his study, Pantagruel was not a little amazed to find both Panurge and Epistemon deeply immersed in thought. The former was gravely turning over a battered terrestrial globe, which with two chairs and a table constituted the sole furniture of the carpetless apartment; the latter was holding straight before him a sheet of written paper, at which he was staring with all his might and main, with the aspect rather of the connoisseur who is examining a picture, than of the student who is reading.

"May I be eternally ——," began Pantagruel, in his usual strong manner, when he was checked by a solemn "Hush!" uttered by both the philosophers.

"Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo," said Panurge.

"Favete linguis," continued Epistemon.

"Out upon ye, for a couple of accursed rebels!" bellowed Pantagruel, though he was well-nigh choked with rage. "How dare ye apply to me the term 'profanum vulgus?' Think you I am the company of the —— theatre, all rolled into a one person, like the forty enchantresses of whom I read in Mr. Dickens's admirable periodical. It is not with my tongue, but with my foot I will discourse, if I am thus contumaciously treated!"

"Why, look ye, Master mine," said Panurge, "I meant not to offend thee. In fact my mind was so absorbed that I took thee for the Field Lane Ragged School—"

[At this juncture, Epistemon, thinking that the ensuing dialogue might disturb his meditations, took out the brass pin that fastened together the front of his shirt, pinned his paper against the wall, and clapping a hand on each ear so as to impede the entrance of sound, stared at the writing in such ridiculous fashion that Pantagruel, in spite of his choler, burst out into a roar of laughter, so loud, that all the singing-birds in St. Andrew's-street quaked with terror in their little green cages.]

"Look ye, Master," said Panurge, "A manager of great wisdom and experience hath been likening his theatre to a ship."

"A very good simile too," replied Pantagruel, still chuckling at the appearance of Epistemon; "Horace did the same with respect to the Roman State:

"O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus? O quid agis? Fortiter occupa Portum."

"Nay, Master," cried Panurge, "the manager in question says he is in port already."

——"Nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus,"

proceeded Pantagruel, with beautiful complacency, mightily delighted with his own power of quotation.

"Totally inapplicable," shouted Panurge, "there's a very fair crew,—why, there's Miss Louise Keeley, and Mrs. Young, and Mrs. Weston, and Mr. George Melville, and Mr. Saker, and Mr. Frank Matthews,—and they all pull very well together."

But Pantagruel would go on:—

"Et malus celeri saucius Africo."

"Nothing at all to do with it!" shrieked Panurge, almost crying at the immensity of the boredom. "Thou thinkest thou art talking of some manager who has engaged an Ethiopian company,—*not* being the Christy's,—there has been nothing of the sort at the Princess's."

But there was no stopping Pantagruel. He proceeded thus:—

——"Non tibi sunt integra lintea."

"Now, that is worse than all," snivelled Panurge, dancing with impatience. "The scenes at the Princess's are in admirable condition. There is the gorgeous stock left by Charles Kean—the model of managers and tragedians,—and some beautiful new scenes have been added by Mr. Harris, whose pantomime was unquestionably the best in London."

But Pantagruel went on:—

"Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo."

"I tell you the pantomime was the best in London, and

the gods were delighted!" screamed Panurge, whose loyalty had become as small as the audience of the Strand Theatre prior to the reign of Miss Swanborough.

But with the most idiotic of smiles, Pantagruel proceeded:—

"Quamvis Pontica pinus."

"By all the devils!" shouted Panurge, "Horace is now taking you to the Royal English Opera, to which I make no reference! Hold your tongue, and be —— to you."

This treasonable exclamation brought Pantagruel to a sudden stop, but his countenance was so awful that the Polish refugee, who lived over the way, and saw him through the window, took him for the ghost of the wicked king Popiel, who, as we all know, was devoured by mice, like Archbishop Hatto. However, Panurge, glad to attain a pause at any price, said with wondrous fortitude:—

"The manager, who likened his theatre to a ship, said that he had taken it into the speculative waters of the Theatrical Ocean. Now I'm looking at this globe to find where those waters are situated, perfectly satisfied that the ocean in question is not the Pacific."

But Pantagruel, who had been bottling up his wrath, now went off like Vesuvius or ginger-beer, and poured the whole force of his colossal lungs into the single monosyllable "THERE!" accompanied by a blow of his right fist on the globe, which made a big hole just about the middle of the Atlantic. Into this hole did he with his left hand cram the paralysed Panurge, and immediately afterwards kicked the globe through the window. Over many streets and neighbourhoods did it pass, while little boys below saluted it on its journey with cries of "Ah-bah-loon!" till at last it fell into the garden of the Royal Grecian, where Mr. George Conquest, who not only writes the pieces for the establishment, but is an exceedingly clever gymnast, instantly performed upon it a feat well known in amphitheatrical circles.

Panurge having been thus satisfactorily removed, Pantagruel strode up to Epistemon's paper, which was pinned against the wall, and to his own infinite disgust read as follows:—

"Although many works on this subject have been already presented to the public, it has not yet been treated in a manner so as at once to satisfy the general reader and the earnest student. To supply a deficiency so utterly unaccountable, the present work was undertaken, and will, it is hoped, thoroughly answer the purpose of everybody. While the universal intellect has been thus sedulously, and, it is hoped, conscientiously consulted, pains have been taken to please the universal eye by a typography, which, it is hoped, will be found unexceptionable. Moreover, it is hoped——"

"It is hoped, it is hoped, it is hoped," said Pantagruel, forcibly removing Epistemon's hands from his ears, and thus compelling him to hear. "What hopeful stuff is this that is involved in such a wilderness of platitudes? Truly it would be a pleasure to enter Dante's Hell, where no hope is allowed to enter, when hope finds such dreary modes of expression. Campbell, besides writing the *Lochiel*, which Miss Amy Sedgwick reads with such surpassing eloquence at the Haymarket Theatre, likewise composed a poem called the 'Pleasures of Hope.' Now this essay, or letter, or oration, or whatever in the Devil's name thou stylest it, should be named the 'Pains of Hope.' And pray what is the all-important subject which the blockhead is about to treat?"

"The blockhead, who is myself," said Epistemon, "has not the slightest notion. Only having heard the directress of the Lyceum Theatre declare that her past season was the preface of a book not yet commenced, I drew up that document that I might learn what such a preface was like."

Pantagruel was about to reply, when the musical snuff-box, which he carried in his pocket, and into which he had slipped the fourth "Carmen" of Catullus, warbled forth thus:

The skiff, my friends, which here you see,
Says—Once the fleetest craft was she;
To pass her all the rest would fail,
Whether they moved by oar or sail;
The dang'rous Adriatic shore,
She swears she knew in days of yore,
The Cyclades, the noble Rhodes,
And Thrace, that land of wild abodes;
Oft she has seen, too, the Propontis,
The angry Euxine too, whereon, 'tis
Said, she a leafy forest stood,
Before she ventured on the flood,
Perch'd on the tall Cytorus, whence
Her rustling leaves with eloquence
Whisper'd; these facts she says are known
To you, Amastris, and her own
Cytorus, on whose box-grown tip
She grew, her oars about to dip
In frantic waves; likewise to carry
Her lord, however winds might vary,
In perfect safety; ne'er she paid
A vow in raging tempests made;
For safe her voyages would be,
When coming from the furthest sea.
But all these glories now are past,
The skiff compell'd to rest at last,
Devotes herself, releas'd from bother,
To Castor and to Castor's brother.

As Pantagruel was very touchy on the subject of his box Epistemon, who was very sharp with his criticism, contrived to slip out of the room before the above was finished, and descending into the street, paused before the window of a neighbouring bird-fancier, when he read with intense interest the announcement of a rat-hunt that was about to take place at Westminster.

DID not a Greek sage say that no one was to be accounted happy until the manner of his death was known? Heaven knows that poor Jullien was not happy either towards the close of his life or in his last illness, which was terrible indeed, and since his decease his memory has received one of the greatest slights that could possibly have been offered to it. He has not been vilified and calumniated in any direct manner by a declared enemy, because no one could have accused Jullien of a dishonest or dishonourable action. This is what has happened to him; he has been sneered at by a journalist. However, he is no longer of this world, and *nil nisi malum* is what the perpetrator of the sneer might be expected to say of the dead. "Jullien," we are told, "was an adventurer," which he decidedly was not, because an adventurer is always changing his occupation, whereas Jullien was never anything but a musician. "He began life, unless we are mistaken, at sea." The sneerer is again mistaken; he did not begin life at sea, but as a musician in a military band. "Thence," says the writer—no, let us be exact, he says "*from* thence"—"by what steps we know not, but obviously not those of a sound musical education, he stumbled into the place of a dance-conductor." Jullien was for years a pupil of

Halévy. "He made himself famous here, not so much by his dance-tunes," &c.: why, his "Bridal" and "Olga" waltzes were the most successful pieces of dance-music ever produced in England.

The next charge is still more extraordinary. Jullien is accused of having had "dim and romantic notions of art," and of having, at his Promenade Concerts, "sprinkled the tawdry performances necessary to attract the million with selections from the classical composers." In other words, he undertook the management of promenade concerts, when such entertainments were usually composed of the most frivolous and worthless music, and entirely changed their character, by devoting one-half of each evening to the works of the great masters. This, we are told, was "charlatanry"—in which case we can only say that we wish there was more charlatanry (or charlatanism, as we usually call it) in the world, and especially in the world of music.

What can be the meaning of these aspersions on the character of one who was a good, charitable man, and an honourable, conscientious artist? We are assured by the same critic, that when Jullien founded his English Opera, having engaged such a company as was never gathered together before on the English stage, he gave "princely commissions—to be executed in years to come." This passage causes us to reflect, and reminds us of something we read a few days since in Thackeray's admirable novel, now in course of publication in the *Cornhill Magazine*. You have remarked, says the wise man, that when one man hates another, the real reason is never assigned. "You say, 'The conduct of such a man to his grandmother, his behaviour in selling that horse to Benson, his manner of brushing his hair down the middle'—or what you will—'makes him so offensive to me that I cannot endure him.' His verses, therefore, are mediocre; his speeches in Parliament are utter failures; his practice at the Bar is dwindling every year, his powers (always small) are utterly leaving him, and he is repeating his confounded jokes until they quite nauseate." Or, if he be a musician (and dead), he was a charlatan—never received a musical education—and was, if the truth is to be told, not a musician at all but a—sailor.

And all this because Jullien gave "princely commissions," and was not able to "execute" them ("act up to them" would be better, because it is the person receiving the commission who is expected to execute it)! Merely because he had undertaken to produce a certain version of ——, and was unable, from the force of circumstances, to bring it out.

IN the report of a concert given by Alex. Dreyschock, at Berlin, the *Preussische Zeitung* gives vent to its enthusiasm in the following magniloquent sentences:—

"If the trio in C minor is one of the first written by Beethoven at the age of sixteen (?), how many first and last ones of his successors are such first ones? Look at the *andante*: with what gentle sorrow it gushes forth; and the master's joy, his first boon, his son whom the coy, sacred love of his soul, beautiful melancholy, gave him, and whom he, with a father's holy love, cradled in his arms. Look at the *scherzo!* how does the father's pensiveness, and the tearful gaze, wet with woe, of the mother, smile from out its eye! Wonderfully were both entwined, moving in the sounds of the three players, especially in those of the pianist, whose magic tones melted away again, yet possessing a gentle decision and stamp of their own, even in the smallest detail, so that the chains of trills (? ?) rolled over the keys, like dew-drops over the leaves of flowers; but like dew-drops which appeared to confirm the notion of the ancients, concerning the origin of pearls, namely, that sucked in by the mussels, they formed the costly gems! Under Dreyschock's fingers, the tones, breathed out, as it were, possessed such a purity and plastic roundness of sound, that anyone would have fancied he was working the keys into the well-known microtechnical wonders of ivory; a Calliorates of the ear, who, as the other enabled the eye to distinguish, by the aid of a glass, polished ivory balls of the size of a pea fashioned to represent the four-horsed car of the sun-god, charmed similar piano-sounds of amazing perfection out of the keys, whose apparent smoothness resolved itself for the ear into the most astonishing musical toreutics. Then, again, the hammering hand struck mighty sources of harmony out of the depth of the instrument, which flew out and disappeared in a hazy cloud of the finest tone-diamonds. The piano appeared to have stormed into an organ, which, roaring in surging chorals, melted away into the gently lisping flute-work of the '*Saltarello*' arpeggios, which sounded as though ripped out of rocks with Neptune's trident, died off into a *piano*, as sweet as the fragrance of night violets. Then we had extemporaneous variations on '*Heil dir im Siegerkranz*' played with the left hand, but hammered out with an iron touch, like that with which Qötz was accustomed to hammer out his iron Victoria-wreaths, and that upon the skull for which they were intended."

Can the official press in Berlin find no saner musical reporter?

If the foregoing be a fair example of Teutonic criticism, the Berlin *Punch* deserves rating for flagrant neglect of duty. A more efficient system of literary police must be instituted, or the reputation long formed, and still loudly claimed, by the Germans as art-judges, will speedily merge into a theory of the past, or—in more familiar language—"go to pot."

MARRIAGE OF MADEMOISELLE VICTOIRE BALFE.—This favourite vocalist has just been united, at St. Petersburgh, to Sir John Fiennes T. Crampton, Bart., K.C.B., Her Majesty's Minister at the court of Russia. Sir John, who succeeded as second baronet on the death of his father, the late Sir Philip Crampton, Bart., Surgeon-general to the forces in Ireland, in 1858, was formerly Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, and is now in his fifty-third year, having been born in 1807.

ENGLISH OPERA, DRURY LANE.—The English Opera, under the direction of Dr. James Pech, which was to have appeared at the Princess's, has, we see, been transferred to the boards of Drury Lane, which opens on Monday, and for which, we understand, a good working company has been secured.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At a meeting of directors, members, and associates, on Tuesday morning, in the Hanover-square Rooms, the following new compositions were tried:—

Symphony, Perry; Symphony, Beaumar; Overture (Recollections of the Past), Stephens; Overture, Banister; Overture, Graves; and Overture (Don Quixote), Silas.

Each composer directed the performance of his own work, Professor Bennett, the Society's conductor, being in the orchestra as president of the meeting. A symphony in E flat, by Herr Kapellmeister Rietz (of Leipsic—Mendelssohn's pupil), was also to have been tried; but as the overtures of Mynheer Silas, Mr. C. E. Stephens, and Mr. Banister were played through twice, and many parts of the symphony of Mr. Beaumar (a very young and adventuresome composer), gone through more than once, there was no time left for the German work. The occasion was one of high interest, and will win many friends for the Philharmonic Society.

M. FELICIEN DAVID, the well-known French composer, has arrived in London.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The first concert this season for the exhibition of the students took place on Saturday, in the rooms of the Institution, Tenterden-street. The programme was made up of sacred music, with the exception of the instrumental pieces, as is customary in Lent, and the first part was devoted to Mozart's *Requiem*, evidently in memory of the departed Lord Westmoreland, the late President of the Academy.

The choruses were uniformly well sung. A less noisy accompaniment to the *soli* parts, and a little more confidence on the part of the principal singers, was all that was requisite to render the execution satisfactory. The *Recordare* was well sung by Miss Henderson, Miss Ibbetson, Mr. J. F. Goodban, and Mr. Tovey. The other pupils who took prominent parts were Miss Rowcroft, Miss Flewitt, and Mr. Bassett. The second part of the concert opened with the first movement of a MS. symphony by Miss Condron. Miss Bramley sang "But thou didst not leave" fairly, and Miss Henderson gave a careful and earnest version of "Hear ye, Israel." This young lady has an excellent voice, and achieved a success. Miss Rowcroft, in "Gratias agimus," gave great satisfaction. The clarinet *obbligato* was beautifully played by Mr. A. Williams, a son of the well known clarionetist. Mr. Tovey sang a MS. song by G. H. Thomas, "Bow down thine ear," a composition possessing good points; and Mr. Bassett was allotted "Honour and arms." A MS. duet, by Baumer, "Like as the hart," was given by Miss Rowcroft and Mr. Goodban, and well received. Miss Agnes Zimmerman essayed Beethoven's concerto in G. The execution was careful, but wanting in spirit. There was a large company present, and complaints were rife that the concerts are not given in a larger room. For an orchestra and chorus to be packed into rooms not so capacious as a private suite at the west-end is really preposterous, and we feel quite sure that it is against the interests of the Academy for any such arrangement to be continued.

DUBLIN.—(*From the "Evening Mail"*).—It would appear that Italian Opera in Ireland takes a different phase from its wont elsewhere. We suppose this is as it should be, as there is much difficulty in keeping quiet those who visit the upper portion of the theatre. Lately, on the second representation of *Marta*, Madame Rudersdorff introduced "St. Patrick's Day" in the third act, leaving out the original song to make place for it. This so delighted the galleries, that we suggest that each singer should give an Irish melody at the next performance of that opera. Flotow has afforded a precedent in "The last rose of summer." Mdlle. Piccolomini could sing "Lesbia hath a beaming eye," and insinuate that the ladies were all "Norah Creinas," and "Oh, haste and leave this sacred isle," which might contain a sly hint that it was time for *heretics* to think of leaving "The Island of Saints," ere they were driven into the sea by the true sons of Mother Church. It would be too severe for her to venture on "When first I met thee warm and young," after the chilliness of her late reception, so we won't suggest that. Signor Belart might introduce "To ladies' eyes around, boys," Signor Aldighieri "Wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul," and Mr. Patey "Oh, that sight entrancing," a compliment to the dress circle. Then we would suggest to Signor Arditi to arrange in chorus, "Oh, the shamrock, the green immortal shamrock," and "Let Erin remember the days of old;' the latter of which would resuscitate glorious memories of the past. Thus might we have an Hibernian-Italian Opera, which would turn the yellings and interruptions of the Celtic occupants of the top gallery into sincere and hearty enthusiasm; and we do not for a moment think that the portions of the audience who *pay the most* would be so anti-national as not to join in the *furore*. We throw out this suggestion to Mr. Beale, as it might be worth something when he next brings an operatic party to Dublin.

PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF THE "APOLLO AND MARSYAS" WITH THE "SPOSALIZIO" IN THE BRERA AT MILAN.—Count Borommeo, director of the Brera Museum, on hearing of Mr. Morris Moore's arrival at Milan, at once invited him to exhibit there Raphael's "Apollo and Marsyas" in order that the capital of Lombardy might enjoy the advantage of seeing this famous master-piece. It is now on exhibition with the "Sposalizio." Several of the first connoisseurs of Milan who have already visited it have warmly ratified the decision of Paris, Munich, Dresden, Vienna and Venice, where, as it is well known, it created the greatest sensation among the artists and lovers of art, and have confessed their expectations to have been outstripped by the reality. The Cavaliere Giuseppe Molteni, Conservator of the Brera Gallery, and Sir C. Eastlake's chief adviser here, to whom, as we read in the annual reports on the National Gallery, our national pictures are from time to time entrusted for repair, has announced the "Apollo and Marsyas" to be a Raphael recognisable at a glance, a magnificent one, a stupendous work, a real wonder, *opera stupenda una vera meraviglia*, while, as well as others, he acknowledges the accurracy of Mr. Morris Moore's judgment with regard to its date, namely, 1505-6; that is after the "Sposalizio" and after the Borghese "Entombment." The Cavaliere Molteni considers the exhibition of the "Apollo and Marsyas" in the Brera Gallery as of paramount interest on account of its obvious relationship to the "Sposalizio." He declares that Milan ought to be its home, and that he would be the first to vote for retaining it here. Another significant circumstance is that the Brera Gallery possesses authentic and good specimens of both the Montagnas, as well as of Andrea Montagna, of both the Francias, and of Timoteo della Vite, names that ignorance, malignity, and self-interest have alternately to the detriment of the public service, so long endeavoured to fasten upon Raphael's exquisite creation of "Apollo and Marsyas." Sir C. Eastlake's friend and adviser, the Cavaliere Molteni, treats these efforts of Mr. Merris Moore's enemies with supreme ridicule and contempt.

W. A. MOZART.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

(*Continued from page* 211.)

IV.

Mozart now received the mysterious commission to write a *requiem*. The secret is at present solved; the person who gave the order was Leutgeb, the steward of Count Wallsegg, of Stuppach. This person, a passionate musician, was vain enough to wish to pass for a composer. His wife had died in January, 1791, and it was in memory of her that the requiem was ordered. The secresy observed in ordering and afterwards fetching it away was solely part of Leutgeb's plan of copying out, publishing and producing the same as his own composition, as was subsequently really the case.

Before Mozart could seriously think about the work he received a commission from the States of Bohemia to compose an opera for Leopold II.'s coronation in Prague. He set off, sketched his work in his carriage, carried out his sketch in his inn of an evening, and completed the whole in Prague. Thus was the opera *La Clemenza di Tito* written within eighteen days. Mozart had taken with him a pupil of his, a young musician, named Süssmayer. The latter is said to have written the *recitativo secco*, a fact borne out by its not being found in Mozart's original score. During the whole period Mozart was unwell, and returned in an ailing condition to Vienna about the middle of September.

On the 30th September, 1791, the first representation of *Die Zauberflöte* took place. The success was not at first as great as had been expected, though Mozart was called on at the conclusion. Very soon, however, *Die Zauberflöte* drew more than any opera ever known. In October it had been played twenty-four times, while the hundredth representation was given on the 23rd November, 1792, and the two hundredth on the 22nd October, 1795.

Although Herr Jahn adds nothing new concerning this opera,*

* Ulibischeff was, in this instance, from the detailed analysis of the overture to the end, an excellent predecessor. At page 614, in the remarks concerning the three chords in the overture and the second act, Jahn says—"By this means, (namely, by the masonically symbolic significance of the rhythm), is the *doubt*, so frequently raised, whether the second and third chords ought not to be *legato*, divided." He cites, among other works the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*, 1856, p. 68 and p. 89; but the question with regard to the "doubt," applies to p. 68 only; in p. 89, *et seq*, the *undoubted* propriety of not taking the chords *legato* is established at length. With respect to what is said at page 619, concerning the peculiar sound of the finale to the first act, the reader is requested to compare the remarks in the first annual series of the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*, p. 235, on the character of a sustained tone, in our second article on the performance of Beethoven's symphonies, especially the symphony in A major.

In justice to our observations on the duet "La ci darem," and other pieces in *Don Juan*, in No. 4, p. 26 and p. 27, we direct the reader's attention to the statement, at p. 645, that in the entrance air of the "Queen of Night," the first, and *evidently slower* movement, as Jahn himself says, "has no *tempo* marked in the original."

we are particularly delighted with those passages in which the author dwells on and explains the peculiarly *German* character of the music. As a specimen, we select the following:—

"The part of Sarastro was, in a different way, a new creation, like that of Osmin. If the latter possessed a model in the *buffo* of Italian opera, the part of Sarastro is without any predecessor properly so called, for the dignified parts" (*Anstandsrollen*) "which fell to the lot of the basses in the Italian operas, are as little to be compared with it, as barytone parts, like those of Almaviva and Don Giovanni. Directly opposed to the passionate character of such parts is the manly dignity and grave calm of the sage and the ruler, as represented in Sarastro, and which would be much less thankful in musical representation had not Mozart, who here manifests his genuine German nature, fallen back upon their source in the heart. Most unmistakeably is the strongly marked kindliness of nature, which, in many respects, is capable of injuring a high degree of idealism, a peculiar manifestation of the German character, and one which is not essentially changed even by the foreign-like symbolism. For the simple, heartfelt expression of this passionless but warm appreciation of benevolence and confidence, such as is cherished in the mind of a man matured by the seriousness of life, Mozart developed a musical organ in the strong, sonorous bass voice, and gained a new and essential element of dramatico-musical characterisation.

"A pair of lovers like Pamina and Tamino, so ideal and so enthusiastic, cannot disguise their German origin and character. We shall find nothing like them in Mozart's Italian operas, and even Belmont and Constanze, although essentially of similar nature, display more humad passion. It is true that Mozart has found for them another mode of expression, not alone in the greater freedom of the forms but, principally, by hitting upon that tone which, simply and truly, renders German feeling, with all its still, calm fervour and warmth—which expresses the idealistic element of that same feeling without false sentimentality or mawkishness.

"Papageno is, it is true, only a jester, far removed from delicate wit and genuine humour, but his jokes, despite their great simplicity, are healthy and natural, and unmistakeably connected with one aspect of German feeling and sentiment, which, in its limited sphere is exceedingly powerful, and explains how it is that Papageno became, and still is, the favourite of a great part of the public. Although Schikaneder, who made the part exactly to fit himself, and subsequently represented himself as Papageno, on the front of the new theatre in the Wieden, a theatre he erected with the money he made by *Die Zauberflöte*, had some share in this success, the principal merit even here falls to Mozart, who succeeded in imparting to the good humoured jollity peculiar to our nation, such a happy musical expression in an artistically developed form, that what he had learnt by studying the people was readily welcomed back by them.

"If there is a personage in *Die Zauberflöte* who displays German character it is Papageno. Despite his feather-dress, this child of nature is, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, a German. The essential difference between him and the comic personage of the *Opera buffa*, especially Leporello, who, outwardly considered, appears to come nearest to him, is good nature and feeling, which, under all circumstances, bursts out frankly and naïvely. The musical characterisation which produced, in Papageno, a completely new creation, altogether removed him from that subordinate region in which the Casperles used to move, by falling back exclusively on the heart, and by presenting us, in all their cordial simplicity, with the involuntary, immediate manifestations of a natural, if not a noble, feeling, just as the situation called them forth; thus the musical expression came to be, in the best sense of the word, a popular one, because not founded upon accidental and detailed traits, at least, not on such as conceal the true nature of the character, but upon what is genuine and true in the heart and disposition of the people, and which, through the soul and by the hand of the artist, has now been born again, and is a living thing. The German stamp already mentioned on the musical form is, therefore, most palpably manifest in Papageno; in no other part is the relationship, already alluded to between the formation of the melodies and that which most obtains to Mozart's instrumental compositions, so strikingly plain. In addition to this, with the exception of the character of Songiness" (*des Lied haften*) "necessitated by the nature of the subject, we nowhere discover any need of obtaining material means of characterisation by dragging in definite forms, such, for instance, as the generally favourite waltz or other dances, or sharply marked turns of national vocal melodies. Everything that calls to mind old forms, developed by Italian opera, is avoided, and every foreign influence cut off, and then, completely out of German feeling, the form is freely developed, according to the standard of the universal laws affecting musical shape, and the requirements of the situation in each case.

"This genuine German nature of the mental and musical conception, as well as the consequent freedom in the treatment of the form, the result of which, by the way, is the closest adherence to the dramatic movement, has struck us, even when considering most of the principal characters, the Queen of Night alone being a partial exception, and, finally, appears to be that which constitutes the peculiar character of *Die Zauberflöte* as a genuine German opera.

"Mozart did not seek content *alone* in Freemasonry, the universal and profound interest in which was a characteristic sign of the period and its movement, and German feeling and German heart are plainly displayed in the manner in which Freemasonry was conceived, developed and applied. Here, also, then, Mozart stood upon national ground; it is precisely what, in intention, is noblest and best, and, in artistic delineation, highest and most significant, which is conceived in a truly German way; and the more profoundly the artist was moved in the recesses of his heart, the more strongly and the more directly has he stamped the musical impression with a German character. It is not, therefore, merely by accident that, in order to pourtray a moment of the most solemn gravity, he selected an old German choral melody, and made up his mind to treat it in a way which, also, was peculiar to Germany. It is a fortunate thing that musical delineation, from its nature, was obliged to leave on one side the characteristic element—which produces so chilling an effect in allegory—and derives its impulses from the deeply-moved and solemnly excited feelings alone. Here is clearly the foundation of musical creation! hence proceeds a higher spirit through the whole, a spirit which imparts even to what is in itself unimportant, to what is naïve and merry, an expression that causes us to feel that these elements, also, are part and parcel of the whole.

"Whenever the mystic element is brought prominently forward, the orchestra assumes a totally different character. Not only are unusual expedients, such as trombones and basset-horns, employed, but, by means of various combinations, a strange description of sound is produced, which, in conjunction with the richest light and shade, and the most delicate gradations from heavy sorrow to dazzling brilliancy, always preserves its fundamental tone of solemnity and elevation, so that the hearer fancies himself transported to some sphere removed from the every-day world. Not only are unsuspected capabilities of the orchestra brought into play, but justice was first done, on a large scale, to the power possessed by the orchestra to characterise by colouring; and *Die Zauberflöte* is the starting-point for everything which our music—so inventive in this particular—has since done. We must not forget, however, that, with Mozart, instrumental colouring is merely one means in conjunction with others, to do full justice to the artistic idea, and never by itself pretends to repress the latter, far less to replace it."

"The fact that *Die Zauberflöte*, in its whole musical conception, is truly German as to tone, treatment and form, and that, on it, German opera first employed, in the domain most peculiar to it, all the resources of developed art with freedom and mastery, gives it a most particular importance and position even among the operas of Mozart. If, in his Italian operas, he has assumed the inheritance of a long tradition, and, by peculiar development, brought it, in a certain degree, to a conclusion, with *Die Zauberflöte* he steps on the threshold of the future, and unlocks the sanctuary of national art to his countrymen. The latter understood him, for *Die Zauberflöte* forced its way, immediately and universally, among the people, as no musical work of art had ever done before, and it still maintains its place even at the present day. What an influence *Die Zauberflöte* has excited upon the progress of German music is something which can escape no one who has an eye for the development of art."

ST. MARTIN'S HALL—Messrs. Griffiths and Perkins gave a concert on Thursday night. The conductor was Mr. H. Matthews, late director of the Islington Choral Society; and the chorus was composed of members of the Handel Festival Choir. Miss Charlotte Tasker played a fantasia on English and Irish melodies, and Beethoven's "duet concertante," for flute and pianoforte, in D, the flute being taken by Mr. J. Sander. Miss Banks sang an air by Balfe, and was encored in the "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" (from Chappell's collection of English airs), which she had given with much expression, but which she did not repeat, substituting for it the "Merry Zingara."

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Hunting Song	Do.
M' appari tutt' amor	Martha.
Drinking Song	Do.
Servants' Chorus	Do.
Finale to First Act	Do.
La donna e mobile..	Rigoletto.
Fra poco a me	Lucia.
O luce di quest' anima	Donizetti.
A te o cara	Puritani.
Suona la tromba	Do.
Son Vergin (Polacca)	Do.
As I view	Sonambula.
Maid, those bright eyes	Do.
Do not mingle	Do.
While this heart	Do.
Stillso gently o'er me	Do.
Com' è gentil	Don Pasquale.
Il Segreto	Lucrezia Borgia.

SONGS.

Beautiful Star and Ring de Banjo.
Good News from Home.
We are coming Sister Mary; and Wait for the Waggon.
Nelly Gray.
Hard Times.
I'm off to Charlestown.
Ma Brunette (Arnaud)
Summer Bloom is past (Miss Hay.)
Annie Laurie (Scotch Air.)
La Sirène de Sorrente (Arnaud.)
Partant pour la Syrie.
Cradle Song (Mendelssohn.)
When the Swallows (Abt.)
Old Folks at Home (American.)
Red, White, and Blue (National.)
Bonnie Dundee (Scotch Air.)
Home, Sweet Home (Swiss Air.)
Les yeux bleues (French Song.)
In the Greenwood Free (Richards.)
Bright Things can never Die (Rimbault.)
Consiglio a Nice (Guglielmo.)
Trab, Trab (Kücken.)
Io te voglio bene assaje (Neapolitan Air.)

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Bird of Song, by Hatton	2	0	The maid I love hath many a grace, by Hatton	2	0
Thou art so near, by Reichardt ..	3	0	You chide me for loving, by Berger	2	0
O live, or let me die, by Meyerbeer	2	0	The Quadroon girl, by Balfe ..	2	6
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It was fifty years ago, by Hatton	2	0	Sweet Katie, by Calcott	2	0
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   Sanctus Dominus (Requiem) ... ... MOZART.
6. Allegro Vivace (Jupiter Sinfonia) .. .. MOZART.
   March (Fidelio) ... ... BEETHOVEN.

CONTENTS OF VOL. 2.

7. He gave them hailstones (Israel in Egypt) ... HANDEL.
   Lasst uns singen von der Gnade (St. Paul) ... MENDELSSOHN.
   Sanctus Dominus (Mass in C) ... ... BEETHOVEN.
1. Wie lieblich sind die Boten (St. Paul) ... ... MENDELSSOHN.
   Trema, trema, scellerato! (Il Don Giovanni) ... MOZART.
9. Cum Sancto Spiritu (3rd Mass) ... ... CHERUBINI.
   With verdure clad (Creation) ... ... HAYDN.
10. From the Censer (Solomon) ... ... HANDEL.
    Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme (St. Paul) ... MENDELSSOHN.
11. Marcia Funebre sulla morte d' un Eroe ... ... BEETHOVEN.
    Andante (Quintett in C minor) ... ... MOZART.
12. Sia gloria eterna e onor (Gli Ugonotti) ... ... MEYERBEER.
    Adagio (Sestett, Op. 81) ... ... BEETHOVEN.
    We never will bow down (Judas Maccabeus) ... HANDEL.

CONTENTS OF VOL. 3.

13. Quoniam tu solus (Mass in C) ... ... BEETHOVEN.
    Sey getreu bis in den Tod (St. Paul ... ... MENDELSSOHN.
14. Dona nobis pacem (4th Mass ... ... HAYDN.
    Ave Maria ... ... CHERUBINI.
15. Praise thou the Lord (Lobgesang), ... MENDELSSOHN.
    Let their celestial Concerts (Samson) ... ... HANDEL.
16. Marche du Sacre (Le Prophète) ... . MEYERBEER.
    Hallelujah (Saul) ... ... HANDEL.
17. Sound an alarm (Judas Maccabeus) ... ... HANDEL,
    In native worth (Creation) ... ... HAYDN.
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PROGRAMME.

PART I.

POSTHUMOUS QUARTET, in F Major, No. 17 .. .. Beethoven.
M. Sainton, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.
SONG, "Night" .. .. Mendelssohn.
Madame Sainton Dolby.
SONG, "Deeper and deeper still" .. .. Handel.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
SONG, "Frühlingslied" .. .. Mendelssohn.
Mrs. Sims Reeves.
SONG, "Adelaide" .. .. Beethoven.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
SONATA, in F. Major .. .. Mozart.
Miss Arabella Goddard.

PART II.

SONATA, in G Major, Pianoforte and Violin .. .. Dussek.
Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton.
SONG, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep? (Cenci) J. W. Davison.
Madame Sainton Dolby.
SONG, "Dalla sua pace" .. .. Mozart.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
DUET, "Pray leave me but a moment" .. .. Spohr.
Mrs. Sims Reeves and Madame Sainton Dolby.
SONG, "The Stolen Kiss" .. .. Beethoven.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
QUARTET, in E flat, No. 4. .. .. Rossini.
M. Sainton, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.

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ORCHESTRAL UNION.—MR. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artists—M. M. Sainton, H. Hill, W. Watson, E. Payton, Doyle, Trust, G. Collins, Aylward, Howell senr, White, P. S. Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, T. Owen, Hausser, C. Harper, Standen, T. Harper, Stanton Jones, W. Winterbottom, Cioffi, Hughes, and F. C. Horton. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—[illegible] CONCERT, on Wednesday Evening, April 25th, at [illegible]. Programme—First Part:—Overture, the Isles of Fingal, Mendelssohn; Air, Jours de mon enfance (Pré aux Clercs), Miss Augusta Thompson; Symphony concertante, for two pianofortes and orchestra, [illegible] and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Dussek; Scena, (MS.), Mr. Santley; [illegible] (Lurline), Wallace. Second Part:—Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven; [illegible] citta sei tu (L'Etoile du Nord), Miss Augusta Thompson and [illegible]; Overture (Gustave), Auber. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

CHARLES SALAMAN, [illegible]

ONE PENNY NEWSPAPER

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Friday, May 4th.—Tickets for THE GREAT FESTIVAL PERFORMANCE OF ELIJAH, on the occasion of the Inauguration of the Bronze Memorial Statue of Mendelssohn, are now on sale at the Crystal Palace; at No. 2, Exeter Hall; or, by order, of the usua Agents.

Admission tickets, 5s. (if purchased before 1st May); Reserved stalls in blocks,l as arr nged at the Handel Festival, in the area, 5s. extra; or in the corner galler es, 10s. 6d. extra.

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NOTICE.—Immediate application is requisite for Central Blocks. Post Office Orders or Cheques to be payable to George Grove.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—June 25th, 26th, and 28th, GREAT ORPHEONISTE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

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The prices of admission will be as follows:—The set of Transferable tickets (one admission to each of the 3 days) 12s. 6d.; Reserved seats (for the 3 days) 12s. 6d. extra; or in the corner galleries, 25s. extra

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HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—MR. MELCHIOR WINTER (tenor), and Mr. BENJAMIN WELLS (flautist), beg to announce that their GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, will take place at the above rooms on the 28th of May, (Whit Monday.) Full particulars will shortly be published.—17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

MR. MELCHIOR WINTER will sing at Myddelton Hall, Islington, on the 17th instant; Chatham, 23rd; Hanover-square Rooms, 26th; Romford, May 3rd; Hanover-square Rooms, 28th. Address, 17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

MISS LOUISA VAN NOORDEN and Mr. P. E. Van NOORDEN'S ANNUAL CONCERT at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Thursday evening, April 26th, 1860, commence at 8 o'clock. Artists already engaged: Madlle. Parepa, Miss M. Van Noorden, Mr. Santley, Signor Luigi. Conductors: Messrs. Francesco Berger and P. E. Van Noorden. Stalls numbered, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; unreserved seats, 2s. To be had at Mr. Van Noorden's residence, 115, Great Russell-street, Bedford-square; of the principal west-end musicsellers, and of Messrs. Keith and Prowse, Cheapside, City.

MR. LANGTON WILLIAMS begs to inform his friends and the public, that his Annual Grand Concert will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, April the 25th, when the most eminent artists will appear.

MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDALE BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, are sung nightly at the CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and E. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

MISS MARGARET McALPINE (Contralto), requests that letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Pupils, be addressed to her residence, 63, Burton-crescent, New-road.

MR. TENNANT has returned to town. All communications respecting engagements for himself and Mrs. Tennant to be addressed to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or to their residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MRS. TENNANT (Sister of Mr. Sims Reeves), begs to acquaint her friends and the public that she continues giving lessons in singing. For terms, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or at her own residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MR. WALLWORTH'S engagement with the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company being terminated, he is now at liberty for concerts, pupils, &c.—30, Edwardes-street, Portman-square, W.

MADAME BORCHARDT having returned to Town from her Operatic Tour with Madlle. Piccolomini, is at liberty to accept engagements for Concerts, &c., for the season. Address to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, W.

MR. PATEY begs to announce that he has returned to Town, and will be open to accept engagements for Orotorios or Concerts on and after the 16th inst. All communications to be addressed to 9, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.

F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.

Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

MISS ELEONORA WILKINSON having removed from her late residence, her present address is 29, Blandford-square.

BOROUGH OF LEEDS.—The Council of the Borough of Leeds are prepared to appoint an ORGANIST for the Town Hall Organ, at the salary of £200 per annum. The appointment will be made subject to public competition. Printed conditions may be obtained by application at the Town Clerk's Office, on and after the 21st instant.

By Order,

Leeds, 11th April, 1860. JOHN A. IKIN, Town Clerk.

FOR THE ORGAN.—SANTA MARIA and MARCIA RELIGIOSO.—The celebrated Coro and Marcia in Meyerbeer's Opera DINORAH, arranged from the full score for the organ, with Pedal Obbligato by J. T. Stone, price 3s.

Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

Second Edition, Folio, pp. 40, stitched. Price, complete, 7s. 6d.

R. ROSS'S Useful Morning and Evening Full Service in F, for four voices, with organ accompaniment. Separately, Te Deum and Jubilate, 3s.; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, 3s. London: J. A. Novello.

DR. CALLCOTT'S PIANOFORTE GRAMMAR.—Arranged for beginners and teachers in schools, by William Hutchins Callcott, cloth, 4s. "It is not possible to name a treatise so copious in information as this."—C. Londale's Musical Circulating Library, 26, Old Bond-street.

Just Published.

"GLÜCKLICHE STUNDEN," Song for Soprano or Tenor voice, with German and Italian words, composed by H. S. Oakeley, Esq. Also, (by the same), THREE FOUR-PART SONGS, (No. 1, Morgenlied; No. 2, Abendlied; No. 3, Nachtlied;) with German and English words. Ewer & Co., 87, Regent-street.

Just Published, price 3s. 6d.

"ROMANZA," for the Violoncello and Piano, composed and dedicated to Frederick Charles Pawle, Esq., by Edward Thurnam. Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, London.

MEYERBEER'S NEW WORK—"ASPIRATION"—CANTIQUE. (Short Anthem.) The words from the original latin of Thomas a Kempis, "De imitatione Christi." Composed for SIX VOICES (three sopranos, two tenors, and bass), with Recitatives for a BASS SOLO, and Organ (or Harmonium) accompaniment ad libitum, by GIACOMO MEYERBEER. Price, in score, 4s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where Meyerbeer's setting of the Lord's Prayer, for four voices, 3s., and the Serenade, for eight voices, "This house to love is holy," 4s., may be obtained.

NEW SONG FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.—"The Good Old Days," Patriotic song, composed by J. L. Hatton, price 2s. 6d. Published this day by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

CHEAP EDITION OF MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS and ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER, arranged in the most effective manner for the Pianofore, by Henry Smart, price 3s. each, complete, or handsomely bound, 5s. each. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

ARTISTS' VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.—(38th Middlesex), Viscount Bury, Captain Commandant. This corps, composed of Artists, Amateurs, and others interested in any branch of Art, drills at the Argyll Rooms, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Five o'clock; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings at Half-past Six; and at Burlington House on Wednesday mornings at Eight. Officers appointed to First Company: Captain, Viscount Bury; Lieutenant, H. W. Phillips; Ensign, J. E. Millais, A.R.A. Third and Fourth Companies are now forming; gentlemen wishing to join the corps can be enrolled at the hours of drill, or on application to F. P. Cockerell, Esq., Honorary Secretary, 8, Regent-street.

TO VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.—Boosey and Sons' military band instruments, reed and brass, as well as bugles, drums and fifes, have been used and approved of by almost every regiment in the service, at home and abroad. Those regiments that contemplate the formation of a band, are invited to apply to the firm, who will be happy to recommend them competent bandmasters, and render any further assistance that may be required.—Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

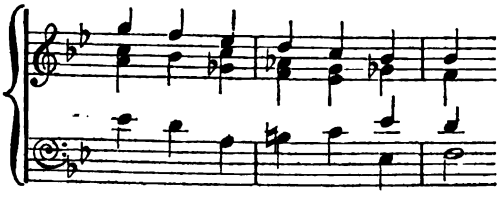
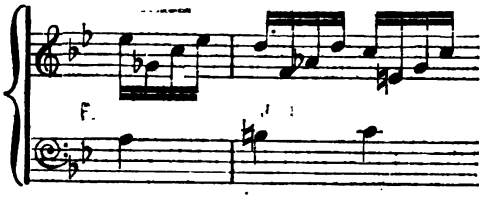
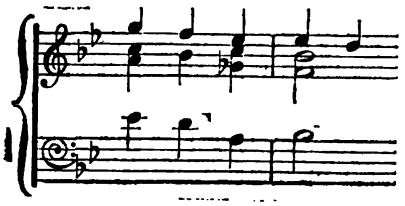
REVIEWS.

"*Summer Gladness*"—song, words by the Rev. Horatius Bonar, music by Mrs. Sampson (Cramer, Beale & Co.). The poetry, of a purely devotional character, is excellent, and if the music were as new as it is expressive (and well written, by the way), we should have to congratulate the fair composer at all points. In paying her this compliment, we are not disposed to quarrel with the sympathy she exhibits for Schubert, in the symphony, and for Spohr (*Jessonda ?*) in the melody and harmony of her really charming song.

"*Grace*"—by Handel Gear (J. A. Novello). Mr. Handel Gear sings grace with appropriate solemnity and at the same time in an artistic spirit. We append the form of his thanksgiving:—

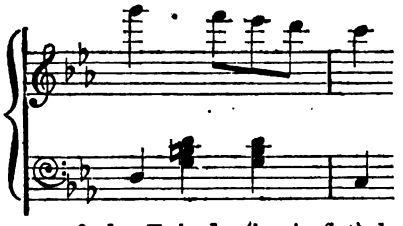
"For these and all thy mercies given,
We bless and praise Thy name, O Lord;
May we receive them with thanksgiving,
Ever trusting in Thy word.
To Thee alone be honour, glory,
Now and henceforth for evermore. Amen."

The above words are set in very correct and effective four-part harmony—first for alto, two tenors and bass, next for soprano, alto, tenor and bass, the latter being merely a transposition of the former, from F to A.

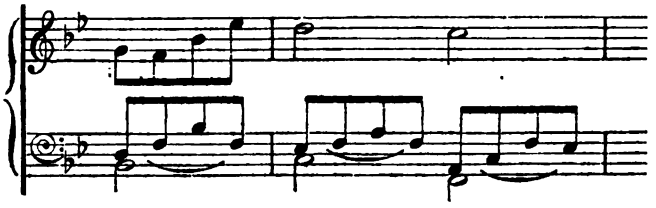
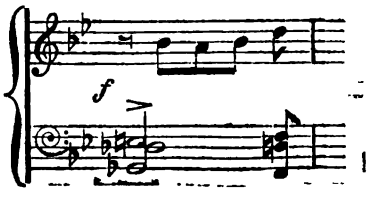
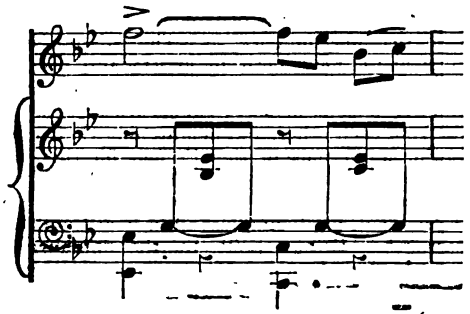
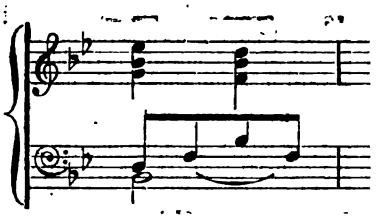
"*Les Naiades du Rhin*', *première fantaisie pour piano*"—J. de Grenier (Robert Cocks & Chappell). As a "*première fantaisie*" the above piece may be recommended. It is neatly written (a point we are always inclined to insist upon as of the highest importance), and though somewhat monotonous, the first three pages of the *moderato* (3-4 time) are not inelegant. The episode, besides a nice feeling for harmony, shows a more earnest wish to avoid the beaten track. We do not like, however (for the same reason, probably, that some one objected to Dr. Fell), the subjoined progression:—

Still less (for a stronger reason than that which promoted the afore-cited objection to Dr. Fell) do we like it when it appears as follows:—

Elsewhere M. de Grenier (de Cassagnac?—no, he is not de Grenier but Granier de—) pitches his harmonic tent as below:—

—which, though a thought tame (and for a reason to the expounding of which Dr. Fell can in no way help us), we, nevertheless, prefer.

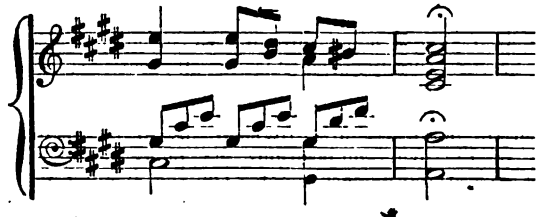
"*Queen of Fresh Flowers*"—duet, words by Bishop Heber, music by Mrs. Sampson (Cramer, Beale and Chappell). The words of Bishop Heber are beautiful, and had we space we should quote them, even though they proceed from a mitred poet. The music is hardly worthy of the authoress of "Summer Gladness," being both trivial and commonplace. In "*Days past long ago*"—words by James Onions, Esq., music by Mrs. Sampson (same publishers)—the fair composer triumphantly wins back her laurels. The words, though on a used-up theme, are of more than average merit, and were it not for the insertion of a superfluous "but" (which might advantageously be metamorphised into "and") would be irreproachable. The melody with which the music of Onions has inspired Mrs. Sampson is extremely graceful and expressive; nor is a word of hostile criticism called for by the accompaniment, which is in equal degree neat and appropriate.

"'*Charms*'—*étude à la valse*"—for pianoforte, by P. E. van Noorden (Van Noorden and Co.) Why this piece should be called *étude* is as difficult to explain as why it should be entitled "*Charms.*" The principal theme consists chiefly of an ordinary distribution of the chords of the tonic and dominant into arpeggio, during a temporary departure from which Mr. Van Noorden plunges head and ears into consecutive octaves between extreme parts moving in the same direction:—



The first part of the Episode (in A flat), beginning at page 3, is graceful and less commonplace; but the second part—*con fuoco* (page 4),—is by no means as good. The variation on the first part, however, brings us back again to smooth water.

"*Lassie, are you waking*"—written and composed by George Linley (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell). The words, in the serenade fashion, are in Mr. Linley's simplest and happiest vein; and but for one or two questionable points the music would be no less unexceptionable. Here is one:—

Here another:—

Here another :—

And here another :—

The second part of the song, beginning on the words, "Come, come, the birds are singing," is both pretty and well harmonised.

"*The last Rose of Summer*"—for two voices—by Mrs. Holman Andrews (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell). If Mrs. Holman Andrews will reharmonise the following she will decidedly improve her otherwise unexceptionable arrangement of the beautiful melody which Gospadin Flotow did not write :—

The point deserves consideration.

"*Night Watchers*"—song, words by J. F. Waller, LL.D., music by Joseph Robinson (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell). The words of this song are conceived in a poetic spirit, and the music with which they are associated, in addition to the grace and expressiveness of its melody, is harmonised in a thoroughly musician-like style.

"*I wish I were a child again*"—song, words by Annie Bentley, music by G. A. Macfarren (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell)—but for its marked originality might be mistaken for one of those exquisite melodies (from Mr. W. Chappell's *Music of the Olden Time*), of which Mr. Macfarren has harmonised so many. Nothing can be more unobtrusive, pretty, and even tender than the melody, nothing more finished and unaffected than the accompaniment. Placed in the third act of an English opera, this little ballad would produce a "furore."

"*The memory of thee*"—ballad, sung by Miss Leffler, composed by John W. Morgan (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell). "*The Warning of the Rose*"—ballad, written and composed by M. Rophino Lacy (same publishers). "*Round the corner waiting*"—ballad, composed by William Walker (Robert Cocks and Co.) There is nothing remarkable to notice in any of these songs. The first is on the extremest verge of common-place. The second has more attempt in it, and is not without a certain grace. The third has an ordinary melody, and is generally well harmonised; but at page 3, line 4, bar 4, the chord of E comes in so awkwardly as to derange the cadence altogether. The whole page, by the way, wants revision, the signature at the beginning of every line (an engraver's error) having one sharp instead of three.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

A CHAMBER-ORGAN WITH THE GERMAN AND ENGLISH SCALES OF PEDALS.

An instrument on the following plan I am not aware has been built, and although the German scale of keys and pedals is well enough for fugues, choruses, &c., in solo playing on the swell, or soft stops in the choir, it is not so well suited, on account of the pedal-notes reaching so high, and the pedal-pipes being too loud for the fundamental bass, to a swell solo, with a soft left-hand accompaniment. To provide for both, I recommend the following arrangement, that if carried out would, I trust, satisfy the advocates for either the German or English G organ, as follows:—

Plan—Two Sets of Keys.

Upper Set, from CCC to A, six octaves and three-quarters.
Lower do., from CC to A, four octaves and a sixth.

Stops in the Upper Set—Swell.

Stop Diapason, from tenor C to the top of the key-board.
Dulciana, ditto to ditto.
Stopped Flute, ditto to ditto.
Hautboy (organ) ditto to F, continued with harmoniums.
Clarionet, ditto to the top (harmonium flute-notes).
Bassoon, from B below tenor C to CCC (harmonium.)

Stops in the Lower Set.

Stop Diapason (soft and sweet).	Chorus (three ranks).
Open Diapason (round and deep).	Trumpet down to fiddle G.
Clarabella.	Trombone, from the next note below to CC.
Principal.	Vox humana (Human voice) to Tenor C.
Dulciana.	Swell Coupler.
Open Flute to tenor C.	
Fifteenth.	
Twelfth.	

German Pedals from CC to middle C.
English Pedals from GGG to A, a ninth above.

The English uppermost, the GGG in a line with the CC below, both to slide in and out.

To the English scale add five soft stop diapason notes, from BB to GGG, to speak on the lowest octave of the upper keys as a continuation of the stop diapason in the lower set.

N.B.—These pipes complete the ninth of pedal bass to a soft solo in the treble.

Composition Pedals.

To draw on the lower keys, the open diapason, principal, open flute, fifteenth, twelfth, and chorus: pedal to the right. Next pedal (close enough to enable the foot to press down both at one time) to draw the reeds in the lower set and the swell coupler.

A third pedal (to the left) to reverse the preceding.

The one that draws the reeds to open the swell-box to be closed when the third pedal is pressed down.

The lowest octave of German pedals to pull down the keys of the lowest octave in the upper set, on which must speak an octave of bourdon pipes attached to a draw-stop.

Having given a full description of the instrument, I will now turn to its utility, first apprising my readers it is intended for a concert or drawing-room, and its high scale in the swell is to afford players plenty of scope for light playing, in which they may treat the swell as a violin and display what the organ is capable of producing, by such as desire to advance and not tread the one old worn-out path as some prefer, till the school is fairly become stale and insipid to the advanced taste of musicians.

Suppose I want the proper combination for one of Bach's

pedal fugues. I draw all the stops of the lower key-board, the German pedals and the bourdon. Here I have the German pedal organ; and if I desire more power, I can add the swell coupler without the bassoon, or it, to add brilliancy to the pedal notes.

If again, I want a proper accompaniment to a solo on the swell, I push in the German pedals and draw out the English with the five-stop diapason notes, by which I have a pedal scale of soft notes from GGG to A, the ninth above, with either a stop diapason or dulciana left-hand accompaniment, or, I can use the vox humana for the solo, and accompany it on the swell with a soft pedal bass. I am aware the chief novelty in this plan is the two sets of pedals, but I may be allowed to observe, an organ on the preceding arrangement would possess all that can be desired for a concert or drawing-room performance.

Haydn Wilson,
Professor of the Organ, Pianoforte, and Theory, London.

PASSAGES FROM SPOHR'S LIFE.

(Translated from Alexander Malibran's "*Popular Biography.*")

In January, 1821, Spohr performed for the first time at a public concert in Paris. He had prevailed upon the management of the Grand-Opéra to give an evening entertainment, the first part of which was to consist of a concert, and the second a ballet—an arrangement which was new in Paris, and saved him the troublesome task of getting up a concert himself. He gave his overture to *Alruna*, a new violin concerto, and the *Pot-Pourri* on Mozart's duet in *Don Juan;* between the pieces Mdlle. Cinti sang a cavatina, and Bordagni and Levasseur a duet by Rossini. The approbation of the public at his efforts was unmistakeably expressed in warm applause and cries of "Bravo." Not so favourable, however, were the criticisms of the majority of the newspaper critics, to whom Spohr had neglected to pay his court. It is true that all the papers mentioned the concert, and some with unqualified praise; most of them, however, did so with the addition of a "but," and all with self-complacent vanity. One writer said:—"*Si M. Spohr reste quelque temps à Paris, il pourra perfectionner son goût, et retourner, en suite, former celui des bons Allemands!*"

Spohr played frequently at private houses, and had the satisfaction of finding that his compositions and play were greeted with enthusiasm by professionals and amateurs. The quintet for piano, flute, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, a piece which he had written for his wife, who had given up the harp by the advice of her medical attendants, was especially popular. An offer was made to take all the business arrangements of a second concert quite off his hands, and to secure gratuitously for him the best orchestra in Paris, but he did not avail himself of the offer.

The following judgment pronounced by Spohr, on the relative merits of Baillot (1771—1842), Lafont (1781—1839), Kreutzer, jun.,* and Habeneck, will have, on account of the practical remarks it contains, an especial value for violin-players:—

"If you ask me which of these four violinists please me most, I answer, unhesitatingly, if we look merely at execution, Lafont. He combines, in his play, a beautiful tone, the greatest purity, strength and grace, and would be a perfect violinist, if, to these admirable qualities, he united deep feeling, and had not accustomed himself so much to the practice, quite peculiar to the French school, of dwelling on the last note of a phrase. He appears, however, to be deficient, like most Frenchmen, in feeling, without which a man can neither compose a good adagio, nor play one well, for, although he decks out his slow movements with many elegant and pretty ornaments, he is rather cold himself, and leaves his audience so. The adagio seems to be generally considered here, both by artists and the public, the most unimportant movement in a concerto, and is probably retained only because it is useful in separating the two quick movements from each other, and heightening their effect.

"It is to the indifference of the French for this, as well as, generally, to their unsusceptibility for everything that touches the feelings, that I ascribe the fact of my adagio, and the manner in which I render it, producing less effect here than the brilliant allegro passages. Being spoilt by the applause bestowed, especially on my execution of the andante, by Germans, Italians, Dutchmen, and Englishmen, I felt at first offended at finding so little attention paid it by the French. Since, however, I have observed how seldom their own artists give them an opportunity of hearing a serious adagio, and how little the taste for it is awakened in them, I have grown calm on the point. The practice of bringing out the last note of a period by increased pressure and a rapid upward motion of the bow, is more or less peculiar to all French violonists, and of no one is this more strikingly true than of Lafont. It is incomprehensible to me how such unnatural accentuation, which sounds exactly as if a speaker were to let out strongly the short final syllables, can have arisen. If players, when executing the *cantabile*, had always taken the human voice for a model (as, in my opinion, every instrumental performer ought to do), they would not have thus gone astray. The Parisians, however, are now so accustomed to this unnatural fault, that the play of a foreigner, who is not equally eccentric, strikes them as far too simple, or as Herr Sievers expresses it, far too straightforward.

"That Lafont's *virtuosity* is always confined to only a few pieces at a time, and that he practises the same concerto for years before he performs it in public, is well known. Since I have heard what perfect execution he attains by the plan, I will not blame this devotion of all his powers to one single end, but I feel myself incapable of imitating him; I cannot even understand how anyone can make up his mind to practise the same piece of music four or six hours every day, and, still less, how a man manages, when pursuing so mechanical a course, not to become totally insensible to all true art. Baillot is nearly as accomplished in the technical part of his play, while his diversity proves that he is so without being compelled to have recourse to such desperate means. In addition to his own compositions, he plays nearly all the works of ancient and modern times. On the evening in question, he treated us to a quintet by Boccherini, a quartet by Haydn, and three compositions of his own: a concerto, an '*air varié*,' and a rondo. All these things he played with perfect correctness, and with the expression peculiar to his manner. This expression struck me, however, as being more artificial than natural, just as his style is marked by mannerism on account of the too great prominence of the means by which his expression is produced. His bowing is clever and rich in delicate touches, but not so free as that of Lafont; consequently his tone is not so fine, and the mechanical art of moving his bow upwards and downwards too audible. His compositions are distinguished from those of almost all other Parisian violinists by their correctness, and it cannot be denied that they possess a certain originality; but something artificial, antiquated, and marked with mannerism in the style, makes him exceedingly fond of playing the quintets of Boccherini very often. I was anxious to hear these quintets, of which I know about a dozen, played by him, in order to see whether, by-the-way he executed them, he could succeed in making me forget their emptiness. Highly successful, however, as was his performance of those he selected, the frequently childish character of the melodies and the poverty of the harmony, nearly always only three-part, struck me no less disagreeably than on every occasion that I had heard the same pieces before. It is hardly comprehensible how an educated artist like Baillot, acquainted with our treasures in the way of compositions of this kind,

* Jean Nicolas Auguste Kreutzer, brother of Rudolf Kreutzer, and his junior by fifteen years. He died in the summer of 1831, a few months after his brother, who had been ailing ever since 1826.

can make up his mind still to go on playing these quintets (the only merit of which is founded on the period and circumstances under which they were written)! The fact, however, that people listen to them here with as much satisfaction as to one by Mozart, is another proof that the Parisians cannot distinguish good from bad, and are, at least, fifty years behindhand in their artistic education. I heard Habeneck execute two '*airs variés*' of his own composition. He is a brilliant violinist, who plays a great many notes with great rapidity and great ease. His tone and bowing, however, are somewhat coarse. The younger Kreutzer played me a new, very brilliant and graceful trio by his brother. His style of execution reminded one somewhat of the elder one's manner, and convinced me they are the most sterling of all the Parisian violinists. The younger Kreutzer lacks physical strength. He is sickly, and frequently not allowed to play for months together. His tone is, in consequence, somewhat dull; in other respects, his play is pure, fiery and full of expression."

Remarkable, also, are Spohr's views with regard to the church music of the Royal Chapel, whose chapel-masters, Lesueur and Cherubini, assumed the direction in turn once every three months, that is to say, presided in court-dress at the head of the singers, while Plantade really conducted, and R. Kreutzer and Baillot led the first and second violins respectively. Spohr writes as follows:—

"Although I was prepared to hear music of a very different character to what we call sacred music in Germany, I was not a little astonished at the brilliant theatrical style of a mass by Plantade, which I heard on my first visit to the chapel, the 17th of last month. It contains not the slightest trace of strict style, and no attempt at a canonical treatment of the voices, far less at a fugue. Leaving these out of consideration, it contains some exceedingly pretty thoughts, and good instrumentation, which would be perfectly in their place in a comic opera. The concluding *allegro*, probably on the words 'Dona nobis pacem' (though I do not know for certain, as the French pronounce Latin in a manner unintelligible to a German ear), was so completely in the style of an opera-finale (and, like the latter, with the *tempo* increased two or three times), that, at the end, completely forgetting the place I was in, I expected the curtain would fall and the public applaud.

"On the 24th December, at twelve o'clock at night, we heard what is called *Messe de Minuit*, written, on this occasion, by Lesueur. Previously, however, we were compelled to endure a great trial of patience, having to listen, during two rather long hours, from ten to twelve, to nothing but psalms sung in the most monotonous manner, and interrupted, now and then, by some barbarous interlude on the organ. At length, at twelve o'clock, the mass began. It was written in the same frivolous theatrical style as Plantade's composition, only in the solemn midnight hour it was even more repulsive! What surprised one more than anything else, particularly of Lesueur, who enjoys here the reputation of being an admirable harmonist, and, if I am not mistaken, gives lessons in harmony at the Conservatory, was the fact that there was not even a four-part treatment of the voices! Though, perhaps, it may sometimes be effective in opera for music to be written in two parts, letting the soprano go in octaves with the tenor, and the alto with the basses, partly to render the execution easier to the theatrical choruses, which are generally bad, and partly to obtain more material power, it strikes me as perfectly barbarous to introduce such a practice into the Church, and I should very much like to know what M. Lesueur, who is certainly a thoughtful artist, means by doing so. Variations for harp, horn, and violoncello, by Nadermann, executed by the composer himself, Messrs. Dauprat and Baudish, were introduced, instead of the Offertorium. You know that, in Germany, even a serious symphony-movement struck me as too mundane in this position, and, therefore, you may easily imagine what a repulsive impression was produced upon me by the gay French variations for the harp at the hour of midnight; yet I saw those present engaged in devout prayer. How do they manage to command a single pious thought with such trivial music? Either the latter has no importance for them, or they can close their ears completely against it, otherwise they must, like myself, be inevitably reminded by it of the ballet at the Grand-Opéra, where these three instruments are similarly employed in the most voluptuous dances. The harp, although, in very ancient times, the favourite instrument of a pious king, ought to be banished from the church, if only because it is useless in a strict style, the only one suitable for the church.

"But will you believe me when I inform you that even the master, Cherubini, has allowed himself to be carried away by bad example, so that in his masses, also, the theatrical style is frequently predominant? It is true, that, in such cases, he makes up for his fault by admirable and effective music, but who can enjoy the latter if he is unable to forget entirely where he hears it? It would be less lamentable that Cherubini, like the others, departs from the true church style, did he not, in some few pieces, show how worthily he can write in that style. Many detached movements of his masses, especially the admirably treated fugues, and, above all, his 'Paternoster,' (up to the mundane conclusion), afford the most magnificent proof of this. If, however, you can get over your once annoyance at this style, which frequently launches out into the wildest extravagance, you may derive the highest artistic enjoyment from it. By the help of a rich fancy, of harmonic combinations, often quite strange, and a clever employment, guided by many years' experience, of the material means at his disposal, Cherubini produces such powerful effects, that you are involuntarily carried away, soon forgetting all his subtleties, and abandoning yourself wholly to your feelings and to enjoyment. What would this man have done, if he had always written for Germans instead of for Frenchmen?"

On his second visit to Paris, in 1844, Spohr, who since his first stay in London (in the year 1819) had achieved, in 1839, 1841, 1842, and 1843, extraordinary triumphs, both in France and England, was welcomed with great honours; among other things, Habeneck performed for him, with the band of the Conservatory, his symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne*, in such manner that Spohr asserted there were only two orchestras in the world that could play so well: that of the Conservatory in Paris, and that of the Conservatory in Prague.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—At the last miscellaneous concert of Mr. Charles Hallé's third season, the following was the programme:—

PART I.—Scotch Symphony in A minor—Mendelssohn; Grand Scena, "Wie nacht mir," Mdlle. Parepa (Freischütz)—Weber; Andante and Rondo, pianoforte, from Concerto in G (first time), Mr. Charles Hallé—Beethoven; Cavatina, "Victorine," Mdlle. Parepa—Mellon; Overture, "Precioса"—Weber.

PART II.—Overture, "Guillaume Tell"—Rossini; Song, "L'Alouette," Mdlle. Parepa—Clapisson; Nocturne and Wedding March, from "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Mendelssohn; Solo, pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé: "Nocturne," in F sharp, Chopin—"Lied ohne Wörte," in E, Mendelssohn—"Valse Caprice," Schubert and Lisst; The Laughing Song, "Manon Lescaut" (by desire), Mdlle. Parepa—Auber; Overture, "Zampa"—Hérold.

In noticing the last miscellaneous concert of the third season of Mr. Hallé's concerts, we are happy to have observed a progressive augmentation of the support they receive. The attendances, with scarcely one exception, have throughout the season been exceedingly large, and more than once or twice the hall has been crammed, and this, too, in face of an increase in the charges for admission.

"It is," remarks his Majesty the King of Hanover, "an unpardonable offence against the sublime and divine art of music to consider it as merely a pastime for leisure moments, and for tickling the ear; to imagine that it is destined solely to accompany the movements of the thoughtless dance; to attend and listen to its performances because such is the fashion; or to have recourse to music for no other purpose than to be able to pronounce in conversation a superficial opinion of artists and works

of art; and not much rather to strive to acquire a correct comprehension of all that is most sublime, exquisite, impressive, in every musical composition; to study intensely the productions of the inspired hours of great composers; and so, with unprejudiced mind, and wide-open heart, to feel what *they* felt, and to seek and find what is really to be found in the exuberant riches of all that is excellent in music—the ennobling of our feelings, the refinement of our morality, the strengthening of our energies and our courage, consolation in affliction, invigoration for the mind, hope for the future, and a steadfast perseverance in faith and love."

The unexceptionable and high character of the music which Mr. Hallé has introduced at his concerts leads us to believe that he coincides with these sentiments, and we trust he will persevere in a course which is so honourable to himself and so calculated to advance his art.

Wednesday falling in Passion Week, Mr. Hallé selected Mendelssohn's *Elijah* for performance. Among the principals were Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Brooke, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. This was the last concert of the series properly speaking; but Mr. Hallé announces an additional concert for his own benefit, when Glück's grand opera *Iphigenia in Taurids* will be given for the third time.

Peterborough—(*From a Correspondent*).—The *Messiah* was given at the Corn Exchange on Wednesday, the principal parts by Miss Stabbach and Miss Huddart, Mr. Perren, Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Harley. The chorus was made up of the choristers and some of the lay-clerks of the cathedral, with about thirty other ladies and gentlemen, members of the vocal class of Mr. Barratt (the conductor). These latter were not at all up to their work, consequently the choruses were for the most part unsatisfactory. The band (which was small, though effective) was led by Mr. Griesbach, with whom we observed some few others from the musical circles of the metropolis; the solos were, therefore, well accompanied, and provided indeed the treat of the day. Unfortunately, Miss Stabbach was labouring under a severe cold, which marred some of her best efforts. She was, however, very successful in "But thou didst not leave" (which, by the way, was taken at a moderate *allegro*, instead of an *andante larghetto*), as also in "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" the florid "Rejoice greatly" was, however, too much of a tax upon her in her present position, though it was very creditably given, and, indeed, the lady is deserving of great praise for her strenuous exertions to accomplish her work, as it was evident that these exertions were at times quite painful to her. Miss Huddart was more fortunate; her fine contralto voice being heard to great advantage in "He shall feed his flock" (which was nicely accompanied), and in "He was despised" (which was not, the only exception amongst the solos). Her great taste and expression thrown into this, together with the beautiful and touching words, had a marked effect upon the audience. Mr. Perren took all the tenor solos: "Thy rebuke," and the following air, were very chastely sung, and the famous "Thou shalt break them" was given with great precision and vigour. The bass solos were divided between a local bass, Mr. Harley, and Mr. Wheeler of Oxford. The former sang "Why do the nations," which was his best effort: his style in "For behold darkness" was but very questionable. Mr. Wheeler gave "For He is like," and "The trumpet shall sound," very correctly, but with hardly sufficient power, and in the last was well accompanied on the trumpet.

Kidderminster—(*From a Correspondent*).—On Thursday evening, the 5th instant, the Choral Society held a special meeting for the purpose of presenting their conductor, J. Fitzgerald, Esq., with a testimonial of their respect and regard for his long and valuable services as their conductor, who, ever since the formation of the society, ten years ago, has been unremitting in his labours and gratuitous services, to promote its interests, as well as the cultivation of musical taste in the town and neighbourhood generally. The testimonial consisted of a very handsome massive silver snuff box, richly embossed and engraved, with ornamental musical devices, and manufactured expressly for the occasion by Messrs. Elkington and Mason of Birmingham. The treasurer of the society, Mr. Standen, presided, and who, after suitably addressing the meeting, called upon the honorary secretary, Mr. Tuck, to read the address, which was drawn up by Messrs. Cooksey and Tuck. After reading the address and briefly commenting thereon, Mr. Tuck presented the testimonial, which was accepted by Mr. Fitzgerald and acknowledged in the warmest terms. After several congratulatory remarks by various members, Mr. Fitzgerald spoke an address, and the meeting terminated.

Yorkshire Choral Union—(*From a Correspondent*)—Grand Easter Musical Festival.—Under the above designation a series of four concerts have been given at the Town Hall, Leeds, this week, jointly directed by Mr. Charles Hallé and Mr. R. S. Burton. On Monday morning, the programme included the two first parts (Spring and Summer) of Haydn's *Seasons*, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. In the evening there was a Miscellaneous Selection, including Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G Minor, performed by Mr. Hallé. On Tuesday morning, the *Messiah*, and in the evening Glück's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, directed by Mr. Hallé. Among the principal vocalists were Madame Catherine Hayes, Mrs. Sunderland, Madame Weiss, Miss Freeman, Messrs. Perren, Inkersall, Wharton, Weiss, &c. The band numbered about forty, chiefly of Leeds and its neighbourhood, with a few from Manchester, &c. In some departments, the orchestra was good, but the overpowering brass and paucity of "strings" was much felt throughout the performances. The "Bassi" were extremely weak. The chorus numbered about 150 (not 250 as stated in the bills), and were, on the whole, remarkably powerful and efficient. Their singing was excellent in all the performances except *Iphigenia*, where the minor intervals seemed to puzzle the united choirs amazingly, being rarely, if ever, in tune. In the *Messiah*, *Mount of Olives*, and in all passages requiring vigour and force, the chorus was fresh, powerful, and effective, and generally in good tune. The specialities of the solo singers need not be detailed here, for they must be well known to the readers of the *Musical World*. Of course Madame Hayes sang "The harp that once," &c., and of course carried off the usual honours. Of course Mrs. Sunderland gave Arne's antiquated "O bid your faithful Ariel," and of course the Leedsers would have it again. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Weiss sang "Il pianto," and of course Mr. Weiss was successful in all he undertook. At a "grand musical festival," however, it might be supposed that the vocal pieces would have had the advantage of a band, instead of a pianoforte accompaniment. The great feature was undoubtedly Mr. Charles Hallé's pianoforte performances, which were everything that could be desired, and awakened considerable enthusiasm. The attendances at the morning performances were very limited, but more numerous in the evenings. We believe the receipts will be considerably below the expenditure.

Artists' Volunteer Rifle Corps, Enrolled as "38th Middlesex."—Viscount Bury has been appointed Captain-Commandant. The other officers of the first company are Lieutenant H. W. Phillips, Ensign J. E. Millais, A.R.A., Sergeants F. Talfourd, A. J. Lewis, C. Perugini, H. Watkins, Corporals C. Earles, W. Gale, A. Nicholson. The members of the corps number upwards of one hundred and thirty, meet for drill every evening at the Argyll Rooms, and on Wednesday mornings at Burlington House. Two companies are already formed, and third and fourth companies in course of formation. Amongst the active members of the corps, representatives of various branches of art, painters, sculptors, musicians, actors, architects, &c., are the following:—Messrs. Millais, Hunt, Phillips, Watts, F. Talfourd, Leech, Luard, Monro, Hullah, T. Harper, Blagrove, Nicholson, Stirling, Leighton, Dickenson, Cockerell, Salvin, A. Wigan, D. Fisher, Gale, Richmond, O'Niel, Cooper, Thomas, Severn, C. Haag, Lewis, Cayley, Earl, Perugini, Woolner, Earles, Hayllar, Prinsep, Watkins, Martineau, Williams, &c., &c.

Good enough for Punch.—Query—in the estimation of modern barytones, should not M. Faure (*Four*) be called A One? (Dedicated to Augustus Mayhew, Horace Mayhew, and Sutherland Edwards, Esquires, authors of *The Goose with the Golden Puns*).

MARRIED.

On the 31st of March, at the British Legation at St. Petersburgh, by the Rev. Edward Lawe, D.D., Chaplain to the Legation, Sir John Fiennes Crampton, Bart., K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. Petersburgh, to Victoire, second daughter of M. W. Balfe, Esq., of Dublin.

JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in consonance with the wishes of the deceased, had it been permitted him to express them, viz., to the relief of his widow and family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

Mr. John Mitchell; Mr. W. R. Sams; Mr. Thomas Chappell; Mr. W. Duncan Davison; Mr. Julius Benedict; Mr. A. Blumenthal.

Honorary Treasurers.

Mr. John Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; Mr. Thomas Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Mr. W. R. Sams, 1, St. James's-street.

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Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand; Heywood, Kennards, and Co., Lombard-street; London and County Bank, Hanover-square;—who, as well as the Honorary Treasurers, have kindly consented to receive subscriptions.

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Charles Waring, Esq. ..	5	5	0
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The return of country subscriptions has not yet been received, but will be shortly advertised.

ONE SHILLING SUBSCRIPTION.

Books to receive names are now placed at Mr. Hammond's (late Jullien's), 214, Regent-street; Messrs. Cramer's, 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Bally Brothers, Cornhill; Messrs Parkins and Gotto's, 24, Oxford-street; Mr. Paak's, Lowther-arcade; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co's., 48, Cheapside; Mr. Bignell's, Argyll-rooms, Deposit Bank, Leicester-square; Sunday Times Office; Messrs. Boosey & Sons, Holles-street; Mr. Austin, St. James's-hall; Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street; and at the principal music shops throughout the country.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—On Tuesday next, April 17, will be performed, Meyerbeer's New Romantic Opera, entitled DINORAH; or, Il Pellegrinaggio de Ploërmel. Principal characters by Madame Miolan Carvalho, Mdlle. Giudita Sylvia, Signor Gardoni, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Neri Baraldi and M. Faure.

Conductor—MR. COSTA.

The doors open at eight, the Opera commences at half-past eight o'clock. Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

Boxes, Stalls, and Pit Tickets may be had at the Box Office, under the portico of the theatre, and at the principal music-sellers and librarians.

First appearance of Mdlle. Csillag. Thursday next, April 19, will be given as a Subscription Night in lieu of the last Tuesday of the season, on which occasion will be performed, for the first time these five years, Beethoven's celebrated opera, FIDELIO. Leonora, Mdlle. Csillag (her first appearance in England.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—GRAND ENGLISH OPERA.

The Management have much pleasure in announcing to the public that the OPERATIC PERFORMANCES having given general satisfaction, will be repeated every evening until further notice.

See the opinions of the public press.

Monday Evening, April 16th, will be presented Verdi's favourite Opera of IL TROVATORE. Maurico, Mr. Henry Haigh; Count de Luna, Mr. Charles Durand; Ferrando, Mr. Thompson; Ruiz, Mr. Salvie; Azucena, Miss Emma Heywood; and Leonora, Miss Dyer. Before the Opera, the Band, comprising upwards of sixty performers, will play the overture to Oberon.

Tuesday, April 17th, and during the week, will be performed a favorite English Opera, supported by the following eminent Artists:—Miss Dyer. Miss Emma Heywood, &c., &c. Messrs. Henry Haigh, Melchor Winter, Salvie, Borrani, Thompson, and Charles Durand, and a Band and Chorus of 100 performers. Conductor and Musical Director, Dr. JAMES PECH. In consequence of its great success, the performance will conclude each evening with a petite ballet comique by Flexmore, entitled THE SPANISH DANCERS; or, Two too many. In the course of the ballet, pas by Mdlle. Auriol and Mr. Flexmore, and the grand corps de ballet; Bolero, Mdlle. Auriol and Flexmore; Valse, by the Spanish Dancers; Zapateodo, by Mdlle. Auriol and Flexmore, and the corps de ballet of this Theatre. Stage Manager, Mr. James Martin; Ballet Master, Mr. Flexmore: Treasurer, Mr. Lewis.

Reduced Prices.—Stalls, 4s.; dress circle, 3s.; first circle, 2s. 6d.; pit, 2s.; upper boxes, 1s. 6d.; gallery, 1s.; upper gallery, 6d.; private boxes from 10s. 6d. upwards. The box office, under the direction of Mr. Nugent, open daily.

NOTICE.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14TH, 1860.

DOES legitimate Italian opera border on dissolution?—is a question which must have presented itself frequently of late to those who regard the subject as one of no little importance. If Italian opera goes, the art of singing, distinguished from that of vocal declamation, must go with it. There are some who maintain that such a catastrophe would in no way affect the interests of music in an intellectual sense, and that the great masters would retain their influence just the same if the vocal art, from the earlier Italian point of view, were irretrievably lost. We cannot agree either with their premiss or deduction.

It is notorious that those who have been nurtured in the Italian school of singing are also the best interpreters of the classic German models, and equally so that the voices of the Italians of the last and preceding generations were more *enduring*, and preserved their vigour and freshness far longer, than those of the present age. Not to travel, however, from our own time, compare Alboni's execution of the airs in *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* with that of any singer whose youth and adolescence have been chiefly devoted to the operas of Signor Verdi. The one is even, flowing, well-balanced, natural, and expressive—artistically faultless, in a word; while the other, with here and there a fine point, springing from the successful embodiment of a happy impulse, is unequal, anti-rhythmical, strained, and convulsive. The existence of such manifest disparity between singers, perhaps equally endowed by nature, leads to a consideration of its origin. Why does Alboni sing "Batti, batti," "Voi che sapete," all the airs, in short, of Zerlina and Cherubino to absolute perfection, while Madame or Mademoiselle ———, with real genius, artistic fire, and a voice as beautiful in quality, and wealthy in tone, as it is extended in register, comparatively fails? The only inference to be drawn is, that one has learned to sing by the proper method, and has exercised herself in the proper music, while the other, with all her magnificent endowments, has done neither. The method was the Italian method, the music, the music of Rossini and his immediate predecessors. So that even those one-sided thinkers, who refuse to see the extraordinary *musical* merit of Rossini's purest Italian operas, must perforce admit that, as a means towards a most desirable end, they are indispensable.

Rossini's florid music has done the same thing for Italians as Handel's *bravura* songs (which have as frequently been condemned by prejudiced critics) did for our own greatest singers, from the time when Handel wrote Italian operas to that of our own Sims Reeves, a great part of whose unrivalled excellence is attributable to his constant practice in Handel's florid airs. But where did Handel obtain this particular secret of his art?—during his travels in Italy, of course, and from the Italian singers whom, from time to time, he brought over from Italy, to aid him in that enter-

prise which, though it resulted in his temporary commercial ruin, was a powerful auxiliary towards the attainment of that excellence which ultimately left him without a rival.

We must be careful, too, while rejecting altogether one side Rossini's art, not to fall into the error of Herr Wagner, whose *Art-work of the Future* supports the paradox *that music cannot exist independently.* If we are never to look for anything in vocal music but the natural expression of words (as in a great measure did Gluck), we clip off one of its wings. Music can be occasionally a minister, but never a slave; and it may be accepted as certain that one reason why Gluck set up his intolerant theory was a consciousness within him of not being sufficiently a master to invent such music as would delight on its own account, without reference to words or even to situations — music conceived and realised exclusively of all conditions but such as regulate its own plan, development, and symmetrical proportions as independent art-work.

Whether this privilege of creating absolute forms and varieties of forms for itself should be denied a composer for the voice, while it is unanimously (the dogma of Herr Wagner is an exception which the more firmly establishes the rule) granted to a composer for instruments, is worth an argument. We hold such a binding of the musician to his words to be as cruel and tyrannical as the fastening of Ixion to his wheel. It is also unnatural, inasmuch as it prevents the free play of the musician's fancy, and thus deprives the world of one-half the rich gifts he would have it in his power to bestow. There is a great difference between violating expression and multiplying its resources. Mozart might have set "Una voce poco fa" in a very different style from Rossini, and yet both have been truly natural and expressive. We will go even so far as to say that the florid mode of expression, when skilfully used, is just as legitimate as any other; and that Handel, when he set "Rejoice greatly," set it in the florid style, as most appropriate to the sentiment of the text he had to illustrate. And if the voice is to be deprived of this peculiar medium of display, why accord it to instruments? Why tolerate "passages" (so-called) in concertos and sonatas, for the violin or pianoforte? When Beethoven lays out an ordinary chord, in arpeggios, from one end of the keyboard to the other, it is quite true that what he has to say would be all expressed if the harmony were simply struck at once; but his aim was to convey it in a brilliant and peculiar manner, and this was only to be effected by the device to which he had recourse. Mozart, too, in many of his airs (for example those awarded to one of the supernatural personages in *Die Zauberflöte*—Astriaffamente, Queen of Night) resorts to the same appliance with similar consistency and the like success. Half the art of early Italian vocalists consisted in their florid exhibitions; and though often, we are aware, absurd, or employed illogically (and therefore ineffectively), they have as often revealed to us what the musician had to conveys by means of his art, far more completely than could have been accomplished through any other expedient. That the sentiment belonging to the verbal text of "Una voce" or "Di piacer" could have been more felicitously expressed than by Rossini we are wholly indisposed to admit. In their way these songs are just as perfect as those of Zerlina and Cherubino.

But if this one side of Rossini's art had only tended to educate singers (like Handel's florid music), and enabled them to continue singing, year after year, without disparagement to their voices, it would possess sufficient claims not merely to respect but to admiration. These things it has effected; and what is more (as we have hinted), by giving the singer a ready and invariable command of his resources, has made him a more thorough master of styles, from the florid *bravura* to the simply expressive, than he could otherwise possibly have been. With these strong convictions we are disposed to view with alarm the phase through which the Italian vocal art is passing (a phase of transition we may hope—but transition to what better state?) The art of singing is no longer taught in Italy; and now even in this vast city of London, where the Italian Opera has flourished for a century and a-half, it seems impossible to obtain a company of *Italian* singers, or to compose a repertory of *Italian* music. Look at our two great houses, this year. On the first night, at Her Majesty's Theatre, the opera was by a Russian composer, the *prima donna* was a German, the *seconda donna* a Belgian, and the *primo basso* (why do we employ the Italian idiom?) a Frenchman; at the Royal Italian Opera, on the same occasion, the opera was by a German, while the *prima donna* and *primo basso-barytono* were both French. What is threatened at Her Majesty's Theatre in a short time, is still more extraordinary—viz., *Semiramide*, the most essentially Italian *opera seria* by the most essentially Italian composer, with four out of the five principal characters sustained by non-Italians: Semiramide, by a German (Fraulein Titiens); Assur, by a Belgian (M. Evrard); Idreno, by a Spaniard (Senor Belart); and Oroe, by a Frenchman (Monsieur Viallette).

Nevertheless, though *vita brevis, ars longa est*, and, as Cardanus was not the first or the last to say, it "moves in a circle."

Panurge, whom we left inside a terrestrial globe, rolling about the gardens of the Royal Grecian, in the City-road, had not been heard of for several days, and Pantagruel was consequently in a state of great uneasiness. For, in spite of those accessions of violence that, on account of his enormous strength, were productive of great inconvenience to his friends, Pantagruel was really the tenderest-hearted creature in the world.

At about ten o'clock one evening, he was sitting in a box at the "Edinburgh Castle," with Epistemon; and the two exchanged their lamentations in such dismal sort, that John the waiter swore that he felt as melancholy as if he were witnessing the comic business of an ordinary Christmas pantomime.

"Why have I lost thee, dear dreg of humanity?" cried Panurge.

"Foul blot on the sphere of blotting-paper that men call earth! why art thou effaced?" wailed Epistemon.

"Vile fount of platitudes!" murmured Pantagruel.

"Base spoiler of Latinity!" groaned Epistemon.

"Worthless alike to thyself and to everyone else! why dost thou belie the proverb, which teaches us that 'nought is never in danger'?" sighed Pantagruel.

While they thus bitterly bewailed the loss of their friend, who should pop into the room but Panurge himself, looking marvellously fresh and well-favoured. Placing himself in the middle of the room, with both his arms a-kimbo, and his hat cocked a little on one side, he at once fired off the whole of an English version of the second elegy of Propertius:—

Why dost thou, dear life, thus adorn thy hair?
Why that flutt'ring Coan garment wear?

Why upon thy head pouring Syrian scent,
Sell thyself with foreign ornament?
Why with purchas'd charms thus thine own oppress,
Spoiling thus thy native loveliness?
Cupid—naked boy!—Cupid doth not love
Those who seek their beauty to improve.
See the ground, untill'd, varied hues disclose,
Mark the ivy without culture grows;
Loveliest is the shrub in the mountain-dell;
Streams o'er rugged paths can ripple well;
O'er the glitt'ring shore gems are freely flung;
Songs by birds untaught are sweetly sung.
Jove's great twins could sweet Hilaeira please,
And bright Phœbe, the Leucippides.
Young Marpessa's love glowing Phœbus sought,
And with burly Idas fiercely fought,
Near the river's bank, where her father died—
Think'st thou on their dress those maids relied?
Painted not was Hippodameia's face
When she lur'd her Pelops to the race,
Where he won a bride with victory
(In Apelles' girls the hue we see).
These sought not the love of a flatt'ring crowd,
Of modest beauty they were amply proud.
She, who pleases one, is adorned the best,
And I am not viler than the rest.
Thee Apollo crowns with the gift of song,
To thee Aonian music doth belong;
Sparkling gems of wit decorate thy speech,
Thou hast all that Pallas' self can teach,
Or Venus' self can grant: and so thou chainest me,
Spoil not all with needless luxury!

The above infliction having come to an end, much to the relief of Pantagruel and Epistemon, Panurge proceeded: "And now, how art thou, most worshipful of masters? and thou most detestable of companions?—also, John the Blond—in short, how are ye all, *mes bons averlans?* I have something to tell ye that will provoke more mirth than an Easter burlesque—which, by the way, is not saying much. Listen, attend, and be edified."

Hereupon Pantagruel and Epistemon assumed an attitude of the deepest attention, each placing his two fists so as to make a sort of tower on the table, resting his chin on the one that was above, and compressing his lips to the utmost. John, on the other hand, kept his mouth wide open, as though wisdom was rather imbibed by the gullet than by the ears—an hypothesis by no means untenable, when we consider the number of dull dogs, who become so many jets of wit and learning as soon as their intellects have been bathed and refreshed by distilled liquids.

Clearing his throat, with much pomp, Panurge began thus: "There is what they call leads"—

"Now, by the sausages of Bigorre, Longaulnay, la Bresse, and Ronargue, whereon my grandfather Grandgousier used largely to feed," said Pantagruel, "that is the vilest beginning of a discourse I ever heard."

"'There is what they call leads!'" ejaculated Epistemon, with disgust written on his face; "I' faith I hold thy verse in the greatest contempt, but it is a thing of surpassing beauty, a perfect chrysolite, when I compare it to thy prose. Thou makest a pretty hash of Propertius; body o' me! what would'st thou effect didst thou undertake the translation of Tully? Read the *Theatrical Journal* I say, man—read the *Theatrical Journal*, and improve thy style."

"But," argued Panurge, "if I said balcony I should be wrong"—

"Then abstain therefrom," said Pantagruel. "Who the devil wants thee to say balcony?"

"It is a word," remarked Epistemon, "that affordeth no particular joy to the ear."

"Seeing," persisted Panurge, "that it is not a balcony, but only a leads."

"*A* leads!" shouted Pantagruel and Epistemon in a common chord of indignation.

"Pardon, me, gentlemen," observed John the waiter, stepping forward with great humility, "but I think that '*a* leads' is quite right. We often say in our business that a party has taken *a* wine-vaults; so I don't see why another party mayn't walk upon *a* leads."

"Thou hast high authority in thy favour, Master Panurge," said Pantagruel. "Proceed."

"Well," resumed Panurge, "I found myself this evening on the leads of a large house, where I could stroll at my ease, and peep through the windows of the first-floor."

"They call that eaves-dropping," observed Epistemon sternly.

"Do they? Then they call it wrong," pertly rejoined Panurge, "for there was no dropping and there were no eaves. Now, in one of the rooms, Amphitryon was giving a dinner to divers high and honourable persons. I should forewarn thee that there is not in the world a better or more good-natured fellow than this same Amphitryon, nor any one who more delighteth to scatter joy and contentment around him. Hence, though he is a man deservedly prosperous, his prosperity is a cause rather of rejoicing than of envy, which in this unloving world is saying a great deal."

"I know whom thou meanest," said Pantagruel, "and truly I wish him success in his new undertaking." With these words he raised his tumbler to his lips, in which action he was imitated by Epistemon.

"Well, there was Amphitryon at the head of the table," continued Panurge, and there were the three Anabaptists, and there was Septimius Acer, and there was the Mingrelian Ambassador, and there was Lud the son of Porrex."

"A goodly society in truth," said Pantagruel, with great admiration.

"And goodly viands were set before them," replied Panurge, licking his lips. "I verily believe I should have been tempted to burst through the window, and partake, uninvited, of the repast, had I not armed myself against the unruly solicitations of appetite, by filling my pockets with periwinkles."

"I have often thought," observed Epistemon, "that the periwinkle was given to us as a fortress against the intrusion of carnal affections. For, look ye, your periwinkle may not be irreverently and carelessly devoured. Held firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, it must be coaxed craftily yet resolutely from the recesses of its shell; for it is a retiring creature, and often, by its very coyness, eludeth the vigilance of the dainty. I have seen a student of the Green-coat school—a promising student, too—throw away two or even three periwinkle-shells on the supposition that they were empty, whereas, as I myself afterwards discovered, to my own infinite profit and enjoyment, the periwinkles had merely withdrawn themselves from the reach of his weapon. Nor, when thou hast removed that little particle of shell, that is so uninviting to the eye, and firmly lodged thy harpoon in the head of the fish, or as G. H. Lewes would call it, the mollusc, is thy reason for solicitude at an end. If, intoxicated with the pride of thy victory, thou drawest out the prize with a sudden jerk, ten to one but thou secureth the head only, which is a tough flavourless morsel, and leavest behind the tail which is a feast for Apicius."

"Ay," interposed John, approvingly, smacking his lips, and winking with the air of a profound connoisseur.

"As I said before," continued Epistemon, "the periwinkle must be coaxed craftily yet resolutely from its shell. Hence, when you learn that a man is a great eater of periwinkles, you may infer that he is also a man of purpose and circumspection. It is clear that the intricate process I have essayed to describe, demands that mental abstraction which renders extremely difficult the intrusion of irrelevant desires. Therefore, were I a painter—(which, thank heaven, I am not, for your great painter is the most obtuse of mortals)—and did I take for my subject the Temptation of Saint Antony, I would certainly represent that great ascetic extracting a periwinkle with a pin. Moreover"——

"Shut up thy d——d twaddle, and let him get on with his story!" thundered Pantagruel, with such vehemence that Epistemon shrank into the semblance of the mollusc whereon he had been discoursing.

"Well," proceeded Panurge, "before the party had got through the first course, poor Amphitryon felt so much indisposed that he quitted the room,——

[Here Pantagruel and Epistemon both groaned with sympathy.]

—— "leaving the party in a strange state of anarchy—for the Mingrelian Ambassador could only discourse in one of the Caucasian dialects—the three Anabaptists talked exclusively to one another, indulging in bursts of mirth, expressive of no hilarity but their own—and Lud, the son of Porrex, was neither versed in Caucasian lore, nor had he been initiated into Anabaptistic mysteries. Therefore you may conceive that the departure of Amphitryon was as the removal of the sun from the solar system—a removal that would not only cause darkness, but destroy that centripetal attraction which binds the system together. Truly I was affected almost to weeping, when I saw the Mingrelian Ambassador and Lud, the son of Porrex, sitting opposite to each other, full of high thoughts and sublime aspirations, and yet wholly unable to exchange them because they had neither community of speech nor philanthropic dragoman to hurl down the barrier by which they were separated."

"Aye," said Epistemon, "as Montaigne remarketh, 'Nous sommes mieulx en la compagnie d'un chien cogneu, qu'en celle d'un homme duquel le langage nous est incogneu.'"

"That is going too far," said Panurge; "for as I have said before, the food and the drink were of the best, in every way worthy of the known hospitality of Amphitryon, and he who could not talk might solace himself with his plate and his glass. But to proceed; one of the Anabaptists, prompted by ambition, seized for a while on the throne left vacant by the departure of Amphitryon, yet so little pleasure did he find in the task of government, that he also retired, though all were perfectly content with his sway, and there was not the remotest prospect of a revolution. Afterwards departed Lud, the son of Porrex, having discoursed with no living soul, but having remained immersed in his own meditations on the instability of human governments. Then departed the Mingrelian Ambassador, whereupon the two remaining Anabaptists, refreshing themselves anew with costly drinks and expensive cigars, discoursed at such amazing length about the Eleusinian mysteries and the deities of Samothrace, that Septimius Acer, who is of a smart and lively temperament, wished them at all the devils. While things were in this state, an orange flew out of an adjoining window and hit me so smartly upon the head that I fell from the leads into the street, whereby my power of observation was brought to an end, and I betook myself hitherto."

"Good," exclaimed Pantagruel, "thy very dull and pointless tale, which I thank the gods, has reached its conclusion, showeth how thou hast passed the present evening. But what hast thou done with thyself since the moment when I first, in my just indignation, hurled thee from the window, encased in a terrestrial globe?

"Ah! my master," said Panurge, with a heavy sigh, "thou referrest to a wonderful and sublime secret whereon there should be no light discourse. What I thought and what befell me while I was shut up in that strange sphere, and how I got out of it, shall be told in some secret place, to which the ears of the profane have no access. Truly thou hast not heard anything so pregnant with deep meaning, since the date of those incidents that were embodied by Augustus Mayhew and Sutherland Edwards in the *Goose with the Golden Eggs*."

We have not, for years, written an article on that once favourite subject the decline of the drama, and we have a great mind to write one now. The theories about the said decline are of course well known, but so are plenty of other things that are reproduced from time to time in the newspapers. A few authors who can always get their pieces accepted, a few actors who are never without an engagement, a few successful managers (there are not many) settle the question by saying that there has been no decline at all, and remind us that a large proportion of our dramatists have always gone to foreign sources for their plots; and that even in the days of Kean and Kemble spectacular pieces, and of a very absurd kind, drew more money than the finest tragedies of Shakspere. Then, the decline being admitted, there is the pleasant dispute as to whether we might not reasonably expect to have a higher class of dramatists if we had better actors, or rather better companies of actors; or whether it is not simply because we have no great dramatic authors that our players find it impossible to interest the public in the higher kind of drama. Moreover, there is the lateness of the modern dinner-hour to be considered, which, if it scarcely allows the subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera to get to their boxes by half-past eight without rendering them liable to an attack of indigestion, would not permit the same class of persons to reach the Haymarket Theatre at seven except on condition of going there with empty stomachs. Again, if we proposed to write an article on the present state of the drama in England, we should have to say something about the superior attractiveness of opera as compared with all other theatrical entertainments, and we should probably point out to the reader that the three largest playhouses in London are at the present moment devoted to operatic performances. Perhaps, too, we should reply, by anticipation, to a curious fiction invented a few years since about the revival of the British Stage at the large theatres of Whitechapel and Shoreditch, and the advent of theatrical stars from the East-end; and we should show that there, also, the drama has already found a formidable rival in Opera and that at the Pavilion and the Standard the works of English and even of Italian composers have been presented with remarkable success.

Having agreed with our readers as to the fact that opera finds more and the drama fewer patrons every year, we should inquire into the causes thereof; and one of these, which lies on the surface, we will now proceed in a straightforward way, and in as few words as possible, to indicate. It is simply this: At the Opera two tenors and two prima donnas, each and all of the highest preten-

sions, and of genuine merit, consent without hesitation, and, as a matter of course, to appear in the same work; whereas at a dramatic theatre two tragic actors or two tragic actresses could not, under any circumstances, be induced to appear together in the same play. At the opera this truly artistic principle appears to be recognised—that in a masterpiece, such as *Don Giovanni* for instance, no part is great or small, but that all are admirable and worthy of being impersonated by singers of the highest genius. If actors would also understand this, anyone who was present at the performance given a fortnight since at Covent Garden for the benefit of the Dramatic College must feel that there would be no difficulty in arranging such perfect representatives of our finest plays that the trouble would be not to fill the theatre at which they took place, but simply to find places for the audience. Whatever may be the true cause or causes of the decline of the drama, we have to thank Messrs. Sams, Creswick and Jerwood, for proving very clearly, by the number of excellent performers they succeeded in bringing together within the walls of Covent Garden, that it at all events cannot be attributed to a sheer want of histronic talent.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The theatre re-opened on Tuesday evening, with a very different aspect from that which it presented during the temporary reign of English Opera. Indeed, two theatres could hardly offer more distinct appearances than Covent Garden under Mr. Gye, and Covent Garden under Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

The opera was Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, to use the English title; *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, the French; or, *Il Pellegrinaggio*, the Italian. Last year, *Dinorah* brought the season to a triumphant conclusion, and having been given six times only was no doubt looked for by the subscribers and the public, more especially as Madame Miolan-Carvalho was again to be the heroine. The cast differed from that of last year in two important instances—M. Faure filling the part of Hoel (*vice* Signor Graziani), and Mdlle. Giudita Sylvia that of the male Goatherd (*vice* Madame Nantier-Didiée). M. Faure was an improvement; not so, Mdlle. Sylvia.

M. Faure, who succeeded M. Battaille at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, as Peters in Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, speedily won the favour of the public. So satisfied was Meyerbeer, that he wrote the part of Hoel expressly for M. Faure, who more than confirmed the impression made by his previous impersonation. Italian barytones being scarce, the director of the Royal Italian Opera was naturally anxious to secure the services of so admirable an actor and singer, to strengthen the cast of a work which was so eminently successful last season. Mr. Gye engaged M. Faure not merely for Hoel, but to undertake the repertory never officially represented since Tamburini abandoned the stage. That the French barytone is an accomplished artist there is no question. His voice, powerful and of unusual compass, is equally telling throughout its register. His expression is intense and varied, and his method undeniably good. He is, indeed, a greater master of his resources than most singers of his class; his shake is admirable, and his facility equal to all demands. If M. Faure's voice has not the sympathetic quality of Signor Graziani's, it is more than counterbalanced by superior acquirements as a singer and actor. A more striking performance than that of M. Faure, in Hoel, we have not witnessed a long time on the operatic stage. If we desired to be hypercritical, we might adduce an occasional tendency to exaggeration—as in the romance, "Sei vendicata assai"—which, after all, belongs to the school rather than to the singer individually.

Mad. Miolan-Carvalho is more admirable than ever in Dinorah; more vocally finished—the result of having made herself mistress of the acoustic properties of the house, and adapting her voice to its requirements, and as histrionically perfect—(she could not be more perfect). There is no need to describe Mad. Carvalho's performance in detail. Enough that all the old points were given with the same facility and the waltz movement of the "Shadow Song" (magnificently executed) was encored with acclamations.

The new contralto, Mdlle. Giudita Sylvia, was evidently too nervous to do herself justice. That she possesses a good voice, we believe; but beyond this we can say nothing. Her appearance is decidedly prepossessing.

Another new singer, Mdlle. Ruppazini, who was announced for the female Goat-herd—Mdlle. Marai's part last season—not having put in an appearance, the duet, "Sui prati tutt' in fiori," in the last act, was omitted, by no means an improvement; while the "Pater noster" was utterly ruined by the inefficiency of two chorus singers, to whom were allotted the parts sustained last season by Mdlle. Marai and Madame Nantier-Didiée. Signor Tagliafico was never at his ease in the hunter's song, while Signor Neri-Baraldi was less successful than formerly in that of the Mower. But these and worse drawbacks would have been more than atoned for by the excellence of the rest, not forgetting the absolute perfection of the orchestra, under Mr. Costa's direction.

Dinorah was repeated on Thursday, and will be given for the third time to-night; and on Thursday next Mdlle. Rosa Czillag makes her first appearance as Leonora in *Fidelio*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Haymarket opera re-opened on Friday evening, under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith. Great changes and improvements have taken place in the old house. For six weeks more than fifty workmen have been employed in renovating and decorating it inside and out, a description of the result of whose labours will be found in another column.

The season was inaugurated with *Marta* and *Fleur des Champs*. The cast of the opera, with one exception (Madame Lemaire for Madame Borchardt), was the same as last year at Drury Lane—Mdlle. Titiens being Lady Henrietta; Signor Giuglini, Lionel; Signor Vialetti, Plumket; and Signor Castelli, Lord Tristan. The performance was greatly superior to that of last year, owing entirely to the improved quality of band and chorus, with Herr Molique and Mr. Blagrove heading the violins. Mdlle. Titiens sang magnificently, but Signor Giuglini was afflicted with sore throat and could with difficulty finish the part. Madame Lemaire gave the music of Nancy most carefully. The audience, somewhat frigid at the commencement, warmed towards the end, and when the curtain descended the singers were summoned, and a call was raised for Mr. Smith, who, however, did not obey the summons.

In the *divertissement*, the goddess was Mdlle. Pocchini, one of the most favoured daughters of Terpsichore—the last, not lost, Pleiad. With such a dancer there is a chance of resuscitating the ballet, but the new lessee does not seem inclined to turn his attention that way—or will not see that further "steps" be taken.

On Thursday, *La Favorita* was given, with Madame Borghi-Mamo as Leonora, and Signor Everardi as Alfonso—the first appearance of both in England—Signor Mongini being Fernando (*vice* Signor Giuglini, indisposed), and Signor Vialetti, Baldassare. At present it will be sufficient to state that the newcomers were eminently successful, the lady worthily supporting the high reputation she enjoys abroad, and the gentleman proving himself one of the most accomplished barytone basses who has been heard for years in this country. Signor Everardi's voice is of fine quality (pure Italian quality, be it understood, although he is, properly speaking, a Belgian), powerful and flexible—one of those *Rossinian* voices, in short, so rare of late. His style and method are in the best school, his taste and expression undeniable. Add to the foregoing a good stage face and figure, and it cannot be denied that Signor Everardi is likely to prove a valuable acquisition. Madame Borghi-Mamo's voice is a *mezzo-soprano*, of great compass, fine clear tone, and flexibility only surpassed by Madame Alboni. A thorough artist, and a genuine Italian

singer, Madame Borghi-Mamo knows how to make the best of her means, exceptional as in many respects they are. Signor Mongini surprised everyone in Fernando, a part which many anticipated would not suit his vigorous style. He sang finely throughout and with exceeding judgment, never once indulging in those vociferous outbursts hitherto the bane of his performances, and which have often neutralized the effect so splendid a voice must otherwise inevitably produce. His most striking display on Thursday night was the romanza, "Spirto gentil," which was encored with enthusiasm. Signor Vialetti gave the music of Balthazar with power and judgment. The chorus was excellent, and the band, under the able direction of Mr. Benedict, thoroughly efficient, although some addition to the strength of the violins and other stringed instruments, to make head against the overwhelming power of the brass, was generally pronounced advisable.

The *divertissement* in the third act was graced by the presence of Mdlle. Pocchini, who executed a *pas de deux* with M. Durand, producing a sensation that we hardly believed it was in the power of any dancer now-a-days to create, and recalling to the "*habitues*" the grace, ease, finish and irresistible *naturalness* of Carlotta Grisi. One of her "steps" (*pas ?*)—the prettiest that could be imagined, and danced to perfection—was encored and repeated, although Mdlle. Pocchini abstained from accepting the compliment as long as she could gracefully persist.

To-night *Il Trovatore* will be performed with Mdlle. Titiens, Mdme. Borghi-Mamo, Signors Giuglini, Aldighieri and Vialetti.

ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS IN HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

In the first place, commencing with the basement story, the walls in the vestibules and stone-hall are almost entirely covered with looking-glasses, which extend from floor to ceiling, and multiply objects all round, *ad infinitum*. The old desk, behind which for so many years sat Mr. Nugent, dispensing favour and courtesies, has been removed, and makes way for a monster mirror. The walls, where it was found impossible to place reflectors, are covered with paper of a crimson and gold pattern; and the pillars and pilasters are painted to resemble Scagliola marble. Over the entrance to the pit from the stone-hall (glass-hall, it should be called now), the Royal Arms are placed in gold, although it is not, therefore, to be imagined that Her Most Gracious Majesty has any idea of entering the theatre by that door. Magnificent carpets in velvet pile stretch over the floors in every direction, and cover the stone staircases. The balustrade is painted deep ultramarine blue, the ornaments picked out with gold, and the hand-rails are covered with crimson Utrecht velvet, deeply fringed and fastened on with gilt nails. Ascending from the stone-hall by the grand western staircase, the eye is arrested by a large vase filled with aquatic plants in flower, and surmounted by a figure of Autumn. From the centre of the vase a jet of water plays, and the figure holds in its hand a bunch of fruit with gas-lights shining through them. The greatest change of all has taken place in the crush rooms. On all sides, as below stairs, the huge looking-glasses prevail; but the spaces between them and the doors, where no mirrors could be fixed, are papered in pure white and gold—the pattern, a white ground with the *fleur-de-lis* in gold, between gold squares. In the centre-room—the round-room, or crush-room, *par excellence*—the ceiling is painted light-blue, interspersed with gold stars. In the other rooms the ceilings are plain, with wreaths of flowers painted on the borders. The chairs are gilt, covered with maroon velvet, and the carpets, as down stairs, of the richest pile velvet. The candelabra, by which the entrances and crush-rooms are lighted, are extremely brilliant and tasteful, and are so numerous as to create a perfect illumination in the interior, aided, to a great extent, by the mirrors which flash back every jet a hundred-fold, magnifying the lights no less than multiplying objects. The corridors, or lobbies, are laid out with equal elegance and splendour. The walls, as in the crush-rooms, are papered in white and gold, but being for the greater part lined with looking glass, the white and gold paper is principally observable on the exterior of the boxes. The lighting here proceeds from golden cupids standing on golden pedestals, placed equidistantly along the lobbies, which have also in the most convenient spaces couches covered in figured crimson satin. The boxes are newly lined with figured chintz, excepting that of Her Majesty, Lord Dudley and some of the subscribers, who have followed their individual tastes in the ornamentation and furniture. The royal box is lined with white silk with a large satin stripe in pale blue. The interior before the curtain—with the exception that everything has been cleansed and freshened up, the great chandelier, more particularly, undergoing a thorough purification—remains precisely as in the halcyon days of the Lumleyan management. Stay—we are wrong—there is a change, and a great change, effected. The stalls no longer rejoice in the old-fashioned leather-covered chairs, but give place to modern couches in crimson satin figured. Some optimists in colours object to the contrast between the crimson couches and amber curtains; while others insist that the contrast is a striking feature in the aspect of the house. All we can say about this affair is, that we do not deem it of the least importance, since, when the people are seated in the stalls, little or none of the crimson is seen. The outside of the theatre has been newly painted, and eleven huge lamps in gilt frames, surmounted with the crown, are suspended between the pillars in the Haymarket front, and quite illuminate the whole neighbourhood. The private entrance to the Queen's Box is magnificent. The walls are covered with the richest tapestried satin, the floor spread with a thick velvet pile carpet, and the whole way lighted with a series of brilliant candelabra.

Drury Lane.—A new English operatic company, under the direction of Dr. James Pech, commenced a series of performances on Monday evening, with Mr. Vincent Wallace's popular opera *Maritana*. The cast included Miss Dyer as the heroine; Miss Emma Heywood, Lazarillo; Mr. Henry Haigh, Don Cæsar de Bazan; Mr. Borrani, the King of Spain; and Mr. Charles Durand, Don José. The performance was received with uproarious applause by a crowded audience, and all the favourite *morceaux*—no less than five—were encored. The band is efficient, numbering about fifty players, and the chorus tolerably good. Miss Emma Heywood promises to become an acquisition. Miss Dyer has recommendations sufficient to entitle the public to demand why she is not often heard in public; and Mr. Henry Haigh may be left to his antecedents without any danger of his suffering therefrom. Should the speculation succeed, we may look forward to the production of some novelties, among which Halèvy's *Three Musketeers*.

Christy's Minstrels.—These popular "entertainers" continue their performances with unabated success. On Thursday evening a new song was introduced by Mr. J. W. Raynor, entitled, "Come back, Annie." The poetry and music, by Messrs. John Oxenford and J. L. Hatton, were written expressly for the Christy's Minstrels, and appear admirably adapted for their style of entertainment. "Come back, Annie," was redemanded tumultuously, and is announced for repetition every evening.

CONCERTS.

Monday Popular Concerts.—Easter Monday being essentially a "popular" and English holiday, the directors merely chose a selection from native composers for the gratification of those who resorted to St. James's Hall for their evening's amusement. The large room was crowded by an audience attentive and appreciative as ever, the only feature in which it differed from the ordinary audiences being the prevalence of encores, no less than seven being awarded in a short space of time. The pièces thus honoured were Mr. Henry Smart's charming song (charmingly sung by Mr. Sims Reeves) from *Bertha*, "In vain I would forget thee;" Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Shelley's words, "Rough wind that moanest loud," admirably rendered by Mr. Santley; the madrigal from Macfarren's opera of *King Charles the Second*, "Maidens, would ye 'scape undoing" (Mr. Desmond Ryan's words); Horsley's glee, "By Celia's arbour" (both given to perfection by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land); and Mr. Balfe's song, "Lovely maiden," belonging to the opera of the *Rose of Castille*, although generally omitted at the performance, sung by Mr. Reeves in his best style. Miss Eyles did ample justice to a beautiful song by G. A. Osborne, "The dew-drop and the rose," a composition likely to find favour equally in the drawing-room as the concert-hall. In addition to these were given—by Mr. Reeves, a new and graceful song of J. L. Hatton's, "I wander by my dear one's door each night"—Mr. Vincent

Wallace's quaint and exquisite "Bellringer," capitally given by Mr. Santley (and also encored by the way)—a true "old English ditty," from Mr. Chappell's "inexhaustible selection," "Near Woodstock Town," admirably rendered by Miss Eyles (again also encored, by the way), and Bishop's well-known glee, "Blow, gentle gales." Quite a feast of English vocal music.

The instrumental programme included one exception to the native names—Dussek's Sonata in B flat for pianoforte and violin (No. 1 of *The Monday Popular Concert Library*)—which brought the first part to a brilliant conclusion, played as it was by Messrs. Sainton and Lindsay Sloper with the consummate talent for which they are remarkable. Alfred Mellon's Quartet in G major is too seldom heard, and the satisfaction it afforded on Monday, when performed so irreproachably by Messrs. Sainton, Ries, Doyle, and Piatti, will probably induce its clever composer to resume his pen, and afford us another "taste of his quality" in similar productions. Mr. Macfarren's fine Trio in E, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, drew forth marked applause, due no less to the beauty of the music than to the perfect manner in which it was played by Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Sainton, and Piatti. The first-named gentleman also won more laurels by his performance of Sterndale Bennett's delicious *sketches*, "The Lake, the Millstream, and the Fountain," refreshing to hear after the fantasias and variations with which we were formerly regaled at concerts denominated "popular"—a term bearing a widely different interpretation when applied to these at St. James's Hall, which have now fairly assumed the importance so justly their due, and become as much an "institution" as the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies themselves.

Monday, the 23rd inst., will be devoted to the benefit of Mr. Sims Reeves, who has contributed in no small degree to the success of the Monday Popular Concerts by the unvarying excellence of his singing. Mr. Reeves is never so much at home as in the thoroughly good music which characterises these performances. Mrs. Reeves, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Arabella Goddard, &c., contribute their valuable services.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—If the bad weather and the fast days last week precluded a great attendance at the Piccolomini Festivals, the public took their revenge on Good Friday. Upwards of thirty-seven thousand "shilling" visitors assembled at the Crystal Palace on that day, and, of course, not one in a hundred could hear the music. Fortunately there are innumerable attractions within and without the building, and no complaint was made. On Saturday, the half-crown day, there was close on six thousand. Large audiences also congregated on Monday and Tuesday, although on the Monday the weather was miserable. To-day Mdlle. Piccolomini will sing for the last time at the Crystal Palace, and no doubt attracts a large and brilliant attendance.

LONDON QUINTET UNION CONCERTS.—The series of four concerts by the practised musicians who form this Association was brought to a close on Wednesday last. The talent of the players was called into requisition four times, in the compositions respectively by Spohr, Beethoven, Sterndale Bennett, and Onslow. The work of Spohr was Op. 3,—ottet in E, for stringed quintets, clarinet, and two horns. A genuine specimen of one of the greatest masters of instrumentation we have ever had amongst us, the Union (assisted by Messrs. Charles Harper and Mann), played it evidently *con amore*. Beethoven was characteristically represented, at least in his early manner, by the trio in B flat, Op. 11, for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello; and the *allegro* from Onslow's quintet, Op. 25, in C, ended the concert. The evening's entertainment lay chiefly in the work of Dr. W. Sterndale Bennett. One of his early writings (Op. 8, sestet for stringed quintet and pianoforte), produced twenty-four years ago, it is neither an exhibition, work of precocity, nor merely of promise, but the achievement of one who having gathered quickly yet surely the experience of those who preceded him, placed before his auditors the composition at once of a brilliant and original genius, and of an accomplished and scholarly student. The pianist of the evening was Miss Arabella Goddard, who has so frequently and so admirably played Dr. Bennett's writtings in public, at home and abroad. The difficulties of the pianoforte part in the sestet are as nothing to this lady, who plays everything from the Op. 106 of Beethoven downwards, with perfect ease, grace, and brilliancy. In the trio of Beethoven she was equally successful, and in an equal degree elicited the enthusiastic sympathies of her audience. The vocal music was divided between Miss Banks, a lady with a voice of exquisite quality and great flexibility, and Miss Lascelles, who rejoices in an organ of considerable richness and power, but whose production of tone in the lower notes is occasionally somewhat infelicitous. The former sang "L'amor suo" (*Roberto Devereux*) and a "*chanson*" of Panseron ("Tyrol") with clarinet *obbligato*, which was given to admiration by Mr. Maycock, one of our most accomplished professors, and whose execution of the difficult part in the trio of Beethoven was no less irreproachable. Miss Lascelles exhibited "Il sogno" (Mercadante), and "The Reaper and the Flowers" (Balfe). The violoncello to the former song showed Mr. Pettit's power of *cantabile* in a favourable manner. Mr. Willy, whose violin playing has been the constant theme of admiration, deserves the highest credit for his management of this interesting series of concerts.

MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

(From the *Manchester Courier*.)

WE have before us a list of the stops of the new organ building for the Cathedral by Mr. Nicholson, of Worcester. The number of sounding stops, it will be seen, is forty-one, which will, of course, be voiced up so as to tell sufficiently in so large a building; but the comparatively small number of stops will place the instrument in a much lower rank than we should have liked the organ of our Cathedral to occupy. In our own city, which possesses so few specimens of first-class instruments, it will rank only third, those at St. Peter's Church and Holy Trinity both preceding it. To enable our readers to form a comparison for themselves between the two instruments, we subjoin the contents of the new organ side-by-side with those of the organ built by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, in St. Peter's Church. As some alterations have been made in the latter instrument since the opening, when we gave a full description of it, we have obtained a correct list of the stops already finished and now in the organ, omitting those which are intended to form the solo organ of four stops, comprising reeds and harmonic flutes, &c., on a high pressure of wind, as they have not yet been completed. The compass and number of the manuals and pedals is the same in both organs.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.		THE CATHEDRAL.	
GREAT ORGAN—CC TO G.			
Double open diapason	16ft.	Double stopped diapason	16ft.
Flute harmonique	8ft.	Clarabella	8ft.
Open diapason	8ft.	Open diapason	8ft.
Viola d'amour	8ft.	Open diapason	8ft.
Gamba	8ft.	Gamba	1ft.
Stopped diapason	8ft.	Stopped diapason	8ft.
Quint	5½ft.		
Principal	4ft.	Principal	4ft.
Flute harmonique	4ft.	Principal	4ft.
Clear flute	4ft.		
Twelfth	2⅔ft.	Twelfth	2⅔ft.
Fifteenth	2ft.	Fifteenth	2ft.
Full mixture, 5 ranks		Tierce, larigot, mixture, 5 ranks	
Sharp mixture, 4 ranks		Sharp mixture, 3 ranks	
Double trumpet	16ft.		
Trompette harmonique	8ft.	Trumpet	8ft.
Clarion	4ft.	Clarion	4ft.
SWELL ORGAN—CC TO G.			
Bourdon	16ft.	{Bourdon (bass) / Dulciana (treble)}	16ft.
Open diapason	8ft.	Open diapason	8ft.
Hohl-flöte (throughout)	8ft.	Viol di gamba (to tenor C)	8ft.
Stopped diapason	8ft.	Stopped diapason	8ft.
Principal	4ft.	Octave	4ft.
Gedact-flöte	4ft.	Suabe flute	4ft.
Twelfth	2⅔ft.		
Fifteenth	2ft.	Super octave	2ft.

Clear mixture, 5 ranks		Sesquialtera, 3 ranks	
Trombone ...	... 16ft.		
Cornopean ...	... 8ft.	Trumpet ...	... 8ft.
Hautboy ...	... 8ft.	Hautboy ...	... 8ft.
Cor anglais ...	... 8ft.		
Clarion ...	... 4ft.	Clarion ...	... 4ft.
	CHOIR ORGAN—CC TO G.		
Bourdon ...	... 16ft.	Clarabella (wood)	... 8ft.
Spitz-flöte (metal)	... 8ft.	Dulciana ...	... 8ft.
Dulciana ...	... 8ft.	Viol di gamba...	... 8ft.
Viol di gamba...	... 8ft.		
Voix celestes ...	... 8ft.	Stopped diapason	... 8ft.
Geduct ...	... 8ft.	Gamba ...	... 4ft.
Gemshorn ...	... 4ft.	Stopped flute ...	... 4ft.
Flauto-traverso	... 4ft.		
Rohr-flöte ...	... 4ft.	Piccolo ...	... 2ft.
Fifteenth ...	... 2ft.		
Mixture, 4 ranks			
Contra-fagotto and bassoon	16ft.	Krumhorn ...	... 8ft.
Clarionet ...	... 8ft.	Grand ophicleide (on high pressure) ...	... 8f.
	PEDAL OGAN—CC TO F.		
Sub-bass ...	... 32ft.		
Montre (metal)	... 16ft.	Principal (wood)	... 16ft.
Violon ...	... 16ft.	Violon ...	... 16ft.
Stopped diapason	... 16ft.	Bourdon ...	... 16ft.
Grosse quint ...	... 10⅔ft.		
Principal ...	... 8ft.	Octave ...	... 8ft.
Violoncello ...	... 8ft.		
Twelfth ...	... 5⅓ft.		
Fifteenth ...	... 4ft.		
Posaune ...	... 16ft.	Trombone ...	... 16ft.
Trumpet ...	... 8ft.		

From the above lists we calculate the new organ at the Cathedral to contain 2,466 pipes, and St. Peter's 3,578 pipes. The number of pipes in itself, however, does not always afford a fair estimate of the value of an organ, as the smaller pipes can be easily multiplied at comparatively little cost, and at the same time without adding to the weight or dignity of the instrument. In the present instance St. Peter's organ has not only the superiority in point of numbers, but this numerical excess of 1,112 pipes is in fair proportion obtained by the larger, more important, and more expensive 32, 16, and 8 feet foundation stops.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, April 4th.

LAST week the Italian opera gave us a "revival," in the shape of Meyerbeer's opera, *Il Crociato in Egitto*. It is now thirty-seven years since it has been played here, and it is said that it is against Meyerbeer's advice that it is revived now. It was brought out when Rossini was manager of the Opera here, and Meyerbeer, who was then unknown, and of course nervous and doubtful, as to his success with the Parisian world, told Rossini it would be a failure. Rossini replied it would be a success, and bet him five hundred francs about it. Meyerbeer accepted the bet; and, as the piece proved successful, was no doubt only too happy to pay. This work, belonging quite to the youth of Meyerbeer, and framed almost mechanically on the Italian model, with pieces composed invariably of an *adagio*, then an *allegro*, *cavatinas* and airs *d'obbligo*, and *rondos*, with all the usual concomitants of *fiorituras* and *cabalettas*, so different to his present style, still gives a slight foretaste of the genius that was one day to give us the *Huguenots;* and there are also some very striking airs; the song of the "Crociato" is one, and the well-known trio for female voices, and in which the principal *motif non fidarti o giosin cor* recalls the music of Bellini, are among the rest. The finale of the first act is very fine, and in the last the death-song, sang by Merly and the chorus, are also remarkable. Mad. Borghi-Mamo performed the part of the Crociato, and Mad. Penco, Alboni, Signors Merly and Angelini filled the remaining principal parts; but, notwithstanding the excellence of the performance, the revival has not been met with any monstrous enthusiasm. At the Grand-Opéra, *Pierre de Medicis* has been alternated with a performance of the *Huguenots*, Mad. C. Bartot filling the part of Valentine, Gueymard and Obin Raoul and Marcel. The Opéra-Comique, finding old pieces answer so well, contentedly keeps to them. The Théâtre-Lyrique, however, has brought out a comic opera in five acts, a thing almost unheard of, Mozart being nearly the only one who had ever brought out one so long. The libretto is by MM. Jules Barbier and Michael Carré, the music by M. Theodore Semet, and the subject is taken from some of the numerous adventures of Gil Blas. Mad. Ugalde fills the part of the hero to the great delight of the public, for whatever charm may now and then be found wanting in her voice she supplies by her animated acting, and carries the piece through triumphantly. The music is gay, sparkling and original. The least successful parts are the choruses. The best airs in the opera are, Gil Blas' drinking song, "Bacchus est le vrai medicin," the grand duo buffo of the second act, the marriage chorus, "rondo pastoral," the finale of the fourth act; but nothing is equal to the song he sings before the door of the inn where the villagers are feasting, accompanying himself with a mandoline. He is expressing the hunger he feels, and when they will not listen to him he changes his tone to diabolical menaces. The air was rapturously encored. Mesdames Faure, Moreau, Vade, MM. Wartel, Lesage, Legrand, Votel, Serene, Leroy, Gabriel, Giradot, fill the other parts. There has been some talk for the last few days of a probable change in the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique; M. Carvalho retiring, and M. C. Retz, who has been, up to the present moment, Secretary-General of the Theatre, filling his place. However, nothing is decided yet. The Bouffes-Parisiens, though like the little frog in the fable, it tries occasionally to approach the dimensions of the ox, has yet good sense enough to know at what point to stop. Its last production is a sort of field-flower, in the shape of a patois-pastoral, entitled *Daphnis and Chloé*. A pretty little actress, Mdlle. Julitte Beau, *débuted* in it. The music is by the indefatigable M. Offenbach. In Paris some novelty must always be going on; people cannot rest on their oars here, and even now, before *Fidelio* is brought out at the theatre, they talk of an opera with much scenery by M. Charles Gounod, entitled *La Reine Balkir*. M. Gott, also—of the Théâtre-Français—has written an opera in four acts, the music by M. Memprie, under the title of *Le Moine Rouge*, though whether it is to be played or not I have not heard.

There is little new this week at the theatres. The concerts continue with unabated ardour, of which the best, the eighth and last concert of *Jeunes Artistes*, took place on the 1st. Fragments of Meyerbeer's *Struensée* were given. "La revolte des gardes," a polonaise, "La Bal," was very good, and the bacchanal chorus from *Philémon et Baucis* was encored. And thus with all these entertainments Lent is passing—indeed has almost passed away. It certainly this year has not been a season of fasting and mortification, and the ladies of the great world have rushed with equal ardour to their church in the morning and dressed in "gorgeous array" for their ball in the evening, thinking one neutralized the other, and thus reconciling the claims of religion and of the world to their consciences in that comfortable manner only French people can. Talking of the crowding of churches, there is one thing very necessary, and that is—more church-room for the people. There is not enough for the population of Paris, and the scenes, the pushing, the rudeness and quarrelling, that take place in a crowded church here, is more fit for the crush-room of a theatre than a spot dedicated to divine worship.

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16

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MR. SIMS REEVES' BENEFIT.

The Programme will be selected from the works of
VARIOUS MASTERS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

POSTHUMOUS QUARTET, in F Major, No. 17 .. .. Beethoven.
M. Sainton, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.
SONG, "Frühlingslied" .. .. Mendelssohn.
Mrs. Sims Reeves.
SONG, "Deeper and deeper still" .. .. Handel.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
SONG, "Night" .. .. Mendelssohn.
Madame Sainton-Dolby.
SONG, "Adelaide" .. .. Beethoven.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
SONATA, in F. Major .. .. Mozart.
Miss Arabella Goddard.

PART II.

SONATA, in E flat, Major, Pianoforte and Violin .. Dussek.
Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton.
SONG, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep? (Cenci) J. W. Davison.
Madame Sainton-Dolby.
SONG, "Dalla sua pace" .. .. Mozart.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
DUET, "Pray leave me but a moment" .. .. Spohr.
Mrs. Sims Reeves and Madame Sainton-Dolby.
SONG, "The Stolen Kiss" .. .. Beethoven.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
QUARTET, in E flat, No. 4. .. .. Rossini.
M. Sainton, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.

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THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. [illegible] CONCERT, on Wednesday Evening, April 25th, [illegible]. Programme—First Part:—Overture, the Isles of Fingal, Mendelssohn; [illegible] Air, Jours de mon enfance (Pré aux Clercs), Miss Augusta Thompson; [illegible] Symphony concertante, for two pianofortes and orchestra, [illegible], and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Dussek; Scena, (MS.), Mr. Santley; [illegible] (Lurline), Wallace. Second Part:—Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven; [illegible] città sei tu (L'Etoile du Nord), Miss Augusta Thompson; [illegible] beer; Overture (Gustave), Auber. Conductor, Mr. Alfred [illegible]

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

ONE PENNY NEWSPAPER

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Friday, May 4th.—Tickets for THE GREAT FESTIVAL PERFORMANCE OF ELIJAH, on the occasion of the Inauguration of the Bronze Memorial Statue of Mendelssohn, are now on sale at the Crystal Palace; at No. 2, Exeter Hall; or, by order, of the usual Agents.

Admission tickets, 5s. (if purchased before 1st May); Reserved stalls in blocks, as arranged at the Handel Festival, in the area, 5s. extra; or in the corner galleries, 10s. 6d. extra.

The new Season Tickets will admit, subject to the usual regulations.

NOTICE.—Immediate application is requisite for Central Blocks. Post Office Orders or Cheques to be payable to George Grove.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—June 25th, 26th, and 28th, GREAT ORPHEONISTE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Vouchers for tickets for this great combination of the French Choral Societies, comprising deputations from nearly every Department of France, representing 170 distinct Choral Societies, and numbering between Three and Four thousand performers, who will visit England expressly to hold a Great Musical Festival at the Crystal Palace on the above days, are now on issue at the Crystal Palace; at No. 2, Exeter Hall; or by order of the usual agents.

The prices of admission will be as follows:—The set of Transferable tickets (one admission to each of the 3 days) 12s. 6d.; Reserved seats (for the 3 days) 12s. 6d. extra; or in the corner galleries, 25s. extra.

The new Season Tickets will admit on the above occasion, subject to the usual regulations.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—MR. MELCHIOR WINTER (tenorist), and Mr. BENJAMIN WELLS (flautist), beg to announce that their GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT will take place at the above rooms on the 28th of May, (Whit Monday.) Full particulars will shortly be published.—17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Directors respectfully announce that the FIRST CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday Evening next, the 23rd of April. Programme:—Sinfonia, The Seasons, Spohr; Concerto violin, Herr Becker, Mendelssohn; Overture, Egmont, Beethoven; Sinfonia in C, Jupiter, Mozart; Overture, Zaira, Winter. Vocal performers:—Mdlle. Louise Michal and Signor Belletti. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D. To begin at 8 o'clock. Subscription for the season, £3 3s.; single tickets, 15s. Subscriptions received and tickets issued by Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

MR. LANGTON WILLIAMS begs to inform his friends and the public that his Annual Concert will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 25th, when the following distinguished artists will appear; Mdlle. Parepa, Madame Weiss, Miss Poole, Miss Stabbach, Miss Leffler, Miss Julia Bleaden, Miss Clara Hamilton, and Miss Lascelles; Mr. Weiss, Mr. Ramsden, Mr. R. Seymour, Mr. J. W. Morgan, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Harp, Miss Chatterton; Concertina, Miss M. Collins; Violin, Mr. Viotti Collins; Pianoforte, Mr. L. Williams, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, and Mr. J. L. Hatton. Tickets 1s., 2s. 3s., sofa stalls, 5s.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that her grand Evening Concert will take place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Wednesday the 16th May, at 8 o'clock, when the following eminent artists will appear: Vocalists, Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. William Cummings, and Herr Eibenschütz, of Pesth. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Salaman, and Herr Adolphe Ries; Violin, Herr Louis Ries; Violoncello, Herr J. Lidel; Harp, Mr. Ellis Roberts, Harpist to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. Tickets 7s., Reserved seats 10s. 6d., to be had of Miss Eleanor Armstrong, at her residence, 36, Osnaburgh-st., Regent's-park, Messrs. Keith, Prowse and Co., City, and of the principal music-sellers.

MLLE. ELVIRA BEHREN'S EVENING CONCERT, under the immediate patronage of Her Excellency the Countess Bernstorff, Her Excellency the Countess d'Apponyi, & Her Excellency the Countess Platen, will take place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Wednesday, the 2nd May. Artistes, Madame Rieder, Mdlle. Elvira Behrens, Herr Eibenschütz, Herr Ernst Pauer, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Herr Becker, Herr C. Oberthür, Herr Daubert. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; family tickets, admitting three, one guinea; unreserved seats, 5s.; to be had at Mdlle. Behren's residence, 14, Blenheim-road, St. John's-wood; and of the principal west-end musicsellers, and Messrs. Keith and Prowse, Cheapside, city.

MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDALE BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, are sung nightly at the CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and E. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

MISS MARGARET McALPINE (Contralto), requests that letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Pupils, be addressed to her residence, 63, Burton-crescent, New-road.

MADAME BORCHARDT having returned to Town from her Operatic Tour with Madlle. Piccolomini, is at liberty to accept engagements for Concerts, &c., for the season. Address to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, W.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

MISS SELINA PYKE (Pupil of Mr. Charles Salaman), continues to give lessons on the PIANOFORTE. Miss P. attends schools and her pupils westward, twice a week. 52, Great Prescott-street, E.

M. BUZZIAN (Violonist), has just arrived from the Continent, and is open for engagements; apply at Mr. Mapleson's, 12, Haymarket.

MDLLE. PAREPA has removed to No. 17, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, to which address she begs that all future communications respecting engagements may be forwarded.—April 11.

TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS, CLERGYMEN, COMPOSERS, AND OTHERS.

P. GRANT AND CO., Typographical Music and General Printers, Lithographers, and Engravers, Orange-street, and Red Lion-square, Holborn, respectfully inform the above that they are prepared to undertake works to any extent in Music Printing, upon the most reasonable terms, and with the greatest accuracy and dispatch.

MUSIC PRINTING FOR THE TRADE.

Estimates, and Specimens of Music Founts sent to any part of the United Kingdom.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.

F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.

Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

BOROUGH OF LEEDS.—The Council of the Borough of Leeds are prepared to appoint an ORGANIST for the Town Hall Organ, at the salary of £200 per annum. The appointment will be made subject to public competition. Printed conditions may be obtained by application at the Town Clerk's Office, on and after the 21st instant.

By Order,

Leeds, 11th April, 1860. JOHN A. IKIN, Town Clerk.

ARTISTS' VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.—(38th Middlesex), Viscount Bury, Captain Commandant. This corps, composed of Artists, Amateurs, and others interested in any branch of Art, drills at the Argyll Rooms, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Five o'clock; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings at Half-past Six; and at Burlington House on Wednesday mornings at Eight. Officers appointed to First Company: Captain, Viscount Bury; Lieutenant, H. W. Phillips; Ensign, J. E. Millais, A. R. A. Third and Fourth Companies are now forming; gentlemen wishing to join the corps can be enrolled at the hours of drill, or on application to F. P. Cockerell, Esq., Honorary Secretary, 8, Regent-street.

TO VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.—Boosey and Sons' military band instruments, reed and brass, as well as bugles, drums and fifes, have been used and approved of by almost every regiment in the service, at home and abroad. Those regiments that contemplate the formation of a band, are invited to apply to the firm, who will be happy to recommend them competent bandmasters, and render any further assistance that may be required.—Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

EVANS'S ENGLISH HARMONIUMS.—Full particulars of these unrivalled instruments to be had of the manufacturers, Boosey and Sons, 24 and 28, Holles-street, London. Manufactories at Wells-street and Davies-street.

CASE'S PATENT CONCERTINAS, as used by Signor Regondi and Mr. George Case, are remarkable for their superior tone, and being less liable to get out of tune than any other English Concertinas. Prices from four to twelve guineas each. Manufactured by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

Just Published, price 3s. 6d.

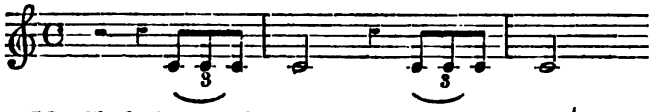
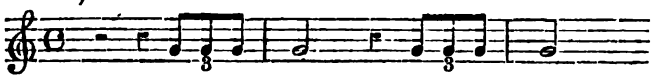
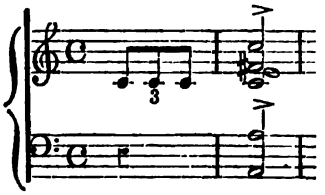
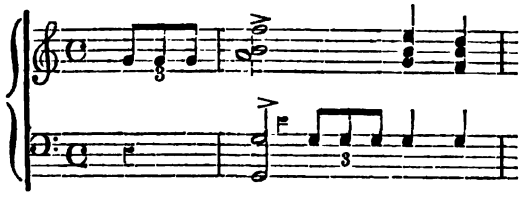
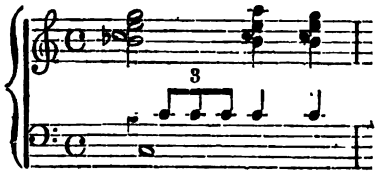
"ROMANZA," for the Violoncello and Piano, composed and dedicated to Frederick Charles Pawle, Esq., by Edward Thurnam. Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, London.

MEYERBEER'S NEW WORK—"ASPIRATION"—CANTIQUE. (Short Anthem.) The words from the original Latin of Thomas a Kempis, "De Imitatione Christi." Composed for SIX VOICES (three sopranos, two tenors, and bass), with Recitatives for a BASS SOLO, and Organ (or Harmonium) accompaniment ad libitum, by GIACOMO MEYERBEER. Price, in score, 4s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where Meyerbeer's setting of the Lord's Prayer, for four voices, 3s., and the Serenade, for eight voices, "This house to love is holy," 4s., may be obtained.

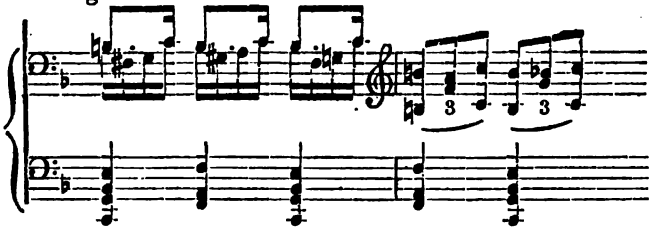
CHEAP EDITION OF MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS and ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER, arranged in the most effective manner for the Pianoforte, by Henry Smart, price 3s. each, complete, or handsomely bound, 5s. each. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

REVIEWS.

"'*Thou art so near,' Reichardt's celebrated song, arranged for the pianoforte*"—by Brinley Richards (Boosey and Sons). An adaptation—or, as our "lively," "volatile," "pugnacious," "capricious," "mercurial," "spiritual," and thoroughly amiable neighbours say, "transcription"—of Herr Reichardt's very popular melody, done with that neatness, elegance, and finish for which Mr. Brinley Richards is notorious, which imparts so genuine a charm to his smaller compositions for the drawing-room, and makes them invaluable as teaching pieces, both to master and pupil. A happier example of his taste and facility in this direction has not been issued from the press.

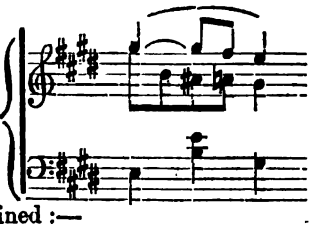
"'*Marche à Grand Orchestre,' transcrite par l'auteur*"—Frederick Scotson Clark (Augener and Co.). Mr. Frederick Scotson Clark, though an English- (Irish?—Scotch?—Welsh?—Manx?) -man, selects the French lingo for his title-page, and "transcribes"—"*pour piano, harmonium, ou grand orgue d'église.*" We have attempted his present "transcription" on the first-named instrument. Mendelssohn composed a certain Wedding March, which begins thus:—

Mr. Clark (to avoid plagiarism of his illustrious predecessor?) sets out as below:—

Mendelssohn's first theme commences as follows:—

Mr. Clark (to avoid &c.?) dashes off as subjoined:—

And the rest to match. We prefer Mendelssohn's march, which perhaps (as in the instance of Professor Sterndale Bennett's second *Impromptu*) Mr. Clark has never seen. Nevertheless (by "a curious coincidence"), his *coda* is inaugurated by a flat seventh on the dominant:—

And so is Mendelssohn's. We had put a "curious coincidence" in parenthesis, but think we are now justified in dispensing with brackets, and adopting the plural number. These' then, are curious coincidences—very.

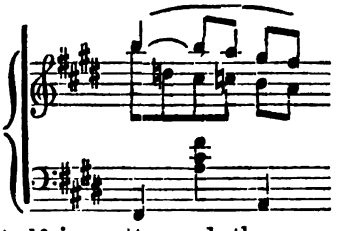
"*Polka Mazurka, pour piano*"—Anton Rubinstein (Ewer and Co.). This in some degree clever, occasionally graceful, as occasionally ungraceful, and never quite original (unless Chopin, out-Chopined in what is most eccentrically *Chopinesque*, can claim to be original) effusion, is dedicated to the Princess Sophie of Nassau, whose ears must be well-seasoned in the modern school of pianofortery to relish the following:—

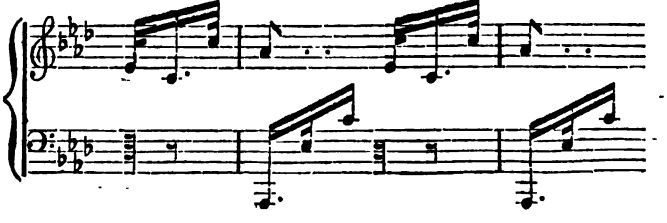


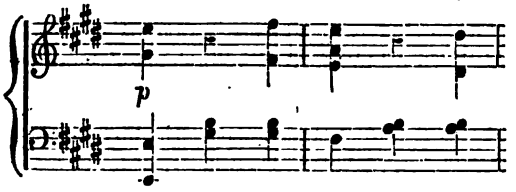
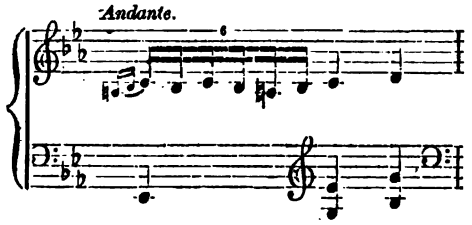
That the ears of the composer were rather tickled than offended by the progression, may be gathered from the complacent *bonhommie* with which he reiterates it.

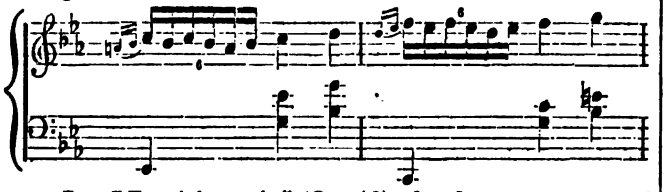
"'*Azelia,' morceau de salon*"—Adolph Gollmick, Op. 38 (Boosey and Sons). Herr Gollmick's "Op. 38" would be as irreproachable as the immaculate Azelia herself, but for such passages as the subjoined:—



and the subjoined:—

The theme itself is pretty, and the *arpeggio* variation beginning at page 4, a clever imitation of one of M. Thalberg's most familiar expedients.

"'*La Consolation,' rêverie,*" *à son ami, R. Conolly, Esq.*—H. F. Henniker (Avery). We protest against a French title-page coming from an *English* Academy student. The late Earl of Westmoreland would not have sanctioned it; and we are ready to bet three "*rêveries*" to one that Mr. Henniker's "ami, R. Conelly, Esq." (why not *Escuyer?*) would have preferred to have the work dedicated to him in plain English. The name of the "*rêverie*," moreover, is ill chosen. There can be little consolation for any sorrow, disappointment, or misfortune in four or five pages of music skipping about after this fashion (*style grenouille?*):—

A paralytic pianist who had lost the use of his fingers might (peraunter) find "consolation" in the fact that he could not now be asked to play it.

"*Azelia*," noticed above, forms No. 2 of "*Six Morceaux Caracteristiques*, pour piano" (Boosey and Sons), to which the name of Herr Adolph Gollmick is attached. The others are "*Vive la Danse, grande valse brillante*" (Op. ——), which has a very effective episode in the subdominant key, but the first theme of which sets out, questionably, thus:—

"'*Belinda*,' *morceau de salon*" (Op. 47), which would be nice, but for such passages as:—

and again:—



"'*Jeu d'Esprit*,' *caprice*" (Op. 48), the first two pages of which are all at the top of the key-board, but in which we are consoled, at page 3, by a charming episode in the subdominant key; "'*Pauline*,' *mazurka de salon*" (Op. 46), a really brilliant piece; and "'*Bellona*,' *fest marsch*" (Op. 49), the melody of which begins something like the septuor in the duel-scene of the *Huguenots*. In all these pieces there is more or less merit, and they are all written by one who evidently understands the instrument.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF THE MAJOR DIATONIC SCALE.

SIR,—I presume that as Mr. D. C. Hewitt offers no reply to my letters (*Musical World*, December 24th, and January 28th), he is thoroughly convinced of the unsoundness of the principles of his proposed theory of unit basses, which is in reality a theory founded upon an unlimited series of harmonics; and it could easily be made manifest that no theory, built upon such a complicated foundation, can give the true principles of harmony, that is, no theory derived from such a basis can show the true relations of musical sounds, whether as simple sounds or in combination as chords, or can explain the connection of these chords one with another, either when they proceed by simple progression or by modulation; on the other hand, all these relations, and many others, are with facility deduced from the simple theory of *limited harmonics*, or *systems of sounds*, based upon the consonant intervals, the whole of which are formed by a principal sound as generator, and its first, second and fourth harmonics, represented by the respective ratios, 1, 2, 3 and 5, to 1, and are those generally known as the common chord, which chord may therefore, with propriety, be called the very essence of harmony, and justly be designated *the perfect concord*.

In my last letter I pointed out, I believe for the first time, the mathematical relation existing between the chord of the dominant 7th and the chords of its resolution, but as the limits of a letter written for the purpose of elucidating another part of the subject, did not allow of more than a slight notice of this, I may perhaps enlarge upon it at some future period; for the same reason I assumed the sounds of the major diatonic scale to be those already acknowledged as such, but it is my principal object in the present to complete the link in the argumentative chain, by showing that these sounds of the scale can be strictly deduced from the same scientific basis. In reference to the systems of sounds in the same letter, I there noticed the fact that each sound (nominally the same), as, for instance, G, enters into three systems under three distinct forms, and when it enters as a primary it is continued through three systems, in the other cases only through two. Now when it appears in two systems only, as in E and A, it does not enter as a primary, but only in a subordinate character: it is subject unto and governed by a primary sound, evidenced also by its accidental change, and though in combination with the primaries, E and B, it establishes a connection between the two systems, yet it is of itself powerless, and has no influence over the sounds of these systems; the same may be said of the sound G in the systems E flat and A flat. But when it enters as a primary, as in G, then in the adjacent system C, it appears as the unit-sound, that is, the sound with which all the others in that system are consonant, and which it therefore governs; it is the ruling sound, in fact, *the dominant sound*, all the others being subject unto it, its influence extending also into the adjacent systems, G and F, which thus become equally related to the system C; also the sound G is the only one that is continued through the three systems G, C, and F, which are in this manner brought into connection and form one *mode of sound*, of which G is the dominant. Moreover, the G as dominant, or unit-sound of a system, invariably leads to the 5th below, or C, as the primary basis (as shown in my letter, *Musical World*, December 24th), which thus becomes the basis or root of the sounds in this mode.

The mode may be either major or minor, accordingly as we take the sounds of the major or minor primary chords. As the subject of our present consideration is the major diatonic scale, we must take the sounds of the major primary chords, the individual sounds of which, arranged within the compass of an octave in an ascending order, according to the magnitude of their ratios, and commencing with the ascertained root, are—

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
1	$\frac{8}{9}$	$\frac{5}{6}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{3}{2}$	$\frac{5}{3}$	$\frac{15}{8}$	$\frac{2}{1}$

which are all the sounds of the major primary chords, in the mode of which C is the root, and taken collectively are the sounds of the major diatonic scale of C *only*. All other major diatonic scales are formed in a similar way.

We have thus not only the sounds of the major diatonic scale, but also the *true reason* why the 5th of the scale is the *dominant* sound, and how it becomes so: the whole of which are, I believe, now, for the first time, strictly deduced from a mathematical basis. It will be seen that the complete scale consists of eight sounds or seven intervals, which intervals, by a comparison of their ratios, are found to be of three degrees of magnitude, viz.: the major tone (ratio $\frac{8}{9}$), the minor tone (ratio $\frac{15}{16}$), and the diatonic semitone (ratio $\frac{16}{15}$), which, if they be represented respectively by the letters **T**, **t**, **S**, then the following is the order in which they occur, and which serves as a simple illustration of the magnitude of the various intervals, any interval whatever may be easily measured and compared with another, by simply adding together the various magnitudes of which such intervals are composed:—

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
	T	**t**	**S**	**T**	**t**	**T**	**S**

Thus the interval of any of the minor 3rds, E G, A C, or B D contains the magnitudes **T** and **S**, whilst the interval D F contains only **t** and **S**, and is therefore less than a minor 3rd by the difference between **T** and **t**.

The equality between the magnitudes of the first three intervals, and the last three intervals of the scale, and the fact of the semitone occurring in the same situation, in each portion, has given rise to the notion that the major diatonic scale is in reality a compound scale, consisting of two scales of four sounds each, thus:—

C	D	E	F	G	A	C	B
	T	**t**	**S**		**t**	**T**	**S**

and it is thus taught in several theoretical works, but it is evident, on looking at the order of the intervals, that such notion is incorrect, the second portion, G A B C of the scale of C, could never become the first

portion of the scale of G, the intervals not occurring in the same order, but which ought to be the case, all major diatonic scales being exactly similar in this respect, that is in the order of the intervals. The consideration of the minor scale I reserve for the present.

I remain, sir, yours truly, W. W. Parkinson.

Chatham Hill, Manchester, April 2nd, 1860.

THE NEW ORGAN FOR THE CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the "Manchester Courier."

Sir,—I was greatly surprised to see the account given in your last of the new organ for our Cathedral. I had been somewhat prepared by the silence maintained by the authorities after the inquiries made by one of your correspondents some weeks since, to expect that no healthy competition would be allowed, but I now find not only that the order has been given in a most peculiar manner, but that the instrument, instead of being worthy of the Cathedral, will be inferior to others erected by private liberality in district churches. I cannot doubt the accuracy of the specification which you have published, and, as far as *church* organs are concerned, you are correct in stating that the instrument will rank third in this city, but, speaking generally, this is not the case. The organ in St. Peter's Church is undoubtedly the finest and largest in this district, as well as this city; but the organ at the Free-trade Hall is the next in importance. This instrument contains 52 sounding stops, against the 39 (I should say, for such things as tierces and larigots have no right to be considered separate stops,) of the new organ for the Cathedral. It also contains a 16 feet trumpet in the great organ, a 16 feet reed in the swell, and a 32 feet stop and a 16 feet reed in the pedal. The organ at the Cathedral will therefore not rank even third in this city, but will come in as a bad fourth—a fact I really think anything but creditable to the authorities. I cannot ascertain that any of the churchwardens are possessed of practical musical knowledge, and I believe that the organist, Mr. Harris, has not had any connection with the matter, not even having had the compliment of being consulted on the subject, and the order for the instrument has been given to a stranger without any competition. I imagine that others besides myself who have been appealed to by the churchwardens for contributions, will be interested in this inquiry; and for troubling you with this communication, this must be the apology of, sir, your obedient servant,

A Parishioner.

LETTERS OF SPOHR.

[In numbers 8 and 11 we gave two letters from Spohr, written from Paris in 1820, besides extracts from two others dated 1821. Our authority was, Herr Al. Malibran's small book on Spohr. If Herr Malibran does not expressly say the letters were addressed to him, which, on account of the anachronism, we never supposed they were (though other papers have, without any investigation, taken this for granted), every one must, at any rate, have believed that the originals of the letters were given to Herr Malibran by the person to whom Spohr addressed them. We quoted them, therefore, *bonâ fide*, and as the best things in the whole pamphlet. —— There is, however, now lying before us the copy of a letter written by Spohr from Heidelberg to a friend, on the 20th February, 1821, in which he says:—

"You will read an account of our stay in Paris in four long letters which I have forwarded to the *Leipsic Musik Zeitung*."

—— These letters are, therefore, printed in the volume of the above paper for 1821, which we do not happen to have by us. Was it to be supposed that reckless bookmaking could go so far as to foist upon the public, as the great attraction of a hastily compiled biography of a great man, letters of his which had long since been published?

We, however, are enabled to present our readers with some letters of Spohr, from London and Paris, written at the same period of his life, and addressed to his friend, Speyer. They have never been made public. Herr Speyer gave these interesting documents, unconditionally, to Herr A. Schindler, at the latter's reiterated request. We, in our turn, are indebted to Herr Schindler for them.]

I.

London, the 27th March, 1820.

My dear Friend,—I have purposely deferred writing until now, in order that I might be able to tell you something both of my circumstances here, and of the way in which art is cultivated. At present, after a stay of four weeks, I am sufficiently at home to be able to pronounce a decision with certainty. If, however, my procrastination has been the cause of your being at all alarmed by a piece of information in a Paris paper, which reported we were lost during the passage from Calais to Dover, I should blame myself for not having at once let you know that—though obliged to venture on crossing at the stormy period of the year, when, according to the returns of the Exchange,* more than 150 ships were either lost or driven aground on the English coast—we arrived safe and sound, and soon recovered from the fright and illness of the transit. In the first place, then, you must know that I have been most cordially received by all those persons to whom I brought letters of recommendation, as well as by all the artists on whom I have called, and that Herr Pensa is perfectly right in saying that the English are far more agreeable at home than on their travels abroad. In the next place, I must inform you that the way in which art is cultivated here offers great contrasts (most glaringly prominent in large cities especially); that, side by side with much that is admirable and worthy of praise, you hear the most wretched performances, and that, in a word, it is very plain the English have no vocation and no true feeling for music. It is true that they cultivate music *seriously*, as they do everything, but it is soon evident, as in the case of English travellers, when visiting the treasures of art and antiquities in Italy, that it is more a labour than a source of enjoyment for them, and that, at the conclusion of a concert, they may well be supposed to say, like their compatriots after an art-visit in Rome, "Thank heaven, this is all over!" The very fact of their being able to sit out and listen attentively and seriously to concerts, four, and frequently five, hours long, with only a short pause, proves that music does not force its way to their hearts, for, if it did, they would be exhausted before the end of the first half. The fact, too, that they listen with equal interest, on the same evening, to the most wretched compositions; that they can, in the same concert, hear a classical piece of music by Mozart, and encore a vulgar English street ballad, without the slightest artistic value, proves them to be utterly incapable of distinguishing good from bad. Of course this is true only of the ordinary concert-goers, for there are naturally in a city with 1,200,000 inhabitants, some few who must be allowed to form honorable exceptions, and possess the power of judging matters of art. That, being convinced of this, I should, three weeks ago, on my first appearance (when I played my *scena* at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society) have felt *very nervous*, I can explain only by the presence of Viotti and several other distinguished professionals, whose perhaps too great expectations I had to satisfy, and although they, as well as the general public, applauded me very much, I was but little satisfied with myself, and looked forward impatiently to my second appearance. A week ago, I played at the second concert of the Philharmonic Society, my "Quatuor brillant" in E major, with such success that, from that time, I have enlisted every one in my favour. Last Wednesday, too, when I played for the third time, at Drury Lane Theatre, in what was called an oratorio, my "Pot-pourri," in B flat, I was greeted, both on my appearance, and when I had concluded the piece, with marks of approbation, such as seldomfall to the lot of a foreign artist. At the third concert

* Spohr means, probably, Lloyd's.—Ed. *M. W.*

of the Philharmonic Society, I am going to conduct, and shall make my *début* with a new grand symphony in D minor, which I began immediately after our arrival, and finished a day or two ago. You may easily believe I am indescribably delighted that this work, which I conceived and brought forth in a spirit of the greatest enthusiasm, is to be performed for the first time by so magnificent and full a band as that of the Philharmonic Society (28 violins, 12 double basses, &c), and in so noble a place as the New Argyll Rooms. I shall afterwards produce my old symphony, as well as my overtures, which have not yet been performed here.

Whether we shall make anything considerable here, the Future will show; that it will be something, I know already, for I can calculate pretty nearly the expense of living. Up to the present time, we have engagements, either for us both. or for me alone, to play for remuneration at three concerts. I have also begun to give lessons. It is not certain whether or no the King will hear us; he has not yet returned to town. Our benefit-concert is fixed for the 8th June; I think it will be tolerably successful. I will write to you next time about the professionals here; a concert of Mad. Mara, who is seventy, was interesting. My change on the violin has turned out excellent; the violinists here are already beginning to imitate it. Louis Spohr.

II.

London, the 17th April, 1820.

My dear Friend,—How can I thank you sufficiently for having, by a speedy refutation of the frightful report of our death, spared my parents and mother-in-law days of grief! But for your letter, what would they not have suffered until they had read the denial of the report in the newspapers? I shall never forget this friendly act of service on your part. We are receiving, from all parts of Germany, congratulations on our escape; these, as proofs of the interest taken in us by a great many good men, have caused us great joy. I cannot, however, even now, understand how the report of our having perished can have arisen, since we were in London long before the outburst of the storm, which destroyed so many vessels.

You received, no doubt, soon after you despatched your own, my first letter, in which I informed you of my appearance at the first two concerts of the Philharmonic Society. Since then, I have played three times in public, and conducted the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, rising, I am fully justified in asserting, more and more in the estimation of the public,—at least the latter have given me the most unmistakeable proofs of this at each successive appearance. In the first place, I played in a so-called oratorio at Drury Lane Theatre, my *pot-pourri* in B flat major, then, at the last Dilletanti Concert at the London Tavern, in the City, a sonata with my wife, and, in the second part, my *scena;* and, lastly, at the so-called Vocal Concert, in a very fine room in Hanover Square, a new concerto in A major, which was especially successful. My wife, who, on her first appearance here, where there are so many good masters of the harp, quite astonished and put me to the blush, for I was much more timid than she, created a deep sensation by the originality of her grand play, and was highly praised by all the professionals that evening. That this success of our efforts as artists greatly enlivens our sojourn here, you may easily imagine.

The greatest pleasure was, however, that caused by the reception of my new symphony. Previously to my arrival in London, not one of my orchestral compositions had ever been given, either at any of the Philharmonic, nor, as far as I am aware, at any other concert; and I looked forward anxiously for an opportunity of enabling professionals and amateurs to hear some of them. This opportunity presented itself. Among other very sensible regulations, there is one to the effect that, during the series of concerts, the members shall execute, on two evenings, before a small and select audience of professionals and amateurs, only compositions (mostly symphonies and overtures) with which they are unacquainted, and decide, by the applause of those present, whether the pieces thus played are or are not worthy of being played publicly at one of the subsequent concerts. At an ordeal of this kind, I gave them my published symphony and two of my overtures, that from *Alruna*, and the new one. The enthusiastic applause with which these were distinguished (it is true they had to contend with only very weak productions—a symphony by Soliva, the composer of the opera *La Testa di Bronzo*, and another, still weaker, by a native composer) impelled the directors to ask me to have the published symphony performed at the next concert. This, however, I declined, telling them I had intended for my *début* as a composer a new symphony, written here in London. My proposition was accepted, although the directors seemed to think the new symphony would scarcely please so much as the old one did. But they changed their opinion, even on the first hearing of the piece at rehearsal. The band, whose good-will I had already gained, by small acts of attention and politeness, at the performance of my other things, exerted themselves to the utmost to execute the symphony in a way that would meet with my approval. They were accustomed more, also, to my mode of conducting (for I had been called on to conduct at the trial of the new compositions a week previously), and found this a great help, so that not only my symphony, but all the other pieces produced at this concert (the symphony in C with fugue, by Mozart, and the overtures to *Fidelio* and *Medea*) went with much more precision than usual.

The manner of conducting at the theatres and concerts here is the most preposterous which can be imagined. With two conductors figuring away, there is really not even one. He who is styled the *conductor*, in the bills, sits at the piano and plays from the score, but neither marks time nor gives the *tempi;* this the *leader*, or first violinist, ought to do. As he has, however, merely a violin part before him, he cannot help the orchestra, and, therefore, contents himself with playing away his own part, and allowing the orchestra to get on in the best way they can. Artists here had perceived the defect of such an arrangement, and the impossibility of an orchestra of fifty or sixty persons ever working well together with it, before I spoke to them on the subject; but they do not dare to make an alteration, because what is once established is regarded as sacred and inviolable, for, after all, with all his political freedom, an Englishman is the most abject slave of etiquette. I conducted, however, at rehearsal, in my old and usual manner, from the score; and, in the evening, when the *conductor* is obliged to figure behind the piano, I knew the thing so by heart, that I was enabled to help the orchestra even without the score. My symphony was, consequently, executed with more precision and nicety than I could expect, after one rehearsal, and that rather a hurried one, and it is to this, no doubt, that I am indebted for the fact that it was received by the public with greater enthusiasm than any other orchestral composition during my stay here. The minuet or scherzo

was encored, and applauded after its repetition even more than before. This successful result is doubly gratifying, because it encourages me to hope that I have not yet gone back as a composer; for I dare not trust unconditionally my own opinion, according to which this symphony is the best thing I have done in the way of orchestral music, partly because one is always fondest of one's youngest children, and partly because a man is only too unwilling to confess to himself that the creative power of his youth is on the decline.

Of the other concerts and musical performances we have attended, I cannot say much. The Italian Opera is, at present, altogether bad. We were so fearfully bored there, that, till now, we have been unabled to make up our minds to go there a second time. Among the singers, there was not a single one who distinguished himself. The band, conducted in the mode I have just described, is continually wavering, and you fear that it will break down every instant. The choruses are beneath criticism. Of the benefit concerts, the most interesting (but not on account of its goodness) for us was that given, at the Opera House, by Mad. Mara, who is seventy years of age. She had, probably, hoped that curiosity to hear once again as a matron a singer who had been admired here in her prime, forty years ago, would attract the English in large numbers to the theatre, and that she would once more, in her old age, make a great hit; but she was wofully mistaken. The house was empty, and, on account of the enormous expenses (the theatre alone costs 100 guineas), she will, in all probability, be something out of pocket. If, without being compelled to take such a step by the greatest want, she has, by thus appearing in public, rendered herself ridiculous, and damaged her well-merited reputation, she richly deserves having been punished by the unfavourable result. If, however, it is true that, as it is here and there asserted, she lost all she possessed at the burning of Moscow, we must give all our sympathy to a poor old lady, who, at so advanced an age, has been compelled, for the sake of what she might get, to exhibit publicly the last remnant of her once so celebrated artistic capabilities. What was heard of the latter on the evening of the concert was far too little for anyone to form a judgment of her, and she escaped, probably, general ridicule only by causing it to be announced before she appeared that she was extremely hoarse and must crave the kind indulgence of the audience. Not merely has she scarcely any voice left, but everything she attempted on this unfortunate evening was so uncertain, out of tune, and even in such bad taste, that it was impossible to gather from it any idea of her former excellence.

The same evening two or three other things happened which could occur only in England. One of Cramer's pupils was to play Mozart's grand pianoforte concerto, with trumpets, kettle-drums, and a numerous band; it turned out, however, that the piano was so high, that none of the wind instruments could be employed. In any other city such a concerto would have been previously rehearsed, and then the tuner would have been able, between the rehearsal and the performance, to tune the instrument properly; here, however, this had not been done. I expected that the concerto would be entirely omitted, and that the pianist would substitute something else without accompaniment; not a bit of it; this piece, to which the wind-instruments are so essential, was played without them, the first oboe and first bassoon part being merely taken by a violin and a violoncello. How the *tutti*, especially, sounded in the large Opera House, you may imagine. I did not observe, however, that anyone among the audience resented such a profanation of a magnificent masterpiece. Did they fancy, perhaps, it ought to be given in this way? Cramer, the violinist, performed in the second part a violin-concerto by Martini, which is, at least, 120 years old! It would be difficult to find anything in the world more wearisome! How a man can play such a thing in public is to me incomprehensible. If it were not done here, I do not think it would be done anywhere else. As a remarkable fact in London, it was not, therefore, without interest for me; I again felt, too, very vividly, that though in Martini's time there was vocal music, instrumental music has, at any rate, been created during the last fifty or sixty years by our heroes at Vienna. On the other hand, I heard, with the greatest pleasure, *glees* at several concerts, the so-called *glees* or four-part songs for male voices, of the same period. These are the only specimens of national music the English possess. There are some, especially by Webbe and Smith, which are really admirable. It is, by the way, impossible for such songs to be sung more perfectly than they are sung by Messrs. W. and C. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Bellamy. I never before met with such perfect equality of voice and such perfectly correct intonation. People here, however, do not seem to attach much value to these compositions, and I have always been looked at with astonishment when speaking in terms of ecstacy about them. Here, as well as elsewhere, a cavatina by Rossini is more certain to set the hands of the audience in motion.

At one of the last vocal concerts a *Te Deum*, by Graun, was sung. Scarcely, however, had the singers sung the first words, after the very long prelude, before all present rose, and remained standing as long as the piece lasted. This struck me as doubly ridiculous: in the first place because the English thus only pay the Almighty the same outward respect they pay the king—for, as is well known, "God save the King" is always listened to standing, whether the king be present or not; and in the second, because they regard as though belonging to the ritual of the church a piece of concert-music, which, just like all the others, is merely performed to afford artistic enjoyment to those present, who behave as though they were at church. The seriousness and gravity with which Englishmen observe the frequently absurd rules of etiquette always strike me as exceedingly comical, and I can scarcely reconcile such conduct with the intelligence and love of freedom of which they boast.

I have received from Berlin the intelligence that the vacant post of *Capellmeister* will not be filled up. I have, therefore, no reason for keeping my opera back any longer, and beg you, therefore, to have the kindness to forward the score and *libretto*, together with the enclosed letter, by the first post, to Count Brühl.

During the magnificent spring weather, we have commenced making excursions in and about London, to see whatever is worth seeing. Last Sunday, for instance, we went to Richmond, which is situated 13 English miles off, in a perfect paradise. I cannot describe to you how delightful it was to see the first green and the first blossoms on the trees, and once again to breathe the pure air without the unsupportable coal smoke. But this merely caused our chests to suffer more acutely as we approached the large mass of stone. Town is growing more lively every day, and the winter season will now at length begin with the blossoms on the trees. Is it possible to meet with greater contradictions than in London?

In my next letter, I will describe to you how music is

cultivated in most private houses. The mode in which this is done is, also, quite English, although some houses form honorable exceptions to the rule. For instance, I played yesterday at the Duke of Hamilton's, in the presence of the Duke of Sussex, and a very select assembly. I cannot sufficiently praise the stillness and attention of all present, during the music, nor their polite behaviour towards us artists. The English, especially those who have travelled, can make themselves very charming.

Farewell. Most cordial remembrances to your family. Let us soon have the pleasure of receiving another letter from you.—Ever yours, LOUIS SPOHR.

THE LATE SIG. LABLACHE.—Notwithstanding the period which has elapsed since the death of Sig. Lablache (which it may be remembered occurred on 23rd January, 1858,) deep regret is still vividly felt in reference to his memory, and all that relates to an artist so highly esteemed is received with the most lively interest. We are sure it will afford universal gratification in announcing that Her Majesty has been pleased to present a copy of the portrait of Sig. Lablache, executed for Her Majesty, by Winterhalter, to the surviving relatives; a compliment no less gratifying to the family than indicative of Her Majesty's appreciation of worth and excellence. With becoming consideration the gift is accompanied with explicit suggestions—from such a distinguished quarter, almost amounting to commands—that the charge of the picture should be entrusted, during his lifetime, to Sig. Frederick Lablache; and, at his decease, to be transferred in succession to any of his brothers or sisters, children of the late Sig. Lablache—thus providing that the picture should remain a heirloom to the family. A communication embodying such instructions accompanied the gift, which, in accordance with Her Majesty's commands, has been recently delivered to Signor Frederick Lablache, as the eldest member of the family.

The letter in which Her Majesty's wishes are conveyed, does honour (if that were possible) to the source whence it emanated:—

Sir,—I have received the commands of Her Majesty the Queen to forward to you the copy of the portrait by Winterhalter of the late Signor Lablache, which her Majesty has presented to his family.

Her Majesty thinks that the charge of this picture should be entrusted to you, as the eldest son, and consequently the representative of Signor Lablache; that you should keep it during your life, and that at your decease its custody should be transferred to the eldest living child, and so to each brother and sister in succession, as long as any of the children of Signor Lablache shall survive.

You would not, of course, have any power to dispose of this picture by sale, gift, or will, so long as any of your brothers and sisters shall be living, or to transfer the charge of it to any other person, except your eldest brother or sister; and any member of the family, sons and daughters of your father, should at any time have the power to direct a copy of the picture to be taken at their own expense.

In the event of the decease of all the children of Signor Lablache, this portrait should be disposable by you, by bequest in your will to any member of the Lablache family.

I have directed a copy of this letter to be sent to Madame Thalberg, as Her Majesty wishes this arrangement to be finally decided upon,

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

Signor F. Lablache. C. B. PHIPPS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Piccolomini (her Last Appearance but Three). Second Night of La Traviata. To-morrow Evening (Saturday, April 21), will be repeated LA TRAVIATA. Alfredo, Signor Mongini (his second appearance in that character); Germont Georgio, Signor Aldighieri; Medico, Signor Castelli; Baron Duphol, Signor Casaboni; and Violetta Valery, Mdlle. Piccolomini (positively her last appearance but three previous to her final retirement from the stage). Conductor, Signor Arditi. The opera commences at 8 o'clock. Pit tickets, 8s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 5s.; gallery, 3s., to be obtained at the box-office of the theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 5.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The farewell performances of Mdlle. PICCOLOMINI, previous to her final retirement from the stage, will take place on the following dates:—To-morrow (Saturday), April 21; Thursday, April 26th; Saturday, April 28th; and Monday, April 30th. This engagement can on no account be extended.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—First appearance of Madame Grisi and Signor Mario. On Tuesday next, April 24, will be performed (for the first time at the new theatre), Donizetti's Opera, LA FAVORITA. Leonora, Madame Grisi (being the first of the twelve representations to which her engagement is limited), Inez, Madame Tagliafico; Alfonso IX., M. Faure (his first appearance in that character); Baldassare, M. Zelger; Don Gasparo, Signor Rossi; and Ferdinando, Signor Mario (his first appearance this season).

Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

The Incidental DIVERTISSEMENT will be supported by Mdlle. Zina and M. Desplaces.

EXTRA NIGHT next Thursday.

Third appearance of Mdlle. Csillag. On Thursday next, April 26, an Extra Night will take place, on which occasion will be performed (for the third time these five years, Beethoven's celebrated Opera, FIDELIO. Leonora, Mdlle. Csillag (her third appearance in England); Marcellina, Mdlle. Corbari (her third appearance this season); Rocco, M. Zelger; Plazaro, Signor Tagliafico; Il Ministro, Signor Polonini; Giacchino, Signor Lucchesi; and Florestano, Signor Neri-Baraldi.

After which, the Divertissement entitled AZELIA, in which Mdlle. Zina will appear.

JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in consonance with the wishes of the deceased, had it been permitted him to express them, viz., to the relief of his widow and family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

Mr. John Mitchell; Mr. W. R. Sams; Mr. Thomas Chappell; Mr. W. Duncan Davison; Mr. Jules Benedict; Mr. A. Blumenthal.

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Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand; Heywood, Kennards, and Co., Lombard-street; London and County Bank, Hanover-square;—who, as well as the Honorary Treasurers, have kindly consented to receive subscriptions.

Subscriptions already advertised .. .. £410 10s. 10d.

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Proprietors of Punch ..	5	5	0	Mr. Hammond	1	2	0
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H. S. Flinn, Esq.	0	5	0	Parkins and Gotto	0	7	6
Mr. Austin, sundry small subscriptions	0	17	6	Messrs. Boosey and Sons ..	0	3	0

The return of country subscriptions has not yet been received, but will be shortly advertised.

ONE SHILLING SUBSCRIPTION.

Books to receive names are now placed at Mr. Hammond's (late Jullien's), 214, Regent-street; Messrs. Cramer's, 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Baily Brothers, Cornhill; Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's, 24, Oxford-street; Mr. Pask's, Lowther-arcade; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co's., 48, Cheapside; Mr. Bignell's, Argyll-rooms, Deposit Bank, Leicester-square; Sunday Times Office; Messrs. Boosey & Sons, Holles-street; Mr. Austin, St. James's-hall; Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street; and at the principal music shops throughout the country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. F. R.—*The communication of our correspondent, on which we set a very great value, has unfortunately been mislaid, but the strictest search shall be instituted for it forthwith.*

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1860.

THE Philharmonic Society gives it first concert on Monday, and the first piece in the concert is to be the last orchestral symphony of Spohr—the one in B minor, known under the title of *The Seasons*. It may be remembered that *The Seasons* was performed several times at Her Majesty's

Theatre, in the year 1850, under the direction of Mr. Balfe, when the Grand National Concerts were got up (by a committee of noblemen and gentlemen) in opposition to the late M. Jullien—a fruitless opposition, as the complete failure of the undertaking showed. The symphony was also played (under Mr. Benedict) at the Norwich Festival of 1857; but on no other occasion has it been heard in England.

The idea of giving *The Seasons* no doubt originated in a wish on the part of the directors of the Philharmonic Society to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the great musician whose death occurred in the interval between their last and forthcoming series of concerts. No foreign composer, not Mendelssohn himself, was better known, or more highly respected, by the patrons of this long-established and firmly-rooted institution, than Spohr; and it was therefore politic, no less than decorous, to commence the first concert with a performance of one of his great orchestral works. The Sacred Harmonic Society gave the oratorio of *The Last Judgment*, with a similar object in view, and to the credit of all concerned. The Monday Popular Concerts, and Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace, followed the example set by the worthy amateurs at Exeter Hall. The Musical Society of London gave the *Weihe der Töne*, and Dr. Wylde introduced the same master-piece at his third concert at the St. James's Hall. It was natural that the Philharmonic Society should exhibit an equally earnest wish to do honour to the memory of so illustrious an artist*—one who had directed and played concertos at their performances, composed a symphony (in D minor, No. 2,) expressly for them, and even figured among the first fiddles in their orchestra. Whether *The Seasons* was the wisest choice that could have been made, is open to question, as also whether it would not have answered the purpose more legitimately had preference been given to the Symphony in D minor, which, besides being an eminently finer work, was written (as we have already hinted) for the Society's concerts, during Spohr's first visit to England. What the composer himself thought of this symphony may be gathered from one of his letters from London, addressed to his friend (and Beethoven's biographer) Herr Schindler—a translation of which will be found in another column of this week's impression.

Since its origin the Philharmonic Society has not addressed the public with more solid or brighter prospects. The same distinguished musician who, since Herr Richard Wagner relinquished the conductor's stick, has held it with such credit to himself and such manifest advantage, retains his post, as Director of the Orchestra, having fully succeeded in convincing the public that it could not possibly be in better hands. The recent trial, in the Hanover-square Rooms, of orchestral works, all by English composers, indicated a spirit which, if encouraged, is likely to extinguish the narrow prejudices of the past, open a fresh career of enterprise, and enlist new friends, "in troops," for the institution. Of a certain moral support from outside, the Philharmonic Society has for some time stood in need; but it at present exhibits signs of awakening vigour; and this (if they do not turn out mere delusions, which we hardly anticipate) will be more likely than anything else to supply the want.

"Yes," said Panurge, "this is one of the very few artists whom I went to see on Monday last, which was a cold night, of whom it may be said that others are not such a dwarf, although it might be observed by some, I believe, that had it not have been for the wit of the talents of Mr. Thorne, they might not have been so, which eventually it happened to be, any opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed, when in this world, there is so little that is mirthful, which some philophers call a vale of tears, we can less afford to omit them from our scanty dimensions. At the same time I assert without fear of contradiction, which is perfectly correct, however foreign to the purpose, that has been attributed——"

"Heyday! hoity-toity! Flihbertigibbet and all the antipodes of the Saints!—what sort of tongue is this wherein thou discoursest?" shouted Pantagruel. "By the tripes which were so liberally eaten by Grandmother Gargamelle, I have never heard the like since I was born."

"Of a truth," said Epistemon, sadly, "I think he constructeth his sentences according to a grammar written by the builders of Babel."

John the Waiter simply scratched his head and said nothing, reckoning within himself the many curious and delectable things which had been heard at the Edinburgh Castle, since first that admirable tavern had been honoured with the custom of Pantagruel.

"There it is!" said Panurge. "The fable of the Man and the Ass. Try to please everybody, and nobody is content. A fico for him, who saith 'Do at Rome as the Romans do.' Henceforth, if I am in the Libyan desert I will have a taste for skating; and if I am in Greenland, I will inhabit a bungalow. One of you recommended me to form my style on that of the *Theatrical Journal*, and being of a docile and amiable turn, I purchased a number of that widely circulated periodical, which mightily enriched my mind with an accurate and very copious account of the proceedings at the Cabinet Theatre, King's Cross, thereby enlarging not only my theatrical, but likewise my geographical erudition. But I paid most attention to the leading articles, with the view of improving my style, and now judge for yourselves whether I have not closely followed the manner of this eloquent essay on Mr. Creswick, choosing for the theme of my oration the performance of the dwarf, Jonathan Jack, now engaged at Astley's."

With these words, Panurge took out of his waistcoat pocket a wafer the size of a sixpence, and fastened to the mantel-piece the following extract from the *Theatrical Journal*, which all present read to their exceeding gratification and delight:—

"Of Mr. Creswick it may be said that he is one of a very few tragedians who, after their *début*, of late years has held the rank of leading tragedian, and, although this might very probably have not been the case had he not himself been the manager of the Surrey Theatre, the public are nevertheless very much gratified that it is so; for, as a tragedian, he is one we believe that none have any disposition to part with out of our shrunken catalogue. Upon his first appearance at the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Creswick made his talents apparent to the public, and more particularly to the critical portion of it. His success at this theatre was great. So may it be said of his engagement at the Haymarket, where he gained many admirers by his delicate and earnest portraiture of Romeo and Cassio. At Sadler's Wells, too, although he only held a third-rate position, he became a great favourite, and was justly acknowledged to possess the finest talents of the actor's art."

"Enough of the form of discourse," said Pantagruel, "expound to us the matter, whereof thou hast essayed to speak, and expound in thine own manner, vile and abominable as that manner may be."

"Learn then," said Panurge, "that Mr. Batty hath reopened Astleys, and it is decorated with a magnificence that

* What work of Spohr's is to be given at the Norwich Festival this year has not transpired; most probably one of his oratorios; for Spohr was at Norwich what Mendelssohn was at Birmingham.

gladdeth the eye and comforteth the heart. Ye know what Mr. E. T. Smith has done for Her Majesty's Theatre?"

"Indeed do I," said Pantagruel, "he hath so adorned all the halls and ante-rooms, that the other evening when I went to hear the opera, I was suddenly absorbed in the contemplation of the glories in the large saloon, and did not awake from my reverie till the performance was over."

"Vases, fountains, statues, mirrors!" ejaculated Epistemon, "mirrors wherein I saw myself reflected again and again, till I fancied there were fifty Epistemons."

"May Mercury, the god of looking-glasses, be thanked that this was only an illusion," said Panurge, "for what would become of the world, if it was so hideously peopled? Well, something in the same spirit, though not to the same extent hath been done by that creator of beauty, Mr. Batty, with the old amphitheatre. Then the scenes on the stage—by my faith! there is a snowy landscape, under the influence of which the negus whereof I was drinking became a sherry-cobler! But what pleased me most was a dwarf called Jonathan Jack, whom Thorne the clown, pleasantly acknowledged as his father."

"And mayhap, Thorne was correct," observed Epistemon; "for it is hard to prove a negative, and in the next place our knowledge of Thorne's pedigree is not sufficiently extensive to allow us to criticise with precision on matters so recondite."

"But wherein consisteth the merit of this same dwarf?" asked Pantagruel. "I can see no virtue in mere smallness, and I strongly suspect that John here, if I gave him a fourpenny-bit, would not esteem it more than half-a-crown, simply on account of its puny dimensions." [John, bowing reverentially, acknowledged the soundness of this reasoning]. "Did the dwarf give any extraordinary manifestations of lofty intelligence or physical vigour?"

"Just condescend to walk into the middle of the room, most honoured Master," said Panurge, and Pantagruel complied with his request.

"Now," proceeded Panurge, "throw thy feet up smartly before thee, and alight on the floor in a sitting position." This, also, did Pantagruel, coming down with such violence that all the glasses in the house were immediately smashed, and all the window-panes shivered, while a penny-a-liner in an adjoining public-house earned ninepence by forthwith writing a neat paragraph, headed, "Shock of an earthquake!"

"Now," proceeded Panurge, with imperturbable gravity, "repeat that operation five or six times."

"I'll be —— if I do!" said Pantagruel, rising and rubbing the place that had touched the floor, with an aspect of considerable suffering. "Dost thou tempt me to commit suicide, villain! and that in an ignoble fashion unknown to the ancient Romans?"

"Observe," remarked Panurge, evading the question, "what thou hast just now done, to thine own great personal inconvenience, was done by Jonathan Jack, for some ten minutes together, without ceasing, and with a cheerful countenance."

"I should surmise," conjectured Epistemon, "that if any malicious wretch threatened to kick Jonathan Jack, after the fashion in which kicks are commonly administered, he would lightly heed the menace."

"And look you," said Pantagruel, from whose countenance the expression of pain had not yet disappeared, "I will go and see Jonathan Jack, and I will applaud him, and respect him, but I will not imitate him in his habits, neither will I adopt his conduct as a safe model for my rule of life."

WE certainly live in a most amiable age, and its kind, charitable tendencies are in no way more strikingly illustrated than in the taste which now so generally prevails for giving and receiving testimonials. We read the other day in some newspaper an account of the manner in which Mr. Macready has been worried by having pieces of plate forwarded to him from all parts of the world, and we are assured that this eminent tragedian has packing-cases lying about his house, in which salvers, coffee-pots, tea-services, &c., are supposed to be enclosed, but which he has not even thought it worth while to open. All are not so fortunate (nor so talented) as Mr. Macready, but almost everyone in the present day has had some sort of testimonial offered to him; and whether it be a tooth-pick or twenty thousand pounds a testimonial is a very pleasant thing to receive. For this reason we are glad to hear that a token of respect and admiration is about to be presented to Madlle. Piccolomini on the occasion of her retirement from the stage, which she quits in the fourth year of her reputation, and at an age when most vocalists are just seeking the chance of making their *début*. We cannot condole with a young lady who is going to be married, but we must express our regret, for the sake of the public, at an artist in the fulness of her powers quitting an arena in which it has been her fortune to charm thousands, and, indeed, to throw them into ecstasies, that, to the mere lover of music, have sometimes appeared inexplicable. We need not inquire too closely into the *right* of Mdlle. Piccolomini to have a testimonial presented to her. It always appeared to us, that for the encouragement of youth and beauty, young and beautiful women had a right to whatever they could get; compliments, jewelry, rich husbands—in short, anything and everything that happened to please their fancy. And we maintain now, that if the fascinating Mdlle. Piccolomini wishes for a testimonial, she must, for that simple reason, have one.

We believe, however, that the grounds on which the testimonial to Mdlle. Piccolomini is being "got up" are not precisely those just adduced by us. In England, as in other countries, nothing succeeds like success; and it is now a recognised principle among us, that to him or her who has much, much shall be given. If a singer were to lose her voice, or to meet with any accident that rendered it impossible for her to continue the exercise of her profession, the public would, of course, have no more to say to her; they have always plenty of sympathy, however, for those who have health, strength, reputation, and riches. It is in art as in commerce. How many, among the hundreds that subscribed to the Hudson testimonial, would have given a halfpenny to benefit a director who, in spite of his intelligence, and in consequence of his integrity, had failed to make money out of the company with which he was connected? But we must not compare the charming Mdlle. Piccolomini with the Turcarets and Dandins of finance. She deserves everything her admirers like to give her, and we hope the testimonial they are about to offer to her will be worthy of *her* talent and of *their* admiration. She merits it for at least as many reasons as there are letters in the alphabet; with an A because she is amiable, with a B because shé is beautiful, and so on down to Z—which reminds us that no one has been more zealous in her endeavours to please.

In the meanwhile, if we were director of Her Majesty's Theatre, we should not encourage the testimonial-mania too much. Already we hear of literary and artistic associations having been formed with a view to the interchange of

testimonials among the members, and in time singers may come to regard them with so much favour that they will stipulate in their contracts for the presentation of a testimonial at the end of every season.

Herr Leopold de Meyer.—This accomplished *virtuoso* is expected daily in London, where he intends to remain for the season.

Sig. Ronconi has arrived.

Herr Lubeck, the pianist, has returned to Paris.

Mr. Aguilar's third and last Performance of Classical Pianoforte Music took place on Saturday evening. The programme included Mozart's Sonata, in G, for piano and violin, op. 2, No. 5; Beethoven's Sonata, in B flat, op. 22; trio, in C minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello; Mendelssohn's *Lied ohne Worte*, No. 6, Book 6; Weber's "Polacca Brillante;" and some vocal pieces, sung by Miss Lindo. Mr. Aguilar was assisted by Herr Jansa as violinist, and Herr Lidel as violoncellist. The concert was a classical display throughout, and elicited repeated marks of satisfaction. Miss Lindo sang Mendelssohn's "Zuleika" and an air by Stradella with perfect taste. There was a large and elegant company.

Crystal Palace.—A grand concert will be given in May or June, for the benefit of Mr. Vincent Wallace, to consist entirely of music taken from his works, vocal and instrumental.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The Grand Choral Meeting of the sixteen hundred members of the London Division of the Handel Festival Choir, preparatory to the grand performance of *Elijah* at the Crystal Palace, on May the 4th, was held last evening at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. Costa. All the principal choruses of Mendelssohn's oratorio were rehearsed, and the effect was very grand from the stupendous choral force.

Mr. Richardson's Concert.—This came off on Thursday evening at St. James's Hall, and attracted a very large attendance. Mr. Richardson is still prevented by illness from performing in public, and the concert was got up by some of his friends, who had no difficulty in obtaining assistance from the most eminent artists. The following singers and instrumentalists gave their gratuitous services:—Mdlle. Parepa, Madame Weiss, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Signor Belletti, Herr Becker, Signor Piatti, Herr Schroeder, and Miss Arabella Goddard. There were upwards of twenty pieces, so that it is impossible to do more than single out a few which seemed to afford most gratification. Perhaps among the vocal selections the performance that afforded most unqualified satisfaction was Beethoven's "Adelaida," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Arabella Goddard. The word "perfect," indeed, might be fairly applied in this instance to both artists. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in two English songs: Mr. Hatton's "I wandered by my dear one's door each night," and Mr. Balfe's "Margaretta." Miss Arabella Goddard was encored in Mr. Benedict's solo for the pianoforte, "Where the bee sucks," and gave Thalberg's "The last Rose of Summer," in its place—the one performance being, if possible, more marvellous than the other. The grandest performance of the evening, however, was Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Becker, and Herr Schroeder—truly great music, worthily interpreted and thoroughly appreciated. Mdlle. Parepa was encored in the laughing song from Auber's *Manon Lescaut*, as was, also, Mr. Santley in the song from *Dinorah*, "Ah! now I feel the burthen." Mr. Cusins officiated as conductor.

The Philharmonic Society of Rouen has elected Miss Virginia Gabriel "Socias honoraria," or honorary member. We believe this is the first instance on record of a person in a distant country receiving this distinguished honour. Miss Gabriel is well known and esteemed in the musical world, and has published several works of the highest merit.

St. Martin's Hall.—Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Mr. Macfarren's cantata, *May Day*, were performed on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Hullah. The principal vocal performers in the former work were Mademoiselle Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley; while Miss Fanny Rowland sang the solos in the cantata. The execution of both pieces were highly satisfactory, but only one accepted an "encore" during the evening—namely, the unaccompanied quartet "Quando corpus morietur," from the *Stabat Mater*, Miss Fanny Rowland, however, in "Beautiful May" (*May Day*). which she sang to perfection, received the compliment, but gracefully declined to respond to it.

Harmoniums.—An exhibition of Evans's harmoniums was given at Messrs. Hopkinson's rooms, in Commercial-street, on Monday and Tuesday last, before several professional men and amateurs of the town. Mr. J. Rhodes, of Pontefract, played several pieces, and exhibited to great advantage the beauties of a double-keyed harmonium, with all the latest improvements. One of the principal drawbacks to a general adoption of harmoniums in private dwellings, has been the harsh and unpleasant character of its tone; and we must congratulate Mr. Evans on having at last entirely obviated this defect. The instrument we heard on Monday is capable of producing a tone as sweet as the dulciana of any chamber-organ, or as full and solid as that required for a moderate-sized church or chapel. By a little management, the effects of a swell and tremulant can be obtained; whilst, in every other respect, it is superior to most of the small organs at present in use, and infinitely cheaper.—*Leeds Express.*

Miss Julia St. George.—In consequence of the indisposition of Mrs. Howard Paul, an engagement has been effected with the above talented actress and vocalist, who will appear at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, in her "Home and Foreign Lyrics," every evening next week, and on Tuesday and Saturday mornings at 3 o'clock. Miss Julia St. George has been long popular as a comic actress, and, we have no doubt, her new and original entertainment, embracing nearly twenty changes of song and character, will meet with decided favour from the audiences of the West-end.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The first performance of the *Trovatore* on Saturday was one of the best we have heard. Signor Giuglini, it was said, had not entirely recovered from his indisposition, notwithstanding which we never heard him sing more exquisitely the phrase, "Ah! che la morte," in the "Miserere," and the duet with Azucena, "Si; la stanchezza." Mdlle. Titiens was more magnificent than ever in Leonora, and never created a profounder sensation than in the last act. The Azucena of Mad. Borghi-Mamo was powerfully conceived and powerfully acted. Her reading, though new, has more than novelty to recommend it. The music, which suits Madame Borghi-Mamo's voice, was admirably sung, and Alboni herself could hardly have surpassed her in the fine duet of the last act. The success of the new Azucena was undeniable, and the audience divided their favours between her and Leonora. Signor Aldighieri would do better as Conte di Luna, if his delivery was not so slow. He drags "Il balen" until it tires, instead of pleasing. He has voice and energy enough to do better things. The *Trovatore* was repeated on Tuesday, and attracted the largest audience of the season.

On Wednesday, the first of the five farewell performances of Madlle. Piccolomini was given. The theatre was by no means crowded, but the performance, though coldly received at first, went off ultimately with *éclat*. *La Traviata* was the opera, and Madlle. Piccolomini, as Violetta, produced all the old effect on her admirers. Sig. Mongini sustained the part of Alfredo, *vice* Sig. Giuglini, and gave the air, "Di miei bollenti," with the finest possible taste. His acting was manly and natural. Sig. Aldighieri was the elder Germont.

Rossini's *Otello* was produced on Thursday—the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre for many years. The director having found a suitable *tenore robusto* in Signor Mongini led no doubt to the revival of that opera. Another motive, however, was to introduce Madame Borghi-Mamo in Desdemona, a part in which she had recently won the suffrages of all the *dilettanti* in Paris. Madame Borghi-Mamo did not disappoint expectation, singing magnificently throughout the opera and acting with great energy and feeling. The lovely air in the last scene, "Assia a piè d'un

salice," given to absolute perfection, was encored in a tumult of applause. In the first scene (Rossini having written no *cavatina*) Madame Borghi-Mamo interpolated "O quante lagrima" from *La Donna del Lago*—Malcolm Græme's air—and sang it with extraordinary fluency. This air, originally written for a contralto, was rearranged by the composer for Pasta, when she first appeared as Desdemona in Paris. To conclude—Madame Borghi-Mamo's success was triumphant and the audience enthusiastic.

Signor Mongini's Otello is admirable from every *point* of view. He sings the music with immense vigour, and gives a striking histrionic embodiment of the Moor. Not to descend to particulars, we would select the scene with Iago, in which the duet "Non m'inganno," occurs, and the whole of the last act, as worthy very high praise. The quick movement of the duet, as a matter of course, was encored, Signor Mongini giving it with an energy that nothing could resist.

Signor Everardi sang the music of Iago like a thorough artist, and has added to his reputation by this second essay. His ease and facility permit him to execute the florid passages without effort. His acting, if not subtle, like Ronconi's, was manly and straightforward. The encore awarded to the duet in the second act owed much of the honour to Signor Everardi.

Signor Vialetti was an excellent Elmiro, and Signor Belart most effective, as far as singing went, in Rodrigo.

The band and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, were highly efficient throughout the opera.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE first appearance of Mad. Csillag, in *Fidelio*, on Thursday, if it did not attract a large assemblage of "fashionables," brought together all the real lovers of music in London, anxious not only to welcome a new Leonora—so difficult to find at all times—but to hear Beethoven's wondrous music executed by the Royal Italian Opera band and chorus, under Mr. Costa's direction. The great reputation of Mad. Csillag at the Imperial Theatre of Vienna was not unknown in England. Moreover, last year she appeared at the Grand-Opéra of Paris as Fides in the *Prophète*, but her success was somewhat marred by her non-familiarity with the French language. Nevertheless, enough was shown in her impersonation of Fides to prove the possession of remarkable gifts, both vocal and histrionic; while many asserted that Mad. Csillag had yet to be fairly judged. The single performance of Mad. Csillag last season at the Philharmonic, although highly satisfactory, could not decide for or against the immense dramatic powers with which she had been credited.

Mad. Csillag's dramatic singing belongs to the grandest school. Her voice is of great power and compass, metallic and resonant, and of that peculiar Teutonic quality so effective in the utterance of strong emotions. It is a magnificent, rather than a beautiful organ, and consequently well fitted for the music of Leonora. On certain notes Mad. Czillag has more power than any singer we remember except Malibran; and in some other respects indeed resembles that extraordinary artist, however wide apart their general capabilities. As a singer, Mad. Csillag, like most Germans, is more attentive to outline than detail, and produces her effects by bold strokes rather than fine touches of art. Where passion invokes physical force to its aid she is invariably triumphant. In tender passages, too, Mad. Csillag hardly appears to less advantage. In what may be called "abstract singing," she is less successful. Her voice does not appear to possess remarkable flexibility—scarcely to be wondered at, considering the school to which she belongs. As an actress, Mad. Csillag is perhaps even more finished than as a singer. She has studied her art deeply, and possesses all the intelligence to enable her to attain the highest results. Her energy and fire are irresistible, her instincts always correct, and her expression admirably true. We are not going to criticise Mad. Csillag's performance in detail, but shall take an early opportunity of discussing at length her very remarkable talents, of which, perhaps, we may be better enabled to form a true estimate with further experience. About her success there can be no second opinion. The audience, unusually cold at first, gradually recognised the presence of a great artist, and after the quartet (canon) in the first scene—which, by the way, strange to say, for the first time, passed without a hand—applauded all her efforts, and at the conclusion recalled her twice with enthusiasm.

The cast, in the other parts, comprised Mdlle. Corbari in Marcellina; Signor Neri-Baraldi in Florestan; Signor Tagliafico, Pizarro; M. Zelger, Rocco; and Signor Luchasi, Jacquino. The weak point was the tenor. Mdlle. Corbari, who made her first appearance for several years, sang the music of Marcellina with the utmost expression as well as artistic correctness. This clever lady's return to her old post will cause general satisfaction among the patrons of the Royal Italian Opera.

The band and chorus were splendid throughout, and the grand final hymn, as it is called, was never given with more powerful effect. The opera was preceded by the overture to *Fidelio*, in E (taken at an unprecedentedly rapid pace), and between the acts the grand *Leonora* overture (in C) was played magnificently, created a perfect *furor*, and was encored with acclamations.

Fidelio will be repeated to-night and on Thursday, and on Tuesday Madame Grisi makes her first appearance, with Signor Mario, in *La Favorita*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE third concert took place on Monday evening, in the presence of an audience that filled St. James's Hall in every part. The following was the programme :—

PART I.—Overture (Coriolan), Beethoven. Recit ed aria, "Che farò" (Orfeo), Gluck. Aria, "Della sua pace" (Don Giovanni), Mozart. Symphony, "The power of sound," Spohr. Chorus, (Euryanthe), Weber. Duet, "Ciel! che veggio" (Lucrezia Borgia), Donizetti. Overture, (Midsummer Night's Dream), Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, in E flat, Beethoven. Aria, "Ecco ridente" (Il Barbiere), Rossini. Aria, "Il mio ben" (Nina), Paisiello. Overture (Ruy Blas), Mendelssohn.

Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

A finer selection could hardly have been made, although for one of Mendelssohn's overtures—although both are incomparable masterpieces—an overture by some other composer should have been given. Indeed the orchestral prelude to Mr. Howard Glover's cantata, *Comala*, had been announced, but was abandoned for reasons not explained. Beethoven's *Coriolanus*, and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* was both splendidly executed; but the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* wanted more subtle discrimination of light and shade; and the wonderful colouring with which the composer depicts the frolics of the fairy troop, and the fantasia of Bottom and his companions, might have been presented with greater distinctness, both to the ear and to the intelligence. Spohr's symphony, however, was a triumphant success for the conductor and his band, the slow movement more especially being executed with faultless precision throughout.

In Beethoven's Concerto Mr. John F. Barnett made his final first appearance for two years. During his absence, we are informed, he has been travelling through Germany, giving concerts occasionally, and, as we are enabled to judge from his playing on Monday evening, studying and practising with zeal and determination. Mr. Barnett has made great progress, particularly in his execution, which, when we last heard him, was by no means finished. He has obtained, too, increased strength and elasticity of finger and consequently a more uniform command of the instrument. That he has yet something to learn, however, appeared from his reading of the *adagio*, which left much to desire both in style and expression. Mr. Barnett's performance was received with enthusiasm, and he was unanimously recalled at the end.

At the commencement of the chorus from *Euryanthe* the singers were unsteady, but improved as they progressed. Mdlle. Vaneri, from Her Majesty's Theatre, sang Gluck's splendid air—transposed and "adapted" (!) by M. Duprez, the great French ex-tenor and professor—with considerable energy, winning loud applause. We have heard Signor Belart—also from Her Majesty's Theatre—give the air from the *Barbiere* with greater fluency. The song from *Don Giovanni* hardly suits this purely Rossinian tenor. The duet from *Lucrezia Borgia* was altogether out of place.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE sixth concert took place on Monday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and was very fully attended. The programme was varied in character, as the following will show:—

PART I.—Symphony, in D major, Op. 7 (No. 5), Mozart. Couplets de la Bourbonnaise (Manon Lescaut), Mdlle. Euphrosyne Parepa, Auber. Introduction, Tema et Variations (Le Petit Tambour), violin, Mr. Irving Rougement, F. David. Aria, "Quando le sere al placido" (Luisa Miller), Mr. Walbanck, Verdi. Concerto in D minor for the Pianoforte (pianoforte, Miss Cazaly), Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Overture (Le Domino Noir), Auber. Ballad, "Janet's Bridal," Mdlle. Euphrosyne Parepa, Claribel. Morceau de Concert, "La Cascade," pianoforte, Miss Cazaly, E. Pauer. Song, "The maid I love," Mr. Walbanck, J. L. Hatton. Overture (Fidelio), Beethoven.

Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

The orchestral performances were excellent, the concerto of Mendelssohn being particularly well accompanied. Miss Cazaly's playing of this magnificent work gave evidence of great improvement since we last heard her. She has all the requisites of a good pianist—power, delicacy, sentiment, and dash, and it will be quite her own fault if she does not take an important position. Her reading of the beautiful slow movement was unexceptionable. Mr. Rougement deserves honourable mention for his execution of David's solo, and the warm applause he received at the termination was fairly earned.

Mdlle. Parepa delighted the audience with her brilliant execution, and was encored in the air of Auber.

Mr. Walbanck, a new comer, has a good tenor voice, and not a bad style, though we must take exception to his occasional exaggeration of sentiment.

The next concert will be given on Monday, April 30th, when Madame Piatti is to appear as pianist.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM—(*From a Correspondent*).—On Thursday evening last, a performance of the *Messiah* was given at the Town Hall for the benefit of the School Building Fund, in connection with St. Andrew's Church. The executants were Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Newman, and Mr. Thomas, whose valuable aid was gratuitously accorded. The band comprised the leading professionals and amateurs of the town and neighbourhood, who also contributed their services without emolument. Mr. Stockley conducted, and Mr. Stimpson did excellent service at the organ. The hall was crowded in every part, and we are happy to add that the objects of the projectors of the concert were fully realised, as upwards of £200 was obtained for the building fund. The choruses were fairly rendered by the Festival Choral Society.

LIVERPOOL—(*From our Own Correspondent*).—After an unusually long lull our musical season has at last begun. We have had the Pyne and Harrison Company at the Theatre, Royal; our Philharmonic Society gave their Fourth Subscription Concert on Tuesday night; and at the Concert Hall there are Buckley's Serenaders (fresh from New York); and at the Clayton, the Campbell Serenaders or Minstrels, who are, I believe well known in the Metropolis. The Pyne and Harrison Company, whose engagement terminates on Friday next, have already played *Dinorah* and *Lurline* twice, for the first time in Liverpool. Mr. Leslie's *Romance* was also introduced to our *dilletanti* on Wednesday, in company with Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, and, except on this latter night, the houses have been full to overflowing, though the company have sadly missed the exquisite singing of Mr. Santley, a Liverpool man, and naturally a deserved favourite with his townsmen. Alfred Mellon's *Victorine* is to be given to-morrow (Friday) night, and as the talented composer is well known and appreciated in Liverpool, his *coup d'essai* is sure of a most favourable hearing by a crowded and fashionable audience. Owing to indisposion I have been unable to attend either the operatic performances or the Philharmonic concert; but I send you the critiques which have appeared in our local *Daily Post*. The party who sang at the Philharmonic on Tuesday give a morning concert in the same *locale* on Saturday.

FALKIRK—(*From a Correspondent*).—Mr. Morison Kyle's concert came off last night in the Corn Exchange. All who appreciate first-class music and first-rate singers, embraced the opportunity of enjoying one of the most refined musical performances ever given in Falkirk. Madame Florence Lancia, a singer of continental reputation, and Mr. Augustus Braham, were the vocalists. Miss Lancia, unlike others of her class, pre-eminently excels where *acting* is not required, and she has only to make her voice heard to give universal satisfaction. It is not too much to say that her voice is adequate to the severest tests, and that, true as the finest toned instrument, it is capable of sustaining every conceivable variety of expression. We have no hesitation in saying that a bright future is in store for such talents as Miss Lancia possesses. Of Mr. Braham we need say little lest we should say too much. His fame is already so well established that it does not require any effort on our part to add to its brilliancy. Miss Leng is rather a pleasing contralto, but we think she is scarcely heard to advantage in a large hall. There is no want of expression of fervour, but this seems to assume at times the character of a shake disagreeable than otherwise. She sings an excellent second, and could she but dispense with the little drawback we have named, her merits would be considerably enhanced. Mr. Seguin was well received. He has an excellent bass voice, and can make himself heard with effect. Of Mr. Julian Adams' performances we had occasion to speak lately in terms of high praise, and it is enough to repeat that his solos on the pianoforte and concertina gave as usual the greatest satisfaction. The entertainment, as we have already said, was of the very highest class, and the thanks of the music-loving portion of the community are due to Mr. Kyle for his successful endeavours to introduce them to a more elevated and refined musical sentiment than they have hitherto been privileged to hear or admire. —*The Falkirk Herald*, April 12th, 1860.

FOREIGN.

VIENNA.—M. Leopold de Meyer gave his second concert, a few days ago, in the small Redouten-Saal, which was filled by an audience as brilliant as it was numerous. M. de Meyer is one of those few artists whose rich fancy is constantly producing fresh works. This rare quality places him in the agreeable position of always being able to offer his friends and the admirers of his talent some novelty or other. If, to this great facility of production, we add the undisputed mastery of his play, the surprising *bravura* of his magnificent manual skill, and the elegance as well as delicacy of his style, it is easy to form an idea of the charm which his concerts possess for the art-loving public. Of the new pieces presented to us on this occasion by M. de Meyer, we must more especially mention, "Ein Alpenlied," containing the most charming effects; a grand fantasia on themes from *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, and a grand duet—in which he was assisted by Mdlle. Fiby—on themes from *Il Trovatore*. These pieces gained for him, in his double character of composer and *virtuoso*, the most rapturous applause and repeated recalls. The "Fantasia-Polka," *Ein Kinddes Glücks*, introduced to our notice at the first concert, also excited the warmest approbation, the composer being obliged, in obedience to the flattering pertinacity of the audience, to repeat it. The beautiful introduction with which M. de Meyer ushered in the piece on repeating it, was especially liked. After M. de Meyer, Mdlle. Fiby rivetted the attention of the audience, and deservedly came in for her share of the applause and the results, both by her charming personal appearance, and her finished, temperate and feeling play. That highly gifted and talented vocalist, Madlle Frankenberg, distinguished herself no less. Her fine, powerful and fresh voice, to which she imparts such life and impression, will, doubtless, soon win a fitting sphere of action on the stage. The concert was honoured by the presence of their Imperial Highnesses, the Archduchess Sophie and the Archduke Ludwig-Victor.—*Vienna Presse.*

BRUSSELS.—The Théâtre de la Monnaie is oscillating, as far as

novelty is concerned, between *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* and *Gustave III.*, while M. Maillart's *Dragons de Villars* and Verdi's *Ernani* are being got up. These two operas will be preceded by M. Burgmuller's *Péri*. This ballet, represented here for the first time on the 12th December, 1844, was warmly applauded on its revival. An Italian company, under the direction of M. Eugenio Meressilos, begun a series of performances in the Théâtre du Cirque. Their first opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*.—On Easter Sunday, Mozart's seventh mass in G, and motets by the great masters, were admirably executed at Saint Gudule, by a numerous body of *picked* singers and instrumentalists.

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(*Continued from page* 195, *Vol.* 38.)

82.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister.

Bologna, September 22nd, 1770.

I hope that our mother is well, as also yourself; and I desire that for the future you will answer my letters more regularly, for it is easier to answer than to find things to say of one's own.

The six minuets of Haydn please me more than the first twelve. We have been obliged to play them very often to the Countess, and we should like to introduce the taste for German minuets into Italy, for their minuets will soon become as long as entire symphonies. Forgive me for writing so badly; I am in haste, otherwise I am capable of doing better.

83.

Mozart to his Wife.

Bologna, Sept. 29th, 1770.

We are extremely sorry to hear such bad news of our good Martha. I pray God to strengthen her. But what is to be done? We think of her all the day long.

Wolfgang has commenced to-day the recitatives of his opera.

P.S. of Wolfgang.—I will add a few words just to fill up the letter. I pity poor Martha with all my heart, ill for so long a time and yet so patient. I trust, with God's help, she will recover her health; if not, one must not grieve too much, because God's will is always best, and God knows better than us, whether it is best for her to stay in this world or to go to the other one; let her cheer up then, but who knows but that she may suddenly see the same change for fine weather.

84.

The Same to the Same.—

Bologna, Oct. 6th, 1770.

We have been in town for five days; we were at the fête of St. Petronius, which is celebrated magnificently here in the immense church dedicated to this saint. A musical service is got up, in which all the musicians in Bologna take part. We ought to have left here on Tuesday for Milan; but there is something here which will detain us. It is "something," if it comes to pass, will do great honour to Wolfgang.

The father, Martini, has received the method for violin that you sent him; we are the best friends in the world. He has finished the second part of his work; I shall bring back the two parts. We go every day to see him, and have long dissertations historico-musical.

So you have had three concerts, and have not invited us! Very well. We should have appeared like phantoms, and vanished in the same style.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—Why was I not with you, to amuse myself with you! I hope Martha is better. I played the organ to-day at the Dominicans; my remembrances to all the small Theresas.* To all our friends inside the house, and out of it, my compliments. I should like to hear the symphonies of the Berehl Garden and contribute my quota of trumpet and fife. I saw and heard the grand ceremony of Saint Petronius at Bologna. It was fine, but long; they were obliged to bring trumpets from Lucca to play flourishes, but they played in an abominable manner.

* The 15th October, St. Theresa's day.

(*To be continued.*)

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RECIT AND AIR, "Non so donde vieni," .. .. Mozart.
Madame Sainton-Dolby.

RECIT AND AIR, "Deeper and deeper still," .. .. (Jephthah's Vow.) Handel.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
(By special desire.)

SONATA, in D major, Op. 10, No. 3 .. .. .. Beethoven.
Mr. Charles Hallé.

PART II.

SONATA, in B flat, Violin and Pianoforte, No. 15. .. Mozart.
(Composed expressly for Madlle. Strinasacchi.)
Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Becker.

LIEDER KREIS .. .. Beethoven.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
(By unanimous desire.)

AIR, "O Salutaris Hostia" .. .. Cherubini.
Madame Sainton-Dolby.

TRIO, in E flat, No. 1, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello.. Beethoven.
Herr Becker, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison, and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, Carter, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent-street; Brooks, 24, Old Cavendish-street; Bradberry's London Crystal Palace, Oxford-street; Duff and Co., 65, Oxford-street; Prowse, Hanway-street; Chidley, 195, High Holborn; Purday, 50, St. Paul's Church-yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Turner, 19, Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6, Finsbury-place, south; Humfress, 4, Old Church street, Paddington-green; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, and Willis, Bond-street; and Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

JULLIEN'S LAST WALTZ will be published in a few days, by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE. By Victor Massé. The music of this popular Operetta will be ready in a few days. Copyright of Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER will give a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday evening, May 15, 1860. To commence at half-past 7 o'clock precisely. Under the immediate patronage of The Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne, The Right Hon. the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, The Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, The Lady Brownlow, The Viscount Valletort, M.P., The Lady Katharine Valletort, &c. &c. Artists—Madame Catherine Hayes, Miss Ransford, Miss [illegible], Madame Weiss, and Madame Laura Baxter; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. [illegible], Mr. Allan Irving, and Mr. Weiss. Instrumentalists—Violin, [illegible]; Violoncello, Herr Lidel; Pianoforte, Miss Matilda Baxter and Mr. [illegible]. Conductors—Mr. W. Vincent Wallace (who has kindly consented to assist on the occasion), Mr. G. Lake, Signor Vianesi, and Signor Randegger. Reserved seats, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. To be had of Madame Laura Baxter, 155, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W., of the Musicsellers, and at the Libraries.

NEWSPAPER PENNY

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—MR. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artistes—M M. Sainton, H. Hill, W. Watson, E. Payton, Doyle, Trust, G. Collins, Aylward, Howell, senr, White, P. S. Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, T. Owen, Hausser, C. Harper, Standen, T. Harper, Stanton Jones, W. Winterbottom, Cioffi, Hughes, and F. C. Horton. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN begs to announce that her Annual Matinée of Pianoforte Music, will take place on Saturday, May 26th, at the Hanover-square Rooms; when she will be assisted by Miss Arabella Goddard, M Sainton, Signor Piatti, Mr. Walter Macfarren, &c. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 3s. 6d., of Mrs. John Macfarren, 15, Albert-street, Glo'ster-gate, N.W.

COLLARD'S CONCERT AND PIANOFORTE SALOON, 16, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square.—THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—Miss Banks, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Foster, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Lewis (Thomas), have the honour to announce that their Annual Series of Morning Concerts will take place (by the kind permission of Messrs. Collard and Collard) at the above Rooms, on Wednesdays, June 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th. To commence at 3 o'clock. Stalls 6s. Subscription to stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series of Four Concerts, One Guinea; unreserved seats, 3s. May be obtained at Chappell's, 50, New Bond-street, and at Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDALE BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, are sung nightly at the CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and E. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that her grand Evening Concert will take place on Wednesday, May 16th, when the following Eminent Artists will appear: Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. William Cummings, and Herr Eibenschütz, Mr. Charles Salaman, and Herr Adolphe Ries, Herr Louis Ries, Herr Lidel, and Mr. Ellis Roberts. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. Tickets, 7s.; Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Miss Eleanor Armstrong, at her residence, 36, Osnaburgh-street, Regent's-park; and of the principal music-sellers.

MUSICAL UNION.—HALLE AND BECKER, Tuesday, May 1, half-past 3, St. James's Hall. Quartet in D, Mozart; Trio E minor, Op. 114, Spohr; Quintet in C, Beethoven; Solos, pianoforte, Bach, &c. Artists—Becker, Goffrie, R. Blagrove, Webb, and Piatti. Pianist—Hallé. Members can pay for visitors at the Hall. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Cramer and Co.; Chappell and Co.; and Olliviers.

J. ELLA, Director.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all publicand private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

MISS MARGARET McALPINE (Contralto), requests that letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Pupils, be addressed to her residence, 63, Burton-crescent, New-road.

MISS ELEONORA WILKINSON having removed from her late residence, her present address is 29, Blandford-square.

TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS, CLERGYMEN, COMPOSERS, AND OTHERS.

P GRANT AND CO., Typographical Music and General Printers, Lithographers, and Engravers, Orange-street, and Red Lion-square, Holborn, respectfully inform the above that they are prepared to undertake works to any extent in Music Printing, upon the most reasonable terms, and with the greatest accuracy and dispatch.

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"ROMANZA," for the Violoncello and Piano, composed and dedicated to Frederick Charles Pawle, Esq., by Edward Thurnam. Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, London.

MEYERBEER'S NEW WORK—"ASPIRATION"—CANTIQUE. (Short Anthem.) The words from the original Latin of Thomas a Kempis, "De imitatione Christi." Composed for SIX VOICES (three sopranos, two tenors, and bass), with Recitatives for a BASS SOLO, and Organ (or Harmonium) accompaniment ad libitum, by GIACOMO MEYERBEER. Price, in score, 4s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where Meyerbeer's setting of the Lord's Prayer, for four voices, 3s., and the Serenade, for eight voices, "This house to love is holy," 4s., may be obtained.

CHEAP EDITION OF MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS and ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER, arranged in the most effective manner for the Pianoforte, by Henry Smart, price 3s. each, complete, or handsomely bound, 5s. each. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.

F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.

Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

BOROUGH OF LEEDS.—The Council of the Borough of Leeds are prepared to appoint an ORGANIST for the Town Hall Organ, at the salary of £200 per annum. The appointment will be made subject to public competition. Printed conditions may be obtained by application at the Town Clerk's Office, on and after the 21st instant.

By Order,

Leeds, 11th April, 1860. JOHN A. IKIN, Town Clerk.

TO VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.—Boosey and Sons' military band instruments, reed and brass, as well as bugles, drums and fifes, have been used and approved of by almost every regiment in the service, at home and abroad. Those regiments that contemplate the formation of a band, are invited to apply to the firm, who will be happy to recommend them competent bandmasters, and render any further assistance that may be required.—Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

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INVESTMENT OF SAVINGS AND CAPITAL—THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—Trustees: Viscount Ranelagh and J. C. Cobbold, Esq., M.P. Interest on Shares, five per cent. per annum; on Deposits, four per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, on the 1st of May and 1st of November. Prospectuses, explanatory of the Share, Deposit, Borrowing, and Land Department, free. Plans of Estates, 6d.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN,

Offices:—33, Norfolk-street, Strand, W.C. Secretary.

WANTED A PUBLISHER, or the Copyright and Plates will be sold of the NATIONAL PSALMIST, by the late C. D. Hackett, Mus. Bac.

The work has been recently re-edited and revised with the greatest care, several valuable additions made, and the whole have just been engraved on new plates, and is ready for immediate publication.

The former editions, published at 25s., received the highest encomiums of the Press, and obtained 3,000 subscribers.

The contents embrace the best standard Tunes, with several copyright Psalm and Hymn Tunes, written expressly for this work by the Rev. Sir F. G. Ouseley, Sirs H. Bishop and G. Smart, Rev. W. H. Havergal, Doctors Bennett, Back Camedge, Corfe, Crotch, Elvey, Gauntlett, Jous, Mendelssohn, Monk, Steggall and Wesley, and other eminent professors. Address, B. C., Novello's, 38, Poultry, E.C.

Second Edition, Folio, pp. 40, stitched. Price, complete, 7s. 6d.

R. ROSS'S Useful Morning and Evening Full Service in F, for four voices, with organ accompaniment. Separately Te Deum and Jubilate, 3s.; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, 3s. London J. A. Novello.

NEW SONG FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.—"The Good Old Days," Patriotic song, composed by J. L. Hatton, price 2s. 6d. Published this day by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

Just Published.

LARGHETTO CANTABILLE and ALLEGRO CAPRICCIO, for the Pianoforte, dedicated to his esteemed friend Wm. Sternale Bennett, Mus. Prof. Cantab., by George Forbes. Leader and Cock, 63, New Bond-street.

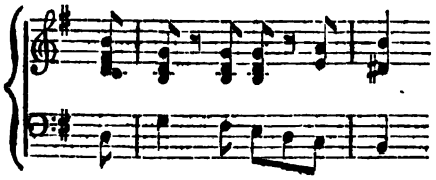
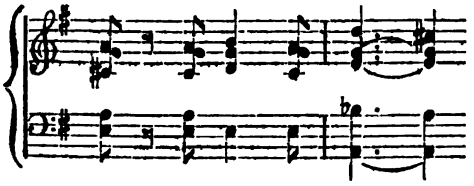
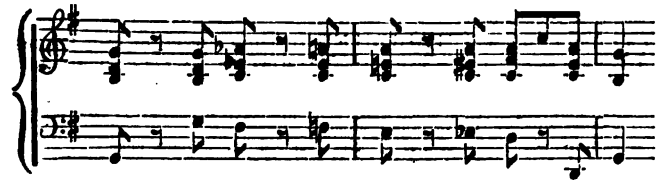
CZERNY'S ETUDE DE LA VELOCITÉ; Boosey's Cheap Edition, in three parts, 1s. each. Czerny's 50 Exercises (from the set of 101), price 1s. Bertini's 25 Studies (Op. 29), in two books, 1s each. Boosey's Shilling Pianoforte Tutor, 36 pages. All music size. Post-free. Boosey and Sons Holles-street.

NEW SONGS BY J. W. DAVISON, "Rough wind that moanest loud," (sung by Mr. Santley at the Monday Popular Concerts); "Swifter far than Summer's flight," (sung by Miss Palmer at the Monday Popular Concerts); "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep," Beatrice's song in the Cenci, (sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall); are published by Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street.

The above Songs form Nos. 1, 2, and 3, of Vocal Illustrations of Shelley.

"Mr. Santley was encored in one of the thoroughly picturesque and poetical settings of Shelley, by Mr. J. W Davison, mentioned a week or two since. His song, 'Rough wind that moanest loud,' is a thoroughly good song."—*Athenæum*.

REVIEWS.

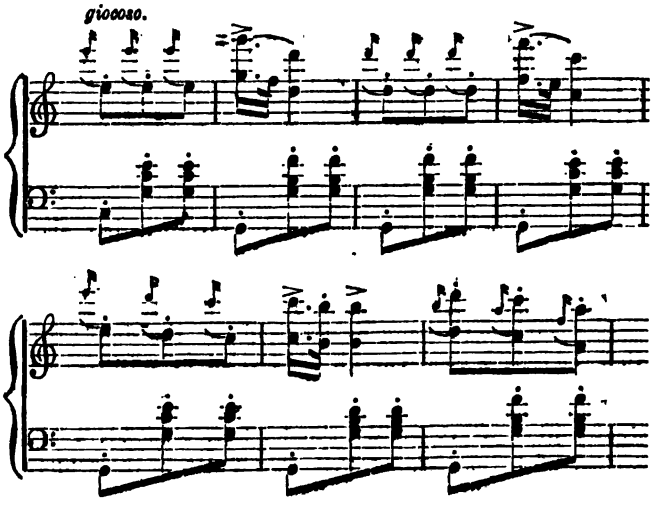
"'*The sea hath its pearls,' barcarole*"—words by Longfellow, music by F. Scotson Clark (Augener and Co.) Mr. Clark's Muse sails on smoothly and gaily enough with her "barcarole," until the first full close, when the boat in which, with unperturbed composure, she is sitting, strikes against a rock :—

Extricating herself, however, with what grace she may, Mr. Clark's Muse again sails on smoothly and gaily, until the boat gets stuck in a little shallow :—

Nothing disconcerted, she once more shows her seamanship, and smoothly and gaily arrives within sight of shore, until, just as she is on the point of landing, the boat overturns :—

Metaphor apart, but for the violations of good harmony we have just cited, "The sea with its pearls" (although it has nothing whatever in common with the spirit of Longfellow) would be a very pretty song. It is dedicated to Miss Poole.

"'*Come back Annie,' ballad*"—words by John Oxenford, music by J. L. Hatton (Boosey and Sons). This ballad, with chorus, composed for Mr. J. W. Raynor and the Christy's Minstrels, is certainly one of the most genial aspirations ever contributed to the repertory of those perfectly counterfeited niggers. The words, simple and unpretending though they be, are worth quoting :—

"Come back, Annie, come back, dear—
Nought is chang'd since thou wert here,
Here for thee the chair is set,
Here thy book is open yet;
Yonder too, thy basket stands,
Waiting for thy busy hands,
While thy birds sing merrily,
Hoping to be fed by thee.
Annie dear, Annie dear;
All for thee is waiting here.

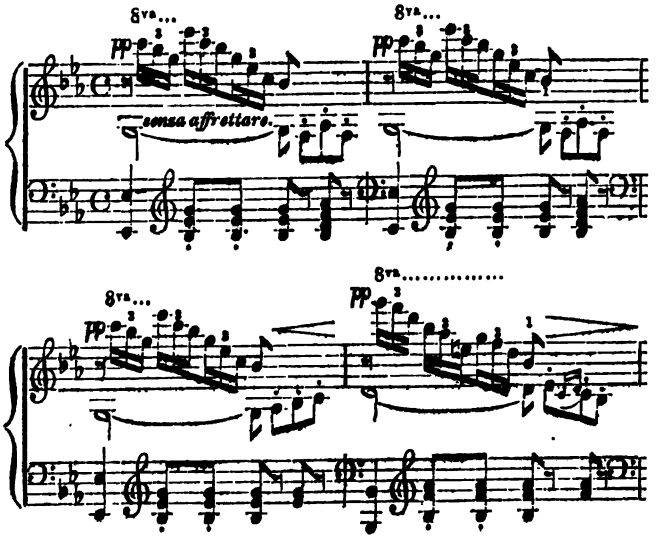
Come back, Annie, come back, dear,
Oft I fancy thou art near,
Often smiles a pallid face,
Oft a slender form I trace:
Then the birds no longer sing,
But with fear are flutt'ring,
While the shade resembling thee,
Hope, not terror, wakes in me.
Annie dear, Annie dear,
Living, dead, I'll greet thee here."

"'*Fantaisie sur Rigoletto,' de Verdi*—Francesco Berger, Op. 25, No. 3 (R. W. Ollivier). This is a hash that sadly stands in need of better sauce—an *olla podrida* without garlic, a salad without spring onions. M. Berger has made minced-meat of some of Signor Verdi's most genuine melodies, that is all. He has brought nothing of his own, to make up for the torture he is inflicting on the chosen composer of Young Italy. Take, for example, a few bars of the well-known "Donna è mobile :"—



"*Giocoso*"—says M. Berger! "*Giocoso,*" indeed, for M. Berger, but not for Signor Verdi.

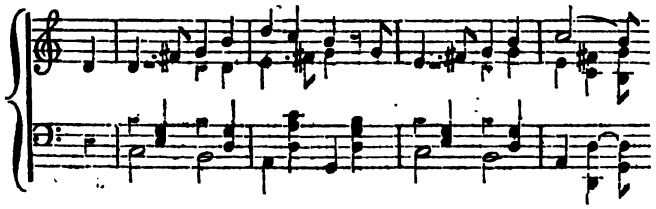
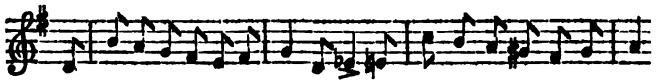
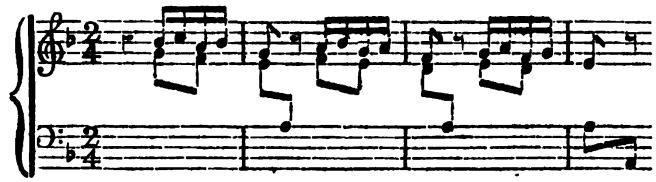
It is as though M. Berger were whipping the tune, for its naughty insinuations against the constancy of the fair sex. A still more graceful melody—"Ah veglia, O donna"—is even more unceremoniously treated :—



"*Senza affretare*"—says M. Berger! "*Senza affretare,*" forsooth! the sooner it was over, we should say, the better.

It is as though mice were running over the face of the melody while it slumbered in repose. Ought such Vandalism as this to be tolerated?—and, if so, to what end? We await the Visigothic reply.

It is much more agreeable (even for professed critics) to praise than to find fault; and we heartily thank Signor

Alberto Randegger for affording us the opportunity of exercising a privilege but too often denied us. The first of a series of songs from his pen which lie before us is, "*She loves me best of all*" (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas), "composed for and dedicated to 'his friend,' Montem Smith." Here, although the melody is somewhat common-place, we cannot fail to welcome the uniform correctness of the harmony, or to dwell with pleasure on such neat points of musicianship as the following :—

A composer need not always be inspired, but should always manifest a knowledge of his art. From "*The Goldbeater*" (Boosey and Sons)—"words by Arthur Matthison, composed for and dedicated to Mr. W. H. Weiss"—we cannot single out a point to cite, and for the simple reason that the song is good enough to be cited *in extenso*. Bold, full of character, and vocally effective, it is also faultlessly written from end to end. As a question of notation, we should like to ask theorists, who busy themselves in the system of harmonics, whether the E flat, in the subjoined quotation, should really be E flat or D sharp :—

Against "*Round the Corner*" (Metzler and Co.)—words by Mr. Charles Swain (the old Swain?—the veteran?)—a sparkling, pretty, and thoroughly "genial" (a word, the employment of which at "Our Club" is punished by a fine of sixpence)—thoroughly *genial* composition, we must take, nevertheless, an exception or two. For instance, will Signor Randegger inform us in what key is the following :—

We are aware that in the next bar comes a "C sharp," which, with the authority of Michael Costa, establishes the tone of D minor ; but *Quid tum postea ?* Peraunter, Sig. Randegger will explain. On the other hand, we have not a word but praise for this charming bagatelle ("composed for and dedicated"—we should have said—"to Mad. Rudersdorff"), which might have been signed "Auber," and have done no discredit to a name representing in music what the term "*esprit*" (one of Auber's prenames, by the way*) represents in French. *I Quattro Fiori—sternelli Toscani, di Teobaldo Cicconi, posti in musica*" (Addison, Hollier and Lucas)—"*all' amico Francesco Berger*"—represent Sig. Randegger in a more ambitious, if not a more attractive light. No. 1, "*La Rosa*," is coquettishly treated—now 6-8, now 2-4, now 8-8, now 3-8 measure, being alternately employed with an effect scarcely proportioned to the means of expression resorted to. Nevertheless, "*La Rosa*" has some good points. The words "Una languida rosa di giardini" (Page 2, in 2-4 measure) are charmingly rendered, and the succeeding bars present a sequence of harmony which only a practised musician could have written. No. 2, "*Il Giglio*," while less affected (Sig. Randegger must excuse the word), is, we think, more beautiful than its predecessor. Here we have genuine expression attained by the most legitimate means—in short, a beautiful song, without reservation or qualification. No. 3, "*La Gaggia*," and No. 4, "*La Vainiglia*," have both much to recommend them. The sparkling gaiety of the first is likely to win many light-hearted admirers, while the more *recherché* character of the last will enlist partisans of a graver turn of mind. The "Rose" and the "Lily," however, decidedly bear away the palm—which it is proper they should do, seeing that they are so much more beautiful, as "*fiori*," than their companions. "*Sleep, dearest Lady*" (Addison, Hollier, & Co)—"composed for and dedicated to Miss Dolby"—has been, if we are not mistaken, already noticed in these columns. It is a pretty quiet cradle-song, and we strongly recommend Signor Randegger to restore the original words, printed in italics, and beginning :—

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father tends the sheep,
Thy mother shakes the little tree,
Down falls a pretty dream for thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The skies are full of sheep ;
Each star is but a little lamb,
The moon it is the lambkin's dam.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
And thou shalt have a sheep,
A sheep with golden bells so fine,
A playmate he shall be of thine.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
And cry not like a sheep,
Or else the shepherd's dog so wild
Will come and bite my naughty child.
Sleep, baby, sleep."

—"beginning," we said ; well, beginning and ending as above. We recommend their restoration, because they are infinitely more "genial" (saving the presence of "*Our Club*") than the elegant common-places, which are printed in "Romans" over their heads. Moreover, the music well expresses the pretty loveable "babble" of Mama. "*To thee, my Love, to Thee*" (Chappell and Co.)—words by W. Allingham, Esq., "composed for and dedicated to Miss Palmer"—is a very spirited song in A minor, the most attractive part of which, however, is the episode in the tonic major (page 2-3) with which each verse concludes, and which is in every sense charming. We have further to notice "'*Un so spiro d'Amore*,' *romanzetta*," and "'*L'Invito*,' *notturnino*" (J. J. Ewer and Co.), the former a very elegant, the latter a quaint and attractive little song ; "*Yesterday and To-morrow*" (same publishers)—"words by Charles Swain"—which, though not at all in the "*ad captandum*" style, is very superior to the ordinary run of ballads, and (page 2, line 2) contains one of Sig. Randegger's favourite (and well-written) sequences ; "*Georgiana, impromptu Polka*, and "*Mazurka*" (same publishers)—both for pianoforte alone, the last of which is extremely graceful and by many degrees the best, the first (except the trio in E—page 5) being anything rather than original.

* Daniel François Esprit Auber, born at Caen, January 29, 1784.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. RANSFORD'S CONCERT.

Sir,—In your last week's impression I find you have a correspondent (H. T. A.) who states that "Miss Ransford did not (as stated), sing an Italian aria." I should much like to know what he calls "Fatal Goffredo," from *Torquato Tasso*, by Donizetti. I am aware that many notices are written even before the actual thing takes place, for publication, but any one attempting to contradict, correct, or revise a notice, ought himself first to be perfectly acquainted with what actually did take place. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

William E. Ransford.

THE LATE FREDERICK WILLIAM COLLARD.

Sir,—A biographical sketch of the late Mr. Collard having appeared in several journals, with many inaccuracies, I beg to forward a correct statement of facts relative to that gentleman, whose demise has been a source of regret to his numerous friends.

He was born in June, 1772, at Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, and came to London in Nov., 1791, entered into an engagement as an assistant with Messrs. Longman and Broderip, music-publishers and musical-instrument makers, and remained with them until that firm became insolvent.

Mr. Collard married Miss Lukey, daughter of Mr. Lukey (formerly partner with Mr. Longman), and in the year 1799 entered into partnership with Muzio Clementi, the celebrated composer and distinguished pianist, under the firm of Clementi, Banger, Hyde, Collard, and Davies. His brother, Mr. William Frederick Collard, subsequently joined the firm, and retired in 1842, with an ample fortune. Mr. F. W. Collard survived his early partners, with the exception of his brother, and upon the latter relinquishing business, Mr. Collard's two nephews, Messrs. Frederick William and Charles Collard, became his partners.

Mr. Collard, from his active and energetic business habits, realised a large fortune, the bulk of which he bequeathed to the two nephews above mentioned. He was a kind and hospitable man, and entertained liberally those who had the privilege of his acquaintance. His will was proved at Doctors'-commons by his executors, Mr. J. P. Theobald, solicitor, Furnival's-inn, Mr. R. Addison, music-publisher, Regent-street, and Mr. H. G. Bohn, publisher, York-street, Covent-garden, at upwards of £130,000. The elder nephew, Mr. Frederick Collard, has now retired from business, and his brother Charles is the sole representative of the late firms.

Alpha.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*Communicated.*)

The programme for the new season has just been issued by the directors. A list of special entertainments already decided upon, including six Opera Concerts, the grand Flower Show, the International Musical Festival of the Orphéonists of France in June, and the Great Opening Mendelssohn Festival on the 4th of May, has been prepared, and on each of these special occasions the ordinary price of admission will be 5*s.* or upwards.

The Mendelssohn Festival has attracted great interest. To suit the general convenience, it has been arranged that the performance of *Elijah* shall commence at three o'clock. This, it is expected, will fill up the time until nearly six; and as soon after that hour as may be convenient, the Statue (which will be placed at the head of the stairs in the centre of the terrace) will be unveiled with appropriate ceremony, many of the members of the principal German Gesangvereine of London assisting.

At dusk a great torchlight procession, similar in character to that which afforded so much surprise and gratification on the occasion of the Schiller Centenary, in November last, will take place around the fountains, and through the winding paths of the terraces and grounds.

It is intended that there shall be four great divisions of torch-bearers, arranged under the command of leaders, wearing sashes and bearing lights—coloured red, blue, green, and white. To carry out the true Germanic feeling, the torches have been specially obtained from Hanover.

Upon the signal being displayed from the Queen's balcony, the torch-bearers, who will have previously assembled at the various points indicated in the plans issued to their leaders, will light their torches, and proceed in single file through the central paths and walks, and will pass round the series of fountains, and in four lines around the walks on the terrace, thus enabling the visitors in the open corridors and within the building on the garden side, to obtain, under shelter, a full view of this interesting celebration. Upon arriving at the centre of the terrace nearest to the palace, they will advance in four lines to the foot of the statue of Mendelssohn, when, as was the case at the Schiller Festival, the torches will be cast into one general bonfire. At the same moment the fountains will play, and coloured lights will be displayed along the line of the terrace.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.

Among the lady vocalists whose talent has given lustre to their art, compelled the world to forget the fact of their English origin, and drawn forth the acknowledgment, not only of Continental Europe but even of their native country, no one has reached a higher pinnacle of fame, and no one has more richly merited her elevation, than Madame Clara Novello. Memories that are still green, are stored with impressions of Paton; the generation is not extinct which treasures the recollection of Stephens and Maria Tree; we have men among us who remember with rapture the singing of Salmon and Dickons; and the career of the transcendant Billington was not beyond the experience of many who live to speak of her unparalleled excellence. The warmest enthusiast, however, for any or for all of these remarkable singers, has found it impossible not to admire, not to own, the rare powers of the lady who at this moment ranks in the highest class of European singers, and who is, in a few months, to be lost to us for ever. It is not so generally known as it will be universally regretted, that Madame Novello has determined to take a formal and final farewell of the public in November next; but it will readily be believed—such is this lady's known integrity—that, having so determined, she will abide by the resolution, and not (as has before now been the case with songstresses whose professional position should have held them above the capability of trifling with the world's esteem) make this occasion the first of a series of leave-takings. It will not be until the end of the London season that she can arrive in England; she will then sing, possibly for the Sacred Harmonic Society, perhaps at the Crystal Palace, certainly at the two provincial festivals, and in farewell concerts at the chief towns throughout the kingdom, and lastly, at one or two performances in the metropolis.

The very frequent fact of the value of a treasure being inestimated until after the treasure be lost, occurs not in the instance of Madame Novello; her importance to the station she holds, without a rival, is felt; and the unlikelihood is equally recognised of her having a successor who can satisfactorily replace her. Great as are the requisites for a dramatic singer, the excitement of the scene in which she appears, and the effect of the accessories by which she is surrounded, tend materially to draw forth her best qualities, and, at the same time, to influence her audience. It is a higher grade of artistry, that can enable a singer in an oratorio to control the sympathy of her hearers; since the sentiment she embodies is, for the most part, if more exalted, less generally congenial, and she has not the advantage of action to assist her to enforce its expression. Her greater difficulty than that of a theatrical *prima donna*, indeed, is twofold: first, in conceiving the deeper purpose of the work she has to perform; secondly, in impressing a less ready audience with her conception. Whatever have been Mad. Novello's continental successes on the stage, it is in the more arduous duties of a singer of sacred music that she is best known in England, and it is in this capacity that her retirement will leave a blank which at present appears irreparable. Her grand style, her clear enunciation, and, above all, her exquisite voice, which is wonderful for its magnificent power as it is admirable for its delicious quality: these are the characteristics which every one recognises in the lady of whom we speak; these are what endear her to the lovers of the

highest class of vocal music, and these are what render her aid indispensable to our greatest performances. Who that has heard, in the execution of "God save the Queen," at the Crystal Palace, her beautiful, bright, clear, ringing notes, pealing above the massive sound produced by the thousands of choristers and instrumentalists, distinctly audible at the remote extremes of that colossal building—who that has heard, can recal the remembrance without as much amazement as pleasure? Who that has heard, in the Hymn of Praise of Mendelssohn, her unparalleled delivery of the phrase, "The night is departing, departing," can ever believe that such perfect loveliness of sound, so beautiful in itself, and so true to the marvellous idea of the composer, can ever be realised by a successor? These are, perhaps, the two most remarkable instances of the display of Madame Novello's unique excellence; but no one who reads our remarks will be unable to swell the list by many examples he must have witnessed, which surpassing everything else he has experienced, are yet surpassed by these two. It is as natural as it is common, to feel a strong interest in the personal career of an artist who has professionally pleased us; to gratify such a desire among the countless admirers of Mad. Novello, to trace the course by which she has attained her pre-eminence, we have been at some pains to collect the particulars of the chief points of her history, which we believe we could not more opportunely than now set before our readers.

Of the three first essentials to a biography—the birth, parentage, and education of the heroine—one, in the case of the heroine, is always a point of delicacy; for who is the heroine, is she old or young, that will be unscrupulous as to the discussion of the date, at least, if not of the locality of her birth. Madame Novello is, however, quite old enough to have earned the admiration, nay, the affection (if the same term of fondness may express the love of the intelligence that we employ to signify the love of the heart) of millions; while she is far too young to leave us without the conviction that she is in the full possession of her powers, that she is at the very apex of her career, and that we ought to have had yet many years' enjoyment of her rare talent. Well, then, though she be a lady, she will have no just grounds of quarrel with us for revealing a fact, which, after all, is no secret, and in which, therefore, we can claim no copyright—the fact, namely, of the precise time and place of her birth.

Clara Novello first saw the light—to use a figure of speech which is scarcely compatible with that optical delusion, whereof she must have proved the fallacy during her sojourn in the brightly sunny south—in Oxford-street, London; she saw, on that occasion, at least as much of the light as ever can penetrate our misty atmosphere, for the event occured when the air is at its clearest, and the sun is at its brightest, a fortnight before midsummer, in the year 1818, upon the beaming 10th of June. Thus it will be seen, firstly, that she is a genuine Englishwoman; and that this much musically maligned land of fogs and consequent rheums, catarrh, and influenzas, has yet to boast, in her organ, of its power of producing voices of equal beauty to those raised and nurtured in the Land of Song. It will be seen, secondly, that she will leave forty-two years behind her, when she quits this busy scene of ever-renewed excitement for the private seclusion of her own homestead, having still a natural prospect of a very long term for the enjoyment of that repose to which she retires by choice, not by compulsion, to give her family the benefit of her maturity; not because those faculties are exhausted with which she has so long delighted us, that we long to be longer delighted. Daughter of June, perennial flower of forty-two summers, we ask your pardon for this disclosure of your birth, and shall proceed next week to the consideration of your parentage.

(To be continued.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Israel in Egypt* was performed last night, for the first time this season, the principal vocalists being Miss Parepa, Miss Fanny Rowland, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Belletti.

CONCERTS.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT CONCERT.—Perhaps no singer that ever lived has done more to vindicate the claims of his art than Mr. Sims Reeves; and certain it is that no singer, native or foreign, ever was a more general and deserved a favourite. Not alone is the connoisseur delighted—Mr. Reeves ranking first among the *virtuosi*—but the public at large,—the great shilling-paying masses, whom poor Jullien first taught to know and appreciate good music,—flock in crowds, whenever and wherever the name of Sims Reeves is announced, and by the warmth and heartiness of their applause, testify to the hold that he has upon their sympathies. Other artists may have their special merits, some excelling in sacred, some in secular, some in dramatic music, but of Mr. Reeves it may be said with truth, that in every branch of singing he is pre-eminent. In the majestic strains of Handel, the solemn recitative, the pathetic air, the vigorous declamation, he stands unapproached; while there are many airs that he has made, as it were, his own. Who, for instance, can sing, "Call forth thy powers," "Sound an alarm," "The enemy said," "Then shall the righteous," "Comfort ye my people," "Total eclipse," like Mr. Reeves? Not to multiply instances (as we might *ad libitum*), it is sufficient to say that, as an oratorio singer, Mr. Reeves is unequalled. Nor is it alone in sacred music that his great talents are conspicuous. His dramatic performances are no less admirable—the dashing brigand in *Fra Diavolo*, the ill-fated Edgardo in *Lucia*, the love-lorn Elvino in *La Sonnambula*, Florentin in *Fidelio*, Manrico in *Trovatore* (wide as the poles asunder)—all differing so largely in style, and all alike excellent in conception and execution—stamp Mr. Reeves as immeasurably the first of our English operatic artists. In the concert-room, again, he is at home with all the composers—Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, alike finding an interpreter worthy of their best inspirations; and no tenor, in our recollection, has ever done such ample justice to their compositions. It is no wonder, then, that the announcement of Mr. Sims Reeves's benefit at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, should have attracted the largest audience that has yet been seen in that building. Had the room been double the size, it would scarcely have sufficed to accommodate the numbers who sought admission, undeterred by the wretched weather, and anxious only to be present at one of the best of the many good selections with which the Monday Popular Concerts have familiarised the public. As it was, many were the disappointed applicants turned reluctantly away from the doors. Mr. Reeves chose four pieces for the display of his genius, each a perfect gem in its way, although different in style. In the touching recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephtha*, and the lovely air which follows, "Waft her angels through the skies," our eminent tenor showed himself a perfect master of the highest style of vocal music. Beethoven's "Adelaide" has lately been frefrequently sung by Mr. Reeves, but never more exquisitely than on this occasion, the pianoforte accompaniment being played by Miss Arabella Goddard with that delicacy and refinement of which she is unrivalled. A perfect furor of applause followed, and Mr. Reeves had twice to return and bow his acknowledgments, wisely resisting an encore. The air from *Don Giovanni*, "Dalla sua pace," afforded Mr. Reeves an opportunity of exhibiting his appreciation of Mozart; and as a further proof of his versatility, so much humour was infused into the elegant little air of "Beethoven, "The stolen kiss," that an irresistible demand for its repetition ensued. It is a very long time since Mrs. Reeves has been heard in a London concert-room, and the public, not forgetful of an old favourite, accorded her a hearty welcome. Mendelssohn's "Frühlingslied," and Spohr's duet from *Jessonda*, evinced those musician-like qualities which have always characterised Mrs. Reeves's singing. Madame Sainton-Dolby also selected a song of Mehdelssohn, "Night," and was warmly applauded for her highly effective and most expressive rendering of Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Shelley's words, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep" (*Cenci*).

The instrumental selection constituted a worthy companion to the vocal; Beethoven's so called "Posthumous Quartet," in F major, Op. 133, was heard for the third time at these concerts, and with increased interest, and Rossini's Quartet, in G

major, No. 1, although but a bagatelle in comparison with that of the giant tone-poet, was nevertheless sufficiently interesting to warrant its introduction. The executants in each instance were Messrs. Sainton, Goffrie, Doyle and Piatti, and both quartets were played to admiration.

One of Mozart's Sonatas in F major, for pianoforte alone, was given for the first time and when we say that this beautiful composition was performed by Miss Arabella Goddard with all her admirable taste, faultless mechanism, and incomparable expression, our readers have a guarantee that no word other than "perfect" can apply to it In Dussek's very popular Sonata in B flat (Op. 69)—*No. 1 of the Monday Popular Concert Library*—Miss Goddard enjoyed the co-operation of M. Sainton, whose purity of tone and thorough mastery of his instrument, divided the plaudits with the fair pianist, and both artists were honoured by a recall. A more splendid performance could not have been desired.

Next Monday the selection will be again from various masters—Mr. Charles Hallé, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Herr Becker, and Mr. Sims Reeves, being the principal performers.

Crystal Palace.—The concert on Saturday, one of unusual interest, was a "Shaksperian Selection;" whygiven on this occasion we have not been informed. The notion and poetry of every piece, however, was referable to the works of the great poet. The performance commenced with Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the principal singers being Miss S. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. William Cummings, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Land, Mr. Lawler—all members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union—and a chorus under the direction of Mr. Smythson. Mendelssohn's music was followed by a miscellaneous selection, including two overtures—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, by O. Nicolai, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, by J. Street—and comprising compositions by Sir Henry Bishop, Sir John Stevenson, Dr. Callcott, Dr. Wilson, and Stevens. The single encore of the concert was awarded to Stevens' glee, "Blow thou wintry wind," sung by Miss Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. W. Cummings. and Mr. Lawler. The concert-room was crowded, and nearly four thousand persons were assembled in the building.

Brixton.—Mrs. F. Lucas gave a concert last week in the New Music Hall, when Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mrs. Winn, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Winn, as vocalists, and Miss Cazaly, Mr. O'Leary (pianofortes), and Mr. G. Horton (oboe), as instrumentalists, lent their assistance to the concert-giver, who was in excellent voice, and gave the grand scena from *Der Freischütz* with feeling and expression, also a duet with Madame Sainton, besides singing in several concerted pieces. Madame Sainton was encored in Balfe's "Green trees whispered low and mild," and in "Janet's Choice" (Claribel). Mrs. Winn was similarly complimented in a ballad, and the other vocal pieces went off with spirit. The instrumental music consisted of pianoforte fantasies of Thalberg and Liszt, extremely well played by Mr. O'Leary and Miss Cazaly, and a solo on the oboe, on subjects from *Pia di Tolomei*, skilfully executed by Mr. Horton. Mr. O'Leary was accompanyist at the pianoforte. The audience were evidently pleased with the entertainment Mrs. Lucas had provided for their gratification.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Thursday, April 12.

The members of parliament and other energetic English, who, eager to enjoy their short holiday, rushed over here to spend the last days of Lent and this Easter week—anticipating, no doubt, all the delights of spring-time, the "gioventir dell'anno," must have been rather disappointed. Some fine days we certainly have had, but on Tuesday cold, with a slight fall of snow, began again. However, if the daytime has been unpropitious, evening has brought the never-failing resource of the theatre, and many a hearty laugh, or, if the piece be touching, a tear in some pretty blue English eye, has borne testimony to the charm of that first-rate kind of acting that is so remarkable here.

However, talking of theatres, I will give you a rapid sketch of what has been going on at the Operas. *Pierre de Medicis* brings excellent receipts to the Grand-Opéra: that is, I suppose, the criterion of the success of a piece. Prince Poniatowski gave the banquet the Saturday before Passion Week to the "administration" and all the principal singers and dancers of the Opéra, and a gracious remuneration to the choristers; so you can imagine that with them the opera is popular also. Monsieur A. Royer goes on actively, however, with his design of bringing out the *Sémiramis* of Rossini, which Méry has just finished translating into French. Putting aside the great musical outline of the composer, which, of course, will be preserved, it is in many ways thrown almost into a new form—a general re-arrangement of the text and recitatives having been found necessary for the French stage. The decorations will be gorgeous. There is some talk of Merly taking the part of Assur. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Passion Week all the imperial theatres were closed: the Italian Opera was the one exception, but it was to give the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini that the doors were opened. The Emperor and Empress had the same artists to perform it also in the chapel of the Tuilleries. Mesdames Alboni, Penco, Battu, and MM. Tamberlik, Badiali, Morini, and Manfredi, sang this grand work. The parts that gave the most pleasure were the quartetto, "Quando corpus morietus," sung by Alboni, Mad. Penco, Tamberlik, and Badiali, and "Fac ut portem Christi," sung by Alboni. At the Opéra-Comique, the *Roman d'Elvire* is again being played, as Madlle. Monrose is better. *Galathée* is given on alternate nights. I told you last week of the probability of M. Carvalho giving up the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique. Since I wrote, all arrangements have been concluded, and M. Rétz has assumed the reins of government, while M. Carvalho has gone to London with his wife. The Théâtre-Lyrique thus loses its greatest ornament in losing Mad. Carvalho. But for the lady, in a lucrative point of view, it is decidedly an advantage for her, as they say M. Carvalho lost during his management, notwithstanding the brilliant way in which it was carried on. And, certainly, to lose was but a sorry recompense for so much trouble, whereas, as it is, he may look forward to a brilliant and successful career for his wife.

Last week—to speak now of the drama—the Gymnase gave a new work from the pen of M. Dumanoir, assisted by M. Keranion. It is a comedy in four acts, entitled *Jeanne qui rit et Jeanne qui pleure*, and bears somewhat in its plot a resemblance to *La joie fait peur* of Mad. de Girardin. But the plan of the work, and style in which it is treated, save it from being a reproach that it is so. Whenever M. Dumanoir writes a piece the public can go in all security and retain their places, certain that it will be more or less brilliant, well written, and worth listening to. The tale runs thus:—Madame Jeanne Rey has lost her husband in the war in Kabylia. The gallant Colonel Rey, surrounded by Arabs, fell at the head of his regiment. Madame Rey had not gone with him to Africa, but remained behind in a little town in Brittany, to take care of her mother-in-law (who is infirm and blind), and her husband's young sister Laurence. A year-and-a-half have hardly passed since this misfortune, when Mad. Rey and Laurence leave off their mournful dress, and appear brilliantly attired at a ball given by the sous-préfet. The poor young husband, to all appearance, has been soon forgotten, and charming and graceful as is the young widow, she is, it would seem, worldly and frivolous at heart. Her conduct is the talk of the little provincial town, and the name given her is *Jeanne qui rit*. But the other Jeanne who is she? She is a Mad. Jeanne Vanneau, a model widow. No one, however, knew her husband. He was captain of a vessel that was wrecked, and his widow has retired to this little town. Never would she be seen at a ball at the sous-préfet's, she would not wear those pretty lilac colours invented for transitory sorrows. Nothing is too black or mournful (it is true, she is fair, and fair people are longer in being consoled, so the French say, than dark, as black is so becoming to them). She is, in fact, *Jeanne qui pleure*. Meanwhile, M. Maurice Bouel, the surgeon of the regiment, and the inseparable friend of Colonel Rey, arrives from Africa. Ere his death, the Colonel had sent some last words to his family by him. But being struck down himself a few minutes afterwards he was taken prisoner. He had just recovered his liberty and returned to

France to fulfil his sad mission. On arriving in the little town the first news he hears is the heartless conduct of Madame Rey. Maurice, who loves Laurence sincerely, and who had come back to marry her, is shocked by hearing she has been her sister-in-law's companion in these gaieties, and meeting Mad. Vanneau, who had been a first-love long ago, recalls his promises, tells him she is free, and whose conduct offers such a contrast to the others. She again induces her to ask him to marry her. But he must call on the family of the Colonel, and there his indignation soon changes to admiration, as he discovers the secret of the false gaiety. It is the day the letters ought to arrive from Africa: the poor old blind mother asks if the accustomed letter from her son, which had never yet missed, has arrived. Yes, the letter has come: they read it to her; the Colonel is well. Maurice guesses everything, but at an imploring sign from the two women, remains silent. To preserve yet a few happy hours to the poor blind mother, the wife and sister devour their tears in secret. It is because she likes to hear her son's wife is admired Jeanne has appeared at the ball. And no one has discovered the secret of this pious disguise, except an old notary, M. Bidault. Maurice leaves them more in love with Laurence than ever, but bound in honour to another woman. In the third act the interest increases, for the hypocritical character of Mad. Vanneau developes itself; her anxiety to hasten her marriage, her rage when it must be deferred, certain papers being necessary, and her consternation when a letter is put into the notary's hand and he tells her it is from her husband, who is still among the living. Maurice, delivered from his engagement, goes joyously to try and make his peace with Laurence. She at first refuses to accept him, but relents, and when told a husband has come to life a wild hope crosses her mind that it is her brother. A letter is put into her hand; this time it is a genuine one, and from her brother, who is alive. He was only wounded and is saved, in another instant he will be home. She reads in an ecstasy of joy the letter to the old mother. Jeanne enters while it is being read, recognises the writing of her husband, by an immense effort controls her emotion, and seizing the letter she falls on her knees and reads it; at the same instant Colonel Rey is heard coming up stairs. The artifice of the poor old notary who had first heard of the Colonel's being alive, and making it a trap by pretending to Madame Vanneau that it was her husband, thus thoroughly unmasking her character, freeing Maurice, making him and Laurence happy, and working up the curiosity of the spectators, is most cleverly done, and the last scene is most dramatically and touchingly acted. Mad. Rose-Cheri performed the part of Mad. Rey; M. Desrieux that of Maurice. Bouel-Geoffrey was remarkable in the character of Bidault the notary, and the rest of the characters were well filled.

A paper here says that the direction of the Grand-Opéra is to pass into the hands of the municipality of Paris, and that this change would hasten the construction of a new opera-house. Other papers say there is a talk of the town of Paris paying the expenses of the building, and giving it up in compensation for the pretty park of Monceau. The last number of the *Revue Municipale* says that "M. Bellu, to whom Paris owes the building of several theatres, has been charged, under the direction of M. Davionid, architect, with the reconstruction of the Théâtre-Imperial (the old cirque), and of that of the Théâtre-Lyrique. The agreement has been signed by M. Bellu and the Prefect of the Seine, and authorised by the highest authority. M. Bellu has engaged, for the sum of 4,300,000 francs, to finish the two theatres in the space of eighteen months from the day on which the ground on which they are to be built is given up for that purpose by the town. It is not only the exterior, but in a state perfectly fit to enter in that they are to be given up by that time."

Among the aristocratic *dilettanti* there is a talk of getting up a series of concerts, with a programme of the highest order. MM. de Morny, Troplong, Baroche, &c., with Prince Poniatowski as their president, are a few of the names talked of already.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This Evening (Saturday April 28), second time, the new opera, by Signor Campana, entitled ALMINA. Biondello, Signor Giuglini; and Almina, Madlle. Piccolomini (her last appearance but one previous to her final retirement from the stage). Concluding with the new Ballet Divertissement, in which Madlle. Pocchini, Madlle. Morlacchi, and M. Durand, will appear. In consequence of the extraordinary enthusiasm created by Madame Borghi-Mamo and Signor Mongini, in Rossini's opera of Otello, and in accordance with a generally expressed desire that the same should be repeated, the management have the honour of announcing to the nobility, gentry, and subscribers, that on Tuesday next, May 1, will be performed (second time) Otello. Desdemona, Madame Borghi-Mamo (her sixth appearance in this country); Elmire, Signor Vialetti; Iago, Signor Everardi; and Otello, Signor Mongini (his second appearance in that character in England).

Conductor—M. BENEDICT.

It is respectfully intimated that in order to secure places, early application should be made at the box-office of the theatre, which is open daily, from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—First appearance of Signor Ronconi. On Tuesday next, May 1, will be performed (for the first time these two years), Auber's Opera

FRA DIAVOLO.

Zerlina, Madame Miolan-Carvalho (her first appearance in that character); Lady Allcash, Madlle. Corbari (her first appearance in that character); Il Marcheso, Signor Gardoni; Lorenzo, Signor Neri Baraldi; Matteo, Signor Polonini; Beppo, Signor Tagliafico; Giacomo, M. Zelger; and Lord Allcash, Signor Ronconi (his first appearance this season).

Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

La Saltarella in the third act, will be danced by Madlle. Ema and M. Desplaces.

Subscription Night next Thursday.

First appearance of Signor Grasiani.

Thursday next, May 3, will be given as a Subscription Night, in lieu of Saturday, August 18, on which occasion (for tht first time this season) Verndi's Opera

IL TROVATORE

will be performed with the following powerful cast:—Leonora, Madame Grisi (being the third of the twelve representations to which her engagement is limited); Azucena, Mdlle. Csillag (her first appearance in that character); Ines, Madame Tagliafico; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Grasiani (his first appearance this season); Fernando, Signor Tagliafico; Ruiz, Signor Lucchesi; Un Zingaro, Signor Rossi; and Manrico, Signor Mario (his third appearance this season).

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the Opera commences at half-past. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphtheatre, 2s. 6d.

JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in consonance with the wishes of the deceased, had it been permitted him to express them, viz., to the relief of his widow and family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

Mr. John Mitchell; Mr. W. R. Sams; Mr. Thomas Chappell; Mr. W. Duncan Davison; Mr. Jules Benedict; Mr. A. Blumenthal.

Honorary Treasurers.

Mr. John Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; Mr. Thomas Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Mr. W. R. Sams, 1, St. James's-street.

Bankers,

Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand; Heywood, Kennards, and Co., Lombard-street; London and County Bank, Hanover-square;—who, as well as the Honorary Treasurers, have kindly consented to receive subscriptions.

Subscriptions already advertised .. .. £410 10s. 10d.

Additional Subscriptions.

	£	s.	d.
Proprietors of Punch ..	5	5	0
Lady B. Lytton	2	0	0
Countess Caroline Bellew ..	1	1	0
Dr. Beasst Hawkins.. ..	1	1	0
2nd Collection, Coffee Room Friends, Manchester ..	1	2	0
Henry Fentum, Esq. ..	1	0	0
Dr. Roberts	1	0	0
V. B.	0	10	0
T. W. B.	0	10	0
H. S. Flinn, Esq.	0	5	0
Mr. Austin, sundry small subscriptions	0	17	6
Mr. Hammond	1	2	0
Mr. D. Dewison	0	4	0
Messrs. Cramer and Co. ..	0	5	0
Sunday Times Offices ..	0	2	0
Messrs. Keith & Co., per J. N.	1	3	0
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Deposit Bank, Leicester-sq.	0	7	0
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Mrs. John Hill	5	0	0
A Washington Friend ..	2	2	0
J. Williams, Esq., Dobden Hall, Essex	1	1	0
Thomas Fairbairn, Esq. ..	1	1	0
C. R. N.	1	0	0
Lea Richardson, Esq. ..	0	10	0
Shilling subscripton, per T. Burbidge, Esq.	7	16	0
Ditto A. Hyam, Esq. ..	4	2	0
Ditto Bankers' Clerks, per Deposit Bank	2	12	0
Ditto from gentlemen at St. Paul's Churchyard, per J. Anson, Esq. ..	2	10	0
Ditto from gentlemen at Waggon Bar, Longsigt, Manchester	0	16	6
Ditto Ditto ..	0	11	6
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ONE SHILLING SUBSCRIPTION.

Books to receive names are now placed at Mr. Hammond's (late Jullien's), 214, Regent-street; Messrs. Cramer's, 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Baily Brothers, Cornhill; Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's, 24, Oxford-street; Mr. Paak's, Lowther-arcade; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co's., 48, Cheapside; Mr. Bignell's, Argyll Rooms; Deposit Bank, Leicester-square; Sunday Times Office; Messrs. Boosey & Sons, Holles-street; Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street; and at the principal music shops throughout the country.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Madlle. Piccolomini begs respectfully to announce to the nobility, gentry, and subscribers, that her FAREWELL BENEFIT will take place on Monday next, April 30, on which occasion she will have the honour of bidding adieu to the public, it being positively her last appearance on the stage. Full particulars will be shortly announced. In order to secure places, it will be necessary to make early application at the box-office of the theatre, which is open daily, from 10 to 5, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28TH, 1860.

THE new season at Sydenham will be inaugurated on the 4th of May, in the most brilliant manner conceivable. We cannot look for a third Handel Commemoration Festival; but if there is a name closely associated with that of Handel in the minds and hearts of Englishmen, it is the name of Mendelssohn. Next in popularity to *The Messiah* undoubtedly stands *Elijah;* and, while spell-bound under the influence of those mighty choruses of the Christian Musical Epic,—delivered by thousands of voices and instruments, assembled (under the guidance of one directing intelligence, and one mechanical guide—the mind and the bâton of Mr. Costa), in the great central transept of the Crystal Palace, on the never-to-be-forgotten 100th anniversary of Handel's death—many were the speculations as to how the choruses of Mendelssohn would sound under similar exciting circumstances. It was the general belief that the choruses in *St. Paul* would present difficulties not easy to surmount, but the opinions in favour of *Elijah* were unanimous.

Nevertheless, after frequent and earnest discussions of the subject, not only at the time specified, within the walls of the Crystal Palace, but subsequently in almost every musical circle throughout the country, the idea was almost universally abandoned as untenable. "There will be no possibility"—it was argued—"at least during the life of the present generation, of again bringing together such an army of choristers, however it might be practicable, with Michael Costa's indomitable energy, to enlist another instrumental army as numerous and as formidable as the last." But those who exhibited this want of faith, had reckoned without their *host*—in other words, without their Robert K. Bowley—for, in the organisation of such gigantic undertakings, Mr. Bowley is notoriously a "host" in himself. He, no doubt, had reflected on the matter deeply, and as the first step to once more making the "giant-chorus" a palpable fact, was resolved that the flower and strength of this phalanx should *not be dispersed at all.* He had at his command a convenient locality, known under the familiar name of "Exeter Hall," where some *two thousand* could occasionally be accommodated in anticipation of future events. Here Mr. Bowley persuaded them not only to meet at intervals, but what was more important, to meet *for practice.* Since the Handel Festival, then, the so-called "Metropolitan Contingent" of the Handel Festival chorus have assembled from time to time, and under the superintendence of their celebrated chief, Mr. Costa, have been resolutely drilled, not only in the music of Handel, but in that of other composers—such, for example, as the old Italian masters, an invaluable school for the attainment of choral excellence. Thus a nucleus has not only been kept together, but vastly improved in efficiency, ready, at a moment's notice, for any great undertaking. Attention of late has been especially accorded to the choruses of *Elijah*, two or three rehearsals of the whole of which have taken place in Exeter Hall, preliminary to the grand performance of the oratorio at the Crystal Palace, projected some time since, and now publicly advertised for Friday next, the 4th of May. How the idea originated may be best set forth in the language of the prospectus, just issued by the directors of the Crystal Palace:—

"When the news of the sudden and premature decease of Mendelssohn reached England, in November, 1847, the Sacred Harmonic Society were preparing a performance of his oratorio, *Elijah*, which had been given in its revised form at Exeter Hall, under the composer's direction, in the preceding April. The regret expressed on all sides at the sad intelligence led to a subscription being immediately entered into for the erection of some permanent memorial to the worth and genius of the departed musician. Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince Consort took much interest in the furtherance of this object; while the Philharmonic Society, and other musical institutions, with a large number of professors and amateurs, contributed towards its accomplishment. Some hundreds of pounds were collected; the amount being invested in the Funds, in the names of trustees. The original intention was to place in some public building a bust of the composer. Applications were addressed to the authorities of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the British Museum, and other establishments of a public nature. In some cases, however, fees were asked almost exceeding the whole amount of the subscription; in others, the application was refused; and although no opportunity has been lost of endeavouring to carry out the original idea, it has been found impracticable. Upwards of ten years having elapsed since the death of Mendelssohn, and the committee feeling reluctant to remain under the reproach of inaction, it was ultimately determined, notwithstanding the great additional cost, that a bronze statue should be executed, which might be placed in some prominent position in the *open air*, instead of within the walls of a public building. In accordance with this determination, Mr. Charles Bacon, the sculptor, who had previously prepared a full-length model of the deceased, was entrusted with the task. Mr. Bacon unfortunately laboured under great disadvantages, inasmuch as the utmost diversity exists between the different portraits and busts of the composer. In the execution of the statue, however, he has been favoured with the advice of many of Mendelssohn's most intimate friends in this country; and among others, Mr. Klingemann, Sir G. Smart, Mr. Benedict, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Chorley, Mr. J. W. Davison, Mr. Gruneisen, &c. The Misses Alexander, Mrs. Grote, and Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, have also assisted the sculptor with their suggestions. The model completed, the casting was entrusted to Messrs. Robinson and Cottam, of Lower Belgrave-place, by whom, within the last few months, it has been successfully accomplished. The statue is to be removed early next week to the Lower Terrace of the Crystal Palace, preparatory to the Inauguration Fête on Friday, the 4th of May.

"As, with the exception of the statue of Handel by Roubiliac (now in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, originally in Vauxhall Gardens), this work is the only instance of a statue to a musical composer being erected in this country, the present is deemed a fitting occasion for a celebration of the event. In order to carry out as completely as possible the object in view, it has been determined to celebrate the occasion by the grandest performance of the composer's best-known work, the oratorio of *Elijah*, which has ever taken place. The Sacred Harmonic Society will provide an orchestra of nearly 3,000 performers. In addition to the Handel Festival Choir (which, besides the chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, comprises members of the principal choral societies of the metropolis), the leading professional choristers, with deputations from the principal provincial choral societies and cathedral choirs, and various continental bodies, will be present. The band will include the instrumentalists of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with numerous additions from the principal orchestras of the metropolis, the Crystal Palace, &c. The stringed instruments alone will exceed 250 in number. The whole of the arrangements are under the direction of the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society; and Mr. Costa has undertaken to conduct the performance. Mdlle. Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, with other vocalists, are engaged as principals. The arrangements for the audience will be under the direction of the stewards of the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose

exertions contributed so much to the general comfort at the Handel Commemoration of last year."

"Thanks be to God,"—the "Baalite" choruses,—and above all the "Sanctus" ("Holy! Holy"), with three thousand singers and players (the singers of course in proportion), will be something to look forward to—something, indeed, that we may naturally expect to rival, if not surpass, the stupendous displays of 1857 and 1859. If untiring zeal and perseverance in providing for the gratification of the public are entitled to support, surely never was patronage more richly deserved than by the directors of the Crystal Palace and their indefatigable General Manager.

Coming to their usual box in the "Edinburgh Castle," Pantagruel and Epistemon found upon the table a small piece of paper, on which were some verses in the villanous handwriting of Panurge. Nor was the paper itself without pictorial adornment, for the poet had evidently placed on it a glass of stout, which being wet at the bottom, had left behind it a spacious brown ring, whereby much of the poetry was encompassed.

"Chance," said Epistemon, "hath here disported itself"—

"If thou personifiest Chance," observed Pantagruel, "rather say '*her*self,' for I take it the personified Chance correspondeth to the goddess Fortuna—'gratim quæ regit Antium.'"

"Well, then," said Epistemon, pettishly, "Chance hath disported *her*self in a most humorous and fitting manner. Songs of war are sometimes surrounded by a wreath of laurel; on Valentine's Day, sixpence will purchase you an amatory sonnet set in a circle of true lover's knots. Now here thou findest the poetry of Panurge encompassed by beer—the very Hippocrene whence the bard draweth his inspiration. Well might he say with Persius:—

'Nec fonte labra prolui caballino
Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini'——

No kick of a horse produced this Pierian spring—this Hippocrene hath its beginning in the vat of one of those mighty men who are now so vociferous in the cause of sobriety."

"Read the poetry—read—read!" cried Pantagruel, impatiently. "I do not greatly affect poetry read aloud; but still thy converse is so infernally dull, that I would have thy tongue employed on anything rather than on the utterance of thine own absurd views and sentiments.

Thus encouraged, Epistemon read as follows:—

"THE GARDEN DEITY.

"This cottage on the moor, so modest, with its thatch
Of bulrush and of sedge, right faithfully I watch;
A log of oak am I, hewn by a rustic hand,
But yet I ever spread a blessing o'er the land.
A father and a son, who in this cottage dwell,
Salute me as a god, and venerate me well.
One piously takes care, lest weeds and grasses rude
Upon my sacred ground irrev'rently intrude.
The other brings me gifts of little value—still,
Their worth is great indeed, if measur'd by his will.
In Spring a varied wreath upon my brow is set,
With sprigs of early corn, and many a violet;
Gourds, fragrant apples too, in season they bestow—
Grapes that with deep'ning tint beneath their foliage grow.
Sometimes the wanton kid, sometimes the bearded goat,
Upon my altar bleeds—(but this you'll mention not).
For all these pious gifts some gratitude is due—
So here Priapus stands, a watchman ever true;
These vines and plants, rude boys, he safely guards from you.
A wealthy churl, who ne'er to me will tribute pay,
Is living near—*rob him*—you can't mistake your way."

"That," said Pantagruel, approvingly, "is the best thing he has done."

"Well," said Epistemon, "measured by that very low standard, it may, perhaps, be allowed to pass. Nor, as he has once, on the precedent of old George Chapman, adopted this meter as an equivalent for the hexameter, can we well object to his extension of the same to the Ithyphallic numbers in which, as thou knowest, the eighteenth carmen of Catullus is written. For your Ithyphallic is such an enervation of the hexameter, that the distinction between them, though palpable to the ancients, is not perceptible to an ear trained to the observance of accent only, and not of quantity. Some, probably, will take pleasure in the distich:—

'The other brings me gifts of little value—still,
Their worth is great indeed, if measured by his will.'

But to me, it is such a violent expansion, and therefore distortion of the original line—

'Alter parva ferens manu semper munera larga,'

That I fancy our vile friend hath rather translated Döring's note on the line, than the line itself, 'Munera parva, quæ quis pio animo offert suo si metiaris modulo, sunt magna et diis gratissima.'"

"The history of the widow's mite told in Pagan fashion," said Pantagruel, with a sigh.

"As for the concluding two lines," continued Epistemon, "I find them most offensive and detestable. The wealthy churl never *pays* tribute to Priapus, but as 'pays' won't rhyme with 'way,' the poet has recourse to the low, shabby expedient of turning the present into a sort of indefinite future, and sings 'will not pay.' Out upon such bobbling rhymesters, when they lay their profane hands on one of the choicest gems of Roman poetry that was ever bequeathed to the present generation."

"Stop thy miserable abuse of thy betters," exclaimed Panurge, who had slipped in unobserved, and had been sitting in the adjoining box for some five minutes, listening with small pleasure to the comment on his verse, "and hear the news. This paper I hold in my hand is the *Entr'Acte* for the 14th of April, and it containeth a dialogue wherein great praise is bestowed on our converse—as choice, witty, pleasant, and erudite!"

"Ha!" said Epistemon, "then it must refer to some discourse in which thou tookest no part. But what is the meaning of this? One of the speeches in this dialogue saith that the record of our conversation is in imitation of Rabelais. Who in the name of wonder is Rabelais? I flatter myself that our talk now and then approacheth the fashion of Erasmus, but I never heard of Rabelais."

"Hast thou forgotten him?" said Pantagruel—"a low, dirty, clerical fellow, who a long time ago was always dangling at my heels."

"I think I recollect the varlet," said Panurge, "but I always kept him at a respectful distance, and held with him but small converse. Ha! he was not a wight with whom I would have been seen walking down Little St. Andrew-street!"

"The worst of the knave was," observed Pantagruel, "that he wrote a sort of history of our transactions, in which he made us talk all sorts of filth and obscenity."

"Us!" exclaimed Epistemon; "us, who are negotiating with the Tract Society for the sale of our dialogues, as likely to purify the moral atmosphere of this sinful metropolis!"

"Therefore observe the kindness of the *Entr'Acte*," interposed Panurge. "Though it wrongly ascribeth our talk to the influence of that base ribald, yet it lovingly saith that the pure ore and not the dross is imitated."

"Humph!" growled Epistemon, "then why doth it contain Latin that no one can read? Look here: 'Qui se ipse laudat, itoo derisiorem invenerit?' What the devil doth that mean?"

"Hadst thou been as deeply versed in the sentences of Publius Syrus as beseemeth thy years," said Panurge, "thou wouldst know that the passage thou hast quoted is a misprint for—

'Qui se ipsum laudat, cito derisorem invenit.'"

"Five words wrong out of seven is a heavy proportion," murmured Epistemon.

"I know the saw right well," exclaimed Pantagruel, cheerfully. "Joseph Scaliger hath Hellenised it thus:—

'Αινῶν ἑαυτὸν τάχα γελαστὴν περιέτυχε.'"

"It strikes me," remarked Epistemon, after a pause, during which he had carefully read the dialogue in the *Entr'acte*, "that thy pretended friend is only laughing at us, for he putteth all the commendation of our wit in the mouth of an individual, whom he afterwards representeth to be the author of our dialogues."

"And why, thou disagreeable curmudgeon," shouted Panurge, "why the devil should he not laugh?—

——'Ridentim dicere verum
Quid vetat.'"

"Is nobody to laugh but ourselves, thou cantankerous jobbernol? For my part, I am convinced that the *Entr'Acte* of the 14th meant kindly by us. He doth not sneer, as thou didst thyself, at my 'Propertius,' and he saith we do not want to satisfy the general reader, which I take as a high compliment, for I am like that exquisite mime, Arbuscula—

——'Satis est equitem mihi plaudere, ut audax,
Contemptis aliis, exploso Arbuscula dixit.'"

At this juncture, a marvellously ill-favoured countenance popped up from an adjoining box, and said, in a coarse, ginny sort of voice—

"I think you may render that:—

'I'm not one of them tragic sticks,
As seeks the cry of 'Brayvo Hicks.'"

"Reserve thine elucidations till such times as they are required," said Pantagruel, with all the mild dignity of his race, and without even turning round to look at the intruder, who was immediately behind him.

"On microscopic observation," said Epistemon, looking long and earnestly at the intruder, through a glass of hot gin-and-water, "On microscopic observation, I should pronounce thee to be an unfortunate schoolmaster, decomposed by bad beer and frequent passages through the Insolvent Court, into thy constituent atoms, and then, by some mysterious process, recomposed into a sort of shabby 'fast man.'"

Hereupon the intruder began to weep and wail, in maudlin style, declaring that no one loved him, and that he wished he had never been born,—in which latter sentiment, Pantagruel, Panurge and Epistemon, being all agreed, for the first time in their lives, most heartily concurred. Then he became frantically joyous, and sang out:—

"Thus became Tom Tosspot rich,
Thus went through the tailor's stitch;
Thus did Bacchus conquer Indy,
Thus philosophy, Melindy."

Then he discoursed gravely, and said, "Qui feut premier, soif ou beuverye? Soif; car qui eust beu sans soif durant le temps d'innocence? Beuverye, car 'privatio praesupponit habitum.' Je suis clerc—'Facundi calices quem non fecere disertum.'"

Then he got back to his maudlin strain, and whimpered forth, while all stared at him with infinite disgust, "Nobody loves me; nobody drinks with me; nobody eats with me. I'll dine with the Saracen's Head."

"*At* the Saracen's Head," suggested Epistemon.

"You're another! Who's your hatter? Does your mother know you're out?" retorted the intruder, using phrases not only in themselves unseemly, but rendered still more repulsive by the absence of all logical connection. "I mean what I say—I will dine with the Saracen's Head; for I will order me a dish of boiled tripe, and the sign of the Saracen's Head shall be taken off the hinges, and placed on the table. Thus shall I dine with the Saracen's Head—as the lady dines with her mother, in that scintillating little piece called *A Christmas Dinner*. Then I will get drunk, very drunk, to a degree that even the great Robson shall not be able to imitate—a grand, original drunkenness.

"Become inebriate as thou pleasest," observed Pantagruel with disdainful benignity, but still without turning round, "provided it be at thine own expense; nay, I extend my permission still further, thou mayest even intoxicate thyself at the expense of another, provided that other be not I."

"Oblivious crew," shouted the intruder, "know, to your infinite shame and confusion, that I am your ancient friend, Carpimon." And with these words he fell senseless on the floor. Pantagruel looked at his face for the first time.

"Yes, it is indeed Carpimon," he said, mournfully.

"*The* Carpimon, whom we thought safe in New York?" asked Epistemon, sadly.

"*The* Carpimon, whom we hoped had hanged himself?" inquired Panurge, gloomily.

"The same," ejaculated Pantagruel, and he dashed a tear from his princely eye. "Alas! in this world, how may the fairest hopes be blighted!"

We called attention last week, and, if we remember rightly, invited our readers to contribute, to a testimonial about to be presented to Mademoiselle Piccolomini, on the occasion of her retirement from the stage. We were not in a position to state what form the testimonial would take, for it is not often that any such honorific present is received by a singer, and we had no precedent to guide us. All we knew was that the offering was to be made, that some of the first music-publishers in London were ready to accept subscriptions, and that a certain sum of money had been already subscribed. How (after forwarding one cheque for a very respectable amount) we wondered whether it would be diamonds, emeralds or pearls, whether a brooch, a bracelet or a necklace, that the adorers of Mademoiselle Piccolomini, with ourselves foremost amongst the number, would present to their charming little idol! To a successful railway director, testimonialists, while things are still going on smoothly, give enough money to buy an estate. Mr. Russell of the *Scotsman*, only the other day, was complimented with a silver tea-service and some sixteen hundred sovereigns. Mr. E. L. Blanchard, as it were the day before yesterday, had a silver claret jug given to him by Mr. Smith. Then who has not had an inkstand presented to him, and who has not wished that it had been anything else? However, there is something in an inkstand—there ought to be ink, but we

are speaking in a loftier sense; there is something in a claret-jug—there ought to be claret, but that is not precisely what we mean; and in sixteen hundred sovereigns there is eighty pounds a-year, at five *per* cent., supposing that the owner is weak enough not to break into the capital. But with neither and with none of these more or less valuable and appropriate gifts could we do homage to Mademoiselle Piccolomini. We should know what to give a fox-hunter or a proprietor of race-horses, and we have already told our readers what testimonials were justly considered appropriate to the editor of a Scotch newspaper and to the author of a hundred pantomimes; but this, after all, brings us no nearer to the solution of the great question—What testimonial shall be offered to Mademoiselle Piccolomini?

Let us begin, we thought, and reason from the beginning. Mademoiselle Piccolomini is a singer, therefore let us invite her acceptance of something that will be especially useful to a vocalist. That will, surely, be more reasonable than was the giving of a claret-jug to Mr. E. L. Blanchard, whose drink is pale ale at lunch and sherry at dinner; or of a tea-service to Mr. Russell, whose ordinary beverage is coffee; or of an inkstand to the present writer, to whom the sight of an inkstand happens to be a vision of terror.

Then what shall we lay at the feet of Mademoiselle Piccolomini, in her capacity of prima donna?

A box of Stolberg's voice-lozenges? That would be too cheap, far too nasty, and not in any way complimentary.

A tuning-fork of massive gold? That would be open to some of the same objections.

A piano? Every one has a piano.

Music? Mademoiselle Piccolomini sings all kinds of music, and has already music of every kind.

But the music that is not yet written, that is still in the composer's brain, or that, at least, has not yet met the public ear. Would not *that* be a present to set before a lyric queen?

The very idea that had occurred to us, or, rather, at which we had arrived after prodigious mental labour, had also struck the originators of the Piccolomini testimonial; and people are now beginning to understand that this testimonial has been already presented in the shape of an opera by Signor Campana, at the public production of which the subscribers—to the theatre as well as to the testimonial—were invited to be present last Thursday. We need not say here what opinion we have of *Almina*, except that we think that some excuse was needed for bringing it out. Perhaps we may be allowed to add, that if *Almina* is indeed the Piccolomini testimonial, of which we have heard so much, we are really very sorry that our popular little favourite has not received something a great deal more valuable.

New Arrivals.—Mademoiselle Anna Kull, violoncellist; M. Theodore Ritter, pianist and composer; Herr Kumpel, a violinist of distinction; and Herr Schnieder, a tenor player.

Belfast—(*From our own Correspondent*).—The Anacreontic Society concluded their forty-seventh season, on the 19th inst., with a concert which appeared to give much satisfaction to a large audience, although the performance was confined to the members of the Society, who are nearly all amateurs. The programme was varied, and included solos for piano, flute, and saxophone, a duo for piano and violoncello, songs and glees, &c., but the only feature in it which calls for special remark was Romberg's Symphony in E flat, which was played with spirit, and with an attention to light and shade that reflects great credit on the clever conductor, Herr Leo Kerbusch. Mr. Loveday led the violins with his usual care.

THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTS IN ENGLAND.

The good musical understanding between ourselves and England progresses every day. We have been enabled to estimate and record its progress by our relations with London. This novel kind of understanding, which has for its ministers Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Mendelssohn, Kücken, and Kreutzer, and for its ambassadors, three thousand French Orphéonists, will be settled and consolidated to the benefit of the artistic future of these two great nations. The London Sacred Harmonic Society has already given the French choral societies the tone of the intellectual and moral concert which will gloriously complete this triple choral demonstration. Our readers have read in these columns the Society's address, which was the eloquent preface of the cordial welcome that awaits our legion of singers. The information we have received, from reliable sources, and the high opinion we entertain of the English character, enable us to foresee, for this harmonious expedition, days which will ever be recollected in the history of art and good brotherhood.

The English press has just officially announced the Festival. The *Times*, the *Observer*, the *Daily News*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and the other papers of all shades and opinions, have received the announcement with favour. Nor could it be otherwise. The fatidical voice of the *Orphéon* is understood in high quarters; its extent and vibrations are measured by the echoes it arouses in the human heart; by the profound and sudden metamorphoses it effects in the life of nations. The London Festival will wipe out historical animosities. The historians of both countries should be present, in order to study together an event which cannot fail to leave behind it a deep impression on men's minds, and to act beneficially on our international relations. How do we outstrip, with our rolls of music, political economists, with their cold prose! How do we bequeath to the dust of libraries, and to the old remains of prejudices, the hateful legends of Pitt, of Chatham and of Jean Bart! What do we care about the politics of party, the ideal of sailors and of song-writers? The human dogma of progress, in the unity of language and of race, shines far above these rabid reminiscences, these monotonous couplets, and these sinister images of another epoch. The progress of our ideas has burst the chain of these blind, retrogressive or stationary principles. We do not think the renovation of international laws can be any longer stopped by the bitter dithyrambics of a few orators and poets, who rise in the morning, from their interviews with the god Mars, without seeing what is the hour by the dial of History. But who are we, that we should have dared, without consulting the augurs, to get up so imposing a musical demonstration, to organise the enlistment of three thousand singers—of three thousand voices, which will peal forth the hymn of brotherhood in the grand transept of the Palace at Sydenham?* Whence have we derived such boldness and such strength? We have derived it, simply, from our confidence in the Future, and in the superiority of our views on history and philosophy. We are simply men endowed with a good will and perseverance. We believe when others doubt. We watch when others sleep. We are, also, we must honestly confess, men frequently selected as the butt for sarcasm, calumny, abuse, and the insolent denials of that petty fry, who harass, with their squeaking voices, everyone who cannot behold them in their native dust, and who rises above them in heart and head. Ah! Art is not a vain ornament of youth! Art is, after all,

* More than four thousand Orphéonists have entered their names.

good for something in the life of nations! Artists are not so much out of place, in the philosophic and moral movements of society, as some people are pleased to affirm!

The days fixed on for the Festival of the French Orphéonists in London are Monday, the 25th; Tuesday, the 26th; and Thursday, the 28th of June next. A circular which M. Delaporte will send, this week, to the Societies which have signified their intention of taking part in the ceremony, will contain the complete programme of the Festival. We shall, in our next number, publish a list of all the choruses, which will be executed by the three thousand Orphéonists.

Two months separate us from the solemnity. In two months' time, the steamers will carry the vocal legion to the shores of Albion. The Orphéonists must increase their exertions, and pay more attention than ever to their studies, in order to prove themselves worthy of France, and deserving the applause of England, for Great Britain will be represented by all classes at the Festival. The French Orphéonists must prepare themselves seriously to maintain their musical reputation before the people and aristocracy of the United Kingdom.

J. F. Vaudin.

—From the *Orphéon*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mdlle. Piccolomini gave her second farewell performance on Saturday, when the *Traviata* was represented, and, being a subscription night, the theatre was crowded. The *Trovatore* was given for the third time on Tuesday.

On Thursday, a new opera was produced, entitled *Almina*, composed by Sig. Fabio Campana, favourably known, in England, as the author of light vocal pieces for the drawing-room. Sig. Campana, too, we are informed, produced in Italy, some years ago, one or two operas, of which we know nothing. The story of *Almina* would not interest our readers if recounted in detail. Enough that the heroine loves one man and is married to another, that she is supposed to die of a broken heart, and is buried; that her lover, reported killed, returns from the wars and breaks open her tomb; that she is restored to life, and flies with her deliverer to a foreign land; that they revisit their native country; that the husband reclaims his wife, and that the lady takes poison, and dies. There are some good dramatic situations, of which such a composer as Signor Verdi would doubtless have made good use. Signor Campana, however, is wanting in dramatic fire, which, above all other qualities, *Almina* requires. Mdlle. Piccolomini was well suited in the part of Almina—being invariably earnest and passionate, and often real. The music, however, was not so suitable to her means, and her singing did not always produce its wonted effect. Signor Giuglini, as the lover, Biondello, on the other hand, sang better than ever, and carried away the vocal honours of the evening. He was encored twice, and was in finer voice than we have heard him for a long time. Signor Aldighieri sustained the part of Walter, the husband, with his customary vigour, and more than his customary judgment.

Taking applause as a criterion, the success of *Almina* was triumphant. After the first act, the principal singers were recalled, and then Signor Campana was compelled to appear, when he was not merely received with tumultuous acclamations, but *fêted* with bouquets and laurel-wreaths. At the fall of the curtain, too, he was summoned to the foot-lights twice, when the demonstrations were renewed, and no doubt the composer left the theatre perfectly satisfied that his opera had achieved a great and legitimate triumph. First nights, however, are not always precedents—the *Barbiere* of Rossini to witness.

The new *divertissement*, produced for Mdlle. Pocchini, is quite unworthy the great talents of the *danseuse*.

Last night *Lucrezia Borgia* was given, with Mdlle. Titiens as Lucrezia, Madame Borghi-Mamo as Maffeo Orsini (her first appearance in the part), Signor Mongini, Gennaro (his first appearance in the part), and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, Duke Alfonso (his first appearance in this country). Of this performance, we shall speak next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Fidelio was repeated on Saturday, and attracted a much larger attendance than at the first performance. Madame Csillag more than confirmed the impression she made on Thursday. The indisposition of Signor Tagliafico necessitated the omission of Pizarro's only air. In other respects Beethoven's great masterpiece was given to perfection.

Grisi and Mario made their "*rentrée*" on Tuesday in *La Favorita*. Of course the theatre was crowded, the public being always desirous to hail the first appearance of these deservedly admired performers. M. Faure, too, was Alfonso XI., and lent another attraction to the performance. Grisi still maintains her place. Her upper notes may have lost some of their brilliancy, and her execution some of its fluency; but the voice still possesses the exquisite quality of old, and her style retains all its unrivalled charm. That Grisi should act still better and better, is a matter of course. In this respect, at all events, we can discover no change, unless that she has become more subtle and more finished, as, indeed, we were inclined to think on Tuesday evening, when she transcended her former achievements, especially in the last scene, which has never been surpassed for intensity and pathos. Mario, too, appeared to act better than ever, which *à priori* was all but an impossibility, and to sing as nobody else but he can sing, when in the vein. The great tenor was labouring under a slight cold, which at first appeared to affect him but little. In the last act, however, immediately after the repeat of the romanza, "Angiol d' amore" (unanimously encored), a slight hoarseness was evident, and the passionate duet, "Tutto m' obblio," was deprived of a portion of its wonted effect.

M. Faure impersonated the Castilian monarch with more grace and dignity than we remember in any of his predecessors. Moreover, he looked every inch a king, and was dressed to perfection. He sang, also, finely, although occasionally with too evident a desire to shine, his extreme high notes being employed more frequently than necessary. M. Faure was encored in "A tanto amor," which he gave with irreproachable taste, showing by his manner to Leonora that, unlike many Alfonsos, he thoroughly appreciated the force of the words.

The opera was brought out with all that careful attention to detail which, among other things, has made the reputation of the theatre. The costumes were splendid and appropriate, and the scenery magnificent, the last scene—the cloisters in the monastery—almost rivalling the memorable *tableau* in the old house.

Fidelio was announced for repetition on Thursday, but, in consequence of the illness of Signor Tagliafico, *Dinorah* was substituted, the song of the Huntsman (Act III.) being omitted.

On Tuesday, *Fra Diavolo* will bring back Signor Ronconi as Lord Allcash, and Madame Miolan-Carvalho will make her first appearance as Zerlina.

Leeds Town Hall Organistship—(*From a Correspondent*).—The conditions upon which the election of an organist for the Leeds Town Hall is to be conducted have just been issued by the Committee. From the applicants it is intended to select not fewer than three, nor more than seven, who will be submitted to the Town Council as the selected list. These gentlemen will then be invited to a competitive performance before three eminent organists, who will report on their comparative ability, as No. 1, 2, and 3; and the candidate standing No. 1 will be submitted to the Council for appointment. The selected candidates will be allowed fifteen hours each for practice on the organ. (At Newcastle, recently, we believe, only one hour's practice was allowed.) Considerable interest is already exhibited in the approaching election, and it is rumoured that some of the first organists of the day intend to seek the appointment. The salary is to be £200 per annum, and after 100 performances have been given by the organist, the sum of £2 2s. will be paid for every extra performance.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE season was inaugurated on Monday evening, when a programme of unvaried excellence was provided. The Hanover-square Rooms were perhaps not so well attended as is usual on the opening night. The unfavourable state of the weather was sufficient, indeed, to have thinned the audience far more; but the lovers of good music are not to be daunted by Eurus and Boreas, even when they deal their fiercest blasts, and spout their densest rains. The following was the selection:—

PART I.

Symphony, "The Seasons," in B minor	Spohr.
Song, "A questi avventueri infami" (Il Seraglio) ...	Mozart.
Concerto, violin	Mendelssohn.
Scena (Der Freischütz)	Weber.
Overture (Egmont)	Beethoven.

PART II.

Symphony, "Jupiter"	Mozart.
Duet, "Se la vita" (Semiramide)	Rossini.
Overture (Oberon)	Weber.

Of the symphony of Spohr, we have more than once spoken at length. It is enough to say in this place, that it is not one of the most inspired works of the great master. In the movement illustrative of "Spring" there are many traces of his happiest manner and some of his brightest thoughts. The movement representing "Autumn," is everywhere spirited, graceful, and characteristic. "Summer," however, is depicted in too monotonous a tone, and "Winter"—with which, by the way, the symphony commences—is too uniformly sombre and monotonous. The execution, considering the difficulties presented, was marvellous, and Professor Bennett and his orchestra covered themselves with honour.

The violin concerto, as performed by Herr Becker, was in many respects entitled to the very highest commendation. Exceptions, nevertheless, might be taken in several instances; the reading generally was not in strict keeping with the directions of the composer. Herr Becker, nevertheless, played so splendidly, that he was recalled at the end and received with enthusiasm.

The execution of Mozart's symphony and Beethoven's overture was inimitable in every way, both performances being received with tumultuous applause, and the overture to *Oberon* was a splendid finale.

Signor Belletti sang the superb song from Mozart's too much neglected opera with faultless taste. Mdlle. Louise Michal, a Swedish *prima donna* of reputation in her own country, gave the grand scena from *Der Freischütz* with great power and facility, but in too studied and artificial a manner to create any unusual effect. So capable a voice as hers is not heard every day. The duet from *Semiramide* was more suited to the gentleman's style than that of the lady.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE third concert was given on Wednesday, and was alike characterised by excellence and variety, as the following selection will show.

PART I.

Overture, (The Isles of Fingal)	Mendelssohn.
Air, "Jours de mon enfance," (Pré aux Clercs)	Hérold.
Symphony Concertante in B flat, Op. 68, two Pianofortes and Orchestra	Dussek.
Recit., "By him betrayed" / Air, "Thus I am doomed" (M.S. Opera) ...	J. Benedict.
Overture, (Lurline)	Vincent Wallace.

PART II.

Sinfonia Eroica (No. 3), Op. 55	Beethoven.
Duo, "Di qual città sei tu?" (L'Etoile du Nord)	Meyerbeer.
Overture, (Gustave)	Auber.

Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The features of the performance were the Symphony and Mendelssohn's overture, neither of which we ever heard executed with grander effect. The overture, although holding by no means the enviable position of the first piece in the programme, was encored in a tumult of applause, and repeated with increased effect. Mr. Wallace's brilliant and dramatic orchestral prelude to *Lurline*, too, was played with astonishing power and precision. Not so the overture to Auber's opera, in which the first movement was taken too quick, and the last too slow—innovations which, in both instances, were disastrous to the effect intended by the composer. The Symphony Concertante of Dussek—too rarely heard in public—was acceptable on all accounts. The whole work is interesting; but the *finale* is an inspiration. Messrs. Charles Salaman and Lindsay Sloper were the pianists, and vied with each other and with the orchestra in zeal and energy.

The vocal music was excellent. Miss Augusta Thomson sang the very difficult air, from Hérold's opera, with great brilliancy; Mr. Santley gave a bold and vigorous reading of the masterly scena from Benedict's unpublished opera; and both artists gave the utmost capital effect to the admirable duet from Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*.

The fourth concert is announced for the 9th of May, when Mr. G. A. Macfarren's new cantata, *Christmas*, will be given.

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 38.—No. 18. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860. PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d

V. R.

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HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
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THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCESSES AND PRINCES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY,
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18

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 7th, 1860.

The whole of the Programme will be selected from the works of
MENDELSSOHN.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 44 .. .. Mendelssohn.
M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.

CANON, "The Lark's Song," .. .. Mendelssohn.
The London Glee and Madrigal Union.
(Under the direction of Mr. Land.)

SONG, "The Hunter's Song," .. .. Mendelssohn.
Mr. Sims Reeves.

TWO-PART SONG, "The Sabbath Morn," .. .. Mendelssohn.
Miss J. Wells and Miss Eyles.

FANTASIA, in F sharp minor, (dedicated to Moscheles) Mendelssohn.
Mr. Charles Hallé.

PART II.

QUARTET, in F minor, No. 6 (posthumous) .. .. .. Mendelssohn.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)
M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.

DUET, "Zuleika and Hassan," .. .. Mendelssohn
Miss J. Wells and Mr. William Cummings.

SERENADE, (Son and Stranger) .. .. Mendelssohn.
Mr. Sims Reeves.

QUARTET, "The Nightingale." .. .. Mendelssohn.
The London Glee and Madrigal Union.

TRIO, in D minor, No. 7, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello .. .. Mendelssohn.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)
Mr. Charles Hallé, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti.

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison, and Co., Sabott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, Carter, and Oetzmann and Co., Brooks, Bradberry's, Duff and Co., Prowse, Chidley, Purday, Keith, Prowse, and Co., Turner, Cook and Co., Humphreys, Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell and Willis; and Chappell and Co.

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NEW VOCAL DUET, the words by Mrs. Hemans, the music by J. Herrmann.

*** "It is long since we have seen a more sterling duet, than 'The Return of May.' by J. Zeugheer Herrmann. This is a dainty pastoral for two female voices. The parts are arranged with great, yet not too great ingenuity; 'the colours of the hawthorn bloom,' is on the entire composition. It is good, fresh music."—*Athenæum.*

Wessel and Co., 18, Hanover-square.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S Annual Matinée of Pianoforte Music, will take place on Saturday, May 26th, in Hanover-square Rooms: when she will be assisted by Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, Mr. Walter Macfarren, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Santley. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 3s. 6d., of Mrs. Macfarren, 15, Albert-street, Glo'ster-gate, N.W.

JULLIEN'S LAST WALTZ will be published in a few days, by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE. By Victor Massé. The music of this popular Operetta will be ready in a few days. Copyright of Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER will give a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday evening, May 15, 1860. To commence at half-past 7 o'clock precisely. Under the immediate patronage of The Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne, The Right Hon. the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, The Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, The Lady Brownlow, The Viscount Valletort, M.P., The Lady Katharine Valletort, &c., &c. Artistes—Madame Catherine Hayes, Miss Ransford, Miss Theresa Jefferys, Madame Weiss, and Madame Laura Baxter; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Allan Irving, and Mr. Weiss. Instrumentalists—Violin, Mr. Blagrove; Violoncello, Herr Lidel; Pianoforte, Miss Matilda Baxter and Mr. S. I. Noble. Conductors—Mr. W. Vincent Wallace (who has kindly consented to assist on this occasion), Mr. G. Lake, Signor Vianesi, and Signor Randegger. Reserved seats, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. To be had of Madame Laura Baxter, 155, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W., of the Music Publishers, and at the Libraries.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—MR. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artistes—MM. Sainton, H. Hill, W. Watson, E. Payton, Doyle, Trust, G. Collins, Aylward, Howell, senr, White, P. S. Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, T. Owen, Hausser, C. Harper, Standen, T. Harper, Stanton Jones, W. Winterbottom, Cioffi, Hughes, and F. C. Horton. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that her grand Evening Concert will take place on Wednesday, May 16th, when the following Eminent Artists will appear: Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. William Cummings, and Herr Ribenschütz, Mr. Charles Salaman, and Herr Adolphe Ries, Herr Louis Ries, Herr Lidel, and Mr. Ellis Roberts. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. Tickets, 7s.; Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Miss Eleanor Armstrong, at her residence, 36, Osnaburgh-street, Regent's-park; and of the principal music-sellers:

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—MR. MELCHIOR WINTER (tenore), and Mr. BENJAMIN WELLS (flautist), beg to announce that their GRAND EVENING VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT will take place at the above rooms on the 28th of May. Artists:—Madame Weiss, Miss Mahlah Homer, Miss Chipperfield, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Weiss and Mr. Melchor Winter; Harmonium, Mr. Scotson Clarke, and Flute, Mr. Benjamin Wells; Conductor, Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved seats, 5s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co., Chappell, Boosey, Keith, Prowse and Co., and all the principal musicsellers; and also of Mr. Benjamin Wells, 23, and Mr. Melchior Winter, 17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Directors respectfully announce that the SECOND CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday Evening the 7th of May. Programme: Sinfonia, No. 7, Haydn; Concerto in G minor, pianoforte, Herr Lubeck, Mendelssohn; Overture, Euryanthe, Weber; Sinfonia, Pastorale, Beethoven; Notturno, pianoforte, Herr Lubeck; Overture, Pré aux Clercs, Herold. Vocal performers: Madlle. Parepa and Mr. Santley. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett. To begin at 8 o'clock. Subscription for the Season, £3 3s.; single tickets, 15s. Subscriptions received and tickets issued by Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—Miss Banks, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Forster, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, have the honour to announce that their ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS will take place by the kind permission of Messrs. Collard and Collard, at the New Concert and Pianoforte Saloon, 16, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, on Wednesdays, June 6, 13, 20, and 27, to commence at Three o'clock. Stalls, 6s.; unreserved seats, 3s.; subscription to stalls, numbered and reserved, for the series, £1 1s. Tickets may be obtained at Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street (where a plan of the stalls may be seen); Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; Leader and Cocks, New Bond-street; Ollivier's, Old Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; and at Addison, Hollier, and Lucas's, 210, Regent-street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—A GRAND EVENING CONCERT will be given on Thursday evening, May, 10, to commence at half-past 8, the proceeds of which will be devoted towards completing the musical education of a member of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, who has suffered under misfortune. Vocalists: Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Lefler, Mr. Santley, the Quartett Glee Union, and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Pianoforte—Mr. John Francis Barnett. Accompanyist—Mr. J. G. Calcott. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie. Stalls, 5s. each, numbered and reserved; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street; Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street; and Mr. Austin, box-office, at the Hall.

STANLEY LUCAS, Hon. Sec., 210, Regent-street, W.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—President, The Right Hon. The Earl of Dudley.—Wednesday, May 16th, at Eight.—Madame Catherine Goldberg Strossi (Prima Donna from La Scala, Milan) and Miss Stabbach (pupil of [illegible]), by the kind permission of E. T. Smith, Esq., the following [illegible] from Her Majesty's Theatre, will appear: Signor Mongini, Signor [illegible] and Signor Sebastian Ronconi; Mdlle. Maria Brunetti and Mdlle. Vanert. [illegible] Mr. F. Barnett (his third appearance since his return from [illegible] 200 Voices. Conductor, M. BENEDICT. Sofa and box [illegible] reserved area, 3s.; unreserved, 1s. At all the principal [illegible] and St. James's Hall ticket-office.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. Baxter, Mr. W. Cummings, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler, respectfully announce that arrangements have been made to resume their successful Entertainments, on Wednesday next, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, to be continued every Wednesday and Friday afternoons, at 3, and on Saturday evenings at 8.15. Conductor, Mr. Land. Literary Illustrator, Mr. T. Oliphant. Tickets at Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond-street.

MDLLE. MARIA DE VILLAR begs to announce that her first Evening Concert will take place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on the 18th of May, under the immediate patronage of The Marchioness of Breadalbane, Jane Countess Dowager Somers, The Lady Clarence Paget, The Lady Theresa Lewis, The Lady Manners, Lady Knatchbull, and Mrs. Philip Yorke. All communications respecting the concert, lessons, or engagements, to be addressed, 10, Manchester-street, Manchester-square.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD (Pupil of Professor Sterndale Bennett) will give a Matinée Musicale, at 14, Montague-place, Bryanston-square (by kind permission of Mrs. Chapman), on Saturday, the 19th of May, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists: Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, M. Paque; Vocalists, Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Redfearn. Single Tickets, half-a-guinea; family tickets, to admit three, one guinea. To be had of Miss. F. Corfield, 29, Burton Street, Eaton-square, and of Messrs. Leader, and Cock, 63, New Bond-street.

MR. AGUILAR respectfully announces that he will give a Morning Concert, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, June 4th, when will be performed for the first time in public, his new Sestett, for piano, flute, oboe, clarionet, horn, and bassoon. Further particulars will be duly announced.

CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS.—Westminster Road.—Lessee, Mr. C. Morton.—Every Evening.—C. H. Gounod's Opera, FAUST—Faust, Mr. Henry Herbert; Mephistopheles, Mr. C. Bernard; Siebel, Mrs. Anderson; Marguerita, Miss Russel. Conductor, Jonghmans—and selections from Dinorah, Trovatore, and Macbeth. Several interesting pictures have been added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 18, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.

F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.

Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all publicand private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

MR. WALLWORTH is at liberty for Concerts, &c., until the reopening of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, in the autumn. He has vacancies for pupils, and one for a professional pupil, a contralto, to complete a quartet. 80, Edwardes-street, Portman-square, W.

MISS ST. CLAIR (soprano). All communications respecting pupils, and engagements for concerts or oratorios, to be addressed, 18, Walton-place, Brompton, S.W.

MISS SELINA PYKE (Pupil of Mr. Charles Salaman), continues to give lessons on the PIANOFORTE. Miss P. attends schools and her pupils westward, twice a week. 52, Great Prescott-street, E.

TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS, CLERGYMEN, COMPOSERS, AND OTHERS.

P. GRANT AND CO., Typographical Music and General Printers, Lithographers, and Engravers, Orange-street, and Red Lion-square, Holborn, respectfully inform the above that they are prepared to undertake works to any extent in Music Printing, upon the most reasonable terms, and with the greatest accuracy and dispatch.

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MEYERBEER'S NEW WORK—"ASPIRATION"—CANTIQUE. (Short Anthem.) The words from the original Latin of Thomas a Kempis, "De imitatione Christi." Composed for SIX VOICES (three sopranos, two tenors, and bass), with Recitatives for a BASS SOLO, and Organ (or Harmonium) accompaniment ad libitum, by GIACOMO MEYERBEER. Price, in score, 4s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where Meyerbeer's setting of the Lord's Prayer, for four voices, 3s., and the Serenade, for eight voices, "This house to love is holy," 4s., may be obtained.

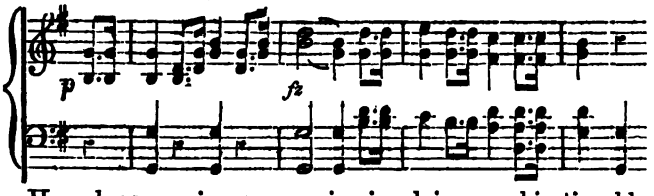
CZERNY'S ETUDE DE LA VELOCITÉ; Boosey's Cheap Edition, in three parts, 1s. each. Czerny's 50 Exercises (from the set of 101), price 1s. Bertini's 25 Studies (Op. 29), in two books, 1s. each. Boosey's Shilling Pianoforte Tutor, 36 pages. All music size. Post-free. Boosey and Sons Holles-street.

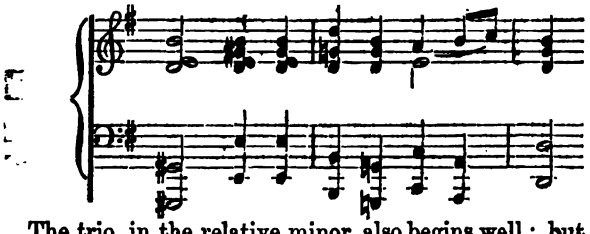
NEWSPAPER

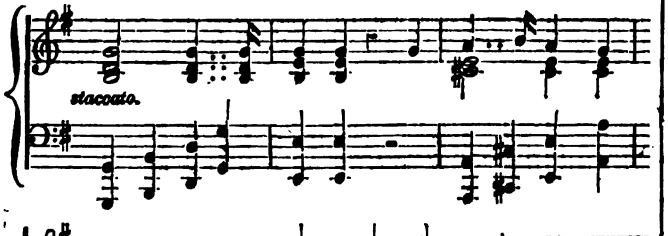
REVIEWS.

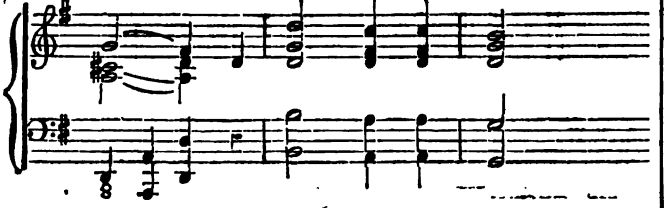
"'Marche Impériale'—Military March—graciously accepted y His Majesty The Emperor Napoleon III."; "'La Prussienne'—Valse brillante—dedicated by permission to Her Serene Highness, The Princess Marie zu Hohenzollern Hechingen"; "'La Dame d'Honneur'—Waltz—dedicated by permission to Her Grace the Duchess de Bassano"; "'L'Ambassadrice'—Polka Mazurka—dedicated by permission to The Right Hon. The Countess Cowley"; "'Gigia'—Polka—dedicated by permission to M. W. Balfe, Esq."; "'A dream'—Grande Fantaisie—dedicated by permission to Monsieur E. de Tarade"; "'L'Africaine'—Polka Mazurka—dedicated by permission to Mrs. Eugène Martin"; "'Impromptu Caprice'—dedicated to his friend, The Hon. Alan P. Herbert"; "'The Sekiar Waltz'—dedicated to Mrs. Robert Raikes (East Dale Hall, Yorkshire)"; "'Une Pensée'—Fantaisie—dedicated to Mrs. Richard Tillstone"; "'Grand Nocturne'—dedicated by permission to Monsieur Emile Prudent"; "'Nocturne'—dedicated to Mrs. Maximilian Behrend, née Balfe, (Rudall, Rose, Carte, and Co.)

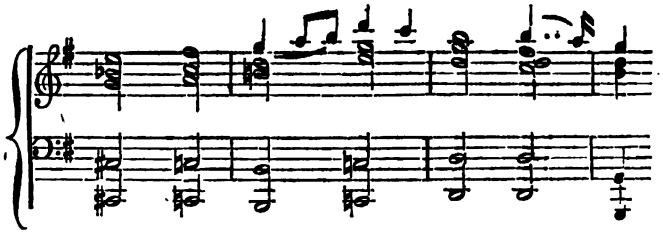
The "*Marche Impériale*" is spirited and evidently martial in character. It opens well :—



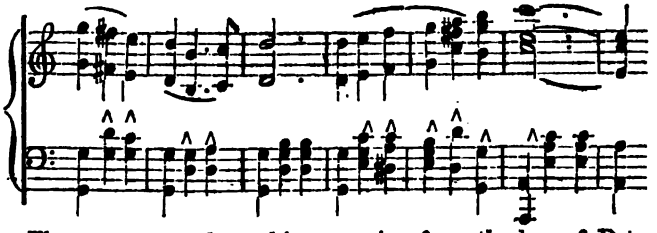
Here, however, is a progression involving an objectionable confusion of keys :—

The trio, in the relative minor, also begins well ; but there are several points in the march, which in a rhythmical sense smack so oddly of "Rule Britannia," (although the notes are not precisely the same), that it is doubtful whether Napoleon III. (until he has completely fitted out his Channel fleet) might relish it. For example :—

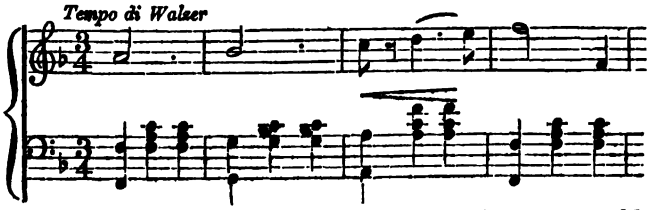
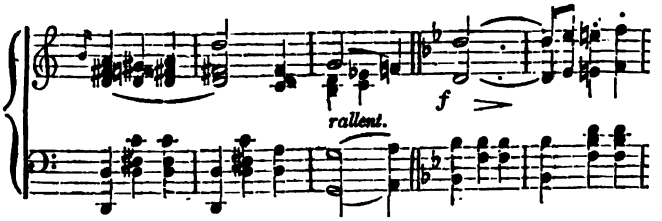


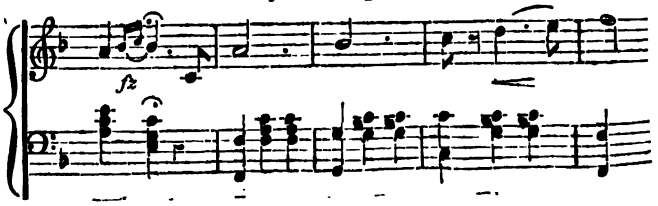


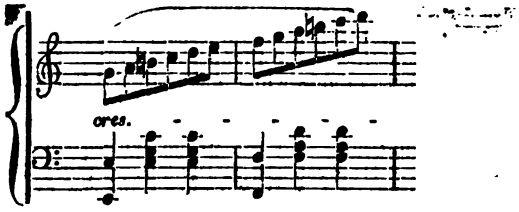
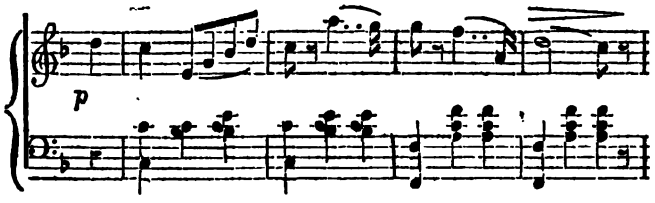
and again, for example :—

The musical reader will perceive that the notes are not identical with those of our great naval hymn, but that the rhythm, at the same time, is so resolutely anti-gallican, that a dedication of the *Marche Triomphale* ("*Triomphale*" is a significant word), to the Regent of Prussia, or the King of Sardinia, or perhaps to the Swiss Republic, (the Swiss being *têtes-montées*, if not *pieds-montés*), would be more appropriate than to the French Ruler.

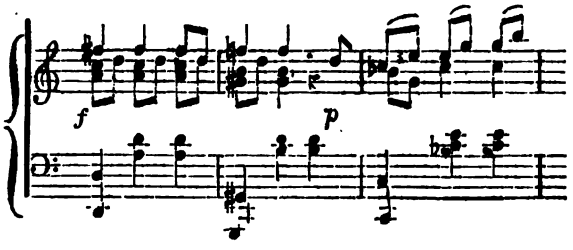
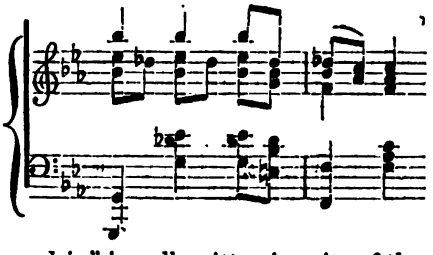
"*La Prussienne*," though it has some good points, is less musically meritorious than the preceding. The subject, however, (in the Strauss and Lanner vein), is graceful, and but for one or two questionable progressions, the whole might pass without criticism. The subjoined is one of the least defensible points :—



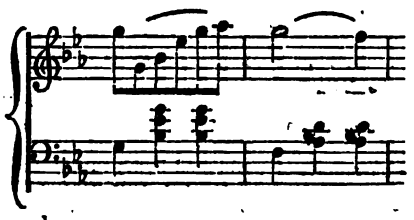
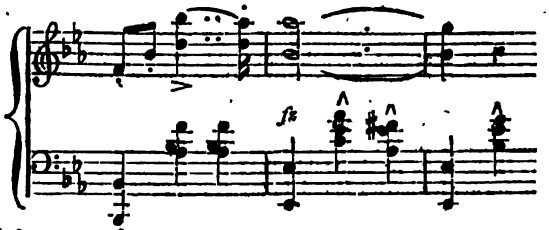
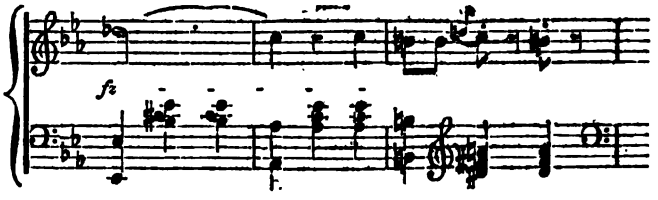
The return to the subject, passing from the key of D to that of B flat, is not more unrhythmical than uncanonical :—

"*La Dame d'Honneur*" is a really nice waltz; but would be much nicer if its pretty first theme were harmonised otherwise than as below :—

The substitution of dominant for tonic, in the third bar would render the harmony unexceptionable :—

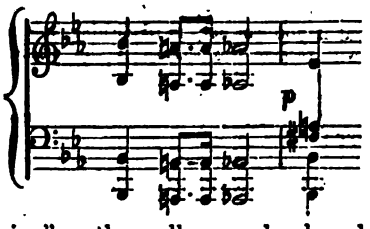


The trio (page 3) is charming, and but for the consecutive octaves between melody and bass (subjoined)—

would be irreproachable. The second part of the trio, beginning as follows—

is extremely graceful, and well worked out to the end.

"*L'Ambassadrice*" sets out with one of the most elegant themes ever invented in polka measure—so elegant and so fresh in the bargain, that it is afflicting to find its easy progress impeded by such uncouth progressions as the following:—

A "wit" once said that amateur composers should never leave the key without taking the key, in order to get back again when necessary—a condition, however, which it would be somewhat difficult to fulfil. Here, in a very simple transition, Mr. Raikes gets involved in an unpleasant "false relation:"—

"*L'Ambassadrice*" is well written in spite of these blemishes, which, though slight, serve materially to deface her beauty.

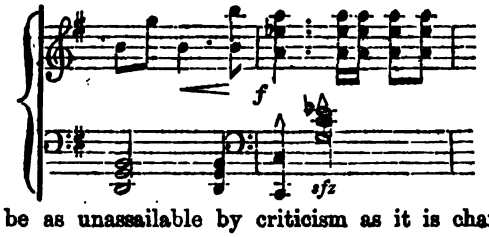
"*Gigia*" is another very attractive polka, and (which by no means lessens its attractions) with scarcely a violation of good harmony to notice. Mr. Raikes should invariably endeavour to write thus correctly.

"*The Sekiar Waltz*" has a pretty and engaging episode (page 5), but the first part contains points too objectionable to pass over. As for example:—

And for example:—

And for example:—

"*Une Pensée*" is a fantasia, in the course of which the composer has traced some really graceful passages, damaged here and there by such transitions as the following:—



"*L'Africaine*," another polka, may be classed with "*Gigia*," both for prettiness of thought and correctness of execution.

"*A Dream*," is a *fantasia* on a more ambitious scale than most of its companion-pieces, and marked by a higher sort of musical aspiration. Mr. Raikes, however, is not quite so successful, we think, either with this or the "*Grand Nocturne*," dedicated to M. Emile Prudent—nice as is the feeling—occasionally evinced in both—as in his less pretending effusion, of which both the "*Impromptu Caprice*," a light and brilliant piece in polka measure, and the Nocturne in G major (dedicated to Mad. M. Behrend), are very attractive specimens. The last especially—but for one or two progressions, such as—



would be as unassailable by criticism as it is charmingly melodious.

To conclude—there is so much of good in the foregoing essays at composition, that we have a right to hope for something a great deal better from the same pen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

HARMONIES OF PSALM AND HYMN TUNES.

SIR,—You will oblige by inserting answers to the following queries in your next impression:

1. Did C. H. Rink or J. S. Bach leave any separate works of harmonies of psalm and hymn tunes? If so, by whom are they published?

2. Whose harmonies of psalm and hymn tunes* are most elaborate and full?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Devonport, March 12th, 1860. ST. MICHAEL'S.

TENOR OR TREBLE.

SIR,—Now that the French have set us so good an example of musical unity in fixing, by regulation, the pitch of instruments, I beg to suggest that you would kindly lend your aid towards determining a point I have always considered to be a weak one in our musical notation—*i. e.*, whether music to be sung by a tenor voice should be written in the tenor or the treble clef?

I can answer for having found, in my own experience in teaching, great difficulty to arise from both clefs being made use of. My tenor singer, whose part I may be teaching him for Sunday's service, will stand me out, occasionally, that C sharp is D sharp, and, in consequence, views the system of semi-tones as a perfect chaos! He can ill spare one night in the week for practice for Sunday, much less time to learn the whole system of clefs, being a hard-working man.

With regard to which clef is to be chosen for general adoption I confidently recommend the use of the tenor C clef; and am surprised to observe that Mr. Novello, to whose better judgment I ought, perhaps, to bow, writes the treble G clef, which is likely to give a tenor singer a false notion of what he is doing. I am aware that an objection to this may be raised, that thereby treble voices would be shut out from singing songs originally intended for the male voice. But then, Mr. Editor, how much better this would be; for our taste would not be constantly offended, as at present, by hearing ladies render pathetic appeals from an Arture to his loved one!

I feel I have already occupied too much of your valuable space, so will only add that if you can help in abolishing this musical grievance, I am sure you will receive the thanks of the whole existing musical world, in addition to those of,

Sir, your obedient servant,

A COUNTRY (but not the less earnest) ORGANIST.

April 24th, 1860.

MR. RANSFORD'S CONCERT.

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will allow me, through the medium of your columns, to request Mr. Wm. E. Ransford to read my letter a little further than the words he has quoted. He will find that what I said, was, Miss Ransford did not (as stated) sing an Italian aria and one or two English songs; by this I do not deny that she sang the Italian aria, I am perfectly aware of having had the pleasure of hearing her. I merely contradict the statement that she sang *both*, that and the one or two English songs alluded to; my letter then continues "but one solo only and the duet," this solo was "Fatal Goffredo," that Mr. Ransford is so desirous of knowing what I call it. If Mr. Ransford will allow me to borrow his own words, I will advise him that before he attempted to "contradict" or "correct" my letter, it would have been better to be "first perfectly acquainted" with what I "actually" said.

With thanks for inserting my former communication, I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, April, 28*th* 1860. H. T. A.

EXETER.—(*From a Correspondent*).—On Tuesday evening (the 26th ult.), the members of the Exeter Oratorio Society, under the direction of Mr. Rice, the society's conductor, performed Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabæus*. The principal vocalists were Miss Banks (soprano), Madame Laura Baxter (contralto), Mr. W. G. Way (tenor), and Mr. C. Jennings (basso). Miss Banks, an established favourite, delighted all by her chaste and intelligent singing. Madame Laura Baxter, who appeared in Exeter for the first time, displayed her fine voice and vocal skill to eminent advantage.

* Henry Smart's—(Boosey and Sons, publishers).

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.

(*Continued from page* 266.)

THE father of this esteemed songstress, Mr. Vincent Novello, was among the most highly respected musicians of his generation in this country. Why should we say was? The respect he first earned, some half a century since or more, is still due and still paid to him, though the advance of years now checks the active exercise of those talents which have called it forth. Mr. Vincent Novello is one of the most highly respected English musicians of the age in which he flourished, and he lives in the full enjoyment of his honours, and the proud witness of those won by his daughter. He lives, one of the last of those worthies who maintained the art in this country during the first half of the present century. Attwood, Crotch, the elder Horsley, the still older Callcott, S. Wesley, F. Cramer, and his far more famous brother, J. B. (famous for playing and teaching the pianoforte, for his eternal book of studies, and for the embellishment of the facia of a great house in Regent-street with his name), Bishop, Cooke, and how many more of his co-labourers, have passed from the field of their activity. Mr. Novello is the composer of many admired, chiefly vocal, compositions; the best known of which are those written for the service of the Roman church. His name is even more familiar as an editor, his arrangements of Haydn's and Mozart's Masses being in use in every Romanist chapel throughout the kingdom, and in every family circle in which, whether with a religious or an artistic feeling, this class of music is practised; and his arrangements of Handel's Oratorios being in circulation by thousands and thousands of copies. He was one of the original members of the Philharmonic Society, an institution which has had an influence above all value upon the progress of music in England; in the old days, before the functions, or even the title, of a conductor were known among us, he used, in turn with his compeers, to "preside" at the pianoforte (as the phrase went) in this society's concerts; in later times, when, through his exertions and the efforts of others, music had made some advance, he filled the more honourable, because the more responsible, office of conductor. He has stood high among organists, having been engaged for very many years in this capacity, at one or other of the chief Romanist chapels in the metropolis, and having been one of those who filled the post at the great Westminster Festival of 1834. It is said that his father was an Italian, who came to London in the capacity of cook to one of the royal family; that, having set many a dainty dish before the king, he retired from office, into the privacy of a confectionery shop, gladdening there the taste of the British public by the fabrication of those same delicacies which had erewhiles delighted those princes and rulers, and that, while he still practised the art of pastry the infant Vincent emulated rather that of the blackbirds, which may or may not have been sung at the opening of the kingly pies his sire had been wont to amalgamate. It is said that in a back parlour of the confectory, young Vincent used to practice the pianoforte, and that being overheard in his pursuit of intellectual sweets, through the world of physical sweets that surrounded him, by a frequenter of his sire's emporium of dainties, this man of twofold taste perceived his talent and encouraged it, became his patron, and furnished the means for his receiving the best musical education the country could afford. We vouch not for the truth of either of these sayings, though we know of no reason to disbelieve them; if they be true, however, so much more creditable are they, both to the talent and assiduity of Mr. Novello, to whom such faculties have been as wings, whereupon he has soared into a position of high consideration in an art which makes the greatest demands upon the intelligence of its votaries. Mr. Novello throve in his profession, gained the esteem of men, married an English wife who was the very main-spring of the family activity, and begat sons and daughters. These, his progeny, are all, more or less, distinguished in one or more department of intellectual cultivation; Mr. J. A. Novello is known as a vocalist, still more as the secretary of the society for abolishing taxes on knowledge, and most of all as the originator of the reduction of the price of musical publications; Mrs. Cowden Clarke is a novelist of deserved repute, and she

has rendered a still greater service to literature, than by her clever original works, in the production of her elaborate "Concordance of Shakspere;" Mrs. Serle was a singer at the English Opera House, when it was directed by Mr. S. J. Arnold, and she closed her rising career, on her retirement into private life, when she married, but too early to prove to the world the extent of those abilities which her friends knew her to possess; Miss Sabilla Novello made considerable progress as a vocalist; since she resigned which profession, she has been successfully occupied in translating theoretical works upon music; and, chief of her fraternity, Madame Clara Novello needs no comment of ours to prove her pre-eminence in the art she brightly adorns, and from the practice of which she is too soon to retire. Thus much for the parentage of our heroine, which proves her to be both of English and of musical origin, which shows her family to have risen by the merit of its members to that most honourable of all aristocracy, the nobility of their own creation; and which evidences the influence they must mutually have shared, whatever it may have been, the influence that prompted all of them to aspire, and neither of them without success. It is now to pursue the third section of our preliminary investigation (having dismissed her birth and her parentage), the education of Madame Clara Novello.

Education—how all importantly comprehensive a chain of connection between a human being and the inner circle of his immediate social relationship,—between the same living and stirring personality, and the outer round of the world, with which though unknowing its manifold constituences, possibly unknown by them, he exchanges influence! It is quite beyond the limits of this notice to do justice to the circumstances and the surroundings which combined to develope the rare qualities, social and artistic, moral and intellectual, of the distinguished lady whose career we have undertaken, however imperfectly, to chronicle. We must briefly state then, as a point of far too great consideration to be disregarded, that her father's house was a gathering place of many of the most eminent literary men of that notable literary period in which her early years were passed, from whose sparkling, imaginative, and profound discourse, her mind must have received impressions that may well have affected its entire constitution. Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Keats, the transcendent Shelley, were the more or less frequent guests of her paternal home, and others, not less renowned for wit and wisdom were members of the brilliant circle; Charles Lamb, for one, as unmusical as he was humorous, enjoyed the meetings, though he had no sense for the occasional music, which, to some, was their chief attraction, and, in his wonderful "Chapter on Ears," describing these very reunions, has everlastingly immortalised his own unimpressibility by that art, of whose effects, poets as a race, are, as they should be, always most susceptible. In avowing his own total unorganisation for music, the exquisite Elia gives testimony to the character of the parties at the residence of Mr. Novello, (the N of his irresistible essay to which we have alluded) and proves them to have been the occasion of such an intermixture of all that a lover of intellectual beauty would most wish to have witnessed, that we may well believe them to have constituted the most valuable school for our young artist's budding mind. Reared in an atmosphere of which poetry, and music, and love were the component gases—the hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon of the soul—should it be wondered that the powers of the future songstress were stimulated by the nourishment they inhaled, drawing thence a quickening impulse which may well have induced their utmost expansion?

(*To be continued.*)

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF FINE ARTS.

THE third *conversazione* was held last Thursday evening, in the Suffolk-street Gallery. The Hon. Sec., Mr. H. Ottley, to whose energetic exertions this society is mainly indebted for the position it has attained, read a very interesting paper upon the patronage and status of art in this country. It was with justness he proved that, although foreign States and Governments bestowed its honors and decorations upon successful artists, yet, that England did give somewhat more than its bare tribute of praise, and that something was reduceable under the vulgar initials, *£ s. d.* Mr. Ottley drew a comparison between the value of works of art in the year 1860 to what it was a century ago, detailing most forcibly the fact that portraits painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds were charged £25, being one-tenth of the amount that is now paid for similar works to any artist of eminence now. All this was owing to the public taste having been awakened to the charms of design, and the best interests of artists would be promoted by anything which would enable the public in greater numbers to flock to the exhibition of their works. That the artists were aware of this, that they wished to promote the growth of a feeling of sympathy towards them in the minds of the public, was evinced by the handsome readiness with which the directors of some of the principal exhibition galleries of the season had thrown open their doors to the members of this society at their reunions. This was their second visit to the Society of British Artists, whose works ornamented the walls around them; and, looking at them, he thought they could say that they formed a display of which the country had reason to be proud, and which evinced a marked and important advance upon the style of art of thirty or forty years ago. He referred delicately to the disputed points in the case of the Royal Academy, in which he suggested a conciliatory course of procedure, in the interests of the great fraternity of artists as a school—a school which, with properly directed energies, might hold its own in comparison with any in Europe.

These observations were listened to with great attention, and were greatly applauded; at the termination of which, Mr. Ottley then announced that the Earl of Ellesmere had become the President of the Society, and that a *conversazione* would take place in the Bridgwater Gallery under his Lordship's kind auspices, on Friday, May 25th; an announcement which was received with loud applause.

A concert followed, under the able direction of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, in which a numerous array of talent lent their assistance. The vocal department included the names of Mdme. Gilbert, who sang Donizetti's cavatina, *L'Amor suo*, as also a ballad composed by Wallace, with considerable expression and feeling. Miss Palmer's fine contralto was likewise much admired in Gordigiani's "Cangione speranza del mio cor" and Schubert's *Ave Maria* was classically rendered by Miss Teresa Jefferies. The remaining artists, M. Deprit, Mr. Wallworth, Mr. Freame Rielly and Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. Leonard, and Herr Herman, contributed much to the success of the concert. Mdlle. Marie Wieck and Mr. Alfred Gilbert performed Moscheles' grand duet for two pianofortes, *Hommage à Handel*, with spirit and brilliancy of execution. The fair pianist herself likewise interpreted the *Cradle Song* of Schumann (her brother-in-law,) and a *Rondo* of Weber, with much expression, and was deservedly applauded. Mr. B. Wills on the flute, and Mr. Scotson Clarke on the harmonium, added variety and effect to the entertainment.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—The fourth grand subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, took place on Tuesday night. The great feature in the programme, was Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with Mozart's additional accompaniments; Madame Hayes, Miss Huddart, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Weiss, and a full and efficient orchestra and chorus. Madame Hayes took the part of Galatea; Mr. Perren that of Acis; Miss Fanny Huddart, Damon; and Mr. Weiss, Polyphemus. Mr. Weiss, in the recitative, "I rage, I melt, I burn," was most effective. Mr. Perren's "Love in her eyes sits playing," was tastefully sung. That charming air, "As when the dove," sung by Madame Hayes, was rendered in that rich expressive style for which she is so remarkable. The instrumental music throughout the serenata was of the very best description, and nothing could be finer than the manner in which the accompaniments to Mozart's duet from *Il Seraglio*, (sung by Mr. Perren and Mr. Weiss) was performed by the orchestra. Miss Huddart, in Hullah's

"Storm," received a well-deserved *encore*. Of Madame Hayes' singing of "The last rose of summer," it is needless to speak. A "fantasia violoncello," by Mr. Collins, was very much applauded. The manner in which the overture to *Dinorah* was performed testified to the ability of Mr. J. Z. Hermann as conductor.

DUBLIN.—The entertainment presented yesterday evening by the members of the Madrigal Society, drew together thronged and highly-fashionable attendance in the spacious hall of the Ancient Concerts. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were present, and many distinguished patrons of the society well known as lovers of musical art. The leading vocalists included Miss Julia Cruise, Miss Herbert, Mr. John Keane, Mr W. Tracy, Mr. A. Talbot, Mr. J. O'Rorke, Mr. R. Smith, and Mr. W. Talbot. Mr. J. Keane assisted by Mr. O'Rorke, presided at the grand pianoforte. The opening madrigal, "Ye sinners all," was rendered in a most pleasing style, and "The Curfew," newly arranged by Mr. Levey, was brilliantly executed Miss Julia Cruise gave the aria, "Batti, Batti," from *Don Giovanni*, with effect, which was enhanced by the very tasteful violoncello obligato by Herr Ellsner. Mr. Richard Smith, in a ballad from the opera of *Zurline*, was loudly encored. The rare alto voice of Mr. Abraham Talbot was never heard to better advantage than in the favourite Scottish ballad "My ain fire side." The quintet from the opera of *Lucia*—"Chi mi frena," was rendered with great precision by Miss Cruise, Miss Herbert, Messrs. O'Rorke, Tracy, Smith, and William Talbot, with full chorus. We should not omit to mention the brilliant solo of Herr Ellsner on the violoncello. His execution of a difficult fantasia was marked by extreme sweetness and delicacy of touch as well as by a happy style, peculiarly his own, in the rendering of harmonic passages. Herr Ellsner was loudly and cordially applauded. One of the gems of the concert was Mrs. B. Mullen's song "Whither." It was sung by Miss Julia Cruise with pathos and feeling, and enthusiastically encored.

IBID.—The University Choral Society's Concert took place on the 17th instant; the programme was made up of *Jephtha*, the last oratorio of Handel; Spohr's 84th Psalm (first time in Ireland); Mozart's motet "Ave verum corpus" (adapted to English words), and also his fugued chorus "Pignus futuræ" (from the Liturgy in B), together with the following pieces by Mendelssohn, "Da nobis pacem," "It is enough" (*Elijah*); "Be thou faithful" (*St. Paul*); three sacred songs with chorus, from the catalogue of Simrock, in Bonn, adapted to English words, by Mr. Broadley. Mr. Lockey was brought on to sing the tenor music; the soprano and bass were allotted to Miss Julia Cruise and Mr. R. Smith, of Dublin; Dr. Stewart conducted. As so much interest seems just now to be felt in Dr. Spohr's music at your side of the Channel, it will be pleasing to you to hear that his "Hymn to St. Cecilia," which was produced at the previous University Concert, and the 84th Psalm at the present one, were given with effect, and were hailed as great additions to the stock of available choral music.

BELFAST ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.—The concluding concert of the forty-seventh season of this musical association took place on Thursday evening, the 19th instant. On this occasion the committee had decided that no professional musician, who was not connected with the society, should be engaged. The orchestra was conducted by Her Leo Kerbusch, with his usual ability, and played Romberg's symphony in E flat. The overture (*Jessonda*), by Spohr; overture, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and the coronation march from *Le Prophète*. There was a solo for the piano, one for the flute, one for violoncello, and one for the saxophone, all of which were highly applauded by the audience. There were also several glees and a chorus, a vocal quartet and some songs, the entire being performed most creditably by the members of the society, and received with great approbation. The music hall was completely filled with a distinguished and attentive auditory.

CHATHAM.—On Monday evening, Mr. Gilbert, of Maidstone, gave a performance of his new oratorio *St John*, at the Lecture Hall, under the patronage of the High Constable of Chatham, Captain Brock and the Chatham Volunteers; there were also several of the Rochester Corps present. We must congratulate Mr. Gilbert upon his oratorio, of which he may justly be proud. There are many beautiful choruses, amongst which we would more particularly mention, "That was the true light," "His fulness have we all received," "In all thy ways." "He that believeth not the Son," "Great is the Lord," "I will sing unto the Lord," "The Lord is righteous." Miss Stabbach was suffering from a severe cold, but sung several recitatives and airs in excellent style, amongst which were, "There was a man," "He came to bear witness," "And the Angel said unto him," "And thou child shall be called," "Jesus began to say unto the multitude," "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see," and "Thou wilt keep them in perfect peace," Mr. Armes, lay-clerk of Rochester Cathedral, sang "He was in the world," "He came to his own," (recit. and air), and "O generation of vipers" (recit. and air) was deservedly encored. Mr. Taylor sang several recitatives and airs in a pleasing manner, but he appeared to be suffering from a cold. The orchestra and chorus consisted of about fifty, amongst whom were several of the choristers of Rochester Cathedral, and the admirable manner in which the various choruses were given reflects great credit upon all who took part in them.—*Maidstone Journal*.

MAIDSTONE.—THE NEW ORATORIO.—The new oratorio, entitled *St. John*, composed by Mr. W. B. Gilbert, of this town, organist of All Saints, was performed on Friday evening, at the Corn Exchange, and we are happy to say with, on the whole, decided success. The spacious apartment was filled in every part, and most of the leading families of Maidstone and its vicinity were present. As there were amongst the audience many gentlemen of acknowledged standing in the musical world, a more competent tribunal to judge of the production of our townsmen could not be desired. The orchestra included 107 performers, and the principal singers were Miss Stabbach, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Armes, assisted by the members of the Maidstone and the Rochester and Chatham Choral societies. The bands also of the Depôt and of the Royal Engineers added much to the efficiency of the instrumental department. The words of the oratorio are almost exclusively those of Scripture, and the whole interest therefore, rests upon the music—the particular passages of Holy Writ being wedded, as it were, to music of a character which produces in the mind similar ideas. Thus the music of the passages "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? —a reed shaken by the wind! &c.," would convey to the mind ideas at once of the fickleness of popular favour, and the nobility and grandeur of the prophet's character as described by our Saviour—"Yea, and much more than a prophet." The opening movement in D, which introduces the chorus—"Behold, God will send you Elijah"—both of which were well performed—brings the subject on the stage with a solemn dignity which well befits the lofty mission of the Forerunner. We do not, however, propose to go through the whole oratorio—our space will permit us only to notice the execution of the various parts and choruses. Mentioning, then, that Mr. Lockey's first piece "And he shall turn the hearts of the fathers, &c., was well sung, and at once produced a favourable idea of the composer's success in the solo parts, which was by no means weakened by the way in which Miss Stabbach rendered the really beautiful music of "There was a man sent from God." From this moment the failure of the oratorio was out of the question; and when the first part closed with "And thou, Child," splendidly sung by Miss Stabbach, and the chorus "To give light to them that sit in darkness," &c., both very striking compositions, the plaudits of the assembly announced its perfect triumph. The second part, opening with an adagio movement, introduces a recitative "The word of God," and the aria "O generation of vipers!" both of which were sung most effectively by Mr. Armes, and which deserve special notice. The chorus "And now the axe," is a beautiful composition, and was most effectively sung, and which we were surprised did not obtain an encore. In this part Mr. Lockey sang two arias and a recitative, which were much applauded. The recitative given by him "And Herod laid hold of John," introduced the "Funeral march," which must be spoken of in terms of great satisfaction. It is most expressive and solemn, and had the advantage of being admirably performed. The recitative aria "What went ye out for to see?" sung by Miss Stabbach, was admirable; and the selection of those eulogistic

words of our Lord following the final scene in the life of St. John appeared to come in most appropriately, as, indeed, did all the succeeding selections. In this part, however, we must give the pre-eminence to the aria "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," and the chorus "The Lord is righteous in all his ways." The oratorio of *St. John* will, we doubt not, at once take a good place amongst the standard compositions of the English school. It has many beauties, and but few faults. Some of the choruses appeared to us to want breadth; and there were one or two parts open to criticism, but as they suffered from defects in the rendering, we pass them over. These, however, were exceptional faults, and on the whole the performance was excellent. We trust that Mr. Gilbert will give us another opportunity of hearing this beautiful composition.—*Maidstone Journal.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—To-Morrow (Saturday), First Night of IL DON GIOVANNI. On Tuesday, May 8, will be performed (for the first time this season) Bellini's opera of NORMA. Pollione, Signor Mongini; Oroveso, Signor Vialetti; Flavio, Signor Soldi; Adalgisa, Mdlle. Vaneri; and Norma, Mdlle. Titiens. To conclude with the new Ballet Divertissement, in which Mdlle. Pocchini, Mdlle. Morlacchi, and M. Durand will appear. On Thursday, May 10, will be repeated (second time this season) Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, Il Don Giovanni, with the powerful cast of to-morrow. Mdlle. Maria Brunetti has arrived, and will make her first appearance on Saturday, May 12. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—First Night of DON GIOVANNI—Titiens, Borghi-Mamo, Vaneri, Everadi, Vialetti, and Giuglini.—To-morrow Evening, May 5, will be performed (for the first time this season) Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, IL DON GIOVANNI, with the following cast: Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titiens; Donna Elvira, Mdlle Vaneri (her first appearance this season); Zerlina, Madame Borghi-Mamo (her eighth appearance in this country); Don Giovanni, Signor Everardi; Leporello, Signor Vialetti; Masetto, Signor Aldighieri; Il Commendatore, Signor Castelli; and Don Ottavio, Signor Giuglini. Conductor—M. Benedict. The Minuet will be danced by Mdlle. Pocchini and Mdlle. Morlacchi. Pit tickets, 8s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 5s.; gallery, 3s. The opera will commence at 8 o'clock.

JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in consonance with the wishes of the deceased, had it been permitted him to express them, viz., to the relief of his widow and family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

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NOTICE.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 5TH, 1860.

IT is generally conceived that the year 1860 will make everybody's fortune. In our musical sphere this persuasion obtains more strongly, perhaps, than in any other. With how much reason time will show. For our own part, we have no great faith in the result. Out of the vast tribe of foreign artists who project a trip to London, during the period of the Great Orpheonic Gathering at the Crystal Palace, how many will return home satisfied? How many indeed, will realise even so much as would amount to the expense of their journey here and back? A contemporary prints a list of composers, singers, and instrumental performers who have expressed their intention of coming to London this season. We shall not reproduce it, since it would occupy nearly a column of our space, and further, because the advent of not a few of them is, to use a mild expression, apocryphal. Imagine Mdlle. Clauss, Madame Schumann, Mdlle. Marie Wieck, Liszt, Leopold de Meyer, Rubinstein, Lubeck, Thalberg, Henselt, Dreyschock, Döhler, Wilmers, Bulow, Prudent, &c., all in London at the same time! What an army of pianists *hors ligne!* What a shower of fantasias.

But where will they give their concerts?—where find their pianos? Ay, and where find their audiences? When they come—if come they do—they will find the Hanover-square Rooms, and Willis's Rooms, and Wornum's Rooms, and Blagrove's Rooms, and the Princess's Concert Room, and Collard's new Concert Room, and Exeter Hall, and St. James's Hall, and St. Martin's Hall, and even Crosby Hall, already engaged for entertainments of various kinds well nigh up to the end of September. The "natives" will have forestalled them. They cannot hire a church, like Barnum. Mr. Gye will not let them Covent Garden, nor Mr. E. T. Smith Her Majesty's Theatre; while the last-named *impresario* keeps the keys of Drury Lane, doubtless ruminating, even at the present moment, on some gigantic scheme, some embryo triumph of his teeming imagination, which, once busy, acts upon events as the Sun of old upon the muddy Chaos, breeding monsters.

Allowing all the music-rooms of London to be open to their disposal, where, we repeat, are their pianos? Will Broadwood, or Collard, or Erard, with generous zeal, submit their instruments to the wear and tear of ninety fingers, each as finger as ten? It is scarcely probable. Enough to withstand the brunt of one lion-pianist at a time, as any tuner will attest. The hammers themselves would rebel at the reiterated thumps, and, not waiting to be disabled, refuse to assail the wires; while the sounding-board, struck mute with wonder, would cease to be a conductor—like the

haunted Rhenish cliff, under the influence of a thunder-storm.*

However, to drop metaphor, let the pianofortes be accorded. Broadwood empties his vast manufactory of its choicest wares; Erard sends to the Paris establishment for foreign reinforcements: allow this for argument's sake; and where are the audiences?

Some new Madame Pleyel, in all probability, would "make the town run," as the French say (*faire courir la ville*), as the famous pianist, of then not more than thirty summers, did in 1846, and divert the attention of some thousands of amateurs from the doings in the Park and Rotten-row. But Madame Pleyel, who was a handsome woman, and a woman of *esprit*, her prototype, without venturing on comparisons, which might tell equally in her favour, would have the game all to herself. The remaining pianists, unless inclined to exhibit themselves as "*echantillons*" of modern mechanical skill, at the Scientific Department in the Crystal Palace, would be compelled to walk about London with their hands in their pockets, or to give lessons to aristocratic young ladies, ambitious to shine in the drawing-room, by scrambling through impossible fantasias, for the edification of their friends, admirers, and parents. It is true, this pays better than concert giving; but there is no glory in it, and a "lion" biped without glory, is no better than a lion quadruped without a tail.

We shall not discuss the claims of the violinists, vocalists, harpists, flautists, cornists, oboists, trombonists, violoncellists, contrabassists, &c., who are all packing up their instruments and preparing for England. Let them rest assured, however, that the only part they will be able to play, in the great gathering, will be the simple one of *spectators*. If they be fond of sight-seeing let them come. But, if they look for gold in exchange for their notes, let them go to Australia, where the "diggins" hard by will doubtless present a far more curious spectacle than anything to be found in the Crystal Palace. If one out of twenty return home richer than he came—if one out of ten do not find himself poorer—if one out of five can boast of having earned a hundred pounds—or if one alone be lucky enough to reap a harvest worth his "travel" and his honour, we consent to break our wand, like Mother Goose, scatter the pieces to the winds, and give up prophesying. Time will show.

"SUBLIME Nature! when we see thee and love thee, we more warmly love our fellow men; and if we are compelled to mourn or forget them, thou remainest near us, reposing before our tearful eyes, like a verdant chain of mountains tinted with the ruddy hue of evening. Ah, for the soul that has seen the morning dew of its ideal change into a cold dreary rain; and for the heart that, in the subterranean passages of this life, regards the men it meets as dried crooked mummies leaning upon their staff in a catacomb; and for the eye, that is bereaved and deserted, so that the sight of no human being can give it joy; and for the haughty son of the gods, whom his unfaith and his solitary unsympathetic heart, have riveted to an eternal irradicable pain; for all these, dost thou, invigorating Nature, with thy flowers, and thy mountains, and thy cataracts, stand as a faithful consoler, and the bleeding son of the gods mutely and coldly dashes the drop of pain from his eyes, that they may repose brightly and broadly upon thy volcanoes, and thy springs, and thy suns."

The above rhapsody, which is translated with tolerable fidelity from the "Titan" of Jean Paul, was uttered by Panurge, in no very low tone of voice, as he stalked through Great St. Andrew's-street, and felt his ears titillated and his heart refreshed by the songs of the innumerable warblers that decorated the doors and windows of the bird-fanciers. Another manifestation of nature was the strong scent of the rabbits and guinea-pigs, that inhabited the same premises, very comfortable to his nostrils. Of such consolations did he stand greatly in need, for his life, and the life of all our friends had been much less happy since the discovery of Carpimon,—who had a very ugly habit of borrowing small sums, and if he had set his mind on half-a-crown or half-a-sovereign, would resort, not only to supplications, but even to tears and menaces, in order to gain his object. At one time, his favourite menace was of suicide, and he threatened, in the presence of Pantagruel, to swallow a dose of prussic acid, on a stern refusal of the latter to advance him 15*s.* 6*d.*; but Pantagruel's conviction, that Carpimon's self-extermination would be rather desirable than otherwise, was so strongly expressed in every line of his princely countenance, and so completely were the views of their master entertained by Panurge and Epistemon, that Carpimon abandoned this mode of proceeding as diametrically opposite to his interests. Instead of the prussic acid, which, by the way, was only a solution of cream of tartar, he would now produce the first six books of his epic poem "King Lud," which opened:—

"Muse, with vast London's king make thine exord,"

and begin to read it aloud in an exceedingly dolorous voice, till his unhappy auditors were fain to purchase their freedom at his own price. It was just after enduring five hundred lines of "King Lud," and buying himself off from the rest with half a-crown, from which he had promised himself many plates, pints, and quarterns of exquisite enjoyment, that Panurge began to "Jean-Paulize" in the manner above described.

With what amazing facility can everybody fit the words of a favourite author to his own case! When Lobscum-Briggs, Esquire, sees the well-known lines of Horace:

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

he thinks it perfectly applicable to his own farce, though the week's duration of that miserable production was simply occasioned by the economy of the manager, who would not incur the expense of printing a new bill. And in the same manner did the rhapsody of Jean Paul, though supposed to be uttered on one of the islands in the Lago Maggiore, seem to Panurge a perfectly apt expression of his thoughts, as he wandered through the lovely, but less romantic region of Seven Dials. He was himself the son of the gods, and Carpimon was the incarnation of all the woes for which nature was to supply a balm. Thus, while the half-crown was the morning-dew of the ideal, the expenditure of that precious coin by Carpimon was its conversion into an unseemly drizzle. Carpimon waiting on the mat, was the crutched mummy in the catacomb; indeed worse than the mummy, for the stick which he invariably carried seemed to have been procured, not so much for the support of his person, as with a view to the enforcement of his demands. Carpimon was also one of those human beings, the sight of whom affords no joy.

Followed by a considerable train of blackguard boys, who composed a perpetual, but by no means elucidatory, comment

* Lorelei, on the Rhine, celebrated for its echo, and which promised to acquire a still higher renown, had Mendelssohn lived to complete the opera which was to bear its name.

on his loudly expressed thoughts, Panurge at length reached the Edinburgh Castle, where he found Pantagruel and Epistemon, with a mild, dignified sorrow written on their countenances. Two days, at least, had elapsed, since the former had lent ten shillings, the latter eighteen-pence, to Carpimon, and they had therefore had time to sooth their aching hearts with the balm of philosophy.

"What a lovely unanimity exists in the mind of America!" said Epistemon, with an amiable sigh.

"Dost thou allude to the last fight in Congress, and to the universal delight in riot there manifested?" asked Panurge.

"No, I allude to those American farces, which are supposed to enlighten us as to the female peculiarities of New England. Here we have a new comic drama at the Adelphi, wherein Miss Julia Daly playeth a Yankee gal, and it looketh to me exactly like some dozen farces in which Mrs. Barney Williams appeared, and which were all exactly like one another, and also like the play, in which Mrs. Florence first introduced us to the State of Maine. The "Yankee Gal," by whomever played, also goeth through precisely the same functions. She is ignorant of the conventionalities of life, and she inculcateth the belief that her own ignorance is superior to the knowledge by which she is surrounded. She telleth a too-forward lover to "git out," she half-frighteneth and half-amuseth an old gentleman, she persecuteth a fop, she discourseth largely of Jerusalem and molasses, and she endureth not contradiction. Whatever be her name she doeth exactly the same things, and meeteth exactly the same personages. Now I am convinced that the countless farces in which this type appeareth do not owe their similarity to each other to any imitative process, but that they are the result of a certain community of mind that existeth among American dramatists. Thou hast heard perchance of the doctrine of Averrhoës, to the effect that we have not separate souls, but are, as it were, so many oozings of a grand universal soul"——

"And a cursed heresy it is!" exclaimed Panurge. "Dost thou think that I could ever espouse a theory that made me the partner in a soul with such as thou art. Dost thou think I will term thee 'Animæ dimidium meæ.' Monstrous!"

"Believe me, I shrink from the partnership quite as readily as thou," replied Epistemon, gravely. "I limit my Averrhoëism to the case of the American dramatists, not having any other hypothesis to account for. the marvellous phenomenon to which I have just referred."

"There is much in what thou sayest," said Panurge. "I know not why a soul should not be in half-a-dozen places at once, when we know this is possible with a body. Our own archives prove that at the very moment, when Carpimon was borrowing 3*s.* 6*d.* of me in St. Martin's Lane, he was cajoling thee out of 1*s.* 4*d.* within view of Whitechapel church."

"And reading his accursed epic to me at Deptford," added Pantagruel.

"That day should be marked after the fashion of the ancients, with the very blackest of stones," sighed Panurge. "It was doubtless the anniversary of the occasion on which the churl planted the tree, that was within an ace of breaking the head of Horace."

"And if there be any truth in the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration," said Epistemon, "that churl was Carpimon:

> "'Illum et parentis crediderim sui
> Fregisse cervicem, et penetralia
> Sparsisse nocturno amore
> Hospitis.'"

"But while we theorize about this similarity of American farces," said Pantagruel, "let us not omit the opportunity of paying our tribute of commendation to the very original actress who is now performing at the Adelphi. Though Miss Julia Daly speaketh words, and appeareth in situations that we have heard and seen over and over again, yet do I find something entirely novel and unborrowed in the mode of her delineation. She rather subdueth than heighteneth the caricatures of her own countrywomen, it is her mission to embody, but she is ever pointed and shrewd, and though she plainly indicateth the presence of that strong will, which belongeth to the New England ideal, yet doth she deport herself, not like the torrent that recklessly upsetteth every obstacle, but rather like the calm stream, that quietly weareth its way, even through granite. I find in her a mild intelligence that qualifieth greatly the coarseness of the parts she represents, and is particularly soothing and refreshing to my mind, suffering as it is under the irritation produced by the accursed Carpimon. Let us, therefore, bring this discourse, which is somewhat of the dullest, to a close, and proceed to the Adelphi Theatre, that we may witness once more the performance of Miss Julia Daly."

THE *Illustrated Times* published last week a portrait of Madame Borghi-Mamo, accompanied by an article which was in the form of a memoir, but, in substance, was an examination and eulogium of that artist's talent. Some interesting particulars in Madame Borghi-Mamo's life have since reached us, which, instead of forwarding to our contemporary (to whom, for the rest, they would probably be of no use), we keep for the benefit of our own readers.

Madame Borghi-Mamo—or rather Mdlle. Borghi—manifested at a very early age a genius for dramatic singing. She was not twelve years old, when, having taken her to a representation of Rossini's *Tancredi*, her parents were astonished on the following morning to hear her repeat all the most striking melodies from that opera, among which we may be sure the celebrated "Di tanti palpiti" was not forgotten. Nor did the little girl recollect the music alone. Every scene, with the dramatic action appropriate to each, had impressed itself upon her memory; and a few days after this visit to the Opéra, which must be regarded as one of the most important events in Mdlle. Borghi's life, her father and mother, returning home unexpectedly, found their drawing-room converted into a theatre, and their child declaiming and singing on that portion of it which represented the stage.

The youthful Adelaide's passion for the Opéra was so evident, that her parents, who had no sort of liking for theatrical pursuits, resolved, if they could not restrain it, at least to do nothing that could in any way stimulate it. But Adelaide studied in secret, and, one happy day, succeeded in prevailing upon a friend to take her to the house of Rossini, where the great master heard her sing several of his compositions, himself accompanying her on the piano. The young artist—which by instinct and intelligence she already was—trembled with excitement, as she awaited the decision of the illustrious composer respecting her capabilities and chances of success in the career for which she felt so strong a vocation. Rossini did not keep her long in suspense, but, embracing her affectionately, said with enthusiasm—"You will one day be a great singer!"

The Borghi family, however, seemed determined to pre-

vent little Adelaide from following the path she had chosen. Rossini was informed of this, and consoled the interesting aspirant by explaining to her that her parents, when they became sensible of her great talent, would see the propriety of abandoning her resolution. They were more inflexible, however, than the *maestro* had supposed, and did their utmost to impede the child in what was really the fulfilment of her destiny.

Adelaide Borghi's passion for singing was so strong, and it was so obstinately thwarted by her father and mother, that the consequence was a nervous fever, beneath which the poor girl was near succumbing. In her delirium she constantly repeated the name of Rossini, and exclaimed, in accents of despair, that he had told her she never would be a great singer. Adelaide's interview with Rossini appears to have been kept a secret from her relations; but the doctor, finding that her brain was tormented with ideas which Rossini alone could dispel, called upon the composer, who lost no time in returning with him to his patient's bedside. There he repeated to her, again and again, that she would indeed be a great singer, and his assurances and general kindness had the effect of allaying the delirium of the sick child. Rossini then convinced the parents of the inutility, not to say cruelty, of ignoring—from a feeling which, however conscientious, was, after all, but a prejudice—an inclination that was irresistible, and which, properly directed, might lead to the happiest results.

Thus the admirers of Borghi-Mamo owe a double debt of gratitude to Rossini; first, because it was in his operas that she learnt to sing; secondly, because, but for Rossini's personal influence and interference, she would probably never have lived to be, in his own words, "a great singer."

After opposing their daughter's wishes until it was unreasonable to do so any longer, Adelaide's father and mother showed their parental affection by carefully watching over her during the difficult period of her *débûts*. She had been singing, however, only a few years when she lost them both, and she was already an orphan, then in Malta, where she had a three years' engagement to fulfil, when she accepted the hand of M. Mamo, a member of one of the most respectable families in the island. Madame Borghi-Mamo left the Malta Theatre, where she had very lucrative "appointments," for the Scala at Milan. Here she received a smaller salary, but at once established a reputation which has since become European.

For several years after her first appearance, Mdlle. Borghi, naturally of a delicate fragile organisation, was so slender, being at the same time somewhat diminutive in stature, and her voice was so powerful, that she used to say of herself "La Borghi is heard, but is not seen." Fortunately however, she is heard and seen too, for she is not only one of the most accomplished singers, but also one of the finest actresses on the lyric stage.

LEIPSIC.—SUCCESS OF ENGLISH MUSICIANS IN GERMANY—(*From a Correspondent*).—At the great public performance given by the Conservatorium of Leipzig in the *Saale des Gewandhauses*, on Monday evening, the 23rd April, in the presence of 2,000 persons, amongst whom were the most distinguished of the professors and *dilettanti* of Germany; the two daughters of the English composer, John Barnett, carried away all the honours of the institution, both for their performance upon the piano and their singing. The eldest has already been mentioned by the Press for her fine contralto voice and great promise as a *vocaliste*. *The Leipziger Journal* of the 24th April, and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 26th, bestow the most flattering encomiums upon these two young ladies' performance. They were both recalled—and at the termination of the concert, received public acknowledgments from the directors, a compliment which has never before been paid to any pupil of the Conservatorium.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE first performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Friday night last week, although not belonging to the subscription, attracted a full attendance. Signor Everardi was the Duke; Signor Mongini, Gennaro; and Madame Borghi-Mamo Maffeo Orsini. Mdlle. Titiens' Lucrezia was as grand as ever. Her "M' odi, m' odi," in the last act, as an example of brilliant vocalisation, could hardly be surpassed. Signor Mongini was eminently successful, and earned well-merited laurels in an interpolated air (Act III.). which was enthusiastically encored. Madame Borghi-Mamo was, of course, obliged to repeat the *brindisi*, which she sang with the utmost animation. The trio in the second act (Lucrezia, Gennaro and Alfonso), "Guai se ti fuggi," was, as usual, encored. *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated on Thursday, this time Signor Vialetti representing the Duke.

On Saturday *Almina* was performed for the second time, and on Monday, for the third and last time—the occasion being Mdlle. Piccolomini's farewell appearance. The theatre was not so crowded as might have been expected. Every place, however, was paid for, and the stalls, pit, amphitheatre, and gallery, were filled. It is to be regretted that Mdlle. Piccolomini did not take her leave in the *Traviata*, with which she has so closely identified herself. Had Signor Verdi's opera been given, the house, we have no doubt, would have been crammed. The heroine of the evening, notwithstanding, had no reason to be discontented with her reception. The applause was genuine and legitimate, the display of bouquets tremendous, while wreaths, laurels, and garlands were not wanting. At one time, indeed, Mdlle. Piccolomini had to call in the aid of Signors Giuglini and Aldighieri, to assist her in carrying off the floral contributions. But the climax was not reached until after the duet from the *Martiri*, which terminated the performance, and in which Mdlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini created a *furore*, the last movement being encored with vehement applause. The audience now became furiously enthusiastic, and called for Mdlle. Piccolomini oftener than we remember, each time covering the stage with bouquets. Mdlle. Piccolomini contrived at last to make her escape, and the curtain was drawn for ever between her and the public.

Mdlle. Piccolomini's career has been equally brilliant and unaccountable. Perhaps no artist with such slender means ever before achieved so great a reputation. That a good deal of the sensation must be attributed to her energy and command of expression will be admitted; but still more, we fancy, should be referred to the entire originality of her style. It was impossible to compare her with any one else, and thus she was exempt from a judicial process often dangerous to questionable reputations. Mdlle. Piccolomini may not perhaps be greatly missed from the lyric boards; but years are likely to elapse before so decided a *favourite* with the general public is seen again. For our own parts we are sorry to lose her, since, whatever her short-comings, she had undoubted genius, and this, allied to youth and indomitable will, might in the end have made her a thorough artist.

Otello was given for the second time on Tuesday, and attracted a full attendance. Madame Borghi-Mamo sang even better than on the first night, and was again rapturously encored in "Assisa à pie d' un salice." Signor Mongini (Otello), was as striking and vigorous as before, and the quick movement of the duet, "Non m' inganno," with Signor Everardi (Iago)—was encored with acclamations.

Don Giovanni is announced for to-night—Signor Everardi as the hero; Madame Borghi-Mamo as Zerlina; Mdlle. Vaneri, Elvira; Mdlle. Titiens, Donna Anna; Signor Vialetti, Leporello; Signor Aldighieri, Masetto; and Signor Giuglini, Don Ottavio.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Saturday, *La Favorita* was given for the second time. The performance offered no new feature, with the exception that Signor Mario sang with greater command of voice than on Tuesday.

On Tuesday, *Fra Diavolo*, presented for the first time since 1858, brought back Sig. Ronconi as Lord Allcash. The cast has undergone some changes, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho being substituted for Mad. Bosio in Zerlina, and Mdlle. Corbari for Mdlle. Marai in Lady Allcash. The other characters are sustained as before. While some parts of the opera went to perfection, we confess to have heard a better performance of *Fra Diavolo* at the Royal Italian Opera. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho feeling, perhaps, the responsibility of coming immediately after Mad. Bosio in one of that lamented singer's best parts, and consequently did not do her eminent talents justice. Nevertheless, she evidenced her supremacy as a *bravura* singer of the French school, and created the greatest sensation of the evening, in an interpolated air (Act II.), her execution of which for brilliancy and fluency could not be surpassed, and which obtained the only encore of the evening. Why the original air in this scene, however, should be rejected, we are at a loss to conceive, as it is one of the most beautiful in the opera.

Signor Ronconi's Lord Allcash is not only one of the most remarkable impersonations of modern comedy, but certainly the most varied. It is no use specifying its points on any given nights; the next performance presents something entirely new and undreamt of. It is, however, invariably artistic, and, although occasionally exaggerated, irresistibly comic. To describe what Signor Ronconi did on Tuesday might only lead to expectations never to be gratified, so seldom does he repeat himself. We need say no more than that his acting was never more instinct with fun and drollery, and that the audience was kept in a roar of laughter wherever he was on the stage. Sig. Ronconi modified in some respects the costume of the English nobleman. The last dress, as a caricature of the *outré* taste of some English travellers, is a masterpiece.

Signor Gardoni sang the music of the Marquis with exceeding grace and finish, and acted with his accustomed ease and intelligence. He gave the serenade "Young Agnes," with infinite sweetness, and was applauded with the warmth due to his merits. Mdlle. Corbari is by far the best Lady Allcash we have seen. She not only sings the music more effectively, conscientiously adhering to the text of the composer, but acts with greater animation and *esprit*, and looks the *pseudo* fashionable lady to the life, assuming languishing airs and graces when in repose with true artistic instincts, in every instance displaying an amount of dramatic intelligence for which she has not hitherto been credited. The Giacomo of M. Zelger, the Beppo of Signor Tagliafico (two such thieves are almost enough to engender a certain degree of respect for the profession), and the Matteo of Signor Polonini were, as usual, incomparable in their way; and Signor Neri-Baraldi was correct and painstaking in the music of Lorenzo. The *saltarello* in the third act was danced to perfection by Mdlle. Zina Richard and her associates.

The house was full, though not crowded, but the applause was hardly so enthusiastic as might have been desired by the lovers of the greatest masterpiece of the Opéra-Comique. Why, too, was the overture taken so fast, from end to end?

CRYSTAL PALACE.

GRAND PERFORMANCE OF MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."

MANY and various were the opinions expressed as to the result (musically speaking) of the performance of *Elijah* by an orchestra and chorus on the Handel Festival scale. The work itself, containing some of the broadest and most colossal choruses extant, would, it was universally admitted, gain much by the multiplicity of performers, but the delicacy and intricacy of the greater part of the work would prevent the version of the "Three Thousand" attaining its proper effect, and the audience (of about 20,000) would not do justice to a masterpiece of the last giant of the art, as it is far removed from the *ad captandum* style of writing, which, generally, obtains with the masses, as it is possible for a creation of unshackled genius to be. These three of the multifarious expectations were exactly realised. The performance of both band and choruses was beyond all praise; the "Help Lord" and its clear transparent coda "The deeps afford," the bold "Yet doth the Lord," and the solid and sublime mountain of harmonic effect, "For He the Lord our God;" the melodious and graceful "Blessed are the men;" the three "Baal" choruses; and the hymn of joy, "Thanks be to God," were done with an effect unsurpassable. Yet the instrumental parts of these pieces were in many places undistinguishable by the audience, which was, despite the deficiency, of a remarkably apathetic character on this occasion. The choruses of the second part, which are among the most difficult passages ever written for a large body, were, to the musical ear, the most effective achievements of the day. This alone shows that no further practice of the choir will do more for the work. The "He watching over Israel" and "Behold God the Lord" were very striking, the one from its delicacy and the other from its difficulty.

The soloists exerted themselves to a degree commensurate with the area. Mdlle. Parepa was particularly successful in the enormous room. Her "Hear ye, Israel," deserves particular notice, as it is with us a test, and a severe one, of a singer, being the most splendid piece ever written for a soprano voice. She has fully appreciated its grandeur; and, after a few more times of performance, will vocalise it better than at this, her first attempt. Madame Sainton-Dolby delivers the Jezebel recitatives "O, rest in the Lord," as she alone can. The whole range of musical expression is within her grasp; in all, from the tragedy Queen of Ahab to the soothing notes of the Angel, Madame Sainton is unapproachable. The encores awarded by the elsewhere unenthusiastic listeners were to the last-named aria, and to "Then shall the righteous." Mr. Sims Reeves, the only tenor singer living who can produce an effect on so large an audience, was more than ever admirable. In the two airs written for him, he was inimitable; and his recitative delivery was as forcible as ever. The prophet, by Signor Belletti, well sustains his great reputation as a master of the vocal art. The quartets and minor pieces were done by the clever and musicianly Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Palmer, of the rich voice, Mr. Lewis Thomas, our *real* bass, and almost our only one.

What shall we say then? That *Elijah* is more effective in Exeter Hall than at Sydenham, granted; but we would not have missed the performance yesterday for any temptation that might offer. It is still, as ever, the grandest production of a mind replete with the experience of all who had gone before, of a genius the most original and prolific, of an invention the most ingenious. It will always rival any work we have by any composer whatsoever; and as a masterpiece of instrumental management and colouring, it stands alone.

In the evening the statue of Mendelssohn was unveiled, and a poor affair it is; and a selection from his works was performed by a military band, with some peculiarities as to *tempo* that were in keeping with the sculptor's achievement.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE programme of last Monday was not only quite as unexceptionable as any of its predecessors, but had the additional recommendation of novelty in its favour, no less than four pieces out of the eight being presented for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, and one, indeed, for the first time in this country. The directors are earnestly working the rich and apparently inexhaustible vein of good music, much of which has but too long been neglected, under a false notion that the public is incapable of appreciating anything more elevated than *ad captandum* "odds and ends." However, we may safely say, *nous avons changé tout celà* and most effectually indeed have we changed it, so far as the Monday audiences at St. James's Hall are concerned.

The Concert opened with a welcome novelty. Dussek's stringed quartet in E flat, which had never before been heard

in England, executed to perfection by Messrs. Becker, Ries, Doyle, and Piatti. It was listened to with profound attention, and the applause at the end of each movement showed how thoroughly the work was enjoyed. The other two quartets from the same pen are equally interesting, and equally worthy of the attention of the directors. Flourishing at an eventful period in the history of music, a contemporary of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, besides being the centre of a circle of pianists, the most illustrious of whom were Clementi, John Cramer, Field, Stiebelt, Woelfl and Pinto, Dussek easily assumed the position to which his talents entitled him; and now that the public of the present day are beginning to be familiarised with his music, we have little doubt that the name of Dussek will speedily become as well known to lovers of classical music, as that of more modern composers. The term "genial" has been much hacknied (tabooed under a fine in some quarters); yet there is no other that so well expresses the character of Dussek's music, and nowhere is it more forcibly illustrated than by the stringed quartet in E flat, stamped as it is with an individual freshness, combined with perfect scholarship, delightful no less to the uninitiated amateur than to the connoisseur and professed musician. The remaining novelties were the recitative and air of Mozart's, and "Non so donde viede," sung by Mdme. Sainton-Dolby, with the genuine feeling of an artist. Beethoven's sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3, for pianoforte played (without book) with masterly skill, by Mr. Charles Hallé. Mozart's sonata in B flat, for piano and violin (No 15),(the one composed for Mlle. Strinasacchi, under the romantic circumstances narrated in Oulibicheff's *Biography*), in which M. Hallé associated with Herr Becker, gave a reading, which left nothing to be desired, and Mr. Hatton's "Day and Night," sung by Mdme. Sainton-Dolby in her most effective manner. M. Hallé and Herr Becker were recalled at the end of Mozart's sonata.

By special desire, Mr. Sims Reeves repeated the recitative and air from *Jephtah*, which had caused so marked a sensation at his benefit. Anything more touching than the pathos infused into the recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and the air, "Waft her, angels, through the skies," it would be impossible to imagine. An enthusiastic recall was the result. Again did Mr. Reeves entrance his hearers with that bouquet melody of flowers, Beethoven's *Lieder Kreis*, as Schumann says, "the deepest, most soulful, most wonderful of love-songs,"—with whom for once in a way, we can cordially agree. Beethoven's trio in E flat (No. 1) brought this capital concert to a close. This was also given for the first time, and its reception should encourage an immediate reference to the other three.

Next Monday, the performance will be exclusively from the works of Mendelssohn; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Charles Hallé, M. Sainton, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union being engaged.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE crowded state of our columns will not allow us to do more than briefly chronicle the proceedings of last Monday evening. The following was the selection:—

PART I.—Symphony, in D—Beethoven. Song, "The beating of my own heart," Miss Fanny Rowland—G. A. Macfarren. Trio, for violin, violoncello, and contrabasso, No. 5, Hon. Seymour Egerton, Mr. Henry Robley, and Rev. Dr. Rowden—Handel. Glee, "Once upon my cheek," Miss Fosbroke, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Henry Regaldi, and Mr. Hodson—Callcott. Aria, "Casta Diva" (Norma), Madlle. Werner—Bellini. Overture (Ruy Blas), Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Concerto, in G minor, for the Pianoforte (Pianoforte, Madame Piatti)—Mendelssohn. Song, with Chorus, "Onward," Miss Fanny Rowland—Hon. W. Ashley. Aria (Stabat Mater), cornet-à-piston, Mr. A. B. Mitford—Rossini. National Swedish Melodies, Madlle. Werner. Glee, "My love is like the red, red rose"—W. Knyvett. Overture (Le Part du Diable)—Auber.

Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

Madame Piatti fairly astonished us by her admirable performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto, for we had no notion she possessed such talent as she displayed. She was much applauded, and most deservedly so.

The only other feature calling for particular notice was the charming singing of the glee party.

The last concert of the season will take place on Monday week.

CONCERTS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of *Israel in Egypt* on Friday week does not call for any lengthened comment, inasmuch as its right to rest on the same basis as the *Messiah* has long been accorded by the public, who evidence their appreciation of its excellence by the enormous attendance invariably present whenever and wherever it is performed. Exeter Hall, therefore, presented its usual appearance on the night in question; every part being densely crowded long before the commencement of the oratorio. To speak first of the choruses, which occupy by far the largest share of the work, it is sufficient to remark that they were given generally with that precision, combined with due attention to light and shade, to which their recent training under Mr. Costa has led us to expect, and produced the customary effect upon the audience, who loudly encored the "Hailstone chorus," and were frequent in their applause. Mr. Sims Reeves declaimed the terribly trying air, "The enemy said," with such tremendous energy that it was impossible to resist the calls for its repetition. Mdlle. Parepa did her best with the only air affording her an opportunity for display, "Thou didst blow," but, whether it was owing to the recollection of Madam Clara Novello (whom we are so soon to lose), did not altogether satisfy the critical ear. Mdlle. Parepa has fine natural gifts, but has not yet learnt all that is necessary to make a Handelian singer. Of Madame Sainton-Dolby we have only praise to utter, delivering the air, "Thine hand brought forth," in her most ingenious and finished manner. Miss Fanny Rowland sang with excellent skill and judgment, although her voice was somewhat overweighted by the more powerful organ of the composer. The duet, "The Lord is a man of war," met with the customary encore, and was sung by Signor Belletti and Mr. Santley without straining after that violent effect which generally makes this piece a shouting match rather than a vocal performance. Perhaps it might have been owing to the fact that neither gentleman can be considered a "basso profundo," being, strictly speaking, baritones. At the next performance Haydn's *Creation* is to be performed.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—A trial of new music took lace at St. Martin's Hall, on Saturday last.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The programmes of these entertainments have been occasionally blameworthy for sameness and repetition; the selections at the last two, however, exhibited novelties which relieved the monotony, and by their own intrinsic value raised the character above the somewhat trivial standard of former concerts. The Op. 78, No. 2 of Mendelssohn, a motet, for an eight part choir (given for the second time), is a work abounding in the most beautiful effects that the art of music can attain. The contrast of the unisonous opening with the harmonised close in each of the three first verses is as felicitous as the splendid and masterly counterpoint of the part writing throughout the work is ingenious and skilful. The eight parts are mostly "real" parts; and like many other works from the same pen, vocal and instrumental, reminds one frequently of the works of J. S. Bach, the emperor of the motet world, past, present, and to come.

The other great attraction of the evening was the "Paternoster," of Meyerbeer. While it is a great, and not ineffective, contrast to the work of Mendelssohn, it is replete with elegant musical idea, skilfully treated. It is also a model of construction, which prominent attraction impedes the flow of the melody in no single point. A song, by Mr. Henry Smart, "The Rhine is gently flowing," deserves especial mention, as one of the best of all his excellent works. A glee, of Callcott, "Once upon my cheek," was perfectly sung by Miss Fosbroke, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Regaldi and Mr. Hodson.

The remainder of the programme presented no feature of interest or novelty, but the execution of the works showed no

falling off in the capabilities of the choir. The Misses Leffler were announced for a vocal duet by Mr. Henry Leslie, but did not appear. The arrangement, by the same composer and conductor, of "Rule Britannia," was substituted, and most vociferously encored. The same distinction was accorded to the motet (Mendelssohn), and the glee "Once upon my cheek."

Mr. J. G. Calcott, the useful pianoforte accompanist of the solo pieces at the performances of Mr. Leslie's choir, played the well-known "Study in A minor," of Thalberg, and a Polonaise, by Weber, *L'Hilarité*. Mr. Calcott's playing in solo is, however, we think, a mistake.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL re-appear at St. James's Hall on Monday, in their clever illustrations of character, with a variety of new songs. At the end of this month the present entertainment will be discontinued in London.

ISLINGTON.—Mr. H. Carvill gave his third annual concert on Wednesday evening, the 11th inst. at Myddleton Hall. In connection with the Islington Choral Society, he had a select madrigal choir, the Quartet Glee Union, and the following vocalists:—Miss Harrington, Miss E. Horder, Mrs. Robert Paget, R.A.M.; Mr. C. Henry, Mr. A. Lester, and Mr. Suchet Champion, with Mr. P. Watts, the concertina player, and Herr Albert Pieczonka and Mr. C. W. Jordan, pianists. Conductors, Messrs. G. W. Martin and H. Carvil. Some part songs and glees received every justice from the Choir and Glee Union. Miss Harrington sang Meyerbeer's "Robert, toi," and, with Mr. S. Champion, Wallace's "O, Maritana." Mrs. R. Paget, the favourite contralto, sang with artistic feeling "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," and Wallace's "Gentle Troubadour,' (*Lurline*); Mr. A. Lester, in Balfe's "Sweetheart," made a favourable impression. Miss E. Horder, in "Yarico to her Lover," and Bode's air, sang effectively; Mr. S. Champion, in Reichardt's "Thou art so near," and "My love is like the red, red rose," was loudly applauded. The concertina playing of Mr. P. Watts pleased much; and the pianoforte solo by Herr Albert Pieczonka gave satisfaction to all present.

FOREIGN.

BREMEN, *April 3rd*, 1860.—Our cyclus of "private concerts" was brought to a close last Tuesday, on which occasion we had an eminently classical programme, Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven and Cherubini, Spohr and Weber, being represented in it. The old master, Bach, also, was included in the band of illustrious deceased composers, and only *one* piece reminded us that we belonged to a later age. We allude to the violin concerto, performed by our visitor, Herr Joachim. This valuable and comprehensive composition has not long been completed. It was performed for the first time, not a fortnight since, before a large audience in Hanover. But it is not merely written in the Present, and conceived in the spirit of the age; it will, also produce its effect on the public of the Present; it is far from being Music of the Future, inasmuch as it will not have to wait till the Greek Kalends before its success is decided. There are, perhaps, not many modern musical compositions which, while so conscientiously carried out, and so carefully avoiding claptrap, produce so immediate and constantly increasing an effect. But there is also a future in store for it. We feel that this composition contains many treasures, which will be completely appreciated by the hearer only when he has heard it repeated several times, and since, on account of the great technical qualification it demands, qualifications which few of our present violinists, besides its author, possess, it cannot be repeated very often, it will not soon cease to be new. This concerto, which bears the title "Nach Ungarische Weise," consists of three movements—an allegro, a romance, and a finale, "alla zingarese" ("in the Zingaro fashion"). The last transports us, by its very title, to Hungary, but, even on the second movement, the Hungarian rhythms are perceptible, while, in the first allegro, as well, the motives present the same character. As is well known, Joachim was born in Hungary, and thus it was an easy task for him, guided by the reminiscences of his youth, to give the music a natural colour, without borrowing any particular melodies. The work is far from being calculated for the exclusive display of *virtuosity*, as the composer has done full justice to the claims of the orchestra. In the first movement, indeed, the orchestra, to a certain extent, predominates, expressing, in a pleasing introduction, nearly the whole melodious substance of the movement, before the violin chimes in and developes what has been thus performed; even in the interesting and elaborate cadence the solo instrument feels lonely, and calls to its aid some gentle sister instruments from the band. In the romance, however, this subordination ceases, and the orchestra and violin, as equal powers, enter on a course of beautiful melodic rivalry, at last combining in graceful harmonic unity; while, finally, in the third movement—the impulsive, sparkling, foaming *presto*, as restless as the inconstant Zingaros themselves—the violin, as a matter of course, assumes completely the upper hand; it decidedly takes the lead, although, even here, a few strains from the orchestra, now and then, mingle most charmingly in the musical maze. Both the composition and its rendering were received most warmly by the audience, and, after the second piece played by our guest—the songful *adagio* from Spohr's seventh concerto, given with the most feeling tenderness—the applause was so unusually great, that, in return, he could not avoid making such a return as only he is capable of making. He played one of Bach's *chaconnes*—the same which he introduced on a previous occasion. Whenever Herr Joachim performs one of these compositions, we think that greater perfection of execution is impossible, but every repetition seems to prove that such an opinion is erroneous. Even in the *chaconne*, the delicate threads of this marvellous weft of tone appeared finer and clearer than ever.

The selections from Mozart and Haydn were again confided to Madame Engel, who sang, with good taste and her usual neatness, an air from the latter composer's *Creation*, and an air from the *Idomeneo* of the former (an air which is easily recognisable from its similarity to the Tamino air in *Die Zauberflöte*). The concert opened with Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, in which our orchestra is well up, and which it played once this winter at one of the "Symphonieconcerte." The symphony was admirably rendered. Of the two overtures, that of Cherubini to *Medea* was but coldly received, while that of Weber to *Der Freischütz*, enthusiastically executed, produced its accustomed exciting impression.

All's well that ends well! Thus may we conclude our concert-notices for a time, while looking back on the evening when the star of our greatest and most genial master of the violin shone in the musical firmament.—*Weser Zeitung.*

PARIS.—Alary has returned to Paris after a brilliant season at Madrid. At St. Petersburg, it is said that, amongst the artists engaged for next season, are Mesdames Nantier-Didiée, Bernardi, Zoretti; Signors Tamberlik, Calzolari, Mongini, &c.; and, it is said, Mdlle. Carvalho has been offered 20,000 francs a month. Madame Rosati has also returned to Paris.

VIENNA—(*Extract from a Letter*).—At the Theatre à la Wieden, Italian operas are being given with Madlle. Grua, Madame Charton, Mdlle. Lafont, and MM. Graziani, Fagotti, Ballerina, &c. *Il Barbiere*, the opening performance, with the exception of Madame Charton's Rosina, and Signor Fagotti's Figaro, was by no means first-rate. Mdlle. La Grua will make her *début* in *Norma* shortly.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHEAP EDITION OF MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS and ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER, arranged in the most effective manner for the Pianoforte, by Henry Smart, price 3s. each, complete, or handsomely bound, 5s. each. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

NEW SONG FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.—"The Good Old Days," Patriotic song, composed by J. L. Hatton, price 2s. 6d. Published this day by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

NEW SONGS BY J. W. DAVISON, "Rough wind that moanest loud," (sung by Mr. Santley at the Monday Popular Concerts); "Swifter far than Summer's flight," (sung by Miss Palmer at the Monday Popular Concerts); "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep," Beatrice's song in the Cenci, (sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall); are published by Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street.

The above Songs form Nos. 1, 2, and 3, of Vocal Illustrations of Shelley.

"Mr. Santley was encored in one of the thoroughly picturesque and poetical settings of Shelley, by Mr. J. W. Davison, mentioned a week or two since. His song, 'Rough wind that moanest loud,' is a thoroughly good song."—*Athenæum.*

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"THE HIGHLAND ECHO," by W. H. Holmes, for the pianoforte, price 3s., is published by Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, W., where may be obtained W. H. Holmes's Selections for the drawing-room, of Pianoforte Works by eminent composers. No. 1, "Inspiration," by Wolff; No. 2, "Gaiety," by Handel. Price 1s. each.

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PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D minor, No. 2.. .. .. Cherubini.
M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.
(First time.)

SONG, Soirées, "Gita in Gondola," .. .. Rossini.
Mr. Sims Reeves.

SONG, "The Bell Ringer," .. .. Wallace.
Mr. Santley.
(By desire.)

SONATA, in C sharp, minor, "Moonlight," for Pianoforte alone .. .. Beethoven.
Herr Ernest Lübeck.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)

PART II.

QUARTET, in F minor, No. 11 .. .. Beethoven.
M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)

SONG, "The Huntsman's Song," .. .. Mendelssohn.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
(By desire.)

SONG, "Rough wind that moanest loud," .. .. .. J. W. Davison.
Mr. Santley.
(By desire.)
(Vocal Illustrations of Shelley.)

TRIO, No. 2. in C minor .. .. Mendelssohn.
Herr Ernest Lübeck, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti.

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THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—President, The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Dudley.—Wednesday next, May 16th, at Eight.—Madame Catherine Goldberg Strossi (Prima Donna from La Scala, Milan) and Miss Stabbach; also, by the kind permission of E. T. Smith, Esq., the following eminent artistes, from Her Majesty's Theatre, will appear: Signor Mongini, Signor Everardi, and Signor Sebastian Ronconi; Mdlle. Marie Brunetti and Mdlle. Vaneri. Pianoforte, Mr. J. F. Barnett (his third appearance since his return from Germany). Choir of 200 Voices. Conductor, M. BENEDICT. Sofa and balcony stalls, 5s. each; reserved area, 3s.; unreserved, 1s. At all the principal Music-shops, and St. James's Hall Ticket-office.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S Annual Matinée of Pianoforte Music, will take place on Saturday, May 26th, in Hanover-square Rooms: when she will be assisted by Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, Mr. Walter Macfarren, Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Santley. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 3s. 6d., of Mrs. Macfarren, 15, Albert-street, Gloucester-gate, N.W.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—MR. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artistes—MM. Sainton, H. Hill, W. Watson, E. Payton, Doyle, Trust, G. Collins, Aylward, Howell, senr, White, F. S. Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, T. Owen, Hausser, C. Harper, Standen, T. Harper, Stanton Jones, W. Winterbottom, Cioffi, Hughes, and F. C. Horton. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that her grand Evening Concert will take place on Wednesday, May 16th, when the following Eminent Artists will appear: Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. William Cummings, and Herr Ellenschütt, Mr. Charles Salaman, and Herr Adolphe Ries, Herr Louis Ries, Herr Lidel, and Mr. Ellis Roberts. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. Tickets, 7s.; Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Miss Eleanor Armstrong, at her residence, 36, Osnaburgh-street, Regent's-park; and of the principal music-sellers.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. Baxter, Mr. W. Cummings, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler, respectfully announce that arrangements have been made to resume their successful Entertainments, on Wednesday next, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, to be continued every Wednesday and Friday afternoons, at 3, and on Saturday evenings at 8.15. Conductor, Mr. Land. Literary Illustrator, Mr. T. Oliphant. Tickets at Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond-street.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD (Pupil of Professor Sterndale Bennett) will give a Matinée Musicale, at 14, Montague-place, Bryanston-square (by kind permission of Mrs. Chapman), on Saturday, the 19th of May, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists: Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, M. Paque; Vocalists, Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Redfearn. Single Tickets, half-a-guinea; family tickets, to admit three, one guinea. To be had of Miss. F. Corfield, 29, Burton Street, Eaton-square, and of Messrs. Leader, and Cock, 63, New Bond-street.

MISS LEFFLER'S GRAND CONCERT at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 5, at 8 o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Poole, Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Leffler, Madame Weiss; Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, Mr. Brandon, Mr. John Morgan, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. Violin—Mdlle. Sophie Humler. Harp—Mr. Ellis Roberts. Harmonium—Mr. Scotson Clark. Distin's Ventil Horn Union. Conductors—Mr. W. G. Cusins, Mr. J. G. Calcott, Mr. Sidney Naylor, Mr. Kingsbury, and Mr. J. L. Hatton. Sofa stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. May be obtained of Miss Leffler, 71, Oxford-street; Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., and Addison and Co, Regent-street, Davies's Library, 36, Portman-place, Maida-hill; F. B. Garty, Esq., 4, Elizabeth-place, North Brixton, and Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

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HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—MR. MELCHOR WINTER (tenore), and Mr. BENJAMIN WELLS (flautist), beg to announce that their GRAND EVENING VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT will take place on the 28th of May at the above rooms. Artists:—Madame Weiss, Miss Mahlah Homer, Miss Chipperfield, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Melchor Winter; Harmonium, Mr. Scotson Clark, and Flute, Mr. Benjamin Wells, who will perform on Carte's silver cylinder flute, on which he had the honour of playing before the Queen and the Prince Consort. Conductor, Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved seats, 5s.; Unreserved, 2s.; and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co.; Chappells; Boosey; Keith, Prowse and Co.; and also of Mr. Benjamin Wells, 23, and Mr. Melchor Winter, 17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

MDLLE. MARIA DE VILLAR, Court and Concert Singer to the Prince of Hohenzollern, begs to announce that her first Evening Concert will take place on Friday the 18th of May, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, at half-past Eight, under the immediate patronage of The Marchioness of Breadalbane, Jane Countess Dowager Somers, The Countess of Haddington, The Lady Clarence Paget, The Lady Theresa Lewis, The Lady Manners, Lady Knatchbull, and Mrs. Philip Yorke. Artistes: Miss Palmer, Miss E. Wilkinson, Madlle. Maria de Villar, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Santley. Instrumentalists: Madlle. Marie Wieck, Herr Louis Ries, Herr Lidel, Mr. J. B. Chatterton, Solo Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen. Conductors: Mr. Benedict and Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Reserved seats, numbered, 10s. 6d.; reserved family tickets, £1 1s. [illegible] unreserved, 5s. Tickets to be had at Madlle. de Villar's residence, [illegible] Manchester-square; Messrs. Addison, Hollier, Lucas, [illegible]; Messrs. Wessel & Co., Hanover-square, and of the principal [illegible].

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION.—The Juvenile Festival of the Tonic Sol-fa Association will take place in the Great Orchestra, on Wednesday next, May 16th, the choir numbering 4000 children and 1000 adults, instructed in the Tonic Sol-fa method. Conductors—Mr. John Sarll and Mr. W. S. Young. Miss Elizabeth Stirling will perform on the Great Organ at intervals. Open at 10; performance to commence at 2. Admission, One Shilling; children under 12, Sixpence. Reserved seats (in the galleries only), Half-a-crown extra.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MR. W. VINCENT WALLACE'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT.—Selections from the Operas of Lurline, Maritana, &c., on Saturday, May 19th at 3 o'clock. Vocalists—Mdlle. Lemmens Sherrington, Madame Weiss, Miss Augusta Thomson, Madame Laura Baxter, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Poole, and Miss Parepa; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Ramsden and Mr. Weiss. Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. Violin—Herr Becker. Flute—Mr. Pratten. Conductors—Mr. Manns and Mr. V. Wallace. Tickets, Half-a-crown; reserved seats, Half-a-crown extra. To be had at the Crystal Palace; 2, Exeter Hall; Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Chappell's, 50, New Bond-street; and at the Libraries.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—(Miss Banks, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Foster, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Lewis Thomas). All applications for Evening Parties and Concerts, in town or country, to be made to Mr. Winn, 114, Camden-road-villas, N.W.

MR. AGUILAR respectfully announces that he will give a Morning Concert, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, June 4th, Vocalists: Madlle. Parepa, Miss Lindo, and Signor Bellotti. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Alfred and Henry Holmes, Herr Lidel, Mr. Pratten, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. C. Harper, Mr. Waetzig, and Mr. Aguilar. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. On this occasion will be performed for the first time in public, Mr. Aguilar's new Sestet, for piano, flute, oboe, clarionet, horn, and bassoon. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 7s.; to be had at the principal music warehouses, and of Mr. Aguilar, 17, Westbourne-square, W.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, is fixed for Monday 18th June, under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen; H.R.H. the Prince Consort; H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent; and H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge. The programme will be on the same scale of former years; early application for the few remaining stalls and boxes is respectfully solicited at Messrs. Chappell; Messrs. Leader and Cock, New Bond-street; Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.; Hammond's, late Jullien, Regent-street; Mr. Ollivier's and Mr. Mitchell's, Old Bond-street; Mr. Austen's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; and Mr. Benedict's, 2, Manchester-square, W.

CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS.—Westminster Road.—Lessee, Mr. C. Morton.—Every Evening.—C. H. Gounod's Opera, FAUST—Faust, Mr. Henry Herbert; Mephistopheles, Mr. C. Bernard; Siebel, Mrs. Anderson; Marguerite, Miss Russel. Conductor, Jonghmans—and selections from Dinorah, Trovatore, and Macbeth. Several interesting pictures have been added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

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Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

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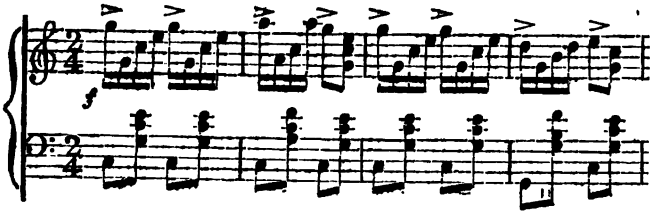
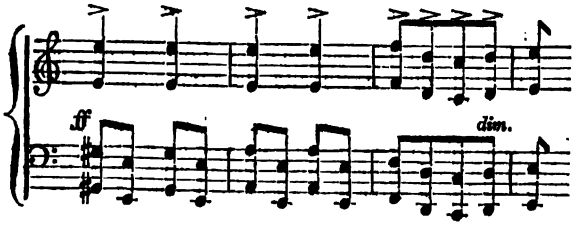
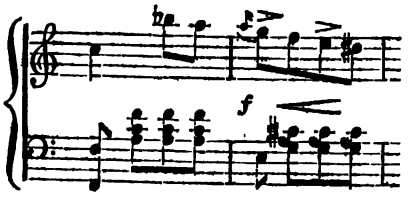
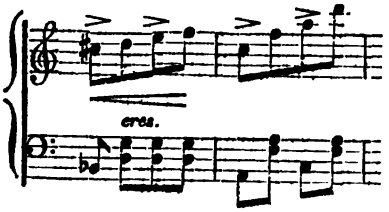
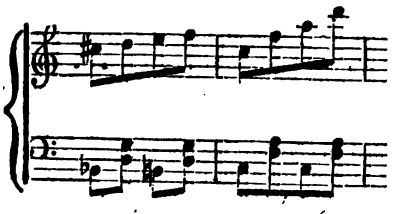
REVIEWS.

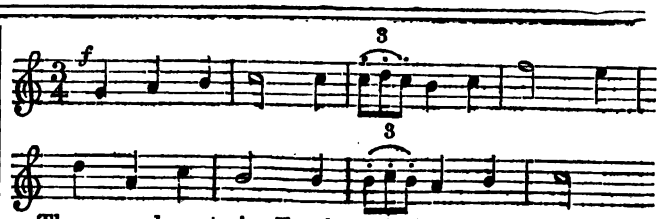
"*The Quick Step Galop*;"—"*The Sea-Wave Waltz*"—by M. Kiko (A. W. Hammond). The "*Quick Step Galop*" has a very well-marked and animated subject, which sets out as follows :—

The second part, in A minor, is somewhat vague, especially at the point subjoined :—



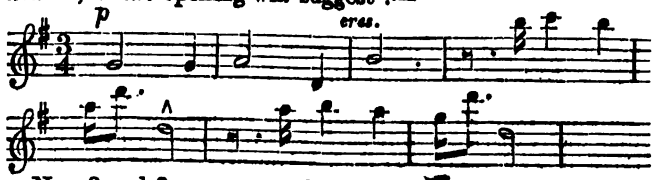
This, however, by adding harmony to the single notes, in the right hand, might easily be amended. There are one or two more points that demand revision—such, for example, as the following :—

And the following :—

The last would be better thus :—

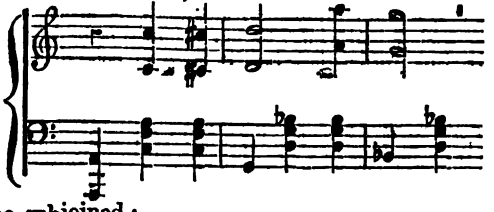
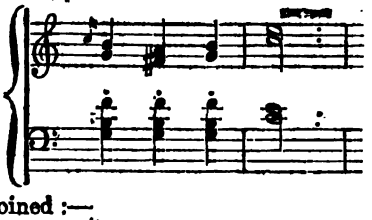
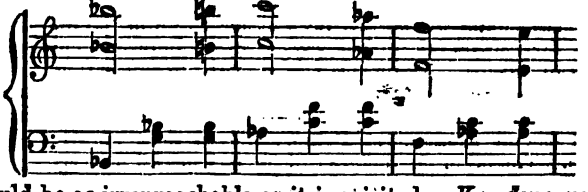


Though even that might be purified. The Galop deserves reconsideration, for it is a right spirited and vigorous Galop of its measures. We have adduced enough to show that Kiko has something to acquire in the way of technical proficiency; on the "*Sea-Wave Waltz*" we shall therefore not be critical. The theme of the first figure is quite enough to prove that its composer is not ungifted with melodic invention. We can only find room, however, for eight bars :—



The second part, in E minor, is just as pretty. No. 4, too, has a quiet unpretending tune which cannot fail to attract, as the opening will suggest :—



Nos. 2 and 3 are not nearly so good as their companions. The introduction is *à la* Herz (Herz *facilité*), and not bad; while the *coda*, but for such points as the subjoined—(you see, reader, we *can* be nothing if *not* critical—so it's of no use promising to be lenient) :—

and the subjoined :—

and the subjoined :—

would be as irreproachable as it is spirited. *Va, donc, pour* Kiko.

"'*The Winter being over*,' *part-song*"—composed by Ellen Avery (Charles Jefferys). The words of this part-song—written in 1653, by one Ann Collins, offer a quaint mixture of matter-of-fact and poetry,

The music is melodious, characteristic, and remarkably well written. Miss Avery should be encouraged to proceed; her feeling and taste being alike unquestionable.

"*The Singer's Library of Concerted Music*"—edited by John Hullah (Addison and Hollier). No. 23 of the Secular Division contains a part-song, the words by Charles Swain, the music by Maria Tiddeman—"*If thou speak'st though snows surround thee*." This is quite as neatly written as the part-song of Miss Avery; but the melody is hardly so attractive. In addition to the foregoing, the same number includes Samuel Webbe's catch, "*Zephyr, I can tell you where*," which was scarcely worth reviving.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE first performance of *Don Giovanni*, on Saturday, was, in more than one respect, a remarkable one. The discovery of even a tolerable Don Giovanni was an unlooked for event, so many had been the failures since the retirement of Tamburini. Signor Everardi, who now impersonates the libertine nobleman at Her Majesty's Theatre, if not a perfect representative of the character, is by many degrees the best we have seen of late years. His voice is rich, mellow, and flexible, and, although not an Italian, sings like a genuine Italian artist. Signor Everardi *looks* the part, moreover, extremely well, and acts with great intelligence. His deportment is natural and graceful, and his movements and gestures are easy and unconstrained. That Signor Everardi has something yet to acquire before he can be thoroughly pronounced master of the most exacting character in the whole range of the lyric drama, is unquestionable; but that time and experience will perfect what has been so well begun, there is good reason to expect. However, at any rate, viewed even as it stands, the Don Giovanni of Signor Everardi is entitled to very high praise. It is gentlemanly, spirited, and free from all exaggeration as an histrionic portraiture, while as a display of vocal art it is irreproachable. The duet, "La ci darem," (with Madame Borghi-Mamo), and the serenade, "Deh vieni alla finistra," both given with infinite taste and propriety of expression, was unanimously redemanded. Madame Borghi-Mamo has added materially to her reputation by her performance of Zerlina, which has hardly been surpassed in our recollection. More exquisite singing could not be heard than the incomparably beautiful air, "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino," the latter of which was encored with acclamations, and the former only escaping an encore through an injudicious departure from the text, in order to "round off" the cadence (we suppose) in accordance with Mad. Borghi-Mamo's (not Mozart's) idea of *finish*. Such singing requires no clap-trap to recommend it. In the duet with Don Giovanni (encored, as we have said), Mad. Borghi-Mamo was admirable. Of Madlle. Titiens' Donna Anna we can only reiterate the high encomiums expressed last year. It is, perhaps, his grandest performance. Signor Vialetti sang the music of Leporello with remarkable vigour and correctness. Madlle. Vaneri gave that of Elvira carefully, but exhibited little acquaintance with the business of the stage. Signor Castelli surprised everyone in the Commendatore, which must have satisfied the manager that his talents have heretofore been underrated. Signor Giuglini sang "Della sua pace" to perfection, and would have been as successful in "Il mio tesoro" but for certain alterations (by no means improvements) of the text of Mozart. The house was crowded to suffocation.

On Tuesday, *Norma* was given for the first time, and attracted an overflowing audience. Madlle. Titiens, as the High Priestess, and Signor Mongini, as Pollio, achieved their accustomed success. The other characters call for no especial notice.

Don Giovanni was repeated on Thursday, and to-night *Rigoletto* will introduce Madlle. Brunetti as Gilda, and Signor Sebastiani Bonconi as the jester.

MRS. MATHEWS' FRIENDS FOR THE FIRESIDE.—Any book from the widow of the celebrated Charles Mathews would be favourably received by the public. This work will take its stand upon higher ground than personal respect—it will be esteemed one of the most valuable additions to literature that has for a long time appeared. It is rich in anecdote—it is replete with wit—its fund of recollections of men and things is unsurpassed—its notings and selections evince a refined mind and good taste—its gravities will be appreciated by all thinking people. In fact, the book will prove a mine of wealth to every class—to the wit—to the men of the world—to the clergy—to the politician—to old and young of both sexes—above all, to the literary man. —*Globe.*

ORGANIST APPOINTMENT.—Mr. J. M.Roberts, organist and choir-master of Chapeltown and Moorallerton Churches, and formerly articled pupil of Mr. Spark, has been appointed organist and choir-master of the Parish Church, Thirsk. The selection was made by competition, the candidates having their abilities tested in various ways by Dr. Monk, organist of York Minister.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ONE of the best representations of the *Trovatore* ever witnessed at this theatre took place on Thursday night week, when the zeal and energy exhibited on all hands were the more remarkable, inasmuch as the audience, though numerous and fashionable, was, in a great measure, one of the most frigid and apathetic of the season. The third of Madame Grisi's "farewell appearances," it seemed the fixed resolve of the unequalled lyric tragedian to persuade the house of the difficulty of ultimately replacing her. From the opening air, "Tacea la notte"—the slow movement of which was rendered with genuine pathos, and the "allegro" with wonderful brilliancy—to the final scene, where the self-poisoned Leonora succumbs in the presence of her lover, just at the moment of convincing him that she is innocent, her performance was admirable alike from a dramatic and a musical point of view. Signor Mario, too—who has now recovered from the temporary indisposition that, year after year, memorializes his passage across the Channel—was quite himself, and, as a natural consequence, his Manrico was as nearly faultless as could be imagined. The song of the Troubadour (behind the scenes); the graceful apostrophe to Leonora ("Ah, si bien mio") and its fiery sequel, "Di quella pira," where Manrico hastens to the rescue of Azucena; the plaintive appeal from the prison ("Ah! che la morte") in the scene of the "Miserere;" and last, not least, the concluding duet, in which the indignant malediction, "Va, ti abbomino, ti maledico," yields to a burst of tenderness when the fatal effects of the poison begin to show Manrico how cruel and unjust had been his suspicions, were, without reservation, displays of the highest excellence. Only once during the evening was there even a hint at failure; and this happened in the "cadenza" at the close of "Ah, si ben mio" (not a very striking ornamental passage, by the way), which somewhat weakened the impression that otherwise would have been produced by a thoroughly perfect example of *cantabile* singing. When Grisi and Mario, thus well disposed, are encouraged by an unrestricted command of physical resources into a resolute determination to gratify their hearers, it is not easy to over-estimate the value of their combined exertions. Anything more splendid, anything more touching and *appealing*, than the duet between Leonora and Manrico, has rarely been witnessed on the Italian stage. Madame Csillag, by the manner in which she sang the melodious phrase, "Ai nostri monti ritorneremo," materially enhanced the artistic effect, her skilfully subdued tones in the dream of the sleeping gipsy contrasting exquisitely with the accents of the hero and heroine, whose passionate and absorbing grief makes them altogether oblivious of the presence of a third person. This lady's Azucena has not been equalled as a picturesque and vigorous conception since Madame Viardot first impersonated the character in London. The scene in which, while narrating to her pretended son the story of her former life, the gipsy gives utterance to the despair that accompanies her remembrance of its most terrible and fatal incident, was a masterpiece of vocal declamation, made doubly impressive by its dramatic truthfulness. Here and there a vestige of Teutonic exaggeration may have possibly been detected, but the whole was too intensely real, too vividly and poetically portrayed, not to extort the liveliest and most unanimous sympathy. Without touching on other points—in their way no less entitled to praise—we may add, that by her performance of Azucena, Madame Csillag has entirely justified the favourable opinion solicited by what was, of course, a far higher intellectual effort—her Fidelio. The first appearance of Signor Graziani—whose Conte de Luna chiefly resolves itself into the most musical, and in all respects satisfactory delivery on record of the popular air "Il balen del suo sorriso," was another event which contributed to the general attraction of the performance. This gentleman's voice—neither absolutely barytone nor absolutely tenor, but an agreeable fusion of the two—is as fresh and as beautiful as ever. His method of singing reveals no sign of modification; but that it was as acceptable as on previous occasions was evidenced in the warm reception accorded to "Il balen," which gained one of the two encores of the evening—the other being awarded to Madame Grisi and Signor Mario in the "Miserere." After bestowing

such unqualified commendation, it would be superfluous to speak of "recalls" and such-like manifestations of courtesy on the part of the public, which the habit of the age having made conventional, are too often indiscriminately awarded.

On Saturday, instead of *Fra Diavolo*, which had been announced, *Dinorah* was substituted, by desire of Her Majesty, who with the Prince Consort visited the theatre for the first time this season.

On Tuesday the first representation of *Il Barbiere* for two years attracted the most brilliant audience of the season. The fact of Mario having resumed his old part of Count Almaviva—his most finished and admirable impersonation in the opinion of many—gave additional interest to the performance; while the first appearance of Madame Miolan-Carvalho, in Rosina, was anticipated with general curiosity. On no former occasion have we heard the great Italian tenor sing the music so exquisitely. So thoroughly does it suit him, that it is unaccountable how, under any circumstances, Mario should have resigned the part of Almaviva to another. As well might Tamburini in his best days have resigned the part of Don Giovanni to a barytone of less renown. The secession of Mario robbed the *Barbiere* of the chief among its very many attractions, and this, no doubt, was the reason of its being abandoned last season, for the first time since the institution of the Royal Italian Opera. The subscribers and public may be thankful for any cause which brought him back to his post, for he positively never sang better than on Tuesday, and never produced a greater effect. From "Ecco ridente," to the trio, "Ah, qual colpo," his voice not only displayed its unrivalled quality, but his vocalisation that ease, grace, and flexibility which have made him perhaps the most accomplished singer of Rossini's music the stage has seen. Another powerful attraction was Ronconi's Figaro, a masterpiece of a different kind, but no less incomparable than Mario's Almaviva. The singing and acting of the two in the famous duet, "All idea di quel metallo," could not have been surpassed; and without entering into further details about the performance of the prince of Figaros, we may say that Ronconi was in the true vein, and sustained the character of the mercurial barber with wonderful animation and *esprit* from "Largo al factotum," to the end. Madame Miolan-Carvalho was a charming Rosina, acting with infinite *naïveté*, and singing with wonderful brilliancy; but her voice being a high *soprano*, she was scarcely so much at home with the music as with that of *Dinorah*. The transposition of "Una voce" from E to G is by no means without precedent, but the ornaments in many instances were far more elaborate and redundant than Bossinean. Mad. Carvalho's success in Rosina, nevertheless, was decided. Signor Tagliafico gave a bold and vigorous sketch of Don Basilio, and M. Zelger did his utmost to render Bartolo amusing. The overture was encored with acclamations, and the same compliment paid to the terzetto, "Zitti, zitti," in the last scene.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

AT the fourth concert of the second season, which took place on Wednesday night in St. James's Hall, this new and flourishing society—which counts among its members nearly all the chief professors and amateurs of music, foreign and native, residing in the metropolis—furnished a programme in strict consonance with that element of its constitution which principally distinguishes it from other associations of the kind. It will be seen, by the following, that a new work of importance, from the pen of an eminent living composer, was one of the prominent features in the selection:—

PART I.

Symphony in G minor	Mozart.
Cantata, "Christmas" (First time of performance)	G. A. Macfarren.

PART II.

Concerto in G, Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé ...	Beethoven.
Aria, "Cangio d'aspetto" (Admeto), Madame Sainton-Dolby	Handel.
Grand Air, "Je suis sauvée enfin" (Le Domino Noir), Madame Lemmens Sherrington ...	Auber.
Overture (Guillaume Tell)	Rossini.

Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.

A finer execution of Mozart's incomparable symphony in G minor (the minuet and trio of which was encored), or more faultless indications of the times of each movement than those expressed by Mr. Alfred Mellon, we do not remember. The introduction of a symphony by Mozart was a happy idea, and never was perfect music more thoroughly appreciated. Another rich treat was the masterly performance of Beethoven's superb and romantic pianoforte concerto by M. Charles Hallé, who played his part without book, with a readiness for which he is proverbial, and achieved a brilliant success. The orchestral accompaniments, so original, so elaborate, and so overflowing with rare fancy, were given by the band to perfection. The least admirable feature of the evening was the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, in which the noise of the wind instruments completely drowned the stringed instruments.

To the execution of Mr. Macfarren's new *cantata*, and of the work itself, we have alluded in another page.

The aria of Handel (though admirably given by Madame Sainton), and the song from the *Domino Noir*, did not create any particular impression. Madame Lemmens was by no means so perfect in Auber's florid as in Mr. Macfarren's *legato* music, and we doubt very much if *bravura* is her *forte*, notwithstanding the flexibility and compass of her voice.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE Hanover-square Rooms were crowded on Monday night, at the second concert, and yet the programme contained scarcely a new feature, as the following will show:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, No. 7	Haydn.
Recit., Aria (Figaro), Mr. Santley	Mozart.
Concerto, No. 1, pianoforte, Herr Ernst Lubeck	Mendelssohn.
Scena (Oberon), Mdlle. Parepa	Weber.
Overture (Euryanthe)	Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Aria (Siège de Corinthe), Mdlle. Parepa	Rossini.
Berceuse, Tarantella, pianoforte, Herr Lubeck ...	Ernst Lubeck.
Duetto (Agnese), Mdlle. Parepa and Mr. Santley	Paer.
Overture (Pré aux Clercs)...	Hérold.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus.D.

If any proof were wanting that the Philharmonic Concerts owe their fame, and must be indebted for continued longevity, to the influence of a certain series of acknowledged great works, the success of last night's entertainment would suffice. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn—with proportionate examples from the vocal music of the Italian masters, and occasionally, where incontestable merit warrants the innovation, an instrumental or vocal piece by one of our best English writers—would suffice to sustain the Philharmonic Society for another half century. The Musical Society of London and the New Philharmonic Concerts may find it in their interest to produce novelties, while the Monday Popular Concerts—the most remarkable institution of the kind ever established in this country—can afford to be universal, and to ransack the libraries of chamber-music, both ancient and modern; but the Philharmonic Society has an exclusive mission—that of periodically affording its subscribers the opportunity of hearing, well executed, the most unblemished masterpieces of the art. And, after all, it is hardly too much to listen to the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven (not to go further into particulars) once a year, or once in four-and-twenty months.

Haydn's No. 7 (of the Saloman set)—the *finale* of which is one of its composer's most genial, characteristic, and spontaneous effusions—was played somewhat roughly, somewhat—as the French significantly express it—"*en robe de chambre*." On the other hand, Beethoven's magnificent musical poem was given to perfection, the second movement especially (the *Rivulet*), with a scrupulous exactness of detail which, amid their many striking qualities, is not often observed in our English orchestras. The times of every movement—thanks to the refined musical taste of the conductor—were irreproachable. Another grand performance was that of Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*—an inspiration which appears on all occasions

to exercise as potent a sway over the executants themselves as over the audience. The orchestral prelude to *Le Pré aux Clercs* is one of the feeblest specimens of its school that could possibly have been selected—not to travel back to Méhul, or even to Boieldieu, Auber has composed at least a dozen overtures to which this pale essay of Hérold's is in no way comparable.

The new pianist, Herr Lubeck, was well received. Nevertheless his execution of Mendelssohn's familiar concerto was not altogether satisfactory. The first movement was loud (louder playing, indeed, we do not recollect), but had little of the vigour, less of the poetry, which other pianists, imbued with the spirit of the composer, have known how to impart. Strange to say, too (the prevailing fashion of "hurrying borne in mind), it was taken too slow. The same reproach applies to the *finale*, which, however, was in other respects more to the purpose, and while devoid of that indefinable something which goes by the appellation of "charm," did not fail to impress by its force and brilliancy. The slow movement was the least attractive feature of Herr Lubeck's performance. In his own music the new pianist shone to much greater advantage. His *Berceuse* and *Tarantella* are both fair specimens of the peculiar modern school now most in vogue, and were both admirably played. In short, if not (to judge him by this one performance) a strictly "classical" pianist, Herr Lubeck is at any rate a "virtuoso" of the first rank.

The singing was excellent—that of Mr. Santley in the splendid air of Figaro (too frequently omitted from the operatic representations) more particularly. Mademoiselle Parepa was wonderfully successful, not only in "Ocean, thou mighty monster," but in the florid *bravura* from Rossini's *Siège de Corinthe*, which hardly comes within her means so readily as its companion.

CONCERTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The entire programme of last Monday was devoted to Mendelssohn, and as the musical public but a few days previous had been presented with a performance of the immortal master's *Elijah*, on by far the most important scale that has yet been attempted, so the selection of this evening formed, as it were, an appropriate pendant, by affording an opportunity of listening to some of the choicest selections from the chamber music of the ever-to-be-lamented musician. The instrumental portion comprised, among other things, two quartets, E flat major (Op. 44) and F minor, No. 6 *(posthumous)* —the latter for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts; together with the trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, also for the first time. Sainton, Goffrie, Doyle, Piatti, and Charles Hallé (pianoforte), as executants, were a guarantee for a performance of the highest excellence, and the hearty applause of the audience bore testimony to the thorough appreciation of their efforts. In addition to this, Mr. Charles Hallé gave two solos in his most masterly and finished manner—the fantasia in F sharp minor, dedicated to Moscheles, and a selection from the *Lieder ohne Wörte*, played so exquisitely that the second and last were unanimously redemanded. Mr. Sims Reeves was also encored in "The Garland," and "The Hunter's Song," both, we need hardly say, sung to perfection. A like compliment was also paid to Miss J. Wells and Mr. Cumming in the duet, "Zuleika and Hassan." The London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, contributed "The Lark's Song" and "The Nightingale," and, the former being encored, most unaccountably substituted a glee by the late Mr. Horsley. Mr. Benedict, as usual, showed himself a first-rate accompanyist. On Monday, May 21st, the selection will be from various composers, when Herr Ernst Lubeck, the new pianist, is to make his first appearance at these concerts.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Haydn's *Creation* was given last night for the first time this season. The principal solo singers were Miss Parepa, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—At the performance of the Vocal Association on Wednesday evening next, May 16th, St. James's Hall, the principal artists from Her Majesty's Theatre will appear, by the kind permission of E. T. Smith, Esq.

WOODFORD (ESSEX).—A concert was given in the Lecture Room on Thursday week. The following artists assisted:—Miss Clari Fraser, Miss Leffler, Mr. John Morgan and Mr. Allan Irving, vocalists; Mr. Langton Williams, pianist, the last named gentleman also officiated as conductor. Miss Clari Fraser created a marked impression in her two solos, Mr. Balfe's song, "There is a name we never breathe," and the old Scotch ballad, "Huntingtower," both of which were encored, and both repeated. Encores were also awarded to Miss Leffler in the jacobite song, "Bonnie Dundee," and to Mr. Allan Irving in "The White Squall." Mr. Glover's duet, "The Cousins," sung by Miss Clari Fraser and Miss Leffler, was also bissed and repeated. Mr. Langton Williams played Madame Oury's sparkling fantasia on airs from *Rigoletto* with good effect.

MYDDELTON HALL, ISLINGTON.—A concert was given at the above hall on Wednesday evening week, at which there was by no means a large attendance. The programme was of the tedious miscellaneous kind, and all vocal except one pianoforte performance. The artists were Miss Clari Fraser, Miss Chipperfield, Miss Grace Delafield, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Suchet Champion, Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Weiss. Among the pieces worthy of mention were Beethoven's song, "Know'st thou the land," and the Irish comic song, "Barney O'Hea," by Miss Clari Fraser—the former charmingly sung, the latter given with great point and rapturously applauded; the canzonetta from *Dinorah*, "Ye maidens in spring-time," and the popular ballad from *Lurline*, "Gentle troubadour" (encored), by Madame Laura Baxter—both sung to perfection; and Mr. Weiss's song, "The slave's dream," rendered by himself with great power and redemanded. Mr. George Lake presided at the pianoforte, and with musician-like ability.

DUBLIN—*(From a Correspondent)*.—Most of the amateurs of music who come to Ireland pay an early visit to the two cathedral establishments which Dublin contains: to such folks it may be matter of interest to know that one of these buildings, the cathedral and collegiate church of St. Patrick, is about to be restored, at the cost of £18,000 or £20,000, all of which is in the gift of one individual, the present Alderman Guinness, an inhabitant of the city. The building (a fair specimen of the early English style) has been under repair for some time; it is computed that at least four years additional will be required to carry out the proposed restorations, which are to be in accordance with the plans of Mr. Carpenter, a distinguished English architect. However, what more nearly concerns the *Musical World* and its readers, are the repairs and additions to the organ of the Cathedral, an old specimen of Renatus Harris, and an organ which ill deserved the high repute it long enjoyed; these additions, which were entrusted to Mr. Bevington, of Greek-street, Soho, comprise some three or four new stops to replace the damaged or out-of-date portions of Harris's instrument. The removal of the old swell (itself an extension of an "echo") and the erection of a new one to double C, containing the following stops:—1. Double open diapason and Bourdon bass; 2. Open diapason; 3. Stopt ditto; 4. Principal; 5. Clear mixture (2 ranks); 6. Sharp mixture (3 ranks); 7. Oboe; 8. Cornopean; 9. Clarion. The great organ has been reinforced by a new claribel (8 feet pitch in place of a huge mounted cornet); a wald-flute (to replace a tierce) and a bell-cramba (in place of a twelfth of colossal scale, which was indeed of larger dimensions than similar pipes in the open diapason). The great organ, thus amended, now contains:—1. Open diapason; 2. Small ditto; 3. Stopt diapason (metal); 4. Claribel (wood) to middle C; 5. Bell-gamba (throughout); 6. Wald flute; 7. Principal; 8. Fifteenth; 9. Sesquialtera (3 ranks); 10. Tourniture (2 ranks); 11. Trumpet. The choir organ, after the manner of Harris, borrows 3 stops from the great organ, namely, 2 diapasons and principal; and contains, in addition, a small-scaled stopt diapason, a dulciana, a flute and a fifteenth. The pedal organ (added some 30 years ago, by Fleetwood, of Liverpool) consists of 2 open diapasons of 8 and 16 feet pitch, respectively: Couplers—1. Swell to G; 2. Ditto sub-octave; 3. Ditto to pedal; 4. Great to pedal. A tremulant to the swell completes what is now a very effective instrument. Messrs. Bevington are considered to have added to their reputation on this side of St. George's Channel, by the above works, an account of which will perhaps be acceptable to your organ amateurs.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, April 18th.

THE lyrical season here, like a dying Phœnix, is slowly passing away, while from its ashes the much more brilliant season of London is emerging. The rival opera houses there are, doubtless, as much a subject of conversation as they are here; and columns of the various theatrical papers are filled with the correspondence from London, relative to the various doings and chit-chat of the drama and opera; while Paris, like a giant refreshed, after a short respite of the last days of Lent, is plunging into a fresh series of balls, dinners, private theatricals. *A propos* of the latter, a rather sudden check has been given to the fashion of having the artists of the Théâtre-Français, to play in private drawing-rooms those charming little "proverbes" of Octave Feuillet, Alfred de Musset, &c. As it was found to exercise an injurious influence on the interests of the theatre, and also on the acting of the artists, so, by "decree," they are forbidden, for the future, to exercise their talents in a way that, though lucrative for them, would have ended by materially affecting the interests of the Théâtre-Français. The engagements entered into before this "degree" was passed will be allowed to be fulfilled, but no others incurred. A plan is talked of by some enterprising company, to remedy, next winter, the deficit this would cause in the winter amusements. They propose engaging, from various theatres, good artists, and keeping them as a *troupe* to be exclusively devoted to the acting in private drawing-rooms. The theatres, meanwhile, are rather languishing. The performances at the Grand-Opéra, of *Pierre de Médecis*, have been interrupted for a short time, by an indisposition of Mad. Gueymard-Lauters. *Guillaume Tell* was given last week. Meanwhile, the sisters Marchisio have arrived in Paris, and the rehearsals of *Sémiramis* have commenced. There is some talk of Mdlle. Marie Sax, of the Théâtre-Lyrique, being engaged here. The *Chateau Trompette*, of M. Gavaert, that had been put back at the Opéra-Comique in its rehearsals by the serious illness of M. Couderc, is now rehearsing, with Mocker in Couderc's part. The *Roman d'Elvire* is being played. The *Belle Chocolatière*, in one act, by M. Paul Dupuch, is also in rehearsal, and there is also some talk of the *Petit Chaperon Rouge*, of Boieldieu, being given ere Madame Faure-Lefèvre leaves. Mdlle. Marmion, of the Théâtre-Lyrique, has been engaged at this opera. The privilege of the Théâtre-Lyrique, which was to have expired in a year, had recently been renewed by M. Carvalho till February, 1867. M. Réty will thus have nearly seven years of managerial career before him; and more, in 1861, he will inaugurate the new Théâtre-Lyrique, as the foundations of this building are already begun, and it is to be terminated by the 12th of next December. Madame Viardot's benefit will soon take place, and Tamberlik will probably sing at it. Madame Viardot is going to sing one act of *Armide*, and the sleep-walking scene in the *Macbeth* of Verdi, with Graziani. After Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the *Reine Balkir*, of Charles Gounod, will be given. The Gymnase has no cause to complain of the new piece I gave you the sketch of last week, *Jeanne qui rit, et Jeanne qui pleure*. At the Vaudeville a little one-act piece of M. Ponsard, and another by M. Charles Hugo, have been accepted; meanwhile, *La Tentation*, of M. O. Feuillet, goes on successfully. The Odéon has given a five-act drama by M. Charles de Courcy, entitled, *Daniel Lambert*, rather heavy and very French in style. The Gaîté (why this name to a theatre where such lugubrious pieces are performed?), not to be outdone, has given a kind of *Anne Radcliffe* melo-drama, turning on the rivalry of two brothers—the one, of course persecuted innocence, that triumphs in the end; the elder brother, the prosecutor, and the one who has the power, of course succumbing, dying in the end. Season the whole of the five acts with a liberal amount of battles, assassinations, poisons, antidotes, and some masked statues, that only appear when one of the family of the Farnese (to which the two brothers belong) are to die, and a few other horrors, with a grand *dénouément* in the end of the triumph of persecuted innocence, and you have the *Aventuriers* (M. Victor Séjour's five-act drama) before you. But these terrible pieces seem at present almost an epidemic. The Porte St.-Martin has given another that out-Herods Herod, not so much in horrors as in improbabilities. And to go through the five acts of the *Roi des Iles*, and the wonderful events MM. E. Rollin and E. Wœstyn (for they are the joint authors) have heaped *pêle-mêle* one a-top of the other, would require something more wonderful than the thread of Ariadne to extricate from the labyrinth they are in. The ever-wonderful Mdlle. Déjazet, who decidedly does not intend to get old, has been playing in a little piece she played so well in long ago, *The Marquis de Lauzun*.

The concerts are still going on, though with less brilliancy, and there are fewer of them. A pianist that, as almost a child, the Conservatoire crowned at the same time as Jules Cohen, as first prizes of the Marmontel class, Wieniawski, has returned here after an absence of ten years. Like his brother, Joseph Wieniawski the violoncellist, he has acquired a good reputation in Germany. He now returns to Paris, and will give a concert in the Salle Herz, Thursday 26th. Mad. C. Remaury gave a very good concert in the Salle Herz, with the assistance of M. Kruzer, M. and Mad. Lefébure-Wely, and Jules Lefort, who sang his song, "Chanson d'amour," very well.

Death has again been busy in the dramatic world: Amant, the comic actor of the Théâtre du Palais Royal, has expired suddenly from inflammation of the lungs. A few days before he had been forming projects of retiring from the stage. Amant had been for thirty years on the stage, and was as much liked for his private character as for his talent. The widow of Talma, the Countess de Chalot, has also just expired.

A very interesting ceremony took place in the church of St. Eustache, last Thursday. It was the inauguration of the pictures done in this church; the Archbishop of Paris, the Prefect of the Seine, and the members of the municipal body of the town were present. The performance on the organ was remarkable, and Tamberlik sang in his best style a motet, "Domine Deus," of M. Bonetti. Meanwhile, the public works and improvements are going on as actively as ever, the click of hammer and the noise of the mason's saw resounds through; and these horrid March winds, that are not yet over, throw clouds of brick and mortar dust into one's eyes. The ball at the Duchess d'Albe's, to be given on the 17th (yesterday), is put off till the 24th, on political motives. Two cousins of the Empress were taken with Ortega, in the last *émeute* in Spain, and of course, till their fate was known, no ball could have much charm for a relation. However, they have been, or are to be, pardoned. The gorgeous costume talked of, and that has been exciting so much talk, is going to be changed. And the Diana that was to have been will be invested in a domino. One of the quadrilles is to be composed of the elements: M. de Morny and the Princess Metternich will represent air—then there will be earth, air, fire and water.

April 26.

The great question as to the building a new opera-house for the French operas is at length quite decided. The building will be erected at the beginning of the Rue de Rouen and a street that is to run between the Boulevards des Capucins and the Chaussée d'Antin. The direction of the works is confided to M. Ronault de Fleury. The general plan was deposited the 15th of this month, at the Mairie of the Ninth Arrondissement, in the Rue Drouot, and where for twenty days all observations of the public relative to the plan of the building will be received. As it is an undertaking that will probably cost twenty millions of francs, the pros and cons of the site chosen cannot be too attentively studied. Meanwhile, in what will be some months hence the old Grand-Opéra house, all goes on actively. Mad. Gueymard, who has recovered from her late indisposition, is gaining fresh laurels in *Pierre de Médecis*. The Sisters Marchisio are already studying their parts in *Sémiramis;* the part of Assur is definitively given to Obin: indeed it is probable that the singers will be ready long ere the scenery is. The latter is on a scale of unwonted magnificence, and Ancient Babylon is to be resuscitated in all her splendour in this modern Babylon. We can thus judge, which is the most preferable—I should say the latter. Decidedly; operas written by princes are windfalls to a

theatre. The illustrious composer of *Pierre de Médecis* has presented M. Dietrich, the leader of the orchestra, with a magnificent platina chain; to M. Vaudrot, leader of the singing, a diamond ring; and to M. Victor Massé, director of the choruses, diamond sleeve buttons. Such brilliant tokens of gratitude are not to be disdained, though often a few words of heartfelt acknowledgment possess greater weight and more real value. Amongst such, we must cite the letter of Mad. Girard, the widow of the late chef-d'orchestre, at this house, to the artists of the Conservatoire, thanking them for the concert they gave for her benefit, and in memory of the old chief. In a short time the Italian Opera will be deserted, and the foreign nightingales, that have so often charmed us there, will have taken wing. Last week, Tamberlik appeared in the part of Saliuto, in Donizetti's opera of the same name; Mesdames Penco and Merly filling the other characters. It was a grand "succès" for Tamberlik, who, with Mad. Penco, was recalled several times. Last Friday, Mad. Viardot's benefit took place at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Mad. Viardot sang the duo and sleep-walking scene of Verdi's *Macbeth* with Graziani, the third act of Gluck's *Armide*, and an air of *Sonnambula*. It were needless to add how brilliant was the success of her benefit, the many recalls, or the frantic applause—due, not only to her great talents, but also to the courage with which she has fought against the invasion of common-place and second-rate music on the stage. Who, after her fine creation of Orpheus, or her acting and singing in *Armide*, could tolerate the evanescent trash with which we are overwhelmed.

The concerts are still going on. Last week Duprez gave a concert, in which an opera entitled *Jeanne d'Arc*, the music by himself, the words by M. Edouard Duprez, was given. It was in three acts, with choruses, orchestra, decorations, &c. Mdlles. Marie Bennet, Battu, and Monrose, and M. Lefranc, sang the chief parts; the whole evening went off very successfully. The Association of the Musical Artists of France are preparing a solemnity of a new kind, to begin at the end of this month. It consists—not of a concert, but of a series of concerts, to be perpetuated from year to year. M. Beaulieu, of Nivet, is to be at the head of this. By his wish the concerts are to consist of the vocal music of the great masters, not usually performed in public, because it is not thought attractive enough. The music will be drawn from all schools, styles, and kinds, and the execution will be as fine as is humanly possible.

The weather here has been atrocious—snow, hail, wind, and rain. But so it is, apparently, all over the world. In Algeria snow has been falling, followed next day by siroccos. In Marseilles the same thing. But bad weather here never hinders gaiety; and as the time to leave Paris approaches, the fever grows fast and furious. Suppers, quite in the English style, are the fashion now. The other night a ball was given at the Marquis d'Aligré's, and dancing was prolonged all night: two suppers took place, and the guests departed at eight o'clock in the morning. That beats England. The grand ball, that has been as much talked of as a state affair, has come off, and nothing now remains but the brilliant recollection. The Empress did not wear her much-talked-of costume of Diana, but was in a domino. The great affair of the evening was the quadrille of the "Elements," composed of sixteen of the greatest ladies of the court and court society, with a beautiful Polish lady as the goddess of the Earth. But what fairy pen can describe the scarlet, and gold, and diamonds of fire; the ethereal blue of air (in which element Madame de Morny appeared) the pale translucent green and silver of water—the fruits and flowers of earth, whose fair representatives, more wonderful than Atlas, bore the globe on their heads. They performed a fancy quadrille, with, of course, the grace and charm only great ladies can. It is to be hoped such balls are not, in the interests of the Opera, to be given often, as the *beau monde* would quite desert that temple to gaze on the drawing-room performances of their fairer brethren. Imagine, however, all that is fairy-like, all that taste could devise or money procure, in the decorations of the room, the wondrous costumes of all nations and ages, animated butterflies, Spanish flies, &c., and you will have a faint view of the fancy ball. They say there is no romance left in France; but the little anecdote I now give you would contradict the saying: A very charming young widow, and a lady of high family, was walking some short time since towards home, when she heard a voice call two or three times, "Madame! Madame!" She turned round, thinking she had perhaps dropped something, when she found her accoster was a handsome and elegantly dressed young man, She was turning away, when he said, "For pity's sake, listen to me: I am dying of hunger." The lady gazed in astonishment at him. "It is not possible," she said, "dressed as you are." "It is all I have left," said he; "everything else I have sold." The lady reflected a moment, and then said, "There is my father's address; I am going home now, you can call in an hour." She went home, related the tale to her father, who at first thought she had been imposed on, but the entrance of the young man himself changed his ideas. He related his history. His father had been a minister under Louis Philippe, and left him a good fortune, which he had run through, and he was now in the state of extreme poverty he had described. The old gentleman asked him to dinner, went the next day and ascertained the truth of the history, asked him to his house two or three days running, got him a good appointment, and also got so attached to him, that he would no longer do without him. The lady's little boy, and the lady herself, shared the sentiment. The gentleman, it were needless to add, became deeply attached by gratitude and admiration, and, being of a good family, the *dénouément* is easily told—they have just been married.

JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in consonance with the wishes of the deceased had it been permitted him to express them, viz., to the relief of his widow and family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

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Messrs. Boosey and Sons through Mr. C. Smith	1	11	0

The return of country subscriptions has not yet been received, but will be shortly advertised.

ONE SHILLING SUBSCRIPTION.

Books to receive names are now placed at Mr. Hammond's (late Jullien's), 214, Regent-street; Messrs. Cramer's, 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Baily Brothers, Cornhill; Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's, 24, Oxford-street; Mr. Paak's, Lowther-arcade; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co's., 48, Cheapside; Mr. Bignell's, Argyll Rooms; Deposit Bank, Leicester-square; Sunday Times Office; Messrs. Boosey & Sons, Holles-street; Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street; and at the principal music shops throughout the country.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This evening (Saturday), first appearance of Mdlle. Marie Brunetti in RIGOLETTO; also the eminent danseuse, Mdlle. Clavelle. On Tuesday next will be performed for the first time, between the acts of the opera, a new and original ballet, in three tableaux, by Signor Borri, and produced under his personal superintendence, entitled SCINTILLA. Principal characters by Mdlle. Pocchini, Mdlle. Moncelet, Mdlle. Morlacchi, Mdlle. Bioletti, M. George, and M. Durand. On Thursday next, SEMIRAMIDE. Arsace, Madame Alboni (her first appearance this season); Assur, Signor Vialetti; Idreno, Signor Belart; Oroe, Signor Vialetti; and Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens (her first appearance in that character). Conductor—Signor Arditi. Box-office open daily from 10 to 6.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—First Night of RIGOLETTO. First appearance of Mdlle. Marie Brunetti. This Evening, Saturday, RIGOLETTO. Il Duca, Signor Mongini; Rigoletto, Signor Ronconi (his first appearance this season); Sparafucile, Signor Vialetti; Marullo, Signor Soldi; Borsa, Signor Mercuriali; Maddelena, Madame Lemaire; and Gilda, Madlle. Marie Brunetti (her first appearance in this country). Conductor, Signor Arditi. Grand Pas de Deux by Madlle. Pocchini and M. Durand. The opera will commence at 8 o'clock. Pit tickets, 8s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 5s.; gallery, 3s.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Second Night of FRA DIAVOLO. On Tuesday next, May 15, for the second time this season, Auber's Comic Opera

FRA DIAVOLO.

Principal characters by Madame Miolan-Carvalho, Mdlle. Corbari, Signori Gardoni, Neri-Baraldi, Polonini, Tagliafico, Zelger, and Ronconi.

EXTRA NIGHT—Next Thursday.

On Thursday next, May 17, for the second time this season, Mozart's opera

DON GIOVANNI.

Principal characters by Madame Grisi, Mdlle. Csillag, Madame Penco (her second appearance this season), Signori Gardoni, Ronconi, Tagliafico, Polonini, and Mario.

First Night of LA GAZZA LADRA. First appearance of Mdlle. Didiée.

On Saturday next, May 19, will be performed, for the first time this season, Rossini's Opera

LA GAZZA LADRA.

Ninetta, Madame Penco (her first appearance in that character); Lucia, Madame Tagliafico; Pippo, Mdlle. Didiée (her first appearance this season); Podesta, Signor Ronconi; Fernando, M. Faure (his first appearance in that character); Fabrizio, Signor Tagliafico; Isacco, Signor Luccheni; Georgio, Signor Polonini; Antonia, Signor Rossi; and Gianneto, Signor Gardoni.

Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

The Opera commences at half-past 8. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the New Floral Hall, on Wednesday, May 30, commencing at 2 o'clock. Full particulars will be duly announced.

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

ADVERTISEMENTS *are received until Three o'clock on Friday Afternoon, and must be paid for when delivered. Terms:—*

Three lines (about thirty words)... ... ... 2s. 6d.
Every additional line (ten words) ... ... 0s. 6d.

ERRATA.—In the review of "*La Prussienne*," by Mr. Raikes, (page 279) the third and fourth musical illustrations on the second column should change places. Page 280—in the fourth illustration on the second column—*naturals* should be added to the B's in the bass. In the notice of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, for "Mrs. Cunningham," read "Mr. B. Cunningham." We may take this occasion of requesting our correspondents to aim at a little more clearness—not so much in their style as in their manuscript.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 12TH, 1860.

THE *cantata* of *Christmas* (produced for the first time at the last concert of the Musical Society of London*), will undoubtedly add to the high reputation already enjoyed by its composer, whose *May-Day* (originally produced at the Bradford Festival of 1856) created so lively an impression at one of the performances of the Musical Society of London, last year. That *May-Day* was a work of remarkable ability was universally admitted; but that *Christmas* has still greater merit is, we think, unquestionable. On the whole, it may be unhesitatingly stated, that no English musician, from the time of Purcell to the present epoch, has written anything in its way more genuine and masterly. With the poem, Mr. Macfarren has been quite as fortunate as in the instance of the Bradford *cantata*. The subject may be less essentially dramatic, but it has been treated by Mr. Oxenford so ingeniously that, in the absence of any *bond fide* story, we have a stirring dramatic scene, every incident of which is more or less interesting. The *cantata* opens with an antiphonal chorus, in which the two choirs alternately celebrate the dark and the bright side of winter. The grumblers begin:—

2nd Choir.—"The trees lift up their branches bare
Against the sky:
Through the keen and nipping air,
For spring's return they seem to cry,
As the winds with solemn tone
About them sadly moan."

Whereupon the advocates of the frosty period retort:—

1st Choir.—"Old Winter's hand is always free
He scatters diamonds round,
They dart their light from every tree,
They glisten on the ground.
Then who shall call the branches bare
When gems like those are sparkling there."

At the conclusion of this Penillion-like contest, the opponent minstrels chime together—in song, at least, if not in sentiment:—

2nd Choir.—"Come in, and closely shut the door
Against the wintry weather;
Of frost and snow we'll think no more,
While round the fire we sit together."

1st Choir.—"Rush out from every cottage door,
'Tis brave and bracing weather;
A madder throng ne'er met before,
Than those who now have come together."

The music expresses with great felicity the contending feelings suggested by the words—the strains allotted to the proselytes of winter being as energetic and jovial as those in which its detractors give vent to their antipathy are lugubrious. This fine choral introduction is succeeded by a recitative and romance for soprano, "Welcome blest season"—an apostrophe to Christmas, the general tone and purport of which may be gathered from the opening lines of the second division:—

"Christmas comes; and friends that long have parted
Meet to change the loving grasp once more;
Many who have wandered, weary hearted,
Gladly seek the old familiar door."

The soft and soothing character of this piece is in thorough keeping, and rarely have the endearing associations connected with the subject been wedded to more graceful melody. The romance gives way to the famous old English "carol," first given in unison by the chorus; then with harmony, on which two sections of the choir are engaged, while the other two sing the tune; and lastly, in combination with a new subject, in a different measure, allotted to the orchestra, the theme of the "carol" being sustained by the entire choir as a plain song. The effect of all this is as fresh and vigorous as the contrivance is masterly. The next division consists of a "Christmas tale"—for contralto solo, with chorus—

* Wednesday, May 9th.

"A bleak and kindless morning had broke on Althenay,
Where, shunning Danish foemen, the good King Alfred lay."

This is built upon the story of King Alfred, on the eve of a victory over the Danes, relinquishing his last loaf of bread in favour of a mendicant pilgrim—and is so admirably treated in the poem, that had we space we should be tempted to cite it *in extenso*. We must be content, however, to add that the music is worthy of the poetry, and that in the introductory recitatives the imitation of the old English style of melody—which, by the way, is a prevalent and characteristic feature of the whole cantata—is here most signally successful. The burden, at the termination of each verse,—

"The heavenly King who reigns on high
Bless him who hears the poor man's cry,"

first delivered by the solo voice, and then echoed, in full harmony, by the chorus—has something analogous to the response of the people in Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (Part I.), when the prophet petitions for rain, the serene loveliness of which, however, it modestly emulates, without in the slightest degree being open to the charge of plagiarism. An exquisite little duet for women's voices—"Little children, all rejoice"—agreeably contrasts with the foregoing. The words remind us that to manhood the enjoyment of to-day may be checkered with anxious thoughts for the morrow, while, to childhood, the happiness of the moment is all in all, tempered by no sad experience, weakened by no conflicting doubt. The contrast is well presented in the last four lines :—

"There is not a joy so true,
But we dread its change to sorrow;
Ah, it is not so with you,
Having days without a morrow."

Nothing can be more unaffected and spontaneous than the music to which Mr. Macfarren has wedded this duet. The *finale*—in chorus throughout—represents a festive celebration of the Christmas day's amusements, the various incidents that makes up the sum of its substantial cheer and innocent sports being successively portrayed in brief and appropriate terms. The mistletoe, with its envied privileges, is, of course, not overlooked. Here the chorus again assumes the antiphonal form, the first choir giving a (useless) warning :—

"Nay, be cautious, gentle maid,
As you pass that hanging bough
With the berries white arrayed;
For there's one has made a vow
That those lips he will invade;
And he'll keep it, we're afraid."

To which the second choir emphatically retorts by repudiating the idea of mistletoe-law ever being abolished. Perish the thought! The wassail-bowl, blind-man's buff, snap-dragon, &c., *ad infinitum*, are all remembered; and the subjoined "general chorus" brings this merry *cantata* to an end :—

"Varied sports the evening close,
Dancers form in busy rows;
Hoodwink'd lovers roam about,
Hope to find the right one out,
And when they fail how merry is the shout!
Round yon flickering flame of blue
Urchins sit—an anxious crew;
Dainties rich the bold invite,
While from the fire the timid shrink with fright.
Welcome all, welcome all,
'Tis merry now in the vaulted hall.
The mistletoe is over head,
The holly flaunts its berries red,
The wassail-bowl goes gaily round,
Our mirth awakes the echoes round,
All eyes are bright, all hearts are gay,
Thus ends our Christmas day."

In setting this concluding scene, Mr. Macfarren has produced a most effective and exhilarating climax to a composition that does him equal credit in an artistic and a national sense; the thoroughly *English* tone which he has maintained from first to last—while only interpolating one existing melody (the "carol")—being no less worthy of admiration than its abstract musical beauties, or the ingenious contrivance and successful treatment for which it is everywhere remarkable. A question might be legitimately raised as to whether, when—the subject-matter being national—the aim of a composer is to preserve a strictly national feeling, the point of view should be, invariably and as a *sine qud non*, taken from the English melody of between two and three centuries ago? No one will deny that the Italians, French, and Germans, have a national style of music at the present time; and yet Rossini, Auber, and Weber—who may fairly be accepted as types of their respective nationalities—have little or nothing in common with their harmonious ancestors of ages back. Christmas is as appropriate to the nineteenth as to the sixteenth century; and Mr. Oxenford might with quite as much justice have parodied the vernacular of Spenser and Jonson as Mr. Macfarren the melody that prevailed in the time of Elizabeth, or during that which succeeded the Restoration. We are bound to add that in *Christmas* this imitation of the elder melody is not slavishly done, and that several numbers—instance the romance (for soprano), the song about King Alfred (for contralto), and the charming duet for women's voices—while quite as English as the rest, are the unquestionable inspirations of an Englishman, by the side of whom even Sir Roger de Coverly would figure as an ancient. But in his choruses, Mr. Macfarren seems to have considered it indispensable to seek his tune at the same well as his forefathers. Were we not convinced that this gentleman is one of the few capable of writing music, neither Italian, French, nor German, nor even a mixture of the three, but purely English, and at the same time English of the period in which we live, we should have refrained from these remarks, and indeed from any critical objection, satisfied with awarding well-earned praise to a composition of distinguished merit and originality.

The performance on the whole was remarkable—considering that the work had only the benefit of a single rehearsal (a fact, by the way, of which the Musical Society of London, while professing so much, has no reason to brag). The principal singers—Madames Lemmens Sherrington and Sainton — were all the composer could possibly have desired, both in their solos and in their duet. The band, too, under Mr. Alfred Mellon, as usual, did wonders; but the chorus was by no means as efficient as might have been wished on such an occasion as the first public trial of a new and important work by an English composer. The audience, however, thoroughly delighted with the music, were not merely indulgent but enthusiastic in their applause. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that this performance will prove the forerunner of others, and that *Christmas* is destined to add one more to the brief catalogue of lasting musical works which our national repertory can boast.

IT was exactly a quarter past ten by the clock of the Edinburgh Castle, when in walked Panurge, with a thick book under his arm, looking so wondrously important, that even Pantagruel involuntarily touched his hat at his approach, and Epistemon bowed his head with reverence. As for John the Waiter, he executed an Oriental salam.

"I am going," said Panurge, "to write a comedy."

"Oh, is that all," said Pantagruel, cocking his hat on one side, and looking as insolent as possible, to compensate for his involuntary act of humility, while Epistemon took a pinch of snuff, and John the Waiter perked up his head, as if he thought himself a great deal better than his company.

"And mark," proceeded Panurge, not a whit daunted, "my comedy shall be original—ay, British original,—and it shall have a title such as no one hath ever devised. Yes, my comedy shall be called *Borough-English; or, last come first served.*"

"Truly," said Pantagruel, restoring his hat to its normal position, "thy title is recondite and conceited."

"I like the humour of it much," observed Epistemon, while John the Waiter took up an empty tumbler, and, slowly cleansing it, listened to Panurge with almost idolatrous attention.

"Look ye, how I fashion my fable," continued Panurge, I have a designing Yorkshire mother."

"Hast thou, indeed?" said Epistemon.

"I mean I introduce such a personage in the play," said Panurge. "Now this designing Yorkshire mother contriveth that her daughter, Callirhoe, shall be engaged to the eldest son of a wealthy man of Kent, deceased before the commencement of the fable."

"Then she hath her way," observed Epistemon, "and, snapping her wicked fingers to the multitude, she may say:—

> '——— Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo,
> Ipsa domi; simul ac nummos contempla in arca,'

or she may place her thumb on her nose and extend her little finger, a form of mockery that, as perhaps thou knowest, correspondeth to the antique indignities enumerated by Persius, when he saith:—

> 'O Jane! a tergo quem nulla cicoria pinsit,
> Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,
> Nec lingua, quantum sitiat Canis Appula, tantum.'

"Ay, ay," cried Panurge, "but this vile woman of Murcia, whom I pelt with the whole first satire of Horace, having first reduced the same into peas of wit, to be shot through the shooter of intellect,—this base Yorkshire mother shall find the truth of that sound maxim of Publius Syrus (the pet author, as thou knowest, of the *Entr'Acte*)—

> 'Cito improborum læta ad perniciem cadunt.'

"Which," remarked Pantagruel, with much affability, "is thus Hellenized by Joseph Scaliger:—

> 'ὡς εἰς κακὸν πίπτουσιν αἱ κακῶν τύχαι.'

"For mark you," resumed Panurge, "when she hath irrevocably bound her daughter to the man of Kent, she shall discover that the lands of the aforesaid man are subject to the ancient law of gavelkind, and that therefore he is compelled to divide his estate with his thirteen brothers."

"Gavelkind," murmured John the Waiter to himself, with intense respect, while a conveyancer's clerk, who had been devouring a chop with much vulgar noise, moved his jaws quietly, that he might the better attend to the discourse of Panurge.

"Her second daughter," continued Panurge, his cheeks swelling, and his eyes brightening with infinite pleasure, "she marrieth to the eldest son of another great family, which owneth half a county, and when the wedding is over she shall discover that the estates are all held by the tenure called 'Borough-English,' by virtue whereof they descend to the youngest son, to the exclusion of his seniors. Yea, and she shall be further mortified by the marriage of the younger son, whom she hath missed, with an humble girl, of whom she hath refused to purchase a ha'porth of lucifers."

"Thou dost grandly indicate the solemn tricks of the Goddess Fortune," remarked Epistemon, "whom thou reverently clothest with a judicial wig. This amalgamation of destiny with Coke upon Littleton is new."

"Panurge," said Pantagruel, "thy work is pregnant with sound morality. I respect thee as I never respected thee before. If thou studiest hard—if thou plungest deep into the comedies of Aristophanes, Plautus, and Terentius, feeding thy fancy with fragments of Menander, thou mayest in course of years write a play like the *Goose with the Golden Eggs.*"

"Nay, nay," said Panurge, "I attempt not such sublimities. But I have not yet done. The designing mother marrieth her third daughter to the only son of a man who is possessed of two-thirds of a county, and whose estate is entailed."

"Egad!" cried Pantagruel, "thou hast well guarded thy astute Murcian against further freaks of fortune. She may burn Littleton with a fire made of his own coke. Ha! ha! blind goddess, what has become of thy Gavelkind and thy Borough-English now?"

"Yet," said Epistemon, "if the Yorkshire-woman triumpheth thy moral will be bad, and thou wilt have ill served the cause of virtue."

But she will *not* triumph!" shouted Panurge, while John, the waiter, rubbed his hands in a furor of expectation. "No, the entailed estate is limited to the issue of the father by his first marriage, which produced no increase to the population. The son is the result of a second marriage, and therefore will not touch a square foot of ground—beyond so much as is required for his burial—the father being what the jurists call a tenant-in-tail, after possibility of issue extinct, which is virtually the same thing as a tenant for life."

At this announcement Pantagruel and Epistemon, rising from their seats, gave a deafening cheer, in which they were joined by John the Waiter and the conveyancer's clerk, and after which, they (with the exception of John the Waiter), sat down.

"All these three vials of black-letter wrath," proceeded Panurge, "I pour at once on the head of the Yorkshire mother in the third act; but that the audience may not be too violently shocked and startled by the simultaneous explosion of Gavelkind, Borough-English, and possibility-of-issue-extinct, I break the fall, as it were, by the distribution of scraps of legal learning over the entire play. In every act a barrister shall come on, and read apposite portions from the second volume of Blackstone, winking, meanwhile, at the audience, and pointing to the crafty female."

"I think," said Pantagruel, reflectively, "that on the appearance of that barrister I shall retire for a while from the theatre, and take beer."

"The skeleton of the play is marvellous," said Epistemon. "I could say it is an exceedingly well-boiled skeleton; it is so amazingly dry. But with what flesh dost thou purpose to clothe it?"

"Here is flesh enough," exclaimed Panurge, opening the big book he had carried under his arm—"here is flesh enough to stock Leadenhall-market. This book containeth a vast treasury of phrases, which apparently combine the pungency of the jest with the virtue of the moral precept, and yet convey no meaning whatever. Thus do I take the shape

of a Juvenal, but I really hit nothing, and thus everybody is pleased, while none are offended. I shall not have to say, like Horace—

'Sunt quibus in satira videor vincis acer;'

Nor on the other hand, shall I, like Horace, be pronounced 'sine nervis,' when they see how vigorously I use my scourge."

"I will liken thee to a boy," said Epistemon, "who lustily playeth at whipping-top without the top."

"Give us a taste of thy tragical mirth," said Pantagruel.

"Why, for instance," said Panurge, turning over his book, "a man shall say in a pointed manner, 'Virtue is like a gooseberry; the soundness of the pips doth not prevent the exuberance of the bristles.' To this another shall retort, 'Then compare it rather to the green gooseberry than to the red, for virtue is more allied to the verdure of innocence, than to the crimson of wrath.' Then a lady shall interfere and say—'Rather let virtues be compared to currants, for they grow on one stalk—and happy is the gardener who knoweth the position of the root. These be my playful conceits—but at times I will speak doctrinally. Thus my philosopher shall say: 'Love can no more exist without animosity than propinquity without fortitude;' and on another occasion, he shall remark:—'The universe is so balanced, that though vice kicketh the beam, the index trembleth at the ruddy glow of virtue.' But this is my crack sentence—my *bonne bouche*. An exceedingly venerable party shall say:—'In my early youth I heard a child cry for the moon, and I exclaimed, 'Fractious innocent, thou knowest not how soon the moon may cry for thee.'"

"Set down this in thy book," said Pantagruel, "Although the clock of the Edinburgh Castle seemeth to go backwards, when reflected in the looking-glass, yet need we not, on that account, send for the clockmaker."

"Add this," said Epistemon; "Those who open a book upside down, must not be astonished if they find the title-page at the end."

"Perhaps you will condescend to add this," suggested John, "He who gives exactly a shilling, when he is served with a shilling's worth of brandy and water, can scarcely expect the gratitude of the waiter."

"Thank ye, John," cried Panurge, "I will give that to my low comedian."

"And thy barrister may say this," observed the conveyancer's clerk, "A tenant without a joint for his dinner may nevertheless be a joint-tenant."

"But is there no probability that folks will grow weary of this discourse," asked Pantagruel. "I feel that the thought of it already inclineth me to slumber. Methinks thy play, read to Argus, would have answered the same end as the soporific lyre of Hermes."

"I have provided subtle antidotes against the possible tedium of mine own wit," answered Panurge. "Thus, whenever the dialogue in my first act shall be found dull, my second young man shall accidentally set light to a window-curtain, and occasion a vast consumption of red fire. The second act endeth with the explosion—very loud—of a gas-pipe."

"And the third act?" enquired Pantagruel.

"Ah, the third act will be safe enough, through the spice I shall put into the metrical tag, which will be somewhat in this fashion:—

'Although our scenes of ancient tenures treat,
Without your favour, they are incomplete;
From Gavelkind some int'rest we have sought,
But yet, if you're not kind, our gavel's nought;
Still, with this mighty thought, our hopes we clench,
That Borough-English is not Borough-French.
Our Act of Parliament contains this clause,
And pass it must, when back'd by your applause.'"

"On the night when thy play is acted," said Pantagruel gravely, "I will sit here, and thou shalt come and tell me of its fate."

"I," said Epistemon, "shall pursue the same course as my noble master, satisfied that I cannot go wrong in following so bright an example."

"And, Master Panurge," said John, "if you have any tickets to give away, let me have them for another night."

EATING is one of the pleasantest things in this world, especially when it is combined with drinking. It is certainly the first, and probably, also, the last of our enjoyments. As infants, we cry for food; as children, we fight for it; as youths we, for a time, perhaps, do not think so much of it as of less nutritious though more poetical delights; but when once the age of dreams has passed, the taste for eating reasserts itself, and does not again desert us until the banquet of life is fairly at an end, and our mouths are shut for ever.

Full of these solemn thoughts, three travellers might have been observed, the Friday before last, wending their way towards St. Martin's Church cab-stand.

"Hansom?" inquired five sonorous voices.

"No," answered the travellers, for there were three of them, "we want a four-wheeler."

Joyfully, and with tolerable appetites, the trio caused themselves to be driven to the London Bridge station, where, having provided themselves with tickets, they entered a train about to start for the Crystal Palace. For three hours they listened to the solemn strains of the *Elijah*, and thought how much better they had heard it performed at Exeter Hall. Then there was a talk of dinner, for the three were outrageously hungry; but the least voracious of the party having suggested that it would be as well to see the statue of Mendelssohn uncovered before dining, the wished-for meal was postponed until, to the discordant accompaniment of a military band, a cloth was removed from the head of the marble Mendelssohn. The unimposing ceremony having been completed, "Let us dine!" said the three amateurs.

"Let us dine!" responded each to the voices of the two others, and the only question now was, where the dinner could be procured.

"It must be good!" said one, for he was not only a-hungered, but was now faint and weary from much pushing, and in urgent need of a succulent and stimulating repast.

"It must be particularly good," added the second, bent upon compensating himself for his long abstinence.

"It must be infernally good!" exclaimed the third, whose delicate stomach was suffering from a vacuum which it abhorred.

There are four categories of dining places at the Crystal Palace, corresponding more or less to the four estates of the realm; with the notable variation, however, that the press—which all who are treated civilly by it admit to be the fourth estate—makes it a rule to regale itself in the first dining-room. The three lovers of music did or did not belong to the press, but, at all events, they determined to feast in the first or five-shilling banqueting hall, where, for a crown,

you may have soup, fish, *entrées*, toasts, salad, ice-pudding and desert — if you can only prevail upon the waiter to bring them to you. Our would-be diners could not even prevail upon the waiters to find them seats, which, it is true, would have involved the ejection of those already sitting down. Indeed, the only advance made to them was from the man who sat at the receipt of custom, and who kindly proposed that they should pay their money, and take their chance. This liberal offer was not accepted.

"Go we," said he of the delicate stomach, "to the second dining-place, where, for four shillings, joints reeking hot, vegetables, salad, and a species of pastry may be obtained."

"But no," said the more Epicurean of his two friends; "for where there is a best and a second best, the best alone is for such as we; and though Strange be an honest man, yet surely he is no fool, and for four shillings would not give one anything worth the eating."

"Let us eat of what we can get," urged the third, piously; "Men have dined for four shillings before now; besides," he added, "we can have extras."

The money-taker at dining-place No. 2, did not positively object to take their double florins from the hungry men, but as the tables were full the opportunity was not allowed him.

Then the enemy of four-shilling dinners cried out in his adversity (for his appetite sorely troubled him), that a two-shilling dinner was good enough for the like of him, and by force of entreaty prevailed upon his not really unwilling companions to follow him to the two-and-twopenny establishment—the twopence, we must explain, being a tax levied for the special benefit of the waiter.

For two shillings?—no, not for twenty pounds, could the unfortunate three have obtained eating-room in the dining-place of the third category.

There was now only one course open to them—to those men who longed for three courses. It was a terrible alternative, but they had to make up their minds either to enter the eighteen-penny saloon devoted to the consumption of cold meat, and attack such beef and ham as might be within their reach, or to depart dinnerless from the Crystal Palace.

Four and sixpence was paid, or rather five shillings, for here, as at the other refectories, it is found advisable to secure the waiter's fee beforehand. And the precaution is intelligible enough, for who, with a full knowledge of a waiter's incapacity, would, of his own free will, give him twopence for not being waited upon? However, the three tickets were purchased, the vendor saying politely, as he handed them to the hungry ones, "You must get your dinners as you can."

The recommendation was both sensible and kind, but it was all very well to say "Get your dinners as you can;" these men could not get them at all. They admit, it is true, that after a delay of a quarter of an hour, some pieces of bread in a fossil state, two knives with blots of mustard on the blades, three pewter forks, and an apology for having no clean tankards for bitter ale, were brought to them. They affirm that ten minutes afterwards three platefuls of whitish beef were laid before them, and further aver that the said and so-called beef was in flavour by no means bovine.

The three travellers having now tried in vain every possible means of obtaining a dinner, hot or cold, cheap or dear, at the Crystal Palace, had evidently nothing to do but to confound the tardy waiter and the tasteless beef and travel back to London, where they dined and (by the blessing of Moet) drank in a style of befitting luxury.

After the second bottle, one of the three said—"I thought Strange managed the refreshment department so admirably?"

"D—— Strange!' exclaimed one of the others.

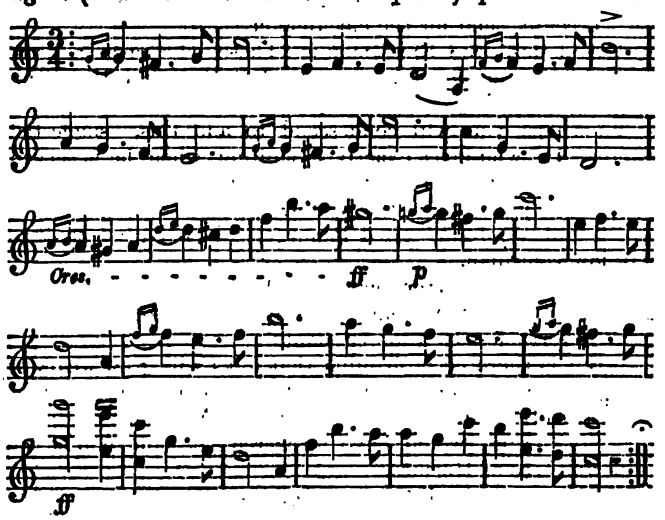
"I quite agree with the last speaker," remarked the third; "but why," he inquired, "do they publish such things as this about him?"

And taking up an evening paper, he read aloud one of the well-known paragraphs in which the abilities of Mr. Strange, as a caterer for the public, are set forth.

"I'll tell you," said the gentleman with the weak stomach; but, as the waiter at this moment made his appearance with a fresh bottle, he omitted to explain.

JULLIEN'S LAST WALTZ.*

WE are much in error if the publication just issued by Messrs. Boosey, under the above title, fails to cite universal interest. As we have seen the manuscript, we can testify to the genuineness of its authorship; and assuredly this last production in his especial line of one who wrote such a multitude of charming dance-pieces, deserves the attention of all upon whom this genial and attractive form of music exercises a sway. In premising that "*Jullien's Last Waltz*" is quite worthy of the pen that traced the *Rosita Waltz*, the *Original Polka*, the *Prima Donna Waltz*, the *Moldavian Schottische*, and a dozen more things as perfect in their way, we bring forward enough to prove that Jullien's melodic invention was as bright and happy towards the end as at any earlier period of his life. We cannot afford room for more than a short extract; but let the first theme of the first figure (of which we must cite the top line) speak for itself:



A more graceful, gentle, unaffected tune was never found by composer to set the feet in motion. It is as pretty, too, as it is graceful, and once heard, will for ever remain a pleasant consoler, when, the heart being depressed, the mind's ear conjures it up from the hidden recesses of the memory.

Poor Jullien! he should have lived to write a hundred such. He was a Strauss in his way, although those who knew him well are aware that he had that within him of which a Strauss, however gifted, could never have dreamed.

* "*Jullien's Last Waltz*," (Boosey and Sons.)

ARTIST'S VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.—At a general meeting of the corps, held on Tuesday last, the following nominations were made for officers:—A. J. Lewis, Esq., F. Leighton, Esq., and A. Nicholson, Esq.; Lieutenant Phillips to be Captain of the 2nd Company; Ensign Millais to be Lieutenant. By the untiring exertions of Viscount Bury, Captain Commandant, the corps has made rapid progress towards efficiency, in company and battalion movements, and the various exercises with the rifle are gone through with remarkable steadiness. Amongst the musical members of the corps already enrolled are Messrs. H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, Barnby, Cusins, Ciabatta, Wilbye Cooper, Cummings, Deichmann, Deane, Hullah, T. Harper, C. Harper, jun., Malsch, Nicholson, Newsham, Perugini, Payton, Perks, Radcliff, Sims Reeves, Severn, Montem Smith, Schroeder, J. Thomas, H. Thomas, Lewis Thomas, Turner, Watson, Waltzig, A. White, Winn, &c.

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(*Continued from page* 258, *Vol.* 38.)

85.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, October 20th, 1770.

We arrived here on the 18th, after staying a whole day at Padua. The Philharmonic Academy of Bologna has unanimously admitted Wolfgang among its members, and delivered to him the letters patent. This was done without all the usual forms and preliminary ordeals. On the 9th September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Wolfgang was obliged to appear in the hall of the academy. There the *princeps academiæ* and the two *censors* (who are all old-chapel masters) gave him an anthem from the *antiphonary*, which he had to arrange for four voices in an adjoining apartment to which he was conducted, and shut up under lock and key by the *apparitor*. When he had finished, it was examined by the censors and all the chapel masters and composers, and the votes were taken with black and white balls. All the balls came out white. He was called in; at his entrance the applause was general, and congratulations greeted him from every side. After the *princeps* had intimated to him his admission, he returned thanks, and the thing was done. During this time I was shut up in another direction, in the library of the academy, with the persons who accompanied me. Everyone was astonished that he should have executed his task so rapidly, seeing that many have been three hours finishing an anthem of three lines. But you must know that it is by no means an easy matter; for this species of composition excludes a number of things which cannot be admitted into it, of which he was informed beforehand. He had finished in something more than half-an-hour. The *apparitor* brought us the diploma of the establishment. Among other things it contains these words—"*Testamur Dominum W. A. M. inter Academiæ nostræ* MAGISTROS *compositores adscriptum fuisse.*"

P. S. from Wolfgang.—My dear Mamma, I cannot write, my fingers ache with writing recitatives. I beseech, you dear mother, to pray for me that my opera may succeed, and that afterwards we may all happily meet together. I kiss your hands a thousand times, and to you, dear sister, I shall have a thousand things to say. But when? God knows, and God alone. If it be God's will I will open my heart to you, and that ere long, I hope. Meanwhile, I embrace you a thousand times. And so we have lost poor Martha. We shall join her, with God's help, in a better world.

86.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, October 27th, 1770.

We shall leave Milan, with God's help, after the middle of January. We shall proceed to Venice by way of Brescia, Verona, Parma, Vicenza, and Padua, and await at Venice the end of the carnival and a few concerts during lent, which is, they say, the best time for making one's appearance. I should like to return through Carinthia, for I have seen the Tyrol, and have no pleasure in travelling the same road twice, like the dogs.

We often had a visit from Misliwetschek, at Bologna, and frequently went to see him. He wrote an oratorio at Padua, and is starting for Bohemia. He is a man of honour, and we have contracted a sincere friendship with him.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—All-beloved sister! Thou knowest I am a great chatterbox, and that nevertheless I have abandoned you. What is to be done? I no longer speak, and only make signs, for the son of the family is deaf and dumb. But my time is chiefly spent in writing my opera. I am very sorry I cannot serve you for the minuets you desire; however, if it be God's will, you shall receive them at Easter and myself into the bargain. I know nothing more. Adieu, pray for me.

87.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, November 3rd, 1770.

Wolfgang thanks you for all your good wishes on his anniversary, and he hopes, when God shall permit, to see each other again to become your joy and happiness, by realising all that you desire concerning him.

For the rest there is nothing new. We await with impatience the new year, or at least Christmas. Until then there will ever be something to be done, something to think of, something to apprehend; a failure may perhaps await us—oranges instead of bouquets—and consequently anxious and agitated days. Patience! So many enterprises have succeeded with us, God be praised, and have turned to our honour. We shall, in like manner, with God's assistance, pass safely through the annoyances and inevitable grievances which every chapel-master has to endure from the rabble of *virtuosi* (*virtuosen-canaille*).

P. S. from Wolfgang.—All beloved little sister of my heart, thanks for your good wishes! I am consumed with longing to see you again at Salzburg. To return to the subject of your congratulations. I almost suspected it was M. Martinelli who had drawn up your Italian phrase. But as you still preserve your character of Mother Prudence, and have had the sense to subjoin immediately after, in Italian, the compliments of M. Martinelli, I was ashamed of my suspicions, and I said to papa, "Good Heavens, when shall I possess as much wit and wisdom as my sister?" "Yes," replied my father, "it is true!" Whereupon I rejoined, "I am sleepy," "Well," said he, "then lay down your pen;" The which I am doing. Adieu. Pray God my opera may succeed. I am, your brother, tired of writing.

No. 88.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, November 10, 1770.

When from time to time my kind friends add, as they lately did, a piece of pleasantry to their letters, they really perform a work of charity, for Wolfgang is at this moment so seriously occupied, and, therefore, so serious, that I am glad when anything amusing falls into his hands. Let my friends pardon my silence. I am less apt at writing than ever. Thou wilt be astonished one day at the large share of presence of mind, prudence, and foresight required of us to escape safely out of the storm. We have, God be thanked, gained the first *battle*, and beaten an enemy who betook himself to the *prima donna*, with the pieces which she was to sing, persuading her to refuse those of Wolfgang. We have all these pieces here. They are quite new. Neither she nor ourselves know who has composed them. She refused them all at the hands of this plotter, and she is beyond herself with joy at the pieces which Wolfgang has composed for her according to her wishes and desires; her Maestro Lamprignani, who has rehearsed her part with her, praises it unceasingly to the skies. Another storm is gathering in the theatrical horizon, which we can descry afar off. We shall weather it with a little dexterity and help from Above. But do not get wondering at all this; these are inevitable occurrences which happen to the greatest masters. Provided we keep our health, the rest is nothing. All this is not to be taken too much to heart.

No. 89.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, November 17, 1770.

Wolfgang has had his usual cold.

Between this and yesterday we have encountered the second storm. Whatever may yet happen, and all sorts of difficulties are likely to arise, we are full of hope. It is a rare piece of good fortune to see in Italy an opera gain the approving votes of every one. Too many factions exist to prevent it. One thing is certain, however, that we have surmounted many obstacles. We shall also get over the storm actually raging. We usually go out a-walking in the afternoon, for I will not have Wolfgang write after meals, except under the most pressing necessity.

You imagine the opera is finished—you are greatly mistaken. As regards our son, he would have had time to finish two operas. But in Italy everything goes to the devil's content. The *primo uomo* does not arrive till to-day. Wolfgang is waiting for him to write his second air; he does not want to have double work, and prefers that he should be here, in order to make the coat to his measure.

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MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, is fixed for Monday 18th June, under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen; H.R.H. the Prince Consort; H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent; and H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge. The programme will be on the same scale of former years; early application for the few remaining stalls and boxes is respectfully solicited at Messrs. Chappell; Messrs. Leader and Cock, New Bond-street; Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.; Hammond's, late Jullien, Regent-street; Mr. Ollivier's and Mr. Mitchell's, Old Bond-street; Mr. Austen's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall Piccadilly; and Mr. Benedict's, 2, Manchester-square, W.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—MR. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artistes—M M. Sainton, H. Hill, W. Watson, R. Payton, Doyle, Trust, G. Collins, Aylward, Howell, senr, White, P. S. Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, T. Owen, Hausser, C. Harper, Standen, T. Harper, Stanton Jones, W. Winterbottom, Cioffi, Hughes, and F. C. Horton. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD (Pupil of Professor Sterndale Bennett) will give a Matinée Musicale, at 14, Montague-place, Bryanston-square (by kind permission of Mrs. Chapman), to-day, the 19th of May, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists: Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, M. Paque; Vocalists, Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Redfearn. Single Tickets, half-a-guinea; family tickets, to admit three, one guinea. To be had of Miss. F. Corfield, 29, Burton Street, Eaton-square, and of Messrs. Leader, and Cock, 63, New Bond-street.

MISS HELEN McLEOD will give her First Soirée Musicale under distinguished patronage, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the Evening of the 5th June, at Eight o'clock. Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets may be procured at the principal musicsellers; or at Miss Helen McLeod's residence, 28, Acacia-road, St. John's-wood, where all communications respecting engagements and lessons are to be addressed.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Directors respectfully announce that the THIRD CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on MONDAYEVENING next, the 21st of May. Programme: —Overture, Scherzo, Song with Chorus, Notturno, March, and final Chorus—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Concerto Violin, Herr Kömpel, Spohr; Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; Sinfonia in F, No. 8, Beethoven; Overture, "Zauberflöte," Mozart. Vocal performers—Madame Rieder, Miss Augusta Thomson, and Mdlle. Jenny Meyer. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett. To begin at eight o'clock. Subscription for the season, £3 3s.; single tickets, 15s.—Subscriptions received, and tickets issued, by Messrs. Addison, Hollier and Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

MR. HAROLD THOMAS'S Matinée Musicale, on Monday, June 4th, will take place at Collard's New Pianoforte and Concert Rooms, 16, Lower Grosvenor-street, W., commencing at 7 o'clock. Artists: Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Poole, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley, Messrs. Henry and Richard Blagrove, Signor Puzzi, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. W. G. Cusins, and Mr. Harold Thomas. Professor Sterndale Bennett has kindly consented to accompany a selection from his Cantata, "The May-Queen." Tickets, half-a-guinea each; or Family tickets (to admit three), one guinea; at the music warehouses, and of Mr. Harold Thomas, 37, Maddox-street, W.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the St. James's Hall, on Friday evening, June 8th. Full particulars will be duly announced.
4, Torrington-street, Russell-square.

HERR BERNHARD MOLIQUE begs to announce that his Concert will take place on Friday evening the 25th of May, at the Hanover-square Rooms. Artists—Madame Catherine Hayes, Mdlle. Anna Molique, Signor Piatti, Mr. Santley, M. Depret, and Herr Molique. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict and Cusins. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d. each; tickets, 7s. 6d. each: to be had of Herr Molique, 30, Harrington-square, and at the principal musicsellers.

HERR C. OBERTHUR has the honour to announce that his MORNING CONCERT will take place on Saturday, the 26th of May, at Willis's Rooms. Vocalists: Miss Lindo, Madlle. Behrens, Miss Wilkinson, Herr Mengis, and Herr Müller. Instrumentalists: Miss Arabella Goddard, Miss L. Viola Trust, Mr. Trust, Signor Regondi, Herr Ries, and Herr Lidel. Conductors: Mr. Aguilar, Herr W. Ganz, and Herr A. Ries. Tickets, 10s. and 7s. 6d., at the principal music shops, and of Herr Oberthür, 14, Cottage-road, Westbourne-terrace North, W.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, is fixed for Monday, 18th June, under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen; H.R.H. the Prince Consort; H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent; and H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge. The Concert will be on the same scale of former years. The full programme will be ready on the 1st June. Early application for the few remaining stalls and boxes is respectfully solicited at Messrs. Chappell; Messrs. Leader and Cock, New Bond-street; Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.; Hammond's, late Jullien, Regent-street; Mr. Ollivier's and Mr. Mitchell's, Old Bond-street; Mr. Austin's, ticket-office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; and Mr. Benedict's, 2, Manchester-square, W.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce that she will give a Matinée Musicale in June, when she will perform on the Guitar, Guiliani's 3rd Concerto, in three movements, and some of her own compositions. 61, Helles-street, Cavendish-square, W.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—[illegible] Lockey, Mr. Foster, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Montem Smith, [illegible] Thomas). All applications for Evening Parties [illegible] country, to be made to Mr. Winn, 114, Camden-road-[illegible]

MISS LEFFLER'S GRAND CONCERT at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 5, at 8 o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Poole, Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Leffler, Madame Weiss; Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, Mr. Brandon, Mr. A. Baildon, Mr. John Morgan, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. Violin—Mdlle. Sophie Humler. Harp—Mr. Ellis Roberts. Harmonium—Mr. Scotson Clark. And Distin's Ventil Horn Union. Conductors—Mr. W. G. Cusins, Mr. J. G. Callcott, Mr. Sidney Naylor, Mr. Kingsbury, and Mr. J. L. Hatton. Sofa stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. May be obtained of Miss Leffler, 71, Oxford-street; Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Messrs. Cramer, and Co., and Addison and Co., Regent-street; Davies's Library, 35, Portman-place, Maida-hill; F. B. Garty, Esq., 4, Elizabeth-place, North Brixton; and Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

MR. W. G. CUSINS'S GRANDE MATINÉE MUSICALE, at Willis's Rooms, Saturday, June 2, at Half-past Two. Artistes—Madame Rieder, Miss Messent, Miss Lascelles, and Madame Sainton-Dolby, M. Jules Lefort, the Orpheus Glee Union, Mr. H. Blagrove. M. Paque, Mr. J. Thomas, Herr Engel, Mr. Harold Thomas, and Mr. W. G. Cusins. Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, to be obtained only of Mr. W G. Cusins, 53, Manchester-street, Manchester-square, W. Tickets, 7s., to be had at the principal music warehouses.

ITALIAN NIGHT.—MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—St. James's Hall.—On Monday evening, May 28, the programme will, by particular desire, be selected from the works of Italian composers. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; violin, Herr Becker; violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists—Mdlle. Parepa, Mdlle. Laura Baxter, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Santley. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. Full particulars may be obtained at Chappell and Co's. 50, New Bond-street.

MEYERBEER'S NEW WORK—"ASPIRATION"—CANTIQUE. (Short Anthem.) The words from the original Latin of Thomas a Kempis, "De imitatione Christi." Composed for SIX VOICES (three sopranos, two tenors, and bass), with Recitatives for a BASS SOLO, and Organ (or Harmonium) accompaniment ad libitum, by GIACOMO MEYERBEER. Price, in score, 4s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where Meyerbeer's setting of the Lord's Prayer, for four voices, 3s., and the Serenade, for eight voices, "This house to love is holy," 4s., may be obtained.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. Baxter, Mr. W. Cummings, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler, respectfully announce that arrangements have been made to resume their successful Entertainments, on Wednesday next, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, to be continued every Wednesday and Friday afternoons, at 3, and on Saturday evenings at 8.15. Conductor, Mr. Land. Literary Illustrator, Mr. T. Oliphant. Tickets at Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond-street.

HERR ENGEL begs to announce his Annual Grand Matinée Musicale, which will take place in the last week of June. Full particulars will be duly announced. 10, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, W.

CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS.—Westminster Road.—Lessee, Mr. C. Morton.—Every Evening.—C. H. Gounod's Opera, FAUST—Faust, Mr. Henry Herbert; Mephistopheles, Mr. C. Bernard; Siebel, Mrs Anderson; Marguerite, Miss Russel. Conductor, Joughmans—and selections from Dinorah, Trovatore, and Macbeth. Several interesting pictures have been added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.
F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.
Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

MADAME CICELY NOTT will return to London from Germany at the end of this month. All letters and inquiries respecting engagements to be addressed to No. 1, Osborne-terrace, Clapham-road, S.

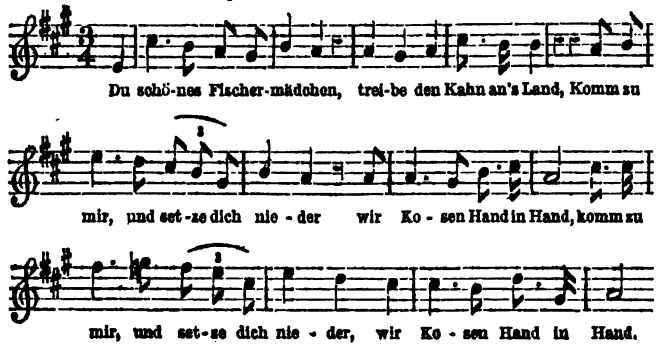
MONSIEUR JULES LEFORT has arrived in town for the season. Monsieur Lefort expressly begs to ask his friends and pupils to direct any engagements for Parties, Concerts, or Lessons, to his own address, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W.; or to the care of Herr Engel, 10, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square.

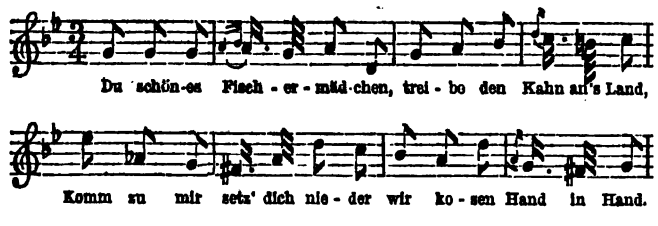
PIANOFORTE AND MUSIC BUSINESS to be disposed of in the Country. Address S. S. Coleman, Organ Builders, 29, Minories, City.

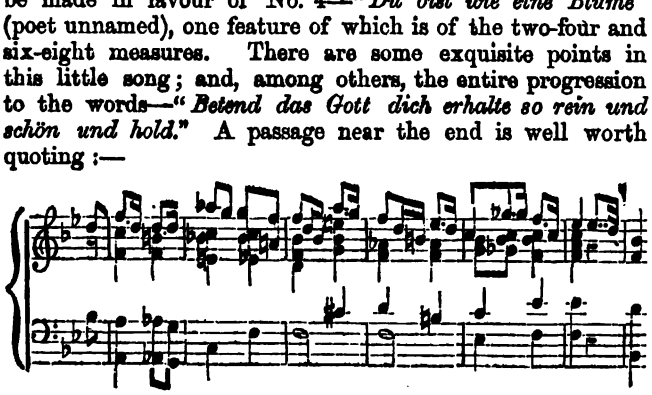
ORGANIST WANTED for Highnam Church, Two and a-half miles from Gloucester, one possessing at least some independent means of his own will be preferred. He must be a really good musician, thoroughly capable of playing well a fine organ, and of instructing the choir, to which he will be bound to pay much attention, and to give it his interest heartily; he must be a good churchman and should be a married man. Salary £35 with house partly furnished, and an excellent garden, rent free. The Village Choral Society also generally pay £5 a-year for lessons. Address to T. Gambier Parry, Esq., Highnam-court, Gloucester.

MUSICAL NEWSPAPER

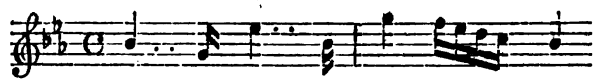
REVIEWS.

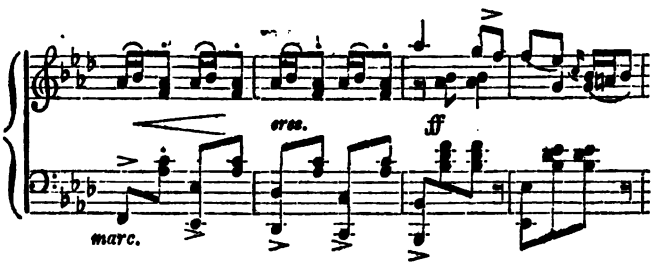
"Six Songs, with English and German words," (Op. 2)—C. A. BARRY, M.A. (Ewer and Co). There is very decided merit in all these songs, and some few traits of originality. To begin with the most laboured and least genial (though by no means without good points); Heinrich Heine's ballad, "*Du Schönes Fischermädchen*" (No. 6), had been already set so well by Meyerbeer, that Mr. Barry would have done wisely, in this instance, to choose some other text. Compare the two melodies. Mr. Barry sets out as follows:—

Du schö-nes Fischer-mädchen, trei-be den Kahn an's Land, Komm zu
mir, und set-ze dich nie-der wir Ko-sen Hand in Hand, komm zu
mir, und set-ze dich nie-der, wir Ko-sen Hand in Hand.

M. Meyerbeer as follows:—

Which is the freshest, simplest and most genuine, our readers will not take long, we think, to decide. Mr. Barry has set the passage, "Leg' an mein Herz dein Kopfchen," beautifully—something, indeed, after the manner of Schubert. No. 1—"*Nachtreise*" ("night-journey")—words by Uhland—has a plaintive melody, from which (as from the harmony) the style of Schubert again peeps out. The alteration of melody and harmony in the last verse, is both happy and ingenious. No. 2—"*Ich hab im Traum geweinet,*" (poet not named), is charming from first to last—charming alike in harmony and expression. No. 3—"*Des knaben Berglied*" (poet not named)—is even more striking, the most original, perhaps, of the series; unless, perhaps, exception be made in favour of No. 4—"*Du bist wie eine Blume*" (poet unnamed), one feature of which is of the two-four and six-eight measures. There are some exquisite points in this little song; and, among others, the entire progression to the words—"*Betend das Gott dich erhalte so rein und schön und hold.*" A passage near the end is well worth quoting:—



No. 5—"*Lebewohl*" (poet unnamed)—although strongly tinged with the Mendelssohnian feeling, is lovely from end to end; but as really every bar is more or less worthy praise, we must abandon any idea of quoting examples. It is long since we have seen so much to admire in a new set of songs.

"*The Worcestershire Rifles' March*"—for the pianoforte—MATTHIAS VON HOLST (Boosey and Sons)—is inscribed to the "Volunteer Corps of the City and County." Why did not Herr von Holst begin (while about it) thus:—

The reminiscence of the so-called clock-movement, in one of Haydn's symphonies, would, by the addition of the four semiquavers in bar 2, have been still more frank and genuine. The best part of this march is the *trio*, in the dominant—pages 4 and 5.

"*La Nadiejda, polka gracieuse*"—for the pianoforte—MATTHIAS VON HOLST (Cramer and Co., Boosey and Sons, and Mills). This is an extremely graceful and well-written piece from end to end, and none the worse for the tendency it occasionally exhibits to *Spohrish* harmony. There is one passage, however, occuring several times, which we cannot admire:—

On the repetition of this progression the D's are invariably marked natural, and the effect is infinitely purer.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"PROPOSAL" FOR A 64 FEET ORGAN.

THE present Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are deserving of the highest commendation for the praiseworthy efforts they are making to embellish and furnish the interior of the cathedral church, and thus in some measure repair, not only the omissions and shortcomings of the niggard, arbitrary, and obstructive building commissioners, but the utter neglect of successive deans and chapters through the century and a half that has intervened, in allowing (whilst having vast funds at their disposal, uncontrolled by any other body), the noble edifice to continue the mere shell it has done up to this day. But to decorate the interior of St. Paul's in a manner suitable to the character of the edifice and becoming to its position as the Metropolitan Cathedral of the British Isles—and subscription the only source of the wherewith to do it—no small task is before them, and I say God-speed to their purpose.

In a former paper (*Musical World*, December 17th), I mentioned the circumstance of the gratifying announcement that the old organ had been made one of the earliest matters of solicitude by the chapter, a thousand pounds—or perhaps fifteen hundred pounds—of their already subscribed funds having been resolved to be expended in renewals of certain worn out portions of old Father Smith's work, and augmenting the powers of the instrument by the addition of much other new. But the same announcement conveyed the intelligence that the recently oft-repeated cause, *Architects* versus *Cathedral Organ Screens*, had also been argued here, and decision given on the plaintiff's side, consequent on which verdict the organ is, after all, to be sacrificed by being cleared away from its own admirable position, and stuck up in a place out of sight, where, from the massy dead walls with

which it will be hemmed in, it can produce but very poor effect—in the body of the Cathedral at least—however glorious an instrument Mr. Hill's work may leave it.

The screen still stands in its place, though the organ is taken down off it. And it would seem there exists in the chapter some hesitation as to the adherence to their verdict. There is also some talk of their getting another organ expressly for serving the dome and services. In the interim of this unsettlement of purpose, I would call attention to the circumstance of an old "proposal" for an organ for St. Paul's, which seems to me particularly *apropos* to the present time.

The choir of St. Paul's was the first portion of the edifice that was finished; this was opened some ten years before the main building was completed. The first service was on the day of thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick, December 2, 1697, and the present organ—the most celebrated work of the celebrated "Old Father Smith"—was in its place, and used on that occasion. When afterwards the building of the main edifice was drawing towards a finish, and the body of the cathedral thrown open, it was intended that there should be a second organ in the church, and which was to stand in a loft on the parclose of the morning chapel (a little-known sanctuary in St. Paul's occupying the north-west angle of the building, approached by the north aisle, and in size about one-third that of the choir), and an organ was made for the purpose also by Father Smith, but from some cause or other the design was not carried out, and the instrument went to Trinity Church, Hull, where it still is.* It would appear that Renatus Harris, better known as "René Harris"—perhaps the most original genius in the organ-making line that ever practised the art in this country, contemporary with, and ultimately the rival of the aforesaid *Father Smith*, was a candidate for employment on this occasion. His proposition was to construct an instrument for St. Paul's that should in appearance be on a scale in keeping with the vast and glorious building itself, and of power sufficient to resound throughout the whole of the cathedral. Some particulars of the circumstance is handed down to us by a paper in the *Spectator* of the time (No. 552) by Mr. Steele, purporting to be a "recommendation of a proposal by Renatus Harris, organ builder," wherein are these words:—"The ambition of the artificer is to erect an organ in St. Paul's Cathedral over the west door, at the entrance into the body of the church, which in art and magnificence shall transcend any work of the kind ever before invented. The proposal in perspicuous language sets forth the honour and advantage such a performance would be to the British name, as well that it would apply the power of sounds in a manner more amazingly forcible than perhaps has yet been known, and, I am sure, to an end much more worthy. Had the vast sums which have been laid out upon operas without skill or conduct, and to no other purpose but to suspend or vitiate our understandings, been disposed this way, we should now, perhaps, have an engine so formed as to strike the minds of half the people at once in a place of worship with a forgetfulness of present care and calamity, and a hope of endless rapture, joy and hallelujah hereafter."

René Harris, doubtless, had in view a 32-feet organ—at the period a thing wholly unknown in England; and the expressions made use of in "the recommendation" would seem also to imply that something in the way of our modern tuba work was contemplated. But 32-feet organs have since that epoch become common, not only on the Continent, but in England also: hence a work that is at this day to "transcend any work of that kind ever before invented"—realising the spirit of René Harris's proposal—must be constructed on the 64-feet scale—such scale never having been (practically, at least) attempted.

It occurred to me that there was much in this "proposal" that renders a revival of the project at this time worthy of serious consideration, and the object of the following is an endeavour to show that the measure is practicable, and, accomplished, would be useful, and "*pay*."

The great cathedrals of the Continent are generally supplied with at least two organs,* one for the accompaniment of the ordinary services of the choir, and the other a larger one (usually situated at the west end of the nave) for use on special occasions only. This is just how it should be at St. Paul's; and what a grand position the western end of the nave there presents for the erection of an extraordinary work of the kind! How a loft may be erected for the reception of an organ, at a height of eighteen feet from the floor of the church (that is obtaining three feet more of headway for passage underneath than is under the old screen through which the choir is entered), having a clear height thence to the vaulting of the nave of seventy feet sufficient for taking the pipe of the 64-feet register. Nor need the erection interfere with the light of the great west window, for such an arrangement in the "planting" of the pipes in the interior of the instrument might be observed—the design of the exterior case being made to partake in its form of the same—as would not only allow of the view of all the chief existing architectural features of the building being preserved, but also of the great window being seen through the structure of the organ. A successful example of which arrangement exists in that grandest of all organ works, the abbey church of Weingarten in Germany. And this provision in the form of the case would at the same time neutralise the effect of an apparent shortening of the nave of the church which the advance of the body of the instrument, some thirty feet as its length, might be supposed to cause to the detriment of the symmetrical proportions of this limb of the church. An organ of the magnitude here implied, set in a case of artistic form, with florid adornment in keeping with the architecture of the building, presenting a front of towers composed in gigantic diapasons with intervening tiers of buffets tastefully worked in smaller pipes, would form a termination of the vista of the interior of the cathedral westward, grand and imposing, ornamenting and furnishing a part of the great church, now a mere wilderness. In order to economise space, the mechanism connected with the wind—of which steam, or perhaps the hydraulic apparatus should be the motive power—might all be placed in the vaults beneath the church, the pillars supporting the organ-loft to serve also for the wind trunks.

There are at least two annual music-meetings held at St. Paul's, each of really national character, viz., the Musical Festival of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, and the annual gathering of the children of the London Parochial Schools, to both of which such an instrument would necessarily be an invaluable acquisition. The Musical Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, of 1855, was given on a greatly augmented scale in that year, in celebration of the second centenary anniversary of the institution of the society.

I attended that performance, and observing that "old Father Smith," in order to bear up in the "tutti" against a chorus of the two hundred voices engaged on that occasion, had to be reinforced by the aid of a dozen or more of trumpets, trombones, and drums; and it occurring to me at the same time that monster exhibitions in the musical way had become established as the more publicly favoured performances of the day, I was forcibly reminded of this "proposal" of René Harris's, of a century and-a-half ago. And now that the subject of embellishing and furnishing the interior of St. Paul's is being considered, the advisability of embracing in that work Harris's "proposal," carried out in its integrity, is commended to notice as offering to supply at once a great want and a magnificent ornament. Although the old organ, with its pending improvements, may prove—as I doubt not it will—everything that can be desired for the use of the ordinary cathedral services, yet its powers will still be wholly inadequate to the requirements of the occasions above referred to, and this eking out an insufficient organ by appending thereto a number of trombones, trumpets, and drums, is a makeshift unseemly and out of character.

I think the majesty of the organ is degraded by the intrusion of such auxiliaries in church service. Without presuming a word in depreciation of the use of these and kindred instruments in the orchestral accompaniment of voices, I maintain that organ and voices alone, in church, are far more impressive.†

A choral service sung by such a choir as was collected on the occasion of the 1855 anniversary—the choral establishments of St. Paul's; the Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey; St. George's, Windsor; and some

* Trinity Church, *Kingston-upon-Hull*, is the high church of that seaport. It is a large crucifixion structure with massive tower rising from the intersection of the cross, and is a genuine example of the decorated style of early English architecture. The organ above referred to was set up in the Church in 1808, in a fine carved oak case of four front towers, same design as the beautiful instrument of Whitehall Chapel. All the fluework of Father Smith still remains. The reeds (very fine ones) were by George England about fifty years ago. At a recent repair of the instrument considerable alterations were made in it, and at the same time the original beautiful oak case was removed, and a paltry deal one of mock Gothic design substituted. The old case is now in the church of Soulcotes in that town, where it encloses a new organ.

* St. Peter's, Rome, has four organs. Seville Cathedral seven, two of which are very large ones. St. Anthony's, Padua, four. Breslau Cathedral three, all very large.

† In the opinion here expressed regarding the intrusion of instruments of secular character on the organ in church service, I am supported by Mr. Mason, no mean authority.—See *Mason's Essays on Church Music*, pp. 71, 82.

eight or ten of the more adjacent provincial theatres—supported by the accompaniment of an organ of transcendent depth of tone and fulness of great register harmony, would—bearing in mind, too, at the same time, the choice nature for that particular purpose of the whole vocal material employed—be a celebration calculated to afford the lovers of our orthodox church service the most intense delight.

And what an opportunity would then be afforded of producing at these performances, perhaps the most sublime and soul-stirring musical effect within the province of the "divine art" to achieve! That is by adopting the arrangement of a double quire, one with each organ, at opposite ends of the church, chanting the service antiphonally after the ancient manner of decani and cantorus sides, and culminating to a climax by both choirs joining together with the two organs in bursts of joyful exultation in the doxologies. Although the distance in the separation of the choirs will be great, yet the necessary precision in the performance could be insured by the precentor (conductor) being placed midway along the nave, elevated so as to be visible at once to each choir and its organist. This idea, of course, contemplates not only the erection of the new organ at the western end of the nave, but also the old organ being restored to its old place on the choir screen, or, as suggested in my former paper (*Musical World*, Dec. 17), organ and screen being set back to the line of the junction of the choir with the dome, that is about 25 feet west of the old position.

A grand sacred choral gathering like this, or even doubled as the choral band might be by making it to embrace all the cathedral establishments of the Kingdom, would recuscitate the musical portion of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, now fast expiring; changing the usually public exhibition at once to a performance in the last degree attractive. At the same time transferring the operations of the treasury department from an exhausted mine to new and more productive diggings, whence the corporation may become enriched with, possibly, several additional thousands a year, with which to extend its usefulness.*

* There are two charitable societies under analogous names. The "Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy," and the "Society of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy." They work in separate spheres, but to the same great charitable ends—viz., the affording of pecuniary aid to incapacitated clergymen, necessitous widows, and offspring of deceased clergymen, and the providing of educational grants and apprentice premiums. The first-named—the principal one—was established in 1678, and administers the funds of both, which amounts to about £3,800 per annum, arising from endowments, voluntary contributions, and the proceeds of the annual festival. The other society, though subsidiary to the last, is nevertheless the older one. It dates from 1655, when it was instituted for the benefit of those widows and orphans of the established clergy who had been reduced to indigence by the parliamentary sequestrations which were enforced against the clergy, consequent on the great rebellion. Its operation is merely to raise funds for the before-mentioned purposes, and consists in an anuual assemblage of the highest authorities in the church and state. When divine service is held (full choral, with additional music by a choir composed of the establishments of the Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's), in the cathedral church of St. Paul, and a sermon preached, to which the public are admitted by free tickets from the stewards, but the persons who use them must present a donation at the door of entrance. At a certain door the donation is expected to be not less than gold; at other doors, not less than half-crowns, &c. In former times this may have yielded a good fund, but of late years this has much declined, the performance being now totally devoid of anything like public interest. The anniversaries passing over year after year, without anyone knowing anything of their occurrence, except that, perhaps, on "the day after the fair," when the newspaper notices of the performance tell that it has taken place.

In the year 1855—a year selected for example from no other reason but that of chance having brought the fact to the notice of the writer—the money taken at the doors amounted to only £119.

A dinner, however, after the service, at Merchant Tailors' Hall, appears to be much more productive. In these combined ways, something like £1,000 or £1,300 is annually added to the corporation funds. The stewards to the festival are expected to contribute at least thirty guineas (and which qualifies the donor for a governor of the corporation), out of these latter donations are paid the expenses of the musical performance, &c., so that the proceeds of the day is handed over to the corporation intact. Now it must be felt by all who will for a moment think on the matter, that the proceeds of the sacred musical performance—considering the importance of the charity, and the extent and influence of the interest that might be brought to bear to its furtherance and support, is extremely insignificant. And Nor is it irrelevant to the matter under discussion, I think, to remark that by making these meetings the occasion of a grand annual ecclesiastical demonstration, the general interests of the church may be materially served.

As respects the other musical performance referred to—viz., the annual assemblage at St. Paul's of the London Parochial Schools, such an instrument would be brought into admirable use, and its utmost power not more than sufficient for the occasion. The psalmodic portion of this service, rendered by the myriad choir of sparkling infant voices—if the very peculiar effect of such a mass of shrill unisonous treble as the performance now presents were toned down and harmonised by the ponderous and mighty bass that would roll from such an organ, would, aided by the influence of a most imposing spectacle, produce an effect on an auditory impressive and wonderful beyond conception; and surely the power to draw this would create, might be turned to some account to the furtherance of the work the meetings are intended to promote.*

the question arises: could not much more be made of the performances by shaking off the antiquated proceedings by which they continue, year after year, to be silently conducted, and adopting instead a more business-like and enterprising procedure in the management, and so produce performances that will, of their own merit and due publicity, draw the public.

Out of these societies arose, in 1749, "The Incorporated Clergy Orphan Society," whose establishments are at St. John's Wood and Canterbury, and is still connected herewith, though separately worked.

* This exhibition consists in the assemblage at St. Paul's of the children of the numerous parochial schools that are clothed and educated by charity. One first took place in 1782, and has been annually repeated ever since; the object being twofold, viz., to popularise the maintenance of charity schools, and to obtain funds for the assistance of the more necessitous schools attending. The picturesque aspect of some 7,000 or 8,000 children dispersed on raised platforms round the gigantic nave of the cathedral, the tiers of benches gradually elevated to more than half the height of the pillars upon which the dome reposes—decked out in party colours with banners to represent the various schools, from which they are sent as missionaries—the boys separated from the girls, and the whole mass arranged with an eye to symmetry and pleasing contrast, presents a spectacle the magnificent effect of which could not be matched throughout the world. In the central portion of the dome area and nave provision is made for the accommodation of an auditory of about 10,000 persons. Divine service is performed, and the children all join in the singing of the psalmodic portion of the service (in which they are previously well tutored in sections), and the effect of this combined song is most extraordinary. The immortal Haydn, visiting St. Paul's on the occasion of one of these gatherings, and hearing a "hymn" sung by the whole assemblage of children, was moved to tears, and declared that the simple and natural air had given him the greatest pleasure he had ever received from music.

This incident is drawn from *Haydn's Diary while in England in* 1791 *and* 1794. The "hymn" here alluded to is what is now known as Jones's double chant in D. Jones was at the time organist of St. Paul's, and the piece of music was composed by him expressly for the purpose, and the manner of its performance is thus described in a note by the Editor of the *Diary*. "The first strain (which it will be remembered is A, the reciting note descending afterwards by three stops, a 3rd twice, and a 4th to the octave below) was sung by the choir, accompanied by the organ, the 4,000 children assembled, and who were well instructed for the purpose, responded in the second portion; the third strain was then given in the manner of the first, and the fourth by the children in a similar way to the second: altogether producing an effect that baffles description, and which could not have failed to operate with extraordinary force on such strong religious feelings, united to such susceptibility of musical effect, as the great composer possessed."

This remarkable exhibition is, however, now languishing for want of support, and likely soon to be discontinued altogether, unless something be started that will infuse fresh vigour, and bring new interest into them. Of late (probably excepting the last two years) the anniversaries have produced little or no funds for the schools; the whole receipts being usually swallowed up in the expenses. Take the 1855 meeting as an instance (a year selected for no other reason but that of the fact referred to, accidentally coming to the knowledge of the writer) the receipts were £390, which after defraying the expenses of the constructions, left a deficit, on account of the meeting, of £2 to be made by the stewards. It is rumoured that the dean and chapter have long been inimical to the cathedral being used for this exhibition, but can a more legitimate use of the Metropolitan Church be conceived?

The erection of such an organ might involve an expenditure of £10,000. Where, it will be asked, are the funds to come from, since all the money that can be got for the cathedral is insufficient to do even a modicum of the contemplated works of embellishment to the exterior? If, however, it could be seen—and the thing is far from being without the range of possibility—that by the means just adverted to, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy might be enriched with an augmentation of income to something like £2,000 a year, the immediately raising a fund for the purpose of such work by special subscription might be matter worthy the consideration of that body, and little difficulty in the accomplishment, one might suppose, seeing that there are eighteen thousand clergymen in the kingdom; all interested (or ought to be, since the benefits of the charity are open to all), in the success of the society. The money so laid out would be, as it were, laying an endowment on the terms of a five years' purchase.

One suggestion more in conclusion. The cathedral choirs being the primary material for the carrying on of such festivals, an additional annual performance might with advantage be given, and the proceeds appropriated in aid of a superannuation and widow and orphan fund for that much-neglected and ill-requited body, the lay-members of the cathedral establishments. F. C.

55, *Regent-street, Feb. 6th*, 1860.

NEW ORGAN FOR MELLOR CHURCH.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON Sunday (May 13th), three sermons were preached in St. Mary's Church, Mellor, those in the morning and afternoon by the Rev. J. Watson, M.A. (Rector of St. Peter's, Chester), and that in the evening by the Rev. J. P. Murphy, LL.B. (Chaplain to the Preston House of Correction), when the organ recently erected was opened with full cathedral service. Mr. J. Greaves, organist of the Preston parish church, presided at the organ, and the choir of the same church gave their assistance. On Monday evening (May 14th), there was divine service, at half-past six o'clock, when the Rev. D. F. Chapman, M.A. (curate of Preston) preached, and Mr. J. Walton, organist of Walton-le-dale Church, presided at the organ. An efficient choir was in attendance, and a selection of sacred music performed.

After each sermon a collection was made to meet the deficiency in the organ fund, and towards defraying the expense of repairing and beautifying the church.

The new organ for Mellor Church, which has been so long talked of, was erected by Messrs. Kirkland and Jardine, organ-builders, Manchester. It has two rows of manuals, and contains the following stops:—

Great Organ.—Compass from CC to F in Alto, 54 notes.

	No. of Pipes.	Register of Tone.
1. Great Open Diapason	54 ...	8 feet.
2. Small Open Diapason	54 ...	8 „
3. Stopped Diapason	54 ...	8 „
4. Principal	54 ...	4 „
5. Flute	54 ...	4 „
6. Twelfth	54 ...	2⅔ „
7. Fifteenth	54 ...	2 „
8. Sesquialtra (3 ranks)	162 ...	various.
9. Trumpet—Bass	54 ...	8 „
10. Trumpet—Treble		
Total No. of Pipes in Great Organ	594	

Swell Organ.—Compass from Tenor C to F in Alto, 42 notes.

11. Open Diapason	42 ...	8 „
12. Stopped Diapason	42 ...	8 „
13. Dulciana	42 ...	8 „
14. Principal	42 ...	4 „
15. Mixture (3 ranks)	126 ...	various.
16. Oboe	42 ...	8 „
Total No. of Pipes in Swell Organ ...	336	

Choir Bass (to meet the Swell Organ) CC to B, 12 notes.

17. Open Diapason	8 Ft. ...	12 Pipes.
18. Stopped Diapason	8 „ ...	12 „
19. Principal	4 „ ...	12 „
20. Bassoon	8 „ ...	12 „
Total No. of Pipes in Choir Organ ...	48	

Pedal Organ.—Compass CCC to C, 25 notes.

21. Grand Open Diapason ... ... 16 Ft. ... 25 Pipes.

Couplers.

22. Swell to Great Manual.
23. Great to Pedals.

The organ has three combination pedals to change the stops; also, twenty-five pedals extending from CCC to C. The swell has Venetian shutters and graduating action. The bellows are double feeding and double leathered. The whole is inclosed in a handsome case with gilt front pipes. The height of the organ is 19 feet 2 inches; the depth, 8 feet 3 inches; the width, 13 feet.

NEW ORGANS IN THE PROVINCES.—On Sunday, May 13, was re-opened, the organ at All Saint's Church, Bolton, which has had the additions of swell (tenor C, 5 stops), pedal diapason, 16 feet, and couplers; and on the same day, the organ in the parish-church, Stoke-upon-Trent, which has had a thorough repair, new pedals, swell, &c., &c.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

AT the fourth, on Monday, the attendance was more numerous than at any of its precursors. The following was the selection:—

PART I.

Overture, (Medea)	Cherubini.
Aria, "Questi avventurieri"	Mozart.
Aria, "Ah! come rapida"	Meyerbeer.
Symphony (Jupiter)	Mozart.
Scena, "Il mio piano" (La Gazza Ladra) ...	Rossini.
Aria, "Assisa a piò d'un Salice"	Rossini.
Overture (Egmont)	Beethoven.

PART II.

Concert-Stück, Pianoforte	Weber.
Aria Nazionale Napolitaine	"Santa Lucia."
Solo, "Bravo, il mio Belcore"	Donizetti.
Overture, (Men of Prometheus)	Beethoven.

Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

Four songs in the first part were just two in excess; two overtures by Beethoven in a miscellaneous programme were hardly advisable; and, to conclude, the two songs by Rossini should not have been placed together. The performance of the symphony was splendid, and but that the minuet was taken too fast, irreproachable. The three overtures were finely executed, Beethoven's *Prometheus* especially. We have seldom heard this last played with greater vigour and point.

In the *Concert-Stück* Herr Lubeck was the pianist. His execution was vigorous and his power remarkable. We cannot, however, admire his reading of this very familiar work. He was loudly applauded at the end, and recalled to the platform.

Madame Borghi-Mamo and Signor Belletti were the vocalists. The lady, in the willow song from *Otello*, obtained the same success as at Her Majesty's Theatre. Her Neapolitan air was no less successful, and the singer was summoned back at the end. Signor Belletti gave the fine air from the *Gazza Ladra* with great effect, and was equally happy in the florid piece from Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE eighth and last concert of the season was given at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday evening, when the following selection was performed to a very large audience:—

PROGRAMME.—Part I.—Symphony in C, No. 1—Mozart. Song, "Alpine Shepherd's Song," Madame Rieder.—S. W. Waley. Duettino concertante, for oboe and pianoforte, Mr. A. A. Pollock and Mr. S. W. Waley.—T. A. Walmisley. Song, "O beauteous daughter of the starry race," Mr. Wilbye Cooper.—Bethoven. Overture (Zampa)—Herold.

Part II.—Overture (Lurline)—Wallace. Carnaval de Venise, Madame Rieder. Andante and rondo capriccioso, pianoforte, Mr. S. W. Waley.—Mendelssohn. Coronation March (Le Prophète)—Meyerbeer. Ballad, "Under the greenwood tree," Mr. Wilbye Cooper.

—Hatton. Overture (Egmont)—Beethoven. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

Mr. S. W. Waley appeared to great advantage in the triple capacity of composer, pianist, and accompanyist. His playing of Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo* was exceedingly good, and he, in conjunction with Mr. Pollock, was all that could be desired in the late Professor Walmisley's clever duettino. The vocal music was excellent. Madame Rieder with her light and flexible voice displayed both style and execution in the *Carnaval de Venise*, the performance of which was frequently interrupted by the well-deserved applause of the audience. That clever and rapidly rising artist, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, earned fresh laurels by the chaste and classical style in which he sung Beethoven's beautiful song.

The appearance of Mr. Wallace to conduct his overture to "*Lurline*" was the signal for a hearty and enthusiastic welcome on the part of both orchestra and audience, and at the termination of its performance the applause was renewed with increased vehemence.

CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—An excellent concert was given at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, the 10th inst., the programme of which was agreeably diversified by the performances of Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Leffler, Mr. Santley, Mr. J. F. Barnett (pianist), and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Miss Thomson was encored in Wallace's "Take this cup," from *Lurline*, and Mr. Santley received a similar compliment in "The Bellringer," by the same popular composer. Mr. Barnett's playing was distinguished for its thoroughly artistic character, and he appeared to much advantage in a composition of his own, entitled *Caprice Brillant*. He was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and recalled after his first performance. We have heard Mr. Leslie's Choir to more advantage, but we think this was in a great measure owing to its being their first appearance in St. James's Hall, and their consequently not having any experience of the room or of its acoustic properties. The concert was given for the purpose of raising a fund towards the completion of the musical education of a member of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and as the artists above mentioned most kindly gave their services, and the room was exceedingly well filled, we are not surprised to hear that the object was fully attained.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—An unexceptionable performance of Haydn's *Creation* was given on Friday, the 11th inst. Mdlle. Parepa, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, sustained the solo parts. In the two principal soprano airs, "With verdure clad" and "On mighty wings," Miss Parepa was heard to greater advantage than in the more solemn and impressive strains of Handel or Mendelssohn; while Mr. Sims Reeves, thoroughly at home in all kinds of music—in the lighter productions of "Papa Haydn" no less than the more sublime works of the greater masters—sang with remarkable effect. He gave the air "In native worth" with incomparable taste and expression. Signor Belletti's artistic capabilities were called into requisition with the best possible effect, and the combined efforts of the principals in the concerted pieces were entitled to unqualified commendation. That the choruses were rendered with wonderful spirit and precision may be readily surmised from the familiarity of the singers with the music, while the band was, as usual, thoroughly up to its work.

The audience applauded without restraint, there being no warning ("in consideration of the sacred nature, &c.) in the programme—not that we find it makes the slightest difference when there is.

On Friday, June 1st, *Elijah* will be given, the first time for two years, at Exeter Hall.

M. THEODORE RITTER.—This gentleman, well known as a pianist in the *salons* of Paris, gave on Saturday last a *matinée d'invitation*, when he was attended by an overflowing audience of musicians, professional and amateur. His playing is characterised by neatness and exactitude in execution, flexible and facile touch, and musicianly reading and expression. He wants nothing that a great artist should have, and he has that that most artists, great and small, want, an unassuming manner and quiet demeanour, which leaves the music to produce its own effect; this latter is invariably impaired by the spasmodic and gymnastic gyrations which some of our best performers indulge in. In a trio of Mendelssohn with MM. Sainton and Paque, his appreciation of the refined beauty of the work drew down loud plaudits from the audience. The work was the Op. 66, in C minor, which ends with a *vivace*, a most fanciful working out of a beautiful idea. In a march of M. Ritter's own composition, considerable harmonic power in treatment is exhibited, and his rapidity and forcible fingering were exemplified in a *veloce* movement. But in the sonata of Beethoven, for violin and piano, Op. 30 (in C minor), he had a still greater opportunity for exhibiting his gifts and cultivation. It is at the standard of the greatest musician that ever lived that all candidates for popular suffrage must be tried; if they fail here, what avails their success elsewhere? If they succeed here, they have, *ipse facto*, passed all other tests. M. Ritter, then, is so entirely master of this work, which abounds in difficulty, that in neither of the simpler pieces he played did he more freely develope his own perfect ideas of the composer's intentions. The slow movement, in A flat, was unimpeachable. The strings of M. Sainton in this work spoke with all his eloquent tone and poetry. The playing of the great French violinist was masterly in every sense. The vocal music included "Cangio d'aspetto," from Handel's *Admetus*, and "The skipper and his boy"—both sung by Madame Sainton, who never fails to charm her hearers, and did so entirely on the present occasion.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—A new oratorio by Herr Johannes Hager, a Viennese amateur, entitled *John the Baptist*, was performed on Wednesday, under Mr. Hullah's direction, with his customary band and chorus. The principal singers were Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Santley. The execution was praiseworthy throughout. The oratorio, however, made little impression. There were indeed two encores, but these in a great measure were attributable to the singers. As *John the Baptist* is not likely to be heard again in this country, we do not think it necessary to criticise it.

MISS THERESA JEFFERYS, one of our most rising sopranos, gave her first concert on Thursday evening at St. James's Hall. So many were the artists and so many the pieces, that the entertainment might be called a "Monster Concert." Among the singers were Misses Parepa, Clari Fraser, Ransford, Palmer, and Laura Baxter; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Elliot Galer, J. W. Morgan, Ramsden, and Santley. The instrumentalists were Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Viotti Collins. The programme contained upwards of thirty pieces. Miss Jefferys particularly distinguished herself in Mr. Howard Glover's two songs, "Good Night" and "The Violet," both charming compositions, and both given with faultless expression. Miss Jefferys, also joined Mr. Sims Reeves in the duet "Tomami a dir," which was sung to perfection. Miss Clari Fraser gave Mendelssohn's "On Music's softest pinions" in her most graceful manner, and, in "Huntingtower" achieved one of the true successes of the evening. Madame Laura Baxter sang, among other things, "Gentle Troubadour" (*Lurline*) with irreproachable taste. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in Herr Molique's "When the moon is brightly shining," and Mr. Balfe's already popular "Margaretta," Mr. Santley receiving a similar compliment in "A father's love" (*Lurline*). Miss Arabella Goddard, with Mr. Viotti Collins, executed Beethoven's Sonata, in G, Op. 30, and Ascher's Fantasia on airs from *Dinorah*, the latter of which was received with tumultuous applause. There was a large attendance, and the concert, though too long, afforded unanimous gratification. Messrs. Adams, Marcellus, Higgs, and Mr. Henry Baumer were the conductors.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The second concert was given on Tuesday. The first part comprised a selection from *Jessonda* and the first movement and minuets of Hummel's septet, in D minor. In the septet, Miss Brinsmead, the pianist, distinguished herself by her brilliant execution and fine taste, and proved herself a worthy pupil of her eminent professor, Mr. W. Dorrell. The second part was miscellaneous. We may cite Miss Tasker's performance of the *Andante* and *Presto*, from

Mozart's pianoforte Concerto in A major, as specially entitled to praise. Among the vocalists, Miss Henderson may be singled out for her capital singing of "Qui la voce;" and Miss Taylor, in M. Costa's quartet "Ecco quel fiero istante," showed the possession of a charming *mezzo soprano* voice.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The feature of the fifth concert, on Wednesday, was the engagement of Mdlles. Brunetti and Vaneri, Signors Mongini, Everardi, and Ronconi, from Her Majesty's Theatre. Miss Stabbach and Madame Goldberg Strossi were the other singers. The choir gave Neithardt's Motet, "Misericordia, Domini," and several part songs and glees, among which Bishop's "Sleep, gentle lady" was encored. Mdlle. Brunetti, who made her *début* on Saturday, introduced the scena from *Der Freischütz*, in which she displayed a powerful voice and considerable vocal skill; the French translation of the words, however, is no improvement on the original. Mdlle. Brunetti sang a cavatina by Roverino, with far greater ease. Signor Mongini created a furor in "Fra Poco." Being encored, he substituted "La donna è mobile," which delighted the audience even more. Signor Mongini also joined Signor Everardi in a duet from *Mosè*, which was sang with great energy and power, and obtained a recall for both artists. Signor Everardi sang the serenade from *Don Giovanni*, "Alla finestra," in an expressive manner, and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi contributed an eccentric version of "La Calunnia." Madame Goldberg Strossi gave a German song and Venzano's "Ah, che assorta," and was recalled after the former. Mdlle. Vaneri was encored in an air from *L'Etoile du Nord;* and Miss Stabbach, beside the soprano solos in Bishop's Tramp Chorus, sang Mr. Salaman's pretty ballad "Good bye! a long good bye!" Mr. J. F. Barnett played three solos on the pianoforte—Bach's Fugue, in C sharp major, Stephen Heller's "Auf Flugeln des Gesanges," and Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, with admirable spirit. Mr. Benedict accompanied.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.
BEETHOVEN'S "AH PERFIDO."

SIR,—Can you inform me where Beethoven found the words of his scena, "Ah! perfido Spirgiuro."

A SUBSCRIBER.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—First Appearance of Alboni.—Titiens, Alboni, Vialetti, and Mongini.—This evening (Saturday, May 19), will be performed LUCREZIA BORGIA. Gennaro, Signor Mongini (his third appearance in that character); Gubetta, Signor Castelli; Duca Alfonso, Signor Vialetti; Maffio Orsini, Madame Alboni (her first appearance this season); and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. To conclude with the new ballet, composed by Signor Borri, and produced under his personal superintendence, entitled SCINTILLA, in which Mdlle. Pocchini and M. Durand will appear. The opera commences at 8 o'clock. Pit tickets, 8s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 5s.; gallery, 3s.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This evening (Saturday), May 19. First appearance of Madame Alboni. LUCREZIA BORGIA, and the new ballet SCINTILLA. Grand extra night on Monday next, May 21, IL TROVATORE and the new ballet SCINTILLA. On Tuesday, May 22, will be performed Rossini's opera, SEMIRAMIDE. Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens; Arsace, Madame Alboni (her first appearance this season): Idreno, Signor Belart; Oroe, Signor Vialetti; and Assur, Signor Everardi. Conductor—Signor Arditi. Early application to insure places is earnestly recommended, as being the only means to prevent disappointment. Grand Extra Night—Titiens, Alboni, Giuglini, and Vialetti. Monday next, May 21,—IL TROVATORE. Manrico, Signor Giuglini; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Aldighieri; Ferrando, Signor Vialetti; Azucena, Madame Alboni; and Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. To conclude with the new ballet, SCINTILLA (in which Mdlle. Pocchini and M. Durand will appear). Pit tickets, 8s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 5s.; gallery, 3s. To be obtained at the box-office of the theatre, open daily from 10 till 6.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—On Saturday, May 19th, will be performed for the second time these two years, Rossini's Opera,

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

Rosina, Madame Miolan-Carvalho; Bertha, Madame Tagliafico; Figaro, Signor Ronconi; Bartolo, M. Zelger; Basilio, Signor Tagliafico; Fiorello, Signor Lucchesi; and Count Almaviva, Signor Mario.

At the conclusion of the Opera, the New Floral Hall will be illuminated.

NEW FLORAL HALL.—A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on Wednesday, May 30th, to commence at two o'clock, supported by the following eminent artists:—Mesdames Grisi, Rosa Csillag, Didiée, Corbari, Penco, Miolan-Carvalho; Signori Mario, Graziani, Faure, Neri-Baraldi, Polonini, Zelger, Tagliafico, Gardoni, Ronconi, also the Band and Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. Conductor—Mr. COSTA. Tickets, 5s. each; or with reserved seat, 10s. 6d. May be obtained at the box-office of the Royal Italian Opera, under the portico of the Theatre; and at the principal musicsellers and Librarians.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Grisi, Csillag, Penco, Gardoni, Ronconi, Mario.—On Tuesday next, May 22, will be performed for the third time this season, Mozart's Opera

DON GIOVANNI,

With the following powerful cast:—Donna Anna, Madame Grisi (her last appearance but six); Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Rosa Csillag; Zerlina, Madame Penco; Don Ottavio, Signor Gardoni; Leporello, Signor Ronconi; Il Commendatore, Signor Tagliafico; Masetto, Signor Polonini; and Don Giovanni, Signor Mario. The Minuet by Mdlle. Zina and M. Desplaces.

EXTRA NIGHT.—Not included in the Subscription.

On Thursday next, May 24, will be performed, for the second time this season, Verdi's Opera

IL TROVATORE.

Principal characters by Madame Grisi (her last appearance but five), Mdlle. Rosa Csillag, Madame Tagliafico, Signor Graziani, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Lucchesi, Signor Rossi, and Signor Mario.

After which will be produced a New Divertissement, arranged by M. Desplaces, entitled

LES AMOURS DE DIANA,

Supported by Mdlle. Zina, Mdlles. Esper, Maraquita, Mulot, and Laure, Mr. W. H. Payne, and M. Desplaces.

First Appearance of Mdlle. DIDIÉE.

On Saturday next, May 26, will be performed, for the first time this season, Rossini's Opera

LA GAZZA LADRA.

Principal characters by Madame Penco, Madame Tagliafico, Mdlle. Didiée (her first appearance this season), Signor Ronconi, M. Faure, Signor Tagliafico Signor Lucchesi, Signor Polonini, Signor Rossi, and Signor Gardoni.

At the conclusion of the Opera the New Floral Hall will be Illuminated. The Band of the Coldstream Guards will perform until twelve o'clock, by permission of Colonel Newton. Every visitor to the boxes, pit stalls, or pit, will have the privilege of entrée free of extra charge. Carriages can take up at the Bow-street entrance of the Floral Hall.

Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 19TH, 1860.

IN a city, where no less a man than Hector Berlioz lives and writes, some curious matter in the shape of musical criticism frequently peeps out from the columns of the public press. Beethoven's one opera has recently been produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique—being the last of M. Carvalho's sacrifices at the shrine of legitimate art. Unluckily, however, with M. Carvalho has departed the *prestige* of the establishment, which bids fair to sink once more into the position of mediocrity from which that gentleman, with indomitable spirit and eminent ability, delivered it. Had *Fidelio* been brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique while he was manager, success—nay triumph—would have been a matter of certainty; but he having seceded, that sudden rage for the classical repertory which seized the Parisians some time since, and with which they themselves were even more astonished than their neighbours, has abated. Now everything not French is intolerable, and even Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber—even Gluck (not to add M. Gounod) —will be voted bores A few passages from a notice of *Fidelio*—in the columns of a journal, the name of which we shall not mention, and from the pen of a critic whose name is Delatouche, will illustrate our argument.

"Six years ago the *Fidelio* of Beethoven was performed, *without much success*, at the Théâtre-Italien. Notwithstanding the talent displayed by Mdlle. Cruvelli in the principal part, the work of the German master *had no success*. I fear it is likely to be the same with *Fidelio* at the Théâtre-Lyrique."

For "six years ago," read *nine* years ago. It was in 1851—when Mr. Lumley was *impresario*, and Ferdinand Hiller musical director, at the Théâtre-Italien—that *Fidelio* was performed, with Cruvelli as Leonora. The success it achieved, it is true, amounted to no more than what our turbulent neighbours call a *succès d'estime;* but it must be remembered that a *succès d'estime* is a success after all, and (which is better), a success that lasts, and (which is worse) a success very rarely obtained in Paris—the way of the Parisians being either fevered enthusiasm or freezing apathy. But to *retoucher* Delatouche. The critic of the —— likes not the story of *Fidelio*. Hear him describe it :—

"Let us speak first of the poem—it is absurd, anti-historical, and tiresome (*ennuyeux*). We are near the end of the fifteenth century. Ludovic Sforza has caused his nephew, Jean Galeas, to be imprisoned in a fortress, and commissions the gaoler to poison his charge. The gaoler consents, and brings with him, into the poor Duke's dungeon, a very young man—Fidelio—enamoured of his daughter.* This young man is Isabelle de Naples, wife of Galeas. She makes herself known to her husband at the moment when Ludovic approaches to kill his nephew.† To prevent this murder she seizes a bar of iron, with which she threatens Ludovic. The latter retreats terrified, and escapes. But the daughter of the gaoler comes to release from their prison, Fidelio‡ and Jean, who go and throw themselves at the feet of the King of France, Charles VIII., just arrived at Milan."

The foregoing—be it understood—is not *Fidelio* as the Teutons know it, but "*d'après*" MM. Michel Carré and Barbier—a barb*ier*ous and Gallic *Fidelio*. No wonder Delatouche should be dissatisfied. *Ecoutons ce gaillard :—*

"Do you not see the improbability at once? How could Galeas have thrown himself at the feet of Charles VIII., when history tells us that he died, poisoned, before the arrival of the King?"

Good; but the authors of operatic books (ask M. Scribe) are not invariably the most historical of poets. They worship Clio somewhat gingerly. We have no wish, however, to defend them in this instance, but leave them, willingly, to the trenchant *stylum* of Delatouche. *Ecoutons encore ce gaillard :—*

"I have also a little observation to make. Since Madame Viardot" (*why not Fidelio?*) "held Ludovic" (*why not M. Guardi?*) "why did she not stun him incontinent? This would have deprived us of the last *finale;* but where would have been the harm?"

There would have been no harm anywhere to the audience of the Théâtre-Lyrique (with M. Réty as manager, be it clearly understood; the Théâtre-Lyrique with M. Carvalho was quite another thing), who can afford to do with as small a dose of Beethoven as might well be administered, and by whom the loss of a *finale*—even that incomparable *finale* —would be looked upon in the light of a *bonus*. Delatouche, nevertheless, is too modest in calling his observation "a *little* observation;" on the contrary, it is a big "observation," and mightily to the purpose. But now that we have examined Delatouche *in re* Barbier-Carré, their book, let us examine Delatouche *in re* Beethoven, his music :—

* The "poor Duke's" daughter?

† Just now, the nephew was to be *poisoned by the gaoler.*

‡ Who imprisoned Fidelio?

"The music embroidered by the immortal Beethoven on this pale canvass ——"

["*Music embroidered on a pale canvass!*" — Here is a muddling of idioms!]

"The music embroidered by the immortal Beethoven on this pale canvass *is as pale as the canvass itself* (*!*) The melody of the master is a soft melody, *not noisy*,* which expands itself *en nappe* (sheet-wise?) all tranquilly and without *fracas*; the *nappe* becomes a blue and limpid lake in which one mirrors oneself at one's ease, and as there is no worse water than stagnant water,† so there is no music more detestable at the theatre than music which sleeps—and induces sleep."

There reader! you have an original criticism of *Fidelio* at last. Delatouche should be endowed with a beard of gold and vermillion whiskers, also with thigh-rings and a high-heeled boot (like Mario's). If there was an E less in his patronyme, he might be anagramatised as HOT CAUDLE; but happily there are two. *N'importe.*

"*Sonate, que me veux-tu?*" asked a certain philosopher (also a Frenchman) of a certain sonata that, nothing if not audible, intended him no harm in making itself heard (according to its entelechy), under the fingers of a "*hammer-virtuose*"—as Wagner would say. Delatouche, too, has *his* notions of a sonata, and thus unburdens himself:—

"One likes to hear a sonata of Beethoven's between an air of Rossini's or of Verdi's, and a *chanson* of Nadaud's. This broad and tender music relaxes, so to speak, the soul, and reposes it after the comic and brilliant. It is like an opium-pill, discreetly administered to a sick person after a day of agitation. Give to the sick person ten pills of *extrait thébaique* (vernacular-*opium*), and you run the risk of killing your unhappy patient. Thus does the *Fidelio* of Beethoven. In short—except the chorus of sick persons (*chœurs des malades*‡), the introduction to the third act—a sort of march in the style of that of WEBER in the *Enlèvement au Sérail*" (Mozart's *Seraglio!*) "together with the two *prayers* sung by Madame Viardot and Guardi—and the rest is not worth the honour of being cited, nor even of being heard."

Then follows a *critique* of the performers. "Madame Viardot," it appears, "completely failed in the final sextuor—which, *to say truth, is wanting both in colour and charm.*" We take the first half of the sentence to be as exact as the last—but no more so. The "tag" of the article we shall present to our readers in unadulterated Delatouche:—

"Quelqu'un me disait en sortant de la première représentation: Voilà une musique qu'adorent les Allemands, et rien n'est plus naturel: *ils s'amusent beaucoup quand ils s'ennuient.*

"S'il y avait samedi des Allemands au Théâtre-Lyrique, ils ont dû *joliment s'amuser.*"

FINIT CORONAT OPUS. But oh! for the anagram!

Enter EPISTEMON.

Epistemon. "An anagram of Delatouche?" In what language?

Editor. In French.

Epistemon (*reflecting*). LOUCHE CADET?

Editor. A "c" too many. There are only ten letters in Delatouche.

Epistemon (*after a pause*). DE HAUT COL?

Editor. An "e" too few. There are ten letters in Delatouche.

Epistemon (*becoming impatient*). DUEL A ECHO—then.

Editor. Where's the "t"? Besides, there's no accent on the "a" in Delatouche. (*Epistemon gives it up.*)

Enter CARPIMON.

Carpimon. An anagram of Dalatouche? Here's one—Ô CUL DÉTACHÉ.

Editor. Nonsense—you have a circumflex and a pair of acute accents; while in Delatouche there is not an accent of any description.

Enter PANTAGRUEL *and* PANURGE.

Pantagruel. I've found it—AC HEU! DOLET.

Editor. That's good; all the ten letters of the name, and a deep meaning in the sentence.

Panurge. I've another. AUT DELE HOC.

Editor. That's better—the best that could be made, in short. AUT DELE HOC. Let the Editor of —— apply this injunction to the next article on *Fidelio* from the pen of Delatouche.

"I see no reason," said Epistemon to Pantagruel, as they sat at the Edinburgh Castle, "why thou shouldst not re-create the palates and edify the minds of thy friends, by giving a symbolical feast, after the fashion of that savoury zodiac, wherewith the wealthy Trimalchio entertained his guests."

"As it is long since I have turned over the pages of Petronius, I have forgotten the details of that elaborate foolery," replied Pantagruel.

"Why, look ye," proceeded Epistemon, "twelve figures representing the signs of the zodiac were arranged in the befitting form of a circle, and everyone was supplied with something harmonious to its character. Thus, upon Aries, the Ram, was placed a mess of the '*cicer aristinum*,' a dainty, whereof I know nothing, but the English for which seemeth to be 'chick-pease'—a word that to me conveyeth no signification whatever; Taurus, the Bull, was surmounted by a bit of beef; a couple of kidneys, &c., were supported by Gemini, the Twins; upon Cancer, the Crab, was set a wreath, an arrangement, by the way, which has so puzzled some of the commentators, that they reject the reading *Corona*. Nevertheless, I am inclined to think it correct, and to agree with Burmann that it signifieth the wreath usually worn by festive guests; for, shortly afterwards, Trimalchio explaineth that he himself was born under Cancer, and that he has put *nothing* on the image denoting that sign, lest he should press upon his natal star. A mere wreath placed, where you would expect a comestible, is the nearest approach to nothing that you can conceive. On Leo, the Lion, lay an African fig, in allusion to the animal's birth-place; the entrails of a young sow, that had never farrowed, delicately graced the sign Virgo; cakes of two kinds were balanced in the scales of Libra; Scorpio carried a sea-fish of the same name; to Sagittarius was assigned a viand, about which there is some controversy, but we will accept Burmann's reading '*otopetam*,' which clearly denoteth something with long ears. This we can the more readily assume to be a hare, as there is an ancient effigy of Sagittarius carrying a hare in his arms. On this interpretation I do not strongly insist, but I decidedly object to the reading '*sclopetam*,' which would denote a pop-gun, and thus humbly symbolize the functions of the Archer. For though the guests of Trimalchio might have been tolerant of a wreath in one of the dishes, methinks that a pop-gun served in another would have stirred their wrath. Capricorn carried a sea-locust, which I am told hath horns, and I shall believe the fact till I receive information to the contrary from G. H. Lewes. That Aquarius should bear a goose, and Pisces a brace of mullets, is so natural an arrangement, that

---

* If it is soft?

† "Il n'est pire eau que l'eau qui dort."

‡ In what part of *Fidelio* is this to be found?

it needeth no comment. Now, I was thinking that if thou gavest a similar repast, substituting modern for antique dainties—as, for instance, putting an allowance of thick turtle-soup in one scale of Libra, and as much of the clear sort in the other; representing Sagittarius by venison ——"

"Talking of food," said Pantagruel, with a manifest desire to change the subject, "thou shall hear how prettily I have rendered some of the toughest bits in that satire of Horace (II. 4); where Catius instructeth the poet as to the art of feeding."

"Instead of a goose," observed Epistemon, "thou mightest give to Aquarius a *paté de foie gras*."

"I begin at the 12th line," said Pantagruel, with nervous precipitancy:—

"In oblong eggs a fine male yolk is found,
They're whiter and taste better than the round;
Your broccoli you'll take from driest fields,
Insipid stuff the water'd garden yields.
When unexpected guests come late to dine
Duck your live chickens in Falernian wine
Temper'd with water; be they ne'er so tough,
You thus will make them delicate enough.
The choicest mushrooms are in meadows grown,
Those found elsewhere you'd better leave alone."

"Hush!" said Panurge, entering the room with a face so white, that it put John's napkin completely out of countenance; but Pantagruel was so pleased with the jingle of his own rhyme, that he went on with another fragment of his translation, just as if Panurge had been an hundred miles off.

"The Umbrian boar, on hardy acorns rear'd,
By men of taste will ever be preferred.
Insipid is the reed-fed Laurentine,
Kids should not always nibble at the vine;
The shoulder of a fruitful hare—how fine."

"Hush! hush!" cried Panurge, whiter than before. Then dropping on his knees, he cried: "Desist! desist! noble master mine; thou knowest not the wrath thou art bringing upon thy head."

"Wretched grumbler, I see what thou meanest by thy maniac gestures; thou thinkest I have slurred over the line,

"Curvat aper lances carnem vitantis inertem."

"No, no!" shrieked Panurge. "I mean that thou art committing grievous wrong in rhyming about eatables at all, and that the wrath of the *Athenæum* hangeth over thy devoted head."

"What madman's rant is this?" roared Pantagruel.

"No rant, master, but the sad sober truth," replied Panurge, while big tears coursed down his ugly cheeks. "Look ye, that favourite child of the Muses, G. A. Macfarren, hath composed a *cantata* called *Christmas*, wherewith all the wise in music are delighted, saying nothing so fine hath been heard since the days of Orpheus; but unhappily, John Oxenford, who hath written the words for this sublime creation, hath so far forgotten himself as to mention eatables while describing the Christmas dinner. Now his sin in this respect is forcibly pointed out in the last number of the *Athenæum*. As thou, great master, did'st just now rhyme about Umbrian and Laurentine boars, eggs, mushrooms, and Apicius knows what, so did this same erring Oxenford mention puddings, boar's-heads with lemons in their mouths, and such like sensualities."

"Gross, very gross," said John the Waiter; "had he sang of the table-napkin he might have escaped censure."

"Then," said Epistemon, "the critic hath propounded the doctrine, that when thou describest a dinner in verse, thou may'st not allude to the bill of fare."

"Precisely, and very sublime doctrine, too," said Panurge. "In the eyes of the poet, the *carte* must be a *carte blanche* in the most literal sense of the word—a plain bit of card-board with nothing written thereon."

"Happy Petronius, who wrote in prose!" ejaculated Epistemon, and then he fell asleep.

"Dost thou think the critic is the Barmecide mentioned in the *Arabian Nights?*" asked Pantagruel.

"Not a bit of it. He is the very reverse of the Barmecide," shouted Panurge. "That Barmecide gave nothing to eat, but he named a long list of dainties—and don't you see, it's not eating, but discourse about eating that constituteth the transgression."

"I wonder who it could be that originated such sour wisdom?" said Pantagruel.

"A boar with a lemon in his mouth," murmured the sleeping Epistemon, as he recapitulated in his dreams the objectionable points of *Christmas*.

"Dost thou think the critic of the *Athenæum* will ever see my translation of the "Unde, et quo Catius?" asked Pantagruel, trembling like a leaf.

"I can't say," replied Panurge; "he hath a far-reaching sight. But mark how thou shalt propitiate him. I have written the words of a *finale*, illustrating a Christmas dinner, on the principle he hath so lucidly propounded, and thou shalt dedicate it to him as a sincere convert."

"Let me hear thine effusion," said Pantagruel, whereupon Panurge read as follows:—

GRAND CHORUS. "Christmas comes but once a year,
Greet him with etherial cheer;
Hailing Christmas, let us clatter
Empty dish on empty platter;
Pass the vacant glasses round,
Mirth shall in our halls abound.
SOLO. A leg of nothing with no turnips grac'd,
Is just the meat that suits the dainty taste.
CHORUS. He who eats nought may laugh the world to scorn,
He'll never grumble at the price of corn.
SOLO. The dog, of whom old Æsop sung,
Preferr'd the shadow to the meat;
The latter in the stream he flung,
And sought the less substantial treat.
Resolv'd that nought his soul should clog,
A dog refin'd was Æsop's dog.
CHORUS. Hail to that sage canine, I say,
Worthier of song than the poor dog Tray.
SOLO FEMALE. How blest is the chameleon,
He only lives on air,
His colours were less vivid
If grosser were his fare.
He breakfasts on the north wind,
He lunches on the south,
The east-wind and the west wind
Are welcome to his mouth."

There is no saying how long this might have lasted, had not a disturbance arisen in a box at the end of the room. John the Waiter, inspired by the tone of the discourse, to which he had been an attentive listener, had placed before a stout old gentleman a large tray, on which were tastefully placed an empty plate and an empty glass, and had demanded a shilling for the enjoyment of the same. Hence the altercation.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the most accomplished pianoforte *virtuoso* now in Europe, has arrived in London for the season. The services of this wonderful player have already been secured for several concerts of the highest class, and among others for one of those of Mr. Howard Glover, which is to be

held this year, on a grand scale, at St. James's Hall, and that of Mr. Benedict, in the Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre, which, as usual, will comprise all the available attractions of the period. Since his last visit to London, M. Léopold de Meyer has composed several new pieces, all of which, it is hoped, may be heard in the course of his sojourn among us. "Virtuosity" proper—since Liszt commenced preaching Wagner, and composing "ideal" symphonies for the orchestra; since Thalberg grew fat and sleek, contemplating his lands and beeves with glabritous placidity; since Henri Herz rendered up his last "double tenth" (not tooth), Dreyschock dilapidated his "*gauche*" (left), perforce of rapidly enunciated octaves, and Rubinstein took to playing so fast as to be *tant soit peu* incomprehensible — has been fairly at a discount. The advent of such a master of his art as Léopold de Meyer will consequently be hailed by the wonder-seeking public with enthusiasm. The mere announcement of his arrival must inevitably bring back "fantasias" to a premium; and many will be the anxious peep—from eyes fairer than those of the stern and rigid, dry and masculine *Gradus ad Parnassum* tribe—at the front columns of the *Times* (and at the second page of the *Musical World*), to see at which entertainment the "lion-pianist," *par excellence*, will first shake wide his mane. This much anticipated piece of information we shall be enabled to supply in our next number. Meanwhile—patience, sweet ladies; Herr Block, Signor Cipollani, M. Durillon d'Engelure, and Mynheer Kcebul, will speedily instruct you of the incomparable Austrian's first *fiasco*—that is, presuming he makes one.

MR. MACFARREN'S *CHRISTMAS*.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

11, *Alpha-road, N.W., May 15th*, 1860.

SIR,—Allow me to correct a mis-statement in your notice of the production of my cantata of *Christmas* at the concert of the Musical Society of London on Wednesday. You say there had been but one rehearsal for the performance, whereas there were three rehearsals of the chorus and two rehearsals of the band. I owe this explanation to the Council of the Musical Society, in acknowledgment of their having done everything that was possible to render the first performance of *Christmas* effective,—not only in respect of the extra rehearsals, which were given at a great expense to the Society, not only in having delayed the production of the cantata—which had been proposed for an earlier concert—until the two ladies whom I wished to sing the solo parts were in London, but in many acts of careful consideration, eminently flattering to me, and, I believe, advantageous to the effect of the composition. As I am confident that your assertion was made under an erroneous impression, I trust you will kindly find space for this reply.

I am, Sir, obediently yours,

G. A. MACFARREN.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,—The annual performance of the *Messiah*, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, was given last night, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, and attracted a very numerous audience. The principal vocalists were Miss Parepa, Madame Weiss, Madame Rieder, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Miss Clara Smythson, Miss Lascelles, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Montem Smith, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Rigoletto, on Saturday, introduced Mdlle. Brunetti and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, as Gilda and the jester, on their first appearance in this country. The lady is young and a novice; having made her *début* last year at the Grand-Opéra of Paris. She is a pupil of M. Duprez, and does credit to her teacher. Mdlle. Brunetti's voice is a high soprano, clear in quality, and not betraying any peculiarity of the French school, but produced fairly from the chest. As a first display, her performance was entitled to encouragement, an occasional tendency to sharpness being ascribable to natural timidity. Her success was decided, and we are mistaken if, before long, she does not become an especial favourite. We may add, that Mdlle. Brunetti is prepossessing in appearance, and ladylike in deportment.

Signor Sebastiano Ronconi is a brother of the renowned Georgio. His voice, the least estimable of his recommendations, is a barytone of no remarkable quality, wanting in power, and tremulous. These deficiencies, however, are compensated by much tact and by a dramatic force which belongs to true instinct. Signor Ronconi's conception of Rigoletto is intelligent if not forcible. As he has been indisposed since his arrival in England, we are not justified in criticising his performances at present. In two or three instances he was highly impressive, and touched the sympathies of his audience.

Signor Mongini's voice and style are well adapted to the music of the Duke, and his singing on Saturday exhibited its wonted vigour. The three airs were admirably given, especially "La donna è mobile," which was encored. The duet with Gilda, however, was vehement, Signor Mongini wooing, as it were, in thunder. His deportment, indeed, was rather that of the lion than the dove.

In the ball scene, Mdlle. Pocchini and M. Durand gave the dance from *Fleur-des-Champs*, and the lady was encored in one of her "*pas*."

Il Barbiere on Tuesday would have been better for a rehearsal, Signor Everardi appearing as Figaro for the first time, and Signor Castelli ditto, as Doctor Bartolo. Signor Everardi's Figaro is constrained, but allowance must be made for a first attempt in a part almost as difficult as Don Giovanni, in which we have seen both Tamburini and Ronconi. Signor Everardo, however, sings the music admirably. Madame Borghi-Mamo is a charming Rosina, executing the music to perfection and acting with spirit and *naiveté*. Her "Una voce" could hardly be surpassed in many respects, while the lovely quality of her voice was heard to greater advantage than ever in the genial music of Rossini. The changes she made in the text, however, were, in no instance, improvements, and there is less excuse than there would be for a genuine soprano. Madame Alboni is the best example of what may be effected by a scrupulous adherence to the text. In Rosina she scarcely alters a note of the original, and yet no one sings it with so much effect. In the Neapolitan air (lesson scene), Madame Borghi-Mamo created the utmost enthusiasm. Few artists could sing it so brilliantly, none with more delicacy and finish. Her descending chromatic scale, near the end, was one of the most perfect things of the kind we have heard.

Signor Vialetti, with less exaggeration, would have been excellent as Don Basilio. Rossini did not intend "La Calunnia" to be burlesqued.

A new ballet of action was produced for Mdlle. Pocchini on Tuesday with undoubted success. We will not say that it is worthy of her extraordinary abilities; nor that it is a ballet of the first or even second class; but it is a step in the right direction, and affords the great *danseuse* a chance of doing something more than exhibiting mere agility and grace. Mdlle. Pocchini is equally gifted as a mimic and a dancer, attracts no less by her gestures, movements, and attitudes than by her *pirouettes* and *tours-de-force*. Hence in the new ballet, entitled *Scintilla*, she shines with two-fold lustre. Scintilla is in love with a painter, and by her fascinations wins him from a previous attachment. It would be easy to write an essay about Mdlle. Pocchini's performance, but we must content ourselves with stating that anything more exquisitely graceful has never

been seen on the stage, and that the Scintilla of Mdlle. Pocchini is worthy of comparison with the Esmeralda of Carlotta Grisi. The music of the ballet is by no means good. The success of *Scintilla*, and the growing fame of Mdlle. Pocchini, is a proof that the love for the *ballet* is not extinct.

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* was given for the third time, by desire of Her Majesty.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE first performance of *Don Giovanni*, on Saturday, attracted one of the largest audiences we remember. Madame Grisi being indisposed, Donna Anna was undertaken at a moment's notice, by Madame Rudersdorff, a thoroughly conscientious artist, who acquitted herself extremely well in one of the most exacting parts of the lyric drama. Madame Csillag, who appeared as Elvira for the first time, and Signor Gardoni, who undertook the part of Don Ottavio, Signor Tamberlik, not having arrived, were both suffering from colds. The lady displayed unusual intelligence in her acting, and occasionally sang with great power; while the gentleman gave the music with admirable taste. Signor Mario improves vastly in Don Giovanni, and could he sing the music as it is written, would be accepted as the most accomplished living representative of the character. But Signor Alary's version being necessarily retained, some of the finest pieces in the score are entirely ruined. The transposition of the serenade, "Deh vieni alla finestra," a fourth higher is, we think, a mistake. Signor Mario, no doubt, would find it inconvenient in the original key, but *a tone* higher, as Donzelli and Braham used to sing it, would surely be enough. Changes are the more to be lamented, inasmuch as the great tenor looks the part of Don Giovanni to the life, acts with incomparable ease, and is beginning to assume that audacity of bearing and indomitable spirit, the want of which was the principal fault of his performance last season. Signor Ronconi is the best Leporello since Lablache, and, indeed, in some respects, surpasses his predecessor. Madame Penco made her first appearance this season as Zerlina, in which she established her reputation last year. The Commendatore of Signor Tagliafico and the Masetto of Signor Polonini were as good as ever. There were four encores—the duet "La ci darem," "Vedrai Carina," the trio of masks, and "Deh vieni alla finestra." Mdlle. Zina Richard, and M. Desplaces danced the minuet in the Ball.

On Tuesday, *Fra Diavolo* was repeated by desire of Her Majesty, who, with the Prince Consort and suite, attended the performance.

Last night, *Don Giovanni* was given for the second time.

MADAME ALBONI.—This eminent *cantatrice* will this evening make her first appearance for two years in this country, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in her popular character of Maffio Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

DEATH OF MR. S. G. FAIRBROTHER.—Several friends of the late Mr. S. G. Fairbrother propose to organise a benefit at one of the principal London theatres, for the purpose of raising a sum sufficient to make some slight permanent provision for his widow, whom this unlooked-for bereavement has rendered destitute. Mr. Fairbrother was for nearly forty years the printer of the play-bills of the various theatrical establishments of the metropolis, and was well known to every member of the profession as a highly appreciated and courteously considerate exponent of the claims which they wished to make through the medium of typography on the patronage of the public. Mr. Fairbrother died very suddenly on the evening of Wednesday, the 9th ult., about half-past nine, whilst sitting in his arm-chair. The immediate cause of his death was dropsy; the water touched the heart, and he expired instantaneously without a struggle. He was in his sixty-third year. Although for so long a period the proprietor of an extensive printing establishment in Bow-street, and giving employment to a large number of hands, his later days were clouded by sad reverses, and for some time past he had obtained his only means of subsistence from the employment given to him by Mr. Francis, the printer, of Catherine-street, who had retained him as his book-keeper. There are many to whom Mr. Fairbrother rendered essential service, and frequent acts of kindness and liberality could be recorded of him, which we hope still live in the remembrance of those who experienced his forbearance and generosity. Numbers have had the benefit of his assistance at a time when there was but little hope of his being remunerated for his work, though the profits of his business, *when* his claims were honourably discharged were invariably of the smallest. Losses, arising chiefly from this source, exhausted all his means, and at his death he was literally without a penny. We earnestly appeal, therefore, to the profession, and especially to those members who have so often acknowledged his constant readiness to further their wishes, without reference to personal considerations, to come forward and assist the poor widow to perform the last sad solemn rites. It is a deserving case, that requires to be met with promptitude, and we are sure the appeal will not be made in vain. Subscriptions forwarded to the office of the *Era*, care of Mr. Frederick Ledger, will be gratefully acknowledged by the members of his family whom he has left behind to lament his loss.

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(*Continued from page* 306, *Vol.* 38.)

90.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, 9th December, 1770.

This evening, aeftr the Angelus, we shall have the second rehearsal of the recitatives. The first went so well that the pen had only to be taken up once to change a letter, *della* instead of *dalla*. This does great credit to the copyist, and every one was much astonished at it. I wish the instrumental rehearsals may proceed in the same manner. As far as I am able to judge, apart from paternal leanings, I find the opera a good one, and written with much spirit. The singers go on well. Now the thing depends on the orchestra, and at the end of the reckoning, on the caprice of the audience; consequently, in all this, there is much uncertainty—it is a perfect lottery.

91.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, December 13, 1770.

On the 12th we had the first rehearsal with the orchestra, consisting, however, of only sixteen persons, to ascertain that all was correctly written. On the 17th, the first rehearsal with the whole orchestra will take place, which consists of fourteen first and second violins, two harpsichords, six double basses, two violoncellos, two bassoons, six altos, two hautbois, two flutes, to be replaced, if necessary, by two hautbois, four French horns, and two clarinets, consequently, sixty performers.

Before the first rehearsal with the small orchestra, there were not wanting folks whose satirical tongues cried down beforehand Wolfgang's music as something which must necessarily be puerile and wretched, and who prophesied a defeat, maintaining that it was impossible a child of fourteen, and especially a German, could write an Italian opera: admitting him to be undoubtedly a great *virtuoso*, they did not think he could have that intelligence and knowledge of the *chiaro ed oscuro* necessary for theatrical success. All these people, since the first rehearsal on a small scale, have become dumb. They have ceased to utter a word. The copyist is enchanted, and this is a great guarantee in Italy, because if the music succeeds, the copyist often gains more by sending away and selling the pieces than the maestro by his composition. The singers, male and female, are highly satisfied; the *prima donna* and *prima uomo* are delighted with their duo. Now all depends on the caprice of the public. Saving a little vain glory, it is a matter of no great concern to us. We have already undertaken many things in this queer world of ours, and Heaven has already assisted us. We are now at the last stage of an affair of which circumstances conspire, perhaps, to aggravate the importance. God be our protector!

On St. Stephen's day, a good hour after the *Ave Maria*, you may picture to yourself Maestro Don Amadeo, seated at the harpsichord in the orchestra, his father in a box above him, and you will please in your heart to wish us a fortunate performance, adding thereunto sundry Paternosters.

To be continued.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW PIANOFORTE PIECES.—"Oberon's dream," on airs in Weber's Opera, by W. H. Callcott; "The Rosy Morn," (pianoforte melody) by W. H. Callcott; Romanza in Rigoletto, by A. Gollmick; "Ye banks and braes," solo and duet, by B. Richards; "The birks of Abergeldy," by B. Richards; "The Kensington Palace March," solo and duet, by W. H. Callcott; "The Skylark's Carol" (melody by Mendelssohn) duet, by W. H. Callcott; also other new solos and duets by W. H. Callcott, Brinley Richards, J. Rummel, &c. Published by R. Mills and Sons, 140, New Bond-street.

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BANDMASTER WANTED.—The First Corps of the Kent Rifle Volunteers require a Master for a Drum and Fife Band. Any persons competent to fill the above post are requested to send in their applications with the terms, references, &c., to the Hon. Secretary of the Band Committee of the above corps, Maidstone, Kent, by Friday the 25th instant.

The remuneration being moderate, the post will be especially suited for a retired Bandmaster or Sergeant.

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NEW SONG FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.—"The Good Old Days" Patriotic song, composed by J. L. Hatton, price 2s. 6d. Published this day by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

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The day, pretty darling, draws near to its close,
Come cease from your play—on your pillow repose;
You peep from the cradle still laughing and bright,
Kind angels for ever preserve you,—Good night!

With freedom from sorrow, dear child, you are blest,
To you a pure heav'n is your fond mother's breast;
Wild passion some day will your happiness blight,
Kind angels preserve you, my darling,—Good night!

Ah! happy is he who can slumber like you,
Be ever, dear child, to your innocence true;
The righteous are watched by the spirits of light,
Who guard them while sleeping, my darling,—Good night!

"THE MEADOW GATE."

Sung by Mr. WILBYE COOPER.
Composed by GEORGE B. ALLEN.
Price 2s. 6d.

Meadow gate, oh meadow gate,
'Neath the hawthorn tree,
Fondest memories of my life
Ever cling round thee.
Where the gentle voice of Spring
Wakes the earliest flowers,
Where the linnets gaily sing,
Through long sunny hours.

Thoughts of bright hours long ago,
When I was a child,
Playing mid' the meadow flowers
Round me fair that smiled;
Memories sweet of happy eves,
When I used to wait,
Till one came to meet me there,
By the meadow gate.

"UNDER THE LINDEN TREE."

Sung by Mr. ELLIOT GALER.
Composed by W. MEYER LUTZ.
Price 2s. 6d.

As under the Linden tree I lay,
Dreaming the evening hours away,
Weaving many a chaplet bright
Of Memory's flower-wreaths, bloom and blight,
My fancy fled, as it ever flies,
To my heart's dear queen with the violet eyes,
And I thought, does my lady think of me,
As I lie under the Linden tree.

Ah! is she thinking of days gone by,
With smile on her lip, a tear in her eye,
Or is she wearying heart and brain,
With days to come when we meet again;
Or, under the shadow of Love's eclipse,
Lists she to love from another's lips,
Smiling on him and defrauding me,
As I lie under the Linden tree.

"MERRY LITTLE MAUD."

Sung by Mr. ELLIOT GALER,
Composed by W. MEYER LUTZ.
Price 2s. 6d.

Here's a song to Maud, to merry little Maud,
The marvel of maidens at home or abroad,
No flower of the summer, no star of the night,
Is so fragrantly fresh, so bewitchingly bright.

On the snow of her forehead all purity lies,
Her clear soul shines out from her eloquent eyes,
The boldest of ruffiers is silenced and awed
As he meets the pure gaze of my dear little Maud.

She's a heart of her own, has pretty little Maud,
A fond heart, and free from all falsehood or fraud;
And prouder should he be than king on his throne,
Who can look on that dear little heart as his own.

I know not for which of my faults it may be
That she deigns to look down with a smile upon me,
But she loves me, and nothing on earth shall defraud
My soul of its sunlight, merry little Maud.

"COME, SISTERS, LET US DANCE AND SING."

Trio for Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, and Contralto.
Composed by ADOLPHO FERRARI.
Price 2s. 6d.

Come Sisters, let us dance and sing
Around our beauteous fairy queen,
While calm nature is reposing,
And no mortal form is seen.

The silver waves are breaking
Upon the coral strand
All nature now is resting,
The moon shines o'er the land.

The forest trees are sleeping,
The mossy banks are green,
Our fairy haunts are gleaming
In the pale moon's soft beam.

"COME, FAIRIES, COME, THE STARS SHINE BRIGHT."

Trio for Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, and Contralto.
Composed by ADOLPHO FERRARI.
Price 2s. 6d.

Come, fairies, come, the stars are bright,
The night wind wanders free,
The summer moon with meagre light
Has silvered all the sea.

The dews fall chill on glade and hill,
And drench the faint sweet flowers;
Come sylph and fay, that fear the day,
The spell-bound world is ours.

Come mocking dreams, less wild and vain,
Than many a mortal plan,
Come chase your phantoms through the brain
Of every child of man,

While death-like sleep still dark and deep,
Drowns all their languid powers,
Come sylph and sprite that haunt the night,
Each yielded soul is ours.

"FLOWERS! LOVELY FLOWERS."

(Dedicated to Lady Isham.)
Composed by CHARLES MCKORKELL.
Price 2s. 6d.

Flowers are gems from heaven sent,
Man's rude heart to cheer, delight,
The stars that deck night's firmament
Less beautiful and bright!
Mark their varied perfumes blending,
Hues so brilliant and fair;
Ah! let our songs on high ascending
Thank our Maker's bounteous care.
Thus to erring mortals sending
Gifts so rich and rare.

Pinks! faint with musky odours,
Mignionette! breathing fragrance sweet,
The woodbine twining round in clusters
Where the gorgeous lilies meet;
Roses! Queen of all the garden,
Violets! Spring's first blooming child;
And thou pale Snowdrop, clad in beauty,
Purely sweet and undefiled,
Bring with thee in loving state
The Cowslip with its ruby eyes,
The primrose too, its lowly mate;
And cuckoo flowers that shepherds prize,
Wildlings born in forest dingle
Where the wood anemone blows,
With your cultured sisters mingle,
Every flower, in short, that grows;
Forming thus a garland fair
To deck a maiden's raven hair.
Flowers, lovely, lovely flowers,
How ye charm the captive hours,
A crowning joy to sorrow lending
Still beginning, never ending,
Flowers, lovely, lovely flowers.

"SUNSHINE."

(Dedicated to Mrs. William Coby.)
Composed by ADELAIDA.
Price 2s. 6d.

I love the sunshine everywhere,
In wood, and field, and glen,
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprisoned men.
I love it where the children lie
Deep in the clovery grass,
To watch among the twining roots
The gold-green beetles pass.

I love it when it streameth in
The humble cottage door,
And casts the chequered casement's shade
Upon the red-brick floor.
Upon the earth, upon the sea,
And through the crystal air,
On piled up cloud the gracious sun
Is glorious everywhere.

I love it on the mountain top,
Where lies the thawless snow,
And half a kingdom bathed in light
Lies stretching out below.
Oh yes, I love the sunshine!—
Like kindness, or like mirth
Upon the human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth.

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VOL. 38—No. 21 SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

V. R.

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PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Quintet, in A major (No. 5—3rd set—Op. 20), for 2 Violins, Viola, and two Violoncellos. *Boccherini.*
Herr BECKER, Herr RIES, Mr. DOYLE, M. PAQUE, and Signor PIATTI.

Aria, "Ahi lo trepido".....(*I Zingari in Fiera*).....*Paesiello*
Madlle. EUPHROSYNE PAREPA.

Aria, "Torbido mar che freme".....(*La Passione*).....*Jomelli*
Mr. SANTLEY.

Sonata, in C major (Op. 84, No. 1), for Pianoforte alone .....*Clementi*
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

Aria, "Vado ben spesso".....*Salvator Rosa*
Mr. TENNANT.

Notturno for two voices, "Puro ciel tranquilla notte".....*Paer*
Madlle. PAREPA and Madame LAURA BAXTER.

Grand Quartet, in D minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello *Cherubini.*
Herr BECKER, Herr RIES, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

PART II.

Quartet, "Come ohime! partir".....(*Nina*).....*Paesiello*
Madlle. PAREPA, Madame LAURA BAXTER, Mr. TENNANT, and Mr. SANTLEY.

Selection from "Harpsichord Lessons" (including the Cat's Fugue)
MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

Aria, "Alla larga Signore".....(*La Buona Figliuola*).....*Piccini*
Madame LAURA BAXTER.

Aria, "Com' ape ingegnosa" (by desire).....(*Tarrare*).....*Salieri*
Mr. SANTLEY.

Sonata, in G, for two Violoncellos .....*Boccherini*
Signor PIATTI and Mr. SCHROEDER.

Venetian Air, "La Biondina in Gondoletta," with Variations by...*Paer*
Madlle. EUPHROSYNE PAREPA.

Notturno for two voices, "Per Valli per Boschi".....*Blangini*
Madame LAURA BAXTER and Mr. TENNANT.

Quartet, in E flat major, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello...*Rossini*
Herr BECKER, Herr RIES, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

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Stalls, 5*s.*; *Balcony,* 3*s.*; *Unreserved Seats,* 1*s.*

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MORNING CONCERT, Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, May 28, at 3 o'clock precisely. Artists, Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON, Miss MARIAN MOSS, Mlle. JENNY MEYER, Mr. SANTLEY, Mons. SAINTON, Signor PIATTI. Miss EMMA BUSBY. Conductor, Mr. CUSINS. Tickets half-guinea, family ditto (to admit three), one guinea, at the Music-sellers' and of Miss Busby, No. 42 Blandford Square.

ITALIAN NIGHT.—MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—St. James's Hall.—On Monday evening, May 28, the programme will, by particular desire, be selected from the works of Italian composers. Pianoforte, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD; Violin, HERR BECKER; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI. Vocalists—Mlle. PAREPA, Mlle. LAURA BAXTER, Mr. TENNANT, and MR. SANTLEY. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. Full particulars may be obtained at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Mr. MELCHOR WINTER (Tenore), and Mr. BENJAMIN WELLS (Flautist), beg to announce that their GRAND EVENING VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT will take place on the 28th of May at the above Rooms. Artists:—Madame WEISS, Miss MAHLAH HOMER, Miss CHIPPERFIELD, and Madame SAINTON-DOLBY; Mr. WEISS, and Mr. MELCHOR WINTER; Harmonium, Mr. SCOTSON CLARK, and Flute, Mr. BENJAMIN WELLS, who will perform on Carte's Silver Cylinder Flute, on which he had the honour of playing before the Queen and the Prince Consort. Conductor, Herr WILHELM GANZ. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Unreserved, 2s.; and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Messrs. Cramer & Co.; Chappells; Boosey; Keith, Prowse, & Co.; and also of Mr. Benjamin Wells, 23, and Mr. Melchor Winter, 17 St. James's Square, Notting Hill, W.

MASTER HORTON C. ALLISON, Pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, will give his SECOND PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCE, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Tuesday evening, May 29 (to commence at 8 o'clock precisely), when he will play a Selection from the Works of Himmel, F. Hiller, H. Herz, J. Field, C. Potter, W. S. Holmes, and W. S. Bennett. Master Allison will be assisted by Miss MARIAN MOSS, Miss THERESA JEFFERYS, Mr. LEONARD, Mr. WALWORTH, and Mr. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON, Harpist to Her Majesty. Accompanyist, Mr. HAMMOND. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, or 3 for £1 1s. (all seats reserved) to be had of Master Allison, 143 Marylebone Road, N.W.

A GRAND EVENING CONCERT, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday, May the 29th, for the benefit of a family in distress. Artistes, Madame C. HAYES, Madame RUDERSDORFF, Madame LAURA BAXTER, Miss E. WILKINSON, Miss MAHLAH HOMER, Miss LEFFLER, Miss ANNIE GODDARD, Miss ST. CLAIR, Miss TOPHAM, and Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON; Signor BELLETTI, Mr. GEORGE PERRIN, Mr. JOHN MORGAN, Mr. F. ELMORE, Signor OLIVA, and Mr. LAWLER; Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Mr. F. CHATTERTON, Mr. V. COLLINS, Master DREW DEAN. Conductors—Mr. F. MORI, Signor CUNIO, and Signor RANDEGGER. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 2s. 6d.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Miss Lytton, No. 30 Bloomsbury Street; and of all the principal Music-sellers; and at Keith, Prowse, & Co's.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—MISS PALMER'S GRAND CONCERT, Thursday next, May 31. Vocalists, Mrs. SIMS REEVES, Miss PAREPA, Miss MINA POOLE, Miss PALMER, Mr. SIMS REEVES, Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. LEWIS THOMAS. Instrumentalists: Scio-Pianoforte, Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, Solo-Violoncello, Mr. GEORGE COLLINS. Conductors, Mr. J. L. HATTON and Mr. WALTER MACFARREN. Doors open at half-past Seven, Commence at Eight. Stalls, 5s.; Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Area, 1s. Entrance to the Stalls in Wilson Street.

HERR LIDEL'S MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place (by kind permission of Messrs. Collard & Collard) at 16 Lower Grosvenor Street, W., on Thursday next, May 31st. Vocalists, Madame CATHERINE HAYES, Miss MESSENT, Madame LAURA BAXTER, and Mr. ALLAN IRVING. Instrumentalists, Messrs. SALAMAN, ADOLPH RIES, REGONDI, OBERTHUR, LOUIS RIES, and LIDEL. Conductors—Messrs. SALAMAN and RIES. Tickets 10s. 6d. each, at the Music Warehouses, and of Herr Lidel, 42 Mornington Place, Hampstead Road, N.W.

PROFESSORS' CONCERT UNION.—Mr. BLAGROVE begs to announce FOUR QUARTETT CONCERTS, in conjunction with other Professors, on Friday evenings, June 1, 15, 22, and July 6, at the Beethoven Rooms, 76 Harley Street, at 9 o'clock. 1st Concert: Performers—Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON, Messrs. WILBYE COOPER, H. BLAGROVE, CLEMENTI, COLCHESTER, DAUBERT, and SIDNEY SMITH. Subscription Tickets (Reserved), £1 1s.; (Unreserved), 10s. 6d. Single Tickets (Reserved), 7s. or 4 for £1 1s.; (Unreserved), 3s. 6d. or 4 for 10s. 6d. at Messrs. Leader & Cock's, New Bond Street.

MR. W. G. CUSINS will perform at his Matinée Musicale, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, June 2, at half-past Two, Pianoforte Compositions by Mozart (Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove), Beethoven, Mendelssohn (Violoncello, Mr. Payne), and Chopin. Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, to be had only of Mr. Cusins, 53 Manchester Street, W. Tickets, 7s., at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of R. W. Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street, W.

MR. HAROLD THOMAS'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, on Monday, June 4th, will take place at Collard's New Pianoforte and Concert Rooms, 16 Lower Grosvenor Street, W., commencing at 3 o'clock. Artists, Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON, Miss POOLE, Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. SANTLEY, Messrs. HENRY and RICHARD BLAGROVE, Signor PEZZE, Mr. LAZARUS, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, Mr. W. G. CUSINS, and Mr. HAROLD THOMAS. Professor STERNDALE BENNETT has kindly consented to accompany a selection from his Cantata, "The May-Queen." Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; or Family tickets (to admit three), £1. 1s.; at the Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Harold Thomas, 37 Maddox Street, W.

MISS CARRINLEY RICHARDS' ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 8th, at which Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Mr. SIMS REEVES, and the most eminent Artistes of the day will appear.—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 3s., to be had of Richards, 4 Torrington Street, and at the principal Music Shops.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. BENEDICT begs to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at Her Majesty's Theatre, is fixed for Monday, June 18, under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince Consort, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge. Principal Vocalists, Mesdames TITIENS, BRUNETTI, LOTTI, DELLA SANTA, BORGHI-MAMO, LEMAIRE, VANÉRI, PAREPA, and ALBONI; Signori GIUGLINI, BELART, CORSI, GASSIER, BONCONI, EVERARDI, VIALETTI, and MONGINI. The Instrumental Artistes will be duly announced. Early application is solicited for the remaining boxes and stalls, which may be secured at the Box Office, the principal Libraries and Music-sellers, and at Mr. Benedict's, 2 Manchester Square, W.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Lessee, F. B. CHATTERTON. Director, M. TALBOT. Monday and Tuesday, May 28th and 29th. Mdlle. DUVERGES.—M. BRINDEAU.

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MISS GERARD, in answer to inquiries, begs to inform her friends and pupils that she is *not* the lady advertising as Mlle. Gerardi, and requests that letters respecting pupils and engagements may still be addressed to her residence, 12 Belsize Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MISS SELINA PYKE (Pupil of Mr. Charles Salaman) continues to give Lessons on the Pianoforte. Miss P. attends Schools and her Pupils Westward, twice a week.—52 Great Prescott Street, E.

MADLLE. DESIRÉE ARTÖT has arrived in Town for the Season. Communications respecting Engagements, &c. to be addressed to 4 Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Mr. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any Engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artistes:—MM. SAINTON, H. HILL, W. WATSON, E. PAYTON, DOYLE, TRUST, G. COLLINS, AYLWARD, HOWELL, sen., WHITE, P. S. PRATTEN, BARRET, LAZARUS, T. OWEN, HAUSSER, C. HARPER, STANDEN, T. HARPER, STANTON JONES, W. WINTERBOTTOM, CIOFFI, HUGHES, and F. C. HORTON. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2 Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION. Miss J. WELLS, Miss EYLES, Mr. BAXTER, Mr. W. CUMMINGS, Mr. LAND, and Mr. LAWLER, will have the honour of giving their 100th Performance of Glees, Madrigals, and old Ballads, on Friday, June 1, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street, and continue these Entertainments for a short period every Wednesday and Friday at 3, and on Saturday evenings at 8.15.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The Members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13 Berners Street, Oxford Street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.
F. F. REILLY, *Hon. Sec.*
Persons desirous of joining the Choir are requested to address the Secretary.

CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS.—Westminster Road.—Lessee, Mr. C. MORTON.—Every Evening.—C. H. GOUNOD'S Opera, *Faust*—Faust, Mr. HENRY HERBERT; Mephistopheles, Mr. C. BERNARD; Siebel, Mrs. ANDERSON; Marguerite, Miss RUSSELL. Conductor, Herr JONGHMANS—and Selections from *Dinorah*, *Trovatore*, and *Macbeth*. Several interesting Pictures have been added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

TO BANDMASTERS.—Wanted immediately, a BANDMASTER for the Second Cumberland Volunteer Artillery Corps.—Apply to C. Thurnam & Sons, Music Warehouse, Carlisle.

TO ORGANISTS.—The Advertiser (who has some knowledge of Music) wishes to take Lessons on the ORGAN, and in HARMONY.—Address, stating terms, &c., "Diapason," 4A Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

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MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Music and Literary Property, beg to announce that they will submit for sale, by Auction, at their house, 47 Leicester Square (formerly the Western Literary Institution, in July, the entire, very extensive, and highly valuable STOCK of Messrs. WESSEL & CO., of Hanover Square, who are retiring from business. Further Particulars of this Important Sale will be announced. Applications for Catalogues, which are preparing, may be addressed to the Auctioneers.

"ELIJAH" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The principal topic of conversation among musical circles during the last few weeks has been the Mendelssohn Festival. As we have heard a variety of opinions expressed, we propose offering a few remarks respecting the performance, which we were unable to do in our necessarily imperfect first report.

The preliminary Handel Festival of 1857 was an experiment, and a bold one, involving an enormous expense, and the possibility, after all, of its turning out a failure. Fortunately, the success was so great as to warrant the authorities of the Crystal Palace and Sacred Harmonic Society in keeping their promise of repeating the Festival on a still larger scale, this time being the real anniversary of the composer's death. The result of the meeting of 1859 is too fresh in our readers' minds to require further allusion. Having organised such a gigantic body of executants, and brought them so efficiently under the guidance of Mr. Costa's bâton, it seemed a pity that they should be allowed to disperse, and it was therefore resolved that as far as the London contingent was concerned, they should be brought occasionally together for the purpose of rehearsals, with a view to future performances of similar magnitude. There was little fear that the country choristers would suffer their voices to rust for want of practice, as, from the frequent repetition of oratorios in provincial towns, to say nothing of the Festivals of the choirs—Birmingham, Norwich, Leeds, Bradford, &c.—they are generally kept as well up to the mark as their metropolitan coadjutors. Next to Handel, there is no composer of oratorios so popular as Mendelssohn, and no work, except the *Messiah*, is held in greater esteem than *Elijah*. It was natural then that this, the last great completed composition of the illustrious master, should have been selected for the next grand performance at the Crystal Palace. Fitting opportunity was afforded by the fact that some years since a monument was projected to the memory of Mendelssohn, which had been recently completed; and it was proposed that the statue should be inaugurated by the performance of *Elijah* with 3000 executants.

Various expectations were formed as to the result, the general opinion being that the impression would be unequal, and the consequence was as anticipated.* Much of the effect of these monster performances at the Crystal Palace necessarily depends upon where the auditor is placed. The best spot for hearing the choruses is the farthest point from the orchestra, the raised platform *en face*; but here the solos are almost inaudible. Nearer the orchestra, and within range of the soloists, one hears distinctly only that portion of the chorus which is opposite; hence the diversity of opinions to which such performances must necessarily give rise. As with the apologue of the knights who quarrelled and fought as to whether the shield was gold or silver, each seeing only one side of it; and the still more famous chameleon dispute, each must be content to take his own impressions without trying to convert his neighbour.

For some days beforehand the weather was not very promising. The long continued and constantly prevailing cold east winds had deterred all pleasure seekers from out-door enjoyment, and no doubt prevented many from securing tickets. Happily a decided change for the better set in, and a more lovely day than the 4th of May could not be desired. There was sufficient sun to give warmth and light up the gay colours of the spring toilets, without putting any one to inconvenience from an excess of heat, and, after the first dulness of the morning had cleared off, a degree of certainty about the general aspect, which set one's mind at rest on the question of umbrellas, and a possible scarcity of cabs.

At 3 o'clock the Palace presented a brilliant sight. Some 18,000 people were gathered under its vast transept. The huge orchestra was crowned by a gigantic bust of Mendelssohn, surrounded by laurels, and occupied by the 3,000 who were to display their powers. In front of the orchestra was exhibited a portrait of the composer, kindly lent by Mr. Benecke, of Denmark Hill, and underneath a copy of the inscription written by Prince Albert, in Mendelssohn's copy of *Elijah*, on the occasion of his first hearing the work. Punctual to the moment, the principals all in their places, Mr. Costa waved his bâton, and the first solemn strains were heard, the prophet foretelling the drought—"As God the Lord of Israel liveth"—delivered by Signor Belletti with that clearness of enunciation for which he is so remarkable. The overture produced but little effect, and it was immediately felt that, almost any body of instrumentalists alone would fail to bring forth sufficient volume of sound to be clearly understood in the vast area. The first chorus, "Help Lord," with its two subjects, "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," and the episode, "Will then the Lord be no more God in Zion," was given with precision. The duet, "Lord. bow thine ear to our prayer," was smoothly sung by Miss F. Rowland and Madame Sainton, the succeeding recitative, "Ye people, rend your hearts," being given by Mr. Sims Reeves with masterly feeling and expression, and eliciting the first applause that had any warmth in it. The double quartet, "For he shall give his angels charge," rarely, if ever, goes well, and this time formed no exception to the rule, being as usual unsteady and wavering. The scene between the widow and Elijah introduced Miss Parepa, who sang her music with ease and fluency, if not with all the judgment to which we have been accustomed. The beautiful and soothing chorus which follows, "Blessed are the men," was very successful.

In the music of Elijah, Signor Belletti fulfils the requirements of even the most exacting, by his thoroughly artistic and musician-like method, never straining his voice, and yet always producing the desired effect. In the recitative, with chorus, where the prophet urges the idolaters to test who is the true God, this was especially noticeable. And here we must protest against the time at which Mr. Costa took the choruses of the priests of Baal. The beginning of their first invocation is marked *Andante grave maestoso*, finishing *Allegro non troppo*, the second time they appeal, "Hear our cry, O Baal," *allegro vivace*, and the third time, "Hear and answer," *presto*. In each of these instances, however, the *tempo* was accelerated to such a degree, that the gradual working up into fury of the priests was entirely lost sight of, to say nothing of the beauty and clearness of the music being sacrificed.

In 1855 the finest performance of *Elijah* ever heard, was given at Birmingham, under Mr. Costa. In 1858 the same oratorio was given under the direction of the same gentleman at the same town; but the "*tempo*" of every piece was so unduly accelerated, that, however it might show the mastery over band and chorus, imperilled the safety of the work. In 1860 we have these faults repeated to a greater degree; and it should be a grave matter of consideration whether it is advisable in music to keep pace with the "fastness" of the age for the sake of obtaining what is supposed to be increased brilliancy, but frequently tends only to confusion. We have frequently had occasion to find fault with some provincial conductors for their constant tendency to drag the time; but there is a medium in all things. We have nothing but praise to award to the quartet, "Cast thy burden," admirably sung by Miss Parepa, Mdme. Sainton Dolby, Messrs. Reeves and Thomas. The chorus "The fire descends" wanted clearness from reasons already mentioned, and to which we need not further advert. The duet between Elijah and the youth, sustained by Signor Belletti and Miss Parepa, did not produce the marked sensation it ordinarily does in a more limited area. The "Thanks be to God" chorus, however, made some amends, and brought the first part of the oratorio to a grand close.

Half an hour's interval enabled singers, players, and audience to recruit their energies, and the second part went with decidedly more spirit than the first. Miss Parepa was much applauded in "Hear ye Israel." Miss Dolby (Mdme. Sainton rather) was encored in "O rest in the Lord," which she took slower than usual, to the manifest improvement of the effect. Mr. Sims Reeves was also compelled to repeat "Then shall the righteous," which he gave with all that energy and expression of which he is so complete a master. The unaccompanied trio "Lift thine eyes," ordinarily allotted to two sopranos and a contralto, was rendered by Miss Parepa, Mdme. Sainton and Miss Palmer, one soprano and two contraltos, the effect (no disparagement to the ladies named) being by no means enhanced thereby; indeed we hardly ever remember its falling so flatly upon an audience. There was no encore, and the delicious chorus "He watching over Israel," followed consequently in its right order without interruption. The choruses "Woe to him" and "Behold God the Lord," were particularly satisfactory—more so than the last "And then shall your light," which was not altogether steady. In the little that was set down for them, Miss F. Rowland, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Thomas did excellent service in aiding the general effect.

At the conclusion of the oratorio the band of the Coldstream Guards joined the orchestra, and the National Anthem was given, Miss Parepa taking the 1st and 3rd verses solus, the 2nd being sung as a trio, in which she was joined by Madame Sainton and Mr. Reeves. A general rush was then made to see the unveiling of the statue, which, however, took place while there were yet some thousands in the building. Of the casting of the bronze we some time since gave an account; but there is much division of opinion as to the likeness, the diversity in the existing portraits and busts greatly tending to increase the difficulty of producing a correct resemblance. We have not yet seen anything that has done justice to the features of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy,—

* In addition, Mendelssohn's music of all others requires great attention, the exquisite light and shade, and wondrous delicacy of the accompaniments being unfitted for so very large a building as the Crystal Palace, where the broad massive effects of Handel are alone calculated to produce the desired impression.

nor do we think that this work will increase the correctness of notion as to the personal appearance of the great musician.

The patience of those who waited for the torchlight procession was sorely tried, as it was long after dusk before any symptoms were shown. When it did come, however, those who waited were more than amply gratified by the really fine effect produced by the moving lights which glimmered in the distance through the trees and shrubs like stars which had come on earth and lost their way. As they neared the spectator and stood round the large basins of the upper plateau, the fountains playing at the same time, loud shouts of applause burst forth, and all agreed that the sight was as beautiful as it was uncommon. When the bearers gathered round the statue, the torches were thrown into a heap, and by the lurid light the figure of him, in whose honour the crowds had assembled that day, stood out in strong relief, the whole forming a wonderfully impressive spectacle and appropriate conclusion of a day that will be long remembered by those who had the good fortune to assist at the brilliant inauguration of the Crystal Palace Season of 1860.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.

(*Continued.*)

THE circumstances by which the infancy of Madame Clara Novello was surrounded, were singularly propitious for the development, if not for the germination, of the true artistic spirit for elevation of the mind to the comprehension of lofty subjects, and thus for her qualification to the special position she holds as a singer of sacred music. We have dwelt at some length upon the associations of her childhood, because, however indirectly, these must have influenced her entire career, and thus constitute an essential, though perhaps an undesigned, portion of her intellectual education. It would have been of comparatively small value that she was gifted with a voice of such loveliness and power,—that her mind was prepared for the perception of the subtlest beauties in the art to which she was devoted,—had not her natural organ been brought, by training, so completely under control as to enable her fully to realise her own conceptions. In this respect her advantages were as great as in the other two; for her scholastic education was fully as fortunate as the general circumstances from which her mind received its first bias.

In 1824 her family was residing at Paris, where she received musical instruction from M. Fétis, at present director of the Brussels *Conservatoire*, author of the *Biographie Universelle de Musiciens*, together with many didactic works, and composer for the church and the theatre. M. Fétis was at that time professor in the *Conservatoire* of Paris. By his advice his young pupil became a candidate for admission into that institution, where instruction being entirely gratuitous, there is a limit to the number of students; and as vacancies arise they are filled up by the most promising candidates who may compete for the advantage. It was somewhat adventurous to bring forward a child of six years old to contend with girls of double or threefold her age, at an election in which physical and mental powers, voice and intellect, were the qualifications for success. Choran was the head of the department to which the friends of little Clara desired her to be admitted; and to this eminent master she was accordingly taken for examination. The piece chosen for the display of her ability was a *bravura* from Arne's *Artaxerxes*, "The Soldier tired." Time was, but is now no more, when this song was regarded as the infallible test of vocal proficiency in England; the pretensions of any singer were acknowledged who could pass the ordeal of the volleys of triplets she had to fire through in "The Soldier tired;" and whosoever ventured not to essay the voluble divisions of this proof of skill was classed derogatorily as a ballad singer, and esteemed accordingly. Twenty years having elapsed since *Artaxerxes*,—the only English opera which till then had held permanent ground through successive generations of singers and listeners,—has been witnessed on the stage, they whose memories extend not farther back have no chance of recollecting "The Soldier tired," except through the trumpet of Mr. Harper, whose remarkable execution, while it proves what he can do as a trumpeter, shows also how much (or how little) was expected of a *prima donna* in London, previous to the year 1840. Now "The Soldier tired" appears to have been admired in England alone; its merits, such as they are, and its elements of vocal display, such as we were wont to esteem them, escaped the appreciation of the Paris professor. This effort of the young aspirant failed to convince the commentator on Albrechtsberger of her precocious talent, and he required another specimen of her ability in a style with which he was more familiar. Clara, who was not to be discomfited by Choran's anti-Anglican predilections, now sang the "Agnus" from Mozart's Mass in F, in her performance of which she displayed such genuine musical feeling, and such singular promise, that she was unhesitatingly preferred over nineteen competitors. You may, if you will, suppose her success in this beautiful air to have been, in some degree, due to her life-long familiarity with ecclesiastical music, the practice of which constituted her father's chief professional avocation, since its style must have become, from constant association, as a second nature to her. You may, if you will (and, though not fatalists, our will must coincide with yours, if you be thus willing), regard this infantine triumph as an augury of the distinction as an interpreter of the greatest works of the first masters of sacred music, which the little girl, who had not then cut her wisdom teeth, was destined to attain.

Clara Novello's studies in the *Conservatoire* were principally directed to sacred music, in which her rapid progress won the admiration of all who witnessed it. Here we trace a cause, as we have just supposed a prognostic, of her excellence in that department of her art in which she will be especially missed when she retires from public life. Such was her early proficiency that she was soon capable of sustaining a part in the performances of the students; but as it was out of all propriety that so small a person should be ranked with her unproportionable associates, accordingly, as the only means to fit her to take her stand beside them, she took it on a stool, and thus was raised to an elevation of stature approximating to her elevation of talent. For six years she continued the course of instruction afforded by the *Conservatoire*, whence she derived that solid foundation in the principles of the vocal art which may well be supposed to have secured her first success and enabled her not only to maintain, but consolidate it. In 1830, however, occurred the famous July revolution, which, while it changed the dynasty, greatly disturbed the arrangements of all institutions dependent on the monarchy, and, among others, the *Conservatoire de Musique*. This fact, combined with other circumstances, induced the removal of Clara Novello to London, and here, in her native city, began a new epoch in her education.

(*To be continued*).

MENDELSSOHN AND BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY IN C MINOR.

A leaf from my Musical Diary.

THE Rhenish musical festival, celebrated at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1846, will be remembered with delight by those who were present, not only with regard to the selection of the masterpieces performed on the occasion, but also from the presence of two leading stars in the musical world of the 19th century—Mendelssohn as conductor, and Jenny Lind as prima donna.

One of the principal instrumental compositions performed at the festival was Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. In the third movement (the scherzo) of this symphony, Mendelssohn, to the surprise of the admirers of this chef-d'œuvre of Beethoven, cancelled two bars*, but nobody doubted, by the well-known veneration of Mendelssohn for Beethoven and his immortal genius, that a reason, not to be disputed, would be at the bottom, for cancelling these two bars alluded to.

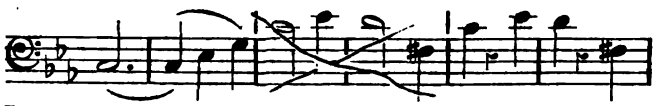
At that time, engaged as reporter for the well-known *Cologne Gazette*, I was present at the festival for the purpose of rendering the critical musical report, and felt it my duty, on behalf of a great number of Beethoven's admirers present, and the musical public at large, to address myself to Mendelssohn, to learn the reason why those two bars had been cancelled. Not long afterwards, through Mendelssohn's interference, and in consequence

* The 2nd and 3rd bar, page 108, in the score published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel, Leipzig; and in the French edition, page 98, the last, and page 99, the first bar. Paris, E. Girod.

of the above-mentioned interrogation, the publishers of the score of this symphony, Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel, inserted in the Leipzig *Musical Gazette*, July 1846, Nr. 27, the following communication:—

"In comparing the original manuscript of Beethoven's Symphony C minor with the one published by us, a *scruple* with regard to the 2nd and 3rd bar, page 108, has arisen. We have, therefore, been induced to look over the correspondence with Beethoven, and the following letter, dated August 21, 1810, will give the explanation on the subject. The subjoined part of Beethoven's letter in fac-simile relates to it."

Beethoven writes:—

"The following errors I find in the Symphony C minor, viz.: 3rd movement ♯ time, where after the major ♯♯♯ the minor commences again, standing as follows:

I take only the bass part; the two bars which are crossed are too much, and must be blotted out, and let it be well understood, also, in those parts which have rests."

The subject wants no further explanation. The mistake arose partly through the engraver, partly from the manuscript of Beethoven's score, from the reason that he intended, in this symphony, as in some of his others, to have repeated the minor parts three times, and the major parts only twice.

In the original score are those two bars which are crossed, figured with I, and the two following ones with II. This, and also the term "Si replica con trio allora II," which has been written with a red pencil on the top of the page, have been overlooked by the engraver.

The discovery and regulation of this error is the merit of Mendelssohn, to whom we are indebted; and but for him most likely we should have remained in the dark even to this day.

There is another error in the same symphony, in the first movement, and also in the symphony B flat,

" F major, Nr. 8,
" Pastorale,

which Schumann, Czerny, and other musical authorities have detected and revised, and of which I shall speak at a future time.

Dr. Ferdinand Rahles.

90 *St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park,*
May 1860.

MOZART AND JELIOTTE THE SINGER.*

The Duke de Rohan-Chabot possesses, in his magnificent château at Reuil, a dozen leagues from Paris, a small picture, forming part of a rich collection of family portraits.

It represents Mozart, as a child, seated at a harpsichord, in a saloon of the château de la Roche-Guyon, in Normandy, and formerly the property of the Duke de Rohan-Chabot. Mozart is playing or singing, and Jeliotte, the actor of the Opera, is accompanying him on the guitar; the Prince de Beauveau, in a scarlet surtout, and decorated with the blue *cordon*, is seated behind the young musician, reading, with a careless eye, a paper he holds in his left hand; the Chevalier de Laurency, a gentleman in the suite of the Prince de Conti, dressed in a black velvet coat, is standing behind the arm-chair in which Mozart is seated; the Prince de Conti is chatting with M. de Trudaine, the son of him for whom David painted his celebrated picture of the "Death of Socrates;" while Mdlle. Bargoty, in front of a group formed of the Maréchale de Mirepoix, Mme. de Viervelle, Mdlle. de Boufflers, afterwards Duchess de Lauzun, and the Prince de Henin, is making tea, though listening attentively at the same time to Mozart's beautiful playing. In another group we perceive M. Dupont de Velse, brother of M. d'Argental, the Countess of Egmont, senior, the Countess of Egmont junior, formerly Mdlle. de Richelieu, and the President Hénaut, seated on one side of the fireplace. The last group shows us the Countess de Boufflers standing before a table luxuriously laid out, and by her side the Count de Chabot, afterwards Duke de Rohan, talking to the Count de Jarnac, while the Marshal de Beauveau is pouring out a glass of wine for the Bailli de Chabrillant, who is opposite M. de Meyrond, the famous geometrician.

It is astonishing how these noble and intelligent faces appear to acknowledge the ascendancy of the young genius, who charms and captivates them! All eyes are fixed upon him; every one is listening to him with surprise and ecstacy. Even the family portraits let into the panels of the apartment seem to share the sensations of this brilliant audience.

The picture contains many illustrious heads, and many women celebrated for their birth as for their beauty. Yet that which rivets us, that which attracts and interests us more than aught besides, is the sublime child, not yet eight years old, and nevertheless the equal of the greatest masters.

Mozart is represented in an apple-green coat and knee-breeches. He is so small that his feet, which dangle in the air, scarcely reach below the fingerboard of his harpsichord. He has a round face, rosy lips, a broad projecting forehead, and a meditative eye, while his little powdered wig gives him quite an amusing magisterial air.

Up to the present time we know nothing more about Mozart's first visit to Paris than what is reported in the chronicles of the period. He performed three times; at Versailles before the king, the queen, and the court; and at two public concerts. This is all we knew; but respecting his relations with the society and artists of the period, nothing worth mentioning had reached us.

The picture which I have just sketched, as faithfully as I could, proves that Mozart went out visiting; that he played in private houses in Paris and the country; and that, when he was only seven years old, he had excited sufficient interest in Jeliotte, the celebrated singer of the Opera, to cause the latter to accept the modest post of his accompanyist.

As Jeliotte's name comes naturally under my pen, let me relate a few facts concerning him.

Jeliotte was born in the neighbourhood of Toulouse in 1711. Gentle, good-natured, and wearing on his countenance the serenity of happiness, he inspired others with it, while he enjoyed it himself. He was a man completely happy. In the first place a chorister, and then counter-tenor at Toulouse Cathedral, an excellent musician, and an adept on several instruments, he possessed a voice of incomparable beauty. His provincial fame reached the ears of the Prince de Carignan, Inspector-General of the Opera. Jeliotte was summoned to Paris, made his first appearance at once at the Opera, and passed through the ordeal with enthusiastic applause. From that moment he enjoyed the favour of the public, whose idol he was for twenty years. The audience trembled with delight when he appeared on the stage; they listened to him with intoxicating pleasure, and their applause was always ready when he concluded. His voice was full, admirable, sonorous, of a pleasing quality, and reaching, without the slightest effort, the highest notes of the counter-tenor.

Jeliotte was neither handsome nor well-made; but he had merely to sing and he was superb. It seemed as though he charmed the eye at the same time as the ear. Being a good musician, his talent cost him no trouble, and his profession was only a source of pleasure. Cherished and esteemed by his comrades, he led the life of a man of the world,—welcomed and longed for everywhere. At first, what people wanted was to hear his singing, and his complaisance in acceding to their wishes was as charming as his voice. He made it his especial study to pick out and learn our prettiest songs, which he gave to perfection, accompanying himself on the guitar. But people soon forgot in him the singer in their appreciation of him as an amiable man. His wit and obliging disposition procured him as many friends as he had numbered admirers: some belonged to the middle classes, while others moved in the very highest society. Invariably simple and modest, he accumulated, by his talent and the favours bestowed on him, a small fortune, which he employed in placing his family

* From the Brussels *Guide Musical.*

in comfortable circumstances. In the offices and private cabinets of the ministers he enjoyed considerable credit, which he employed in rendering most important services to persons in his native province, Languedoc, where, in return, he was adored.

His generosity proved most injurious to him; and he died at Paris, in 1782, in a state bordering on poverty, having no resources but his pension, which, luckily, could not be touched by his creditors. TORCHET.

MADAME SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT.*

ON the 10th November, 1859, the public journals brought news from Munich that Sophie Schroeder, at the age of nearly eighty years (her maiden name was Bürger, her first married name Stollmers) had excited such a jubilee by her recitation of Schiller's *Bell* as would have been possible to few of the younger notabilities of the stage. And now (February 9, 1860) we read of the decease, in Coburg, of her equally renowned daughter, Wilhelmina Schroeder-Devrient, by second marriage, Madame Bock. Five and twenty years younger then her mother, her shorter career was not less eventful, not less rich in triumphs. Born in 1805, at Hamburg, in her fifth year she figured on the stage in a ballet: thence she went with her mother to Vienna, where she first appeared as an actress at the age of fifteen, and in such parts as Alicia in *Phädra*, Louise in *Kabale und Liebe*, Beatrice in *Der Braut von Messina*, did honour to the teaching and example of her mother. At the same time she received musical instruction from Grünwald and Mozatti, and already, in the year 1821, turned her attention to opera. Emmeline in Weigl's *Swiss Family*, Maria in Grétry's *Blue Beard*, and Eleonore in *Fidelio*, were her first most prominent parts. If the story that it was she who first caused the world to recognise the power and beauty of Beethoven's opera is untrue, inasmuch as *Fidelio* had maintained its place in the *répertoire* of the Vienna Opera since 1816, it is true that in her study of the part of Eleonore, Wilhelmina Schroeder, at sixteen, *did* enjoy the personal instruction, and, by her performance, obtain the hearty applause of the composer. Thus equipped, she went first (in 1823) to Berlin; and thence to the Court Theatre at Dresden, with which she remained connected, notwithstanding her artistic tours, until her retirement from the stage (in 1848). Here she never tired of making progress in her art; but even when she had long shone as a model, she repeatedly began anew at the foundations, availing herself of the instructions of the celebrated singing-master, J. Miecksch. At Dresden she laid the foundation of her fame, which, after her journeys to Paris in 1830 and 1831, and to London in 1832, 1833, and 1837, spread over the greater part of cultivated Europe.

Should we undertake to recall all the parts in which Wilhelmina Schroeder appeared during a period of twenty-seven years, we should not wander far from the truth in maintaining that she represented *all* the leading characters in *all* the operas written and produced before and during her theatrical career. While she revealed to us the perennial freshness of Gluck, Grétry, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Spontini, she understood how, at the same time, to make Rossini and Bellini, Auber and Donizetti, Halevy and Meyerbeer exceedingly enjoyable; and any one who has admired her in German works of later times, — the operas of Weber, Spohr, Marschner, and Richard Wagner, — will find it hard to tell how much these masters owed to her, and how much she to them. We shall not see such another Armida, Iphigenia, Donna Anna, Fidelio, Euryanthe, Rebecca, or Adriana; we shall not see again that perfect harmony between composer and interpreter which we enjoyed in her creations. But perhaps the highest thing was the soul with which she quickened and ennobled weaker and even weak forms. To the end of her career she was on this account besieged by an uninterrupted series of artists, who, not knowing how to find the true and shortest way to glory, found it convenient to bespeak the mediation of the disinterested artiste. Schroeder-Devrient was always glad to help where she was able. Most glad when it would really serve the cause of Art. She had sincere joy in her art; for her it had nothing mechanical, nothing slovenly, nothing aiming at mere applause or gain. When she made pilgrimages to Paris, London, Vienna, and Berlin, it was no Barnum raid, but to test the correctness of her efforts before new and perhaps severer judges; not the desire to take her talents to richer markets. Hence we do not see her seeking an uncultivated public of backwoodsmen, but going to the places where all her great predecessors had been; where she found living rivals, where the public had seen and appreciated the highest and best. In fact, her artistic journeys were more productive of fame than of any material advantage.

The same zeal for Art she always showed towards other talents striving in the same direction. If it was not possible to carve, as she said, a Schroeder-Devrient out of every piece of wood, yet there were a great number of younger talents which she helped to develope, or at least carried along with her. We must not imagine her instruction to have been systematic schooling; lessons to be learned and said by rote. Where no real soul for art betrayed itself, where the capacity to understand and follow her was wanting, her influence could not of course avail; but where there glimmered any spark of native fire, she knew well how to quicken, sustain, and cause it to shine out. From Agnes Schebest to Johanna Wagner, a whole list of singers could be named, who, if just and candid, would ascribe the best they have ever done to her example and her teaching.

Her zeal for the aspirations of more recent composers has been alluded to. There has hardly been one of any importance who, living at the same time with her, did not seek her acquaintance, and, if deserving of it, win her friendship. She was one of the first to recognise Wagner; she belonged to that prophetic circle, who, not led astray either by the unmistakable excrescences in the first works of that master, or by the fault-finding criticism of the day, foretold the rising of a new star; she it was who in the parts of Adriano and of Senta, decided the victory. Nay, for the first representations of the *Tannhäuser*, she undertook the part of Venus. This was the last creation of her genius. The part in many respects was not suited to a woman of forty; but we shall not see such another Venus. It was her unmistakable enthusiasm that lent a colouring to her performance, which those presen never can forget, and which those who have only seen the opera without her, can never understand.

For all who knew her, there is and can be no description even remotely corresponding to the impression she left; and it is hardly possible for one who has *not* seen her, to form any conception of her performances. Who can *imagine* a Fidelio, who, with the first words she uttered seized upon every public, and in the prison scene moved even the actors on the stage to tears? or a Donna Anna, who, in the brief words of the introduction: "Padre mio!" thrilled every nerve of our being? or a Euryanthe, who could breathe an ecstacy of love into the duet: "Hin nimm die Seele mein?" who, if he has not seen or heard,—nay, if he has not *lived* it,—can form any idea of the cry with which Rebecca was wont to greet the trumpets of Ivanhoe.

We shall again see Clytemnestra rage, and Marie toy in *Blue Beard*, and perhaps an Emmeline smile amid tears; we shall often hear "Adelaide" and the "Erlkönig" sung, and again be thrilled by their imperishable beauty; but the highest enjoyment we shall feel in them can only be, that the singer falls not too far short of the ideal which has been realised for us once and cannot be again. Such identity of the artiste with her part, such faultless dramatic expression, such a union of splendid resources, of most highly cultivated singing with complete impersonation, we shall never witness again. The happy instinct with which Schroeder-Devrient saw and caught the spirit of every part, and the peculiar signification of its every moment, has often been a theme of wonder. This was native to her. But the reason of it was, that she had perfected her taste to the finest degree, and was never weary of probing the task set before her, and never ceased to study it until she had found its truest expression.

As Schroeder-Devrient was always great and noble in her performances, so she always set herself the highest tasks in her art. Thus she worked for her own time, and her name will live for ever.

* From the *Leipzig Zeitung*.

Concerts.

Sacred Harmonic Society. — The series of Subscription Concerts was continued on Friday the 18th, with Haydn's *Creation*. The work, by far the lightest in the *repertoire* of the Society, was, generally speaking, well performed. The band executed the Overture ("Chaos") in admirable style. The accompaniments were likewise worthy of commendation. The chorus showed their familiarity with the work, and were steady and correct as usual. We may except the vocalised passages in the last piece, "Praise the Lord, ye voices all," the only phrases of the kind in the work which were sung incorrectly.

The soprano solo was undertaken, for the first time, by Miss Parepa, who did herself infinite credit. Indeed, the part suits her better than any sacred *rôle* she has attempted. "On mighty pens" was particularly effective, the ascending passages being delivered with accuracy and brilliancy of tone. Mr. Sims Reeves was never more favourably heard than in "In native worth." The purity of his singing is exceeded by none of his contemporaries; while he renders this (and many other airs) with a manliness which is all his own. Signor Belletti had not quite recovered from his recent indisposition. He took infinite pains, however, with his music, and, in "Rolling in foaming billows," created a marked sensation. The room was crowded in every part.

Philharmonic Concerts.—The programme of the fourth concert on Monday last was unusually rich in material, and attracted a very large audience to the Hanover Square Rooms:—

Part I.

Overture — Scherzo — Song with Chorus, "You spotted snakes," (Miss Augusta Thomson and Mdlle. Jenny Meyer) — Notturno, March, and Final Chorus ("A Midsummer Night's Dream")	Mendelssohn
Air, "Du village voisin," Madame Rieder ("Le Serment")	Auber
Concerto, Violin, No. 8, Herr Kömpel (Scena Cantante)	Spohr
Recit. and Air "Nur einen Wunsch, nur ein Verlangen" ("Iphigenie in Tauris") — Mdlle. Jenny Meyer	Gluck
Overture, "Anacreon"	Cherubini

Part II.

Sinfonia in F, No. 8	Beethoven
Scena, "Ah me! he comes not," Miss Augusta Thomson ("Fair Rosamond")	Barnett
Trio, Madame Rieder, Miss Augusta Thomson and Mdlle. Jenny Meyer ("Azor and Zemira") ...	Spohr
Overture, "Zauberflöte"	Mozart

Conductor — Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

We must criticise the performance in our next. At present it is enough to say that the new violinist, Herr Kömpel, was deservedly successful; and that Mendelssohn's *Scherzo* was played to perfection and encored.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Edward Land, will give their 100th performance of glees, madrigals, and old ballads on Friday next, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration,—a very gratifying proof that the public are appreciating more and more this delightful style of vocal music.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. — The Concert on Wednesday last, the fifth of the season, was quite up to the standard which Mr. Leslie seems to have set up, and above which he will not go on any account. Glees, madrigals, and part-songs sung in a style nearly approaching perfection will always command an audience; but the interpolation of indifferent fantasias on operatic airs is simply distasteful to the musical public, whose opinion neither Mr. Leslie nor anyone else can afford to despise. Last season we had sonatas, pianoforte and violin, and pianoforte and violoncello and other works of equal importance. This matter should be looked to. The motett of Hauptmann, "Source of all power and light," Wilbye's madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," "Hear my prayer" (Mendelssohn), trio canone, "Placido Seffiretto" (Cherubini), were the noticeable features. A vocal duet, and a four-part song, by Mr. Henry Leslie, were sung with much effect. Both compositions are agreeable and well written.

Madame Puzzi's Concert.—A large and fashionable assembly attended the annual concert of Madame Puzzi, which came off at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday morning. The programme was more than usually varied. The artists included Mesdames Borghi-Mamo, Lemmens-Sherrington, Parepa, Rudersdorff, Everardi, Lemaire, and Rieder; Signors Mariano Neri, Solieri, Ciabatta, Dragone, M. Désprèt, and Mr. Patey, vocalists; and M. Leopold de Meyer (piano) and Signor Pezze (violoncello), instrumentalists. The special feature of the concert (to quote the *Morning Post*) "was the first appearance this season of the great 'lion-pianist,' Leopold de Meyer, who executed a new *fantasia* on original themes, of his own composition, with extraordinary effect. We never heard him play with more brilliancy, power, delicacy, and finish." Being unanimously encored, he returned to the instrument and repeated the last half of the *fantasia*.

The Neapolitan air and variations, introduced by Madame Borghi-Mamo in the lesson scene of the *Barbiere*, and sung by the same lady on the present occasion, was the most brilliant vocal display of the concert. The fine duo, "No, Matilda," from Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*, was admirably given by Mdlle. Parepa and Madame Borghi-Mamo. Madame Everardi, wife of the eminent barytone, in the cavatina, "D'amor sull' ali," from the *Trovatore*, displayed a voice of nice quality, and a good style and method. Two compositions by Signor Giuglini, a duet sung by Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Borghi-Mamo, and a chorus by the entire company, were introduced. The rest of the performance calls for no particular remark.

Monday Popular Concerts. — Out of eight pieces in a programme devoted to various masters, no less than five were heard for the first time at the concert of Monday last. This looks well, as it shows that the continued success attendant on these interesting series has not made the directors indifferent or content (as is too often the case) to fall back upon works with which the public are now, thanks to them in a great measure, tolerably familiar. Nor is it alone in the construction of their scheme that the effects of judicious management are shown: not only fresh pieces but fresh artists are heard. This season we have had Her Becker, a valuable addition to the ranks of our classical violinists; and now a (comparatively) new pianist, Her Lubeck, is introduced.

The instrumental novelties comprised two quartets,—Mozart's in D minor, and Beethoven's in F minor; both played to perfection by Messrs. Sainton, Goffrie, Doyle, and Piatti: Mendelssohn's trio in C minor (No. 2), in which the first and last named gentlemen were joined by Herr Lubeck, who also gave Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor, best known as the Moonlight Sonata.

The remaining novelty was the "Sleep song" from Auber's *Masaniello*, given with the utmost delicacy of expression by Mr. Sims Reeves, who also contributed Rossini's *barcarolle*, "La Gita in Gondola," in such a manner as to elicit an encore, which it was impossible to resist. To Mr. Santley for his admirable rendering of Vincent Wallace's capital song, "The Bell Ringer," a like compliment was deservedly paid, and much applause was earned by the said gentleman in Mr. J. W. Davison's "Rough Wind that moanest loud." Mr. Benedict as usual accompanied the vocal music with consummate ability.

On Monday next—an Italian night—Miss Arabella Goddard, Miss Laura Baxter, Mlle. Parepa, Herr Becker, &c., will appear. The selection (except one air repeated by desire) will be entirely new.

Swansea.—The Jullien Concert came off on Monday evening at the Guildhall, under the patronage of the Mayor. Considering the benevolent object in view, namely, to aid the fund on behalf of M. Jullien's widow and family, who have been left totally unprovided for, the attendance was not so large as we anticipated. Sufficient, however, we hope, has been realised to enable the promoters to transmit a substantial sum to the fund. The following artistes kindly gave their services on the occasion:—Madame Endersohn, the last vocalist who accompanied the great maestro on his tour through England; Miss Evans, of Newport; Miss Harrison; Miss Pincott; Mr. Merrick, of the Bristol Cathedral; Mr. W. Bowen, and the members of the Swansea

Musical Union, led by Mons. F. Ternon. Dr. Wastfield, Dr. Denning, and Mr. Fricker, also kindly gave their services. The concert opened with Auber's overture, *Masaniello*. Madame Enderssohn sang Donizetti's aria, "L'Amor Suo," Hadyn's Canzonet, "She never told her love," "Home, sweet Home," and M. Enderssohn's "Only in jest." We were much pleased with Miss Rachel Evans' pianoforte solos. She was loudly encored. Miss Harrison sang Meyerbeer's "Robert toi qui j'aime," and Wallace's "Gentle Troubadour." Mr. Merrick, of the Bristol Cathedral, sang. Mr. Bowen and Miss Pincott assisted as amateurs. The former sang "Good Rhein Wine" with much spirit, and was encored. Miss Pincott received a similar compliment. Dr. Wastfield and Dr. Denning conducted.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This evening, Saturday, May 26, second night of SEMIRAMIDE.—TITIENS, ALBONI, BELART, VIALETTI, and EVERARDI. On Monday, May 28, Grand Extra Night, IL DON GIOVANNI. On Tuesday, May 29, IL TROVATORE.—TITIENS, ALBONI, ALDIGHIERI, VIALETTI, and GIUGLINI. On Thursday, May 31, Rossini's Opera of SEMIRAMIDE.—TITIENS, ALBONI, BELART, VIALETTI, and EVERARDI. On Saturday, June 2, first night of ERNANI.—First appearance of Mdlle. LOTTI DELLA SANTA. Conductor—Signor ARDITI. To conclude each evening with the new ballet of SCINTILLA, in which Mdlle. POCCHINI and M. DURAND will appear. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from 10 to 6.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Second Night of Semiramide.—TITIENS, ALBONI, VIALETTI, EVERARDI, BELART.—This Evening (Saturday, May 26) will be performed Rossini's Opera of SEMIRAMIDE. Semiramide, Mlle. TITIENS (her second appearance in that character); Arsace, Madame ALBONI; Oroe, Signor VIALETTI; Idreno, Signor BELART; and Assur, Signor EVERARDI. Conductor, Signor ARDITI. To conclude with the first tableau of the new and admired Ballet of SCINTILLA, in which Mlle. POCCHINI, Mlle. MOLACCHI, and M. DURAND, will sustain the principal characters. Pit tickets, 3s. 6d.; Gallery stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 3s. The Opera will commence at 8 o'clock.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—First Appearance of Mdlle. DIDIEE.

This evening, May 26th, will be performed, for the first time this season, Rossini's Opera LA GAZZA LADRA.

Principal characters by Madame Penco, Madame Tagliafico, Mdlle. Didiée, Signor Ronconi, M. Faure, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Lucchesi, Signor Polonini, Signor Rossi, Signor Gardoni.

At the conclusion of the Opera, the New Floral Hall will be illuminated. The Band of the Coldstream Guards will perform until Twelve o'clock, by permission of Colonel Newton. Each Visitor to the Boxes, Pit Stalls, or Pit, will have the privilege of entrée, free of extra charge. Carriages can take up at the Bow Street entrance of the Floral Hall.

EXTRA NIGHT NEXT MONDAY.

On Monday next, May 28th, will be performed for the third time this season Rossini's Opera IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

Principal characters by Madame Miolan-Carvalho, Madame Tagliafico. Signor Ronconi, M. Zelger, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Lucchesi, Signor Rossi, Signor Mario.

After which (second time) a New Ballet Divertissement, arranged by M. Desplaces, entitled LES AMOURS DE DIANE.

The Music arranged by M. Nadaud. Supported by Mdlle. Zina, Mdlles. Espar, Maraquita, Mulot, and Laure, Mr. W. H. Payne, and M. Desplaces.

On Tuesday next, May 29th, will be repeated Rossini's Opera LA GAZZA LADRA.

After which the New Ballet Divertissement LES AMOURS DE DIANE.

NEW FLORAL HALL.—A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the New Floral Hall, on Wednesday next, May 30. To commence at Two o'clock. Supported by the following eminent Artists, Mesdames GRISI, ROSA CSILLAG, DIDIER, CORBARI, PENCO, MIOLAN-CARVALHO, Signori MARIO, GRAZIANI, FAURE, NERI-BARALDI, POLONINI, ZELGER, TAGLIAFICO, GARDONI, RONCONI. Also the Band and Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. Extra Night, not included in the Subscription, on Thursday next, May 31st, will be performed (for the third time this season), Verdi's Opera, IL TROVATORE, with the following powerful cast, Madame GRISI, Mlle. ROSA CSILLAG, Madame TAGLIAFICO, Signors GRAZIANI, TAGLIAFICO, LUCCHESI, ROSSI, and MARIO. Conductor, Mr. COSTA. Doors open at 8, commence at half-past. Pit, 7s.; Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in consonance with the wishes of the deceased had it been permitted him to express them, viz. to the relief of his Widow and Family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

Mr. John Mitchell; Mr. W. R. Sams; Mr. Thomas Chappell; Mr. W. Duncan Davison; Mr. Robert K. Bowley; and Mr. Jules Benedict.

Honorary Treasurers.

Mr. John Mitchell, 33 Old Bond Street; Mr. Thomas Chappell, 50 New Bond Street; and Mr. W. R. Sams, 1 St. James's Street.

Bankers.

Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Heywood, Kennards, & Co., Lombard Street; London and County Bank, Hanover Square; who, as well as the Honorary Treasurers, have kindly consented to receive subscriptions.

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Books to receive names are now placed at Mr. Hammond's (late Jullien's), 214 Regent Street; Messrs. Cramer's, 201 Regent Street; Messrs. Bailey Brothers, Cornhill; Messrs. Parkins & Gotto's, 24 Oxford Street; Mr. Pask's, Lowther Arcade; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; Mr. Bignell's, Argyll Rooms; Deposit Bank, Leicester Square; Sunday Times Office; Messrs. Boosey & Sons, Holles Street; Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street; and at the principal Music Shops throughout the country.

Death.

May 7th, at his residence, Hillfield Cottage, Gloucester, FRANCIS EDWARD ANDRÉ, Esq., aged 64, for many years Serpent Player in his Majesty George the Fourth's Private Band (which he entered in the year 1802).

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860.

HANDEL'S *Israel in Egypt*, recently performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall, attracted the most numerous audience of the season. This masterpiece, which stands at the very pinnacle of the art, and is perhaps the most transcendent example of choral writing

extant, has for some years—especially since the Handel commemoration of 1857—held a place in public regard not inferior to that which the *Messiah* has maintained for more than a century. It is no longer considered laboured and dry; the choruses are no longer reproached for their profusion, uninterrupted succession, and extreme difficulty; the vocal solos, airs, and duets no longer accounted inexpressive, or too few. All such criticism is consigned to oblivion; and were it to arise again from the dust, and appeal to the judges and amateurs of the present hour, it would be welcomed with derisive sneers by the musical community at large.

A contemporary has insinuated that Mendelssohn's preface to the edition of *Israel in Egypt*, prepared for the Handel Society, had some hand in establishing this admirable reform. This is more than probable. When such a man approaches the text with religious veneration, and even offers an apology for the organ part added by himself, —not in the hope of supplying what Handel left unwritten, but as a guide to the generality of organists,—it would be indiscreet on the part of any other to meddle with the score, which, while restoring to its original purity, Mendelssohn pronounced "one of the greatest and most lasting works." Happily the best conductors of our time are of a mind with Mendelssohn, and will not suffer a single bar to be interpolated, to which reserve, we firmly believe, may be traced the ever-increasing popularity of *Israel in Egypt*.

The songs and duets introduced by Professor Taylor broke the chain of miracle choruses, interrupted the dramatic interest of the musical description, and disturbed the clear and masterly design, which made one great whole of this unequalled inspiration. Much the same result, indeed, accrued from the officious meddling of Nahum Tate with *King Lear*, Dryden with *The Tempest*, Thomson with *Coriolanus*, Colley Cibber with *Richard the Third*, Garrick with *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* — "*cum multis aliis*." But the uncompromising principle of Mr. Macready cleansed the Augean stable, and restored the drama of Shakspere to its pristine vigour. What Mendelssohn did for Handel, Macready did for Shakspere. Why should not Mr. Costa stir up the half-extinguished embers of the opera, and, like his great contemporaries, earn the name of a reformer, by restoring Mozart, and giving us *Don Giovanni* as the immortal composer wrote it? Were he to do this, it would ensure him a niche in the Temple of the Unforgotten.

An opinion of *Israel in Egypt*, as now usually performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society, may be briefly expressed. The choruses, with the exception of three, are almost invariably executed in such a manner as to reduce to a sinecure the office of the critic, who waits in vain for defects whereon to exercise the eloquence of reproach. The exceptions, however, are grave exceptions. It is true that "He sent a thick darkness" is rarely sung in tune; but is that a reason why it should never be sung in tune? Did Handel write under each separate part, *Please sing out of tune?* Assuredly not. Inasmuch, then, as singing in tune is allowed to be possible by the most noted professors of the art, who even urge it on the student's attention, as the indispensable point to which his industry should be directed, and in default of which the emission of vocal sounds becomes no better than an unpleasant noise, it is the duty of conductors to enforce it with the whole weight of their authority. Sung throughout *in tune*, the sublime chorus, "He sent a thick darkness," would be both more intelligible and more impressive.

Again,—it is true that the chorus, "With the blast of thy nostrils," is elaborate and difficult, and for this reason is rarely given to perfection. But if a chorus, because elaborate and difficult, may be passed over with as little care as a chorus which is unelaborate and easy, of what use is the custom of rehearsals, and of what advantage an experienced "bâton?" Our conductors have it in their power, and should exert their authority, to obtain that precision for "With the blast of thy nostrils" which has hitherto been wanting; and until achieved, the result upon which Handel calculated must remain a dead letter. Granted there are three distinct subjects in this chorus treated both separately and in combination; but Handel intended them all three to be heard, which he knew was possible, or would not have planned it so. The effect is evident enough upon the pianoforte, and there is no reason why it should not be equally so in the choral-orchestra.

Again,—it is true that the chorus, "The people shall hear," the most prodigious in the whole series, has suffered, time out of mind, from the same indecision. Here, indeed, severe discipline is even more necessary than in the others. The confusion of minor and major chords and scales, to which we are accustomed in the execution of this chorus, is nothing short of torture to delicate ears; and yet, with perseverance, a satisfactory performance might be achieved, or (we repeat) Handel would not have written it. The contemporary, already alluded to, advises Mr. Costa, on the next occasion, to call a special rehearsal for the two last of these choruses. We join in the recommendation; suggesting the addition of "He sent a thick darkness," and "He smote all the first-born of Egypt."

A model performance of *Israel in Egypt* would be as welcome as a model performance of *Don Giovanni*, or of *Fidelio*. All these are yet to be accomplished. We have heard the *Messiah* and *Elijah* to perfection, but not *Israel*; we have witnessed *Guillaume Tell* and *Der Freischütz* and *Masaniello* without once being incited to criticism, but never *Fidelio*, nor *Don Juan*.

THERE are several *Don Juans*. Not only are there the *Don Juan* of Torso de Molina, the *Don Juan* of Molière, and the *Don Juan* of Mozart, but in the Don Juan legends of Spain there are half a dozen Don Juans of different forms and shades of profligacy, of whom the two most celebrated are the Don Juan de Marana and the Don Juan de Tenorio. Don Juan de Marana, after corrupting his friend's mistress and murdering his friend; after gambling away the money entrusted to him by a dying soldier on the field of battle, to be given to his orphan family; after having seduced women into breaking every vow woman could make to man; felt that it still remained to him to corrupt a spiritual bride—a nun, who had sworn to love but heaven. Is it not written in the legendary literature of Spain, how, by the mere power of his eye he fascinated an unhappy novice, as a rattlesnake fascinates a bird? How, after the service in the Seville Cathedral was at an end, he thrust a letter through the bars of the cage which held his victim; through the *grille* which separated the altar from the corridors of the convent, and behind which abbess and nuns knelt (and prayed when there was no Don Juan to trouble them) during mass? How the trembling girl met him in the convent garden; and how in visiting her he well nigh lost his life; and how, weak and fainting from loss of blood, he fell into a fever, and in his delirium saw his own funeral, and was told by the hundred monks who followed it that they were indeed praying for the soul of the great

sinner, Don Juan de Marana; upon which he became converted and "*étant vieux se fit ermite?*"

This is not the Don Juan for us. Better by far is the Don Juan of Molière, who *pretends* to be converted, and crowns his criminal career with hypocrisy, at the same time calling his valet to bear witness that he is the same Don Juan he has always been; "*ne craignant ni Dieu, ni diable, ni loup garou.*" This is the Don Juan de Tenorio who asked the statue of the murdered commandant to sup with him; who was not alarmed when the statue, with that punctuality which is the politeness of ghosts, made his appearance in the supper-room, but who, having given his hand—brave and defiant to the last—to the marble guest, felt suddenly the fire of hell in his veins, and was dragged down by his visitor to the regions of eternal torment (in which, by the way, if he had not deserved the assassin's blow he could scarcely have been a resident). This, we need hardly say, is also the Don Juan of Mozart's immortal opera, and probably it was the fact of the original Juan's surname having been *Tenorio* that suggested to the manager of the Royal Italian Opera the propriety of entrusting the part to Signor Mario, rather than to some barytone.

However that may be, nothing can be clearer than that in representing the story of Don Juan (de Ferrario) it is essential that the statue of the Commandant should be invited to supper, that he should accept the invitation, and that he should ultimately take his irreverent host away to sup with him in the midst of blue fire. Talk of omitting the part of Hamlet in a representation of *Hamlet*? That would be as nothing compared with the omission of the statue of the Commandant from a performance of *Don Juan*. Mr. Buckstone, of facetious notoriety, tells a story of an American theologian and preacher who founded a religion which hopelessly and ignominiously failed because he attempted to carry it on with the assistance of an evil spirit. Well, *Don Giovanni*, last Thursday, at Her Majesty's Theatre, was like the religion of the poor insane American divine mentioned by Mr. Buckstone, except in this respect, that the opera did not fail — not in a musical sense at least; but the legend was utterly spoiled, the moral entirely lost, from the simple fact that the statue of the Commandant came, saw, actually shook hands with "Don Juan," and then *went away with him!* It is absurd to see "Don Juan" carried off by a host of imps; it is absurd to see the last scene terminated (as on Tuesday night, at Her Majesty's Theatre) by a display of fireworks; but most absurd of all is it to see "Don Juan" left quietly to himself after the ghostly commandant has had a few minutes' conversation with him.

If the statue of the Commandant was not sure to come for us at last, who that had the power would not be a Don Juan? The author who translated the drama of *Punch* understood this. In the original version of that wonderful composition, Punch, after killing every one else, actually kills Satan. What does he do then? He simply and naturally exclaims: "The devil is dead; we can now all do as we like." To teach our modern Don Juans the impossibility of any such course of conduct, we entreat Mr. E. T. Smith to restore the descent of Don Juan into the abyss.

THIS time the report is but too true;—we have lost our Albert Smith. That portion of light pleasantry that made the Egyptian Hall so cheerful has ceased to play. The travelled Brown rests at his journey's end; the engineer's narghilhe pipe is out. For many years to come Mont Blanc will be regarded as a centre of melancholy thoughts, and we shall not care often to reflect on the Feast of Lanterns. London has sustained an irreparable loss. A species of entertainment has perished with Albert Smith that no other person can be expected to revive.

Albert Smith was distinctly the inventor of the medley lecture which for several years has been connected with his name. All the other "entertainments" are more or less modifications of the old "Mathews at Home" adapted to modern usages,—all more or less monodramas in which the theatrical element is conspicuous; unless, indeed, as in the case of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed, where two persons appear, the performance becomes absolutely dramatic. The characters embodied in these entertainments are of an abstract kind, assumed to be types of real life, but in point of fact much more like stage conventions. Now with Albert Smith the narrative element decidedly predominated. He was the traveller describing his own journey, and as he always regarded the various objects from his own point of view, he had much of that freshness of which we find a classical type in the Muses of Herodotus. That depreciation of "high art" which has done so much mischief among the smatterers of the day, who think they look fine when they despise what their fathers have admired, was less offensive in him than in any of his followers. It was an honest expression of dislike for that which he really did not admire, not an affected humour put on for the sake of exciting surprise. The personages whom he so inimitably represented, far from being abstractions, exhibited just as much of their idiosyncracies as could readily be displayed by any loquacious individual in a railway carriage or a packet, and were never intended to stand as entire humanities. That immortal engineer with his grievances, for instance, was shown on his colloquial side, under circumstances that would bring the colloquial side forward, and had no affinity to those traditional aldermen who bawled for turtle in the midst of their tea and toast.

The charm of Albert Smith's delivery can never be described to those who have not actually heard him. It was natural, fluent, glib, and so utterly unaffected, that he might be charged with carelessness rather than with a desire to create a sensation. His old experiences of travel seemed to come upon him again, and his hearers were delighted when they found how those experiences accorded with their own. The plenitude of physical comfort in which they were placed disposed them to be in a good humour, and in this amiable disposition they were all maintained by the unceasing affability of the lecturer.

Laying no claim to the character of a musical artist, and endowed with a weak organ, Albert Smith had nevertheless as much vocal proficiency as was required for his purpose, and no one better understood the art of making pleasant phrases effective, by associating them with a telling tune. The faculty of rapid articulation, common among Italians, which was marvellously displayed in his so-called "patter songs," he shared with few compatriots. Indeed we do not know where we should find equal volubility in any living Englishman besides Charles Mathews.

There is another merit of Albert Smith which should never be forgotten, and that is his wonderful mastery over English versification. He could neatly and humorously treat of any subject in any measure, and his songs, smart and pointed throughout, never seemed to be disfigured by a forced or feeble line. His talent, in this respect, was perpetually exercised by his *Galignani's Messenger*, which was so varied as to contain facetious allusions to the prevailing

topics of the day. Albert Smith's entertainment, in fact, was the complete expression of Albert Smith himself,—the vehicle for all his thoughts, sentiments, and opinions; and on this account he might be likened to those old-fashioned divines, whose discourses were not only the sermons, but likewise the newspapers and the political instructors of the congregation.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—We understand that M. Fechter, an Englishman by birth and education, and in his own particular department the very best actor on the French stage, is engaged at the Princess's Theatre, and will make his first appearance in October next, most probably in an English version of "*Ruy Blas*."

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.—It is rumoured in London that this celebrated pianist and composer died suddenly a few days since, at Leipsic. We have no direct information which can enable us to vouch for the truth of the report, but trust that it may prove to have been without foundation.

SIG. CORDIGIANI.—The death of this graceful composer has added another to the list of notable persons whose loss the art has to regret.

HERR RUDOLPH SCHACHNER, whose death is announced in the *Guide Musical* (of Brussels), is happily for his friends and admirers alive and well.

NEW ARRIVALS.—Among the recent arrivals from the Continent are Master Dencke, a pianist of twelve years old, of whom Joseph Joachim writes to a friend in the following terms:—"He is a thoughtful modest youth, and for his age a remarkable executant on the piano. Recommend him to those among our friends who are sure to take an interest in him when they have once heard him." Another pianist—Herr Joseph Wieniawski (brother of the violinist) is also on a visit to London.

THE ORGANISTSHIP AT THE LEEDS PROVINCIAL TOWN HALL. *From our Correspondent.*—The time allotted for applications to be sent in to the Leeds Town Council for the situation of Organist at the Town Hall having expired, the Committee met on Wednesday to take further proceedings. There were twenty-two applications, and these having been examined with their accompanying testimonials, the Committee reduced the candidates to seven, viz.: Mr. Hilton, Manchester; Mr. William Spark, Leeds; Mr. James Broughton, Leeds; Mr. Walter Parratt, Huddersfield; Mr. George Hepworth, Mecklenburg-Schwerin; Mr. Oldham, London; and Mr. James Taylor, Gloucester. The Committee will probably again meet on Wednesday next, when the three judges will be selected, before whom the abilities of the competing candidates will be tested.

Letters to the Editor.

MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF THE CHORD OF THE DOMINANT 7th.

SIR,—In my last (*Musical World*, April 21st) it will be seen that the sounds of the primary major chords of any three adjacent systems of sounds (see *Musical World*, January 28th) form a major scale or key, the root or tonic of which is the basis of the central system. Now it is necessary to be observed, that the sounds of these primary chords in *any two adjacent systems only* could not of themselves decide the key, for in this case, as there would be no *central* basis, so the root or tonic would be indeterminate. Thus, for instance, in the two adjacent systems having the primary bases G and C, the sounds of the primary chords belong equally to the keys of which either basis is the tonic, that is, to either mode formed by the three systems D G C or G C F, in other words, the sounds G B D and C E G belong equally to the scale of G and the scale of C, therefore from these sounds alone, the scale, or key, could not be determined. On the contrary, if we take the sounds G B D and F A C, which are those of the primary chords of the *two extreme systems*, G and F of the mode C, then the tonic C, which is the basis of the intermediate, or central, system is at once pointed out; these sounds also, taken collectively, belonging to the key of C and *not to any other*, that key is immediately indicated; moreover, as shown in my last, the sound G, the basis of one of these two systems, as dominant leads downwards a 5th, or upwards a 4th, to C, the root of the mode, or tonic of the key, so also the F, the basis of the other system, which, with regard to its position and influence in the mode, would be correctly termed an *inverted dominant*, or sub-dominant, and on this account act in the opposite direction, leads upwards a 5th or downwards a 4th, to the unit sound C, again to the tonic of the key; when, therefore, we introduce the primary basis F in combination with the major chord of G, we have the sounds of the two extreme systems, both of which in combination lead to the key of C. The sound F in this chord thus becomes the modulus of the system of which it is the primary basis, and the primary chord, the chord of the modulus, both leading to the sounds and harmonies of that system, as contained in the derivative chords, which thus become the chords of the resolution, all the sounds of which belong to the keys of which C is the tonic. It is evident that the discord must resolve *upon these harmonies only*, for the dominant G leads to C, the root of the mode, which is also the unit sound of the system F, and, with the exception of the chord of the modulus (which cannot also become the chord of its resolution—it cannot fall upon itself), all the harmonies into which C enters as the unit sound, are contained in the derivative chords of the system F. From this it is clear that the primary basis F, which is also the fourth sound in the scale of C, is the *true 7th* of the major chord of G, and this is correctly called the chord of the dominant 7th. Also, as the chords of the 9th, 11th, and 13th are merely variations of this chord (as pointed out in my letter, *Musical World*, January 28th), it is therefore the fundamental principle of all modulations, as it contains the primary sounds of the two extreme systems of the mode, which of any two, are those only which can determine the key.

By some theorists this 7th has been called a *fundamental 7th*, because it was supposed to be the sound derived directly as an harmonic from a principal sound as generator, or, which is the same thing, from the division of a musical string, or monochord, into seven equal parts; but this is incorrect; for suppose a musical string whose length is unity, giving the sound G, then $\frac{1}{7}$ of this length would give the fundamental 7th, and the ratio of its vibrations would be $\frac{7}{1}$, but the ratio of the dominant 7th is $\frac{16}{9}$, and their comparative ratios 63-64, therefore the fundamental 7th is flatter in pitch than the dominant 7th in this proportion, but the dominant 7th F is the true 4th of the scale of C, consequently the fundamental 7th, which forms no part of the same scale, cannot be a sound leading to that scale, that is, it cannot give an impression of any of those sounds; moreover, it being an harmonic of G, it is not a sound *leading from* but one *leading to* that basis. Also, if unity represent the length of string giving the sound G, no harmonic whatever of this sound, that is, no aliquot division of this string can give F the true dominant 7th in any of its octaves; for as the ratio of the vibrations of any harmonic must always have some integral power of 2 for its second term, it is evident that no harmonic can exactly correspond with the dominant 7th whose ratio being $\frac{16}{9}$ its second term must be always 9 times some power of 2; and as 9, which is an odd number, can form no integral power of an even number, such as 2, therefore no aliquot division of the string sounding G can give F the dominant 7th. It is true from the generator G we can find an harmonic as near as we please to this F, but not the exact sound; in this sense the dominant 7th may be considered as the limit of an infinite series of converging harmonic ratios of which the fundamental 7th may be taken as the first term. Again, although the F is no harmonic of G, we cannot say the same of these sounds reciprocally, for if we further examine the ratio of F to G, which is $\frac{16}{9}$, we find that 16, which is the 4th power of 2, is the *first term* of the ratio, *not the second*, so that the ratio appears in the form of an inverted, or negative harmonic; therefore we must interpret it as we would a negative quantity in algebra, which has exactly the opposite meaning of a positive quantity. In this case it shows that F is not an harmonic of G, but that G is an harmonic of F, and this is evidently true, for if we reduce the ratio $\frac{16}{9}$ to its lowest octave, it is $\frac{9}{8}$, and the length of string necessary to produce this sound F is $\frac{8}{9}$, or 9, that is, 9 times the length of the one giving the sound G, consequently, G being produced from the division of the string sounding F, into 9 equal parts, is an harmonic of that sound. As regards the manner of the resolution of the chord of the dominant 7th, it is easy to show that the natural progression of the sounds individually, is to the nearest sounds of that derivative chord, to which we may choose to proceed; but this is again affected by another law, which we may call the "equilibrium of concordant sounds," depending upon the same sure scientific basis which I may hereafter explain.—I remain, Sir,

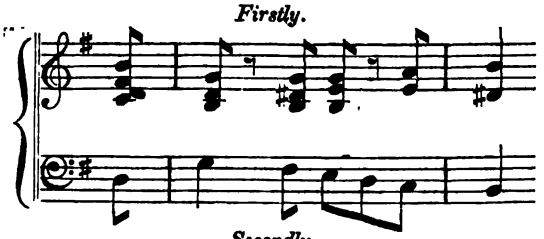
Yours truly,

W. W. PARKINSON.

Chesham Hill, Manchester,
April 25th, 1860.

"THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS."

Sir,—In your notice of my song, "The Sea hath its Pearls," which appeared in last Saturday's number of the *Musical World*, I see you have taken some misprints for "violations of good harmony." I beg to submit the following passages, which were in the orchestral score (written about twelve months before the song was published), which will, I hope, partly exonerate me from the charge of such gross mistakes.

Firstly.

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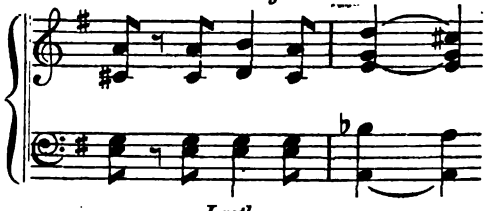
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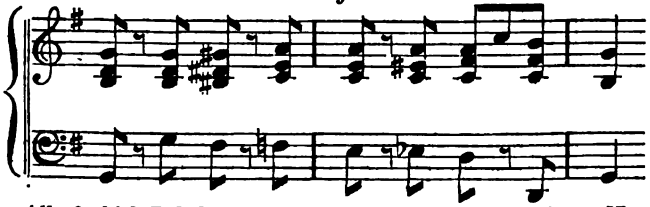
All of which I shall correct as above in the next printing. Not having looked carefully over it, I was not aware of the mistakes. I herewith send you a corrected copy, and remain,

Sir, yours respectfully,

T. Scotson Clark.

40 *Union Grove, Wandsworth Road.*
April 30.

[The *un*corrected copy is better than the corrected one.—Ed.]

GRUMBLINGS.

Mr. Editor,—As grumbling is John Bull's prerogative, I often find myself indulging in sundry discontented notions, when I think of "the days that are gone," as regards musical affairs, considering that in some points we have retrograded.

We are entering on another "season," as the migratory influx at this time is termed. We shall have the usual round of concerts, two, and sometimes three, being crowded into one day. Now have you any interest, direct or indirect, with the *beneficiaires* or those who assist them? If so, can you prevail upon them to infuse a little novelty into their programmes. and then regular concert goers will not listen with such apathy to the fare which is dished up season after season. I attribute this sameness to the indolence of professionals, who, having "got up" a few things, endeavour to force them into the ears of every audience they come before, until the public become so satiated that the performance is little else but an infliction. However great the talent of the artist, scarcely one is exempt from the charge. If we often dined with a friend who had a variety of excellent wine in his cellar, we should not like to be presented with a bottle of the same port, with an occasional glass of Cape sherry; yet we are heated with this sort of fare, in a musical sense, week after week, by our first artists. Beethoven's *Adelaide* is, we know, a lovely composition; but why *Adelaide, ad nauseam*, particularly if *encored* with "Pretty Jane," or "Come into the garden, Maud"? It is in theatres and our large music halls where this practice mostly prevails, where the taste of the galleries is consulted, and where a few obstinately vociferous frequenters often succeed in obtaining a repetition of some hackneyed song, which the rest of the audience are obliged to sit out with apathetic impatience. Several years back I heard Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster," by one of our concert singers, and I will not tell you how many concerts I have attended since, where I have heard the same song by the same lady, even at three successive benefit concerts given by the same person. I recollect when every aspirant came out with "The Soldier tired," that being the *pièce de resistance* of the day, and the rapidity with which she sang the triplets prevented the public from distinguishing whether they were sung in or out of tune; and if she could reach the D in alt at the close it was considered perfection. Many singing-masters finished their pupils with it, and the latter took care not to forget it or allow the public to lose sight of it. There are many specimens of the old masters that we expect to be occasionally introduced. All lovers of music are pleased to hear "*Che faro*," and many other pleasing reminiscences of the old school; but a continued presentation of "*Che faro*" betokens a lack of industry and an indifference that approaches to something like laughing at us for being good easy souls, who will put up with anything from an artist with a good voice. How we were dosed with "*Robert toi que j'aime*" a few seasons back! We were afraid to look at a concert bill lest we should see the word "Robert." Then every young lady who could sing it, or could not, was attempting it in private, her master not daring to deny her learning it after a miserable fashion, and so it became our "John Jones." But I need not continue an enumeration of instances of this nature. Instrumental performers are not such great sinners in this respect, because they are not so sparing of their trouble yet it requires more preparation to perfect one of Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's concertos * than is necessary for "Bonnie Dundee" or "Home, sweet home," which class of composition we continually notice in the programmes of concert after concert. I find one source of congratulation, that is, we are getting rid of the disgusting *tremolo* that many singers indulged in. It was a French importation, though freely bestowed upon us by some of the Italians, some of whom have so addicted themselves to this *voce di capra* that they cannot sing a pure note. When Madame Mara was told that Miss "Such-a-one" was a fine singer, she generally answered, "Can she sing three good notes in succession?" And a very sensible reply. Signor Ferrari, in his excellent singing tutor, says, that as the street organs imitate this execrable introduction, it can sink no lower, and this may have influenced the perpetrators, in some degree, as *il n'y a rien qui tui comme le ridicule.*

Another vice has unfortunately been gaining on us during the last twenty years, viz. the rapidity with which pieces are performed, unless absolutely marked *largo*. With few exceptions, every orchestral symphony or overture is a match against time, and we beat the continentals hollow in this race. I suppose it will be admitted that any composition ought to be played in the time the author intended, but conductors now-a-days fancy they know better what the time should be than the composer did. When Weber came to this country to superintend the bringing out of his *Oberon* he conducted some concerts at Covent Garden, and was the first who used the *bâton* in England, though a musical reviewer in *The Times*, a few days back, says that Mendelssohn was the first to introduce it. As soon as they began the overture to *Der Freischutz* (that is, the allegro movement), he stopped them, and inquired if that was the time they had been accustomed to. On being answered that it was, he replied that it was by no means the time he intended, and made them begin it a third slower. Haydn also, when he visited this country, and composed the symphonies for Salomon, complained of the same thing. Dr. Crotch, who told me this, was present at the time, and said that the little man was very wroth to find them galloping away with his minuets. Many of your readers must know that Spöhr made the same remark when in England. The present fashion for excessive rapidity does not allow the ear to follow or the mind to grasp one passage in ten, consequently the performance becomes, to the generality of hearers, an unmeaning succession of rapid fiddling passages; nevertheless, if it be something by one of the great masters, it is considered quite correct to pronounce it "magnificent," "superb," "splendid," and so forth; they applaud the conductor, he makes a gracious bow, and endeavours to merit their laudations, by getting it done if possible a little faster. In my twilight musings by the fireside the other day, I pictured to myself Haydn, Mozart, and Weber returning to Elysium after a furlough for a few days to the metropolis.

Weber, loq.—"Well, Michael, what do you say to the manner in which they play your symphonies. Do they give the exact time that you intended when you wrote them for your old friend Salomon?"

"My dear Carl Maria, I have no heart to talk about it. Perhaps the best answer I can give you is, that there is a word much used in England

* Mendelssohn's in G minor is becoming pretty well worked.

for which they are indebted to the Americans; it is 'go-a-head;' and signifies a reckless haste to effect any object, without regard to consistency or ultimate gratification. This appears to be the leading principle as regards musical performance. The English have become a great musical people, and can collect at a few days' notice, as you must have perceived, a powerful orchestra and a chorus of from 500 to 2000 voices very fairly drilled. Our best compositions are becoming well known to the musical world, but from their being so frequently repeated, the performance becomes a mechanical operation on the part of the orchestra, the time becomes insensibly accelerated; expression and harmonious effect being secondary considerations. The conductor, who never plays a note himself, thinks that the faster he can flourish his stick the more talent he displays, so the whole affair becomes a ridiculous display of manipulation. Ah! those conductors; I swear by the ring of the Emperor Frederick, that I shall look out when Charon brings over two or three of those fellows, and whisper a word in the ear of Rhadamanthus, before he hears what they have to say. What say you Wolfgang?"

Conductors they are called, are they? Assassins is my word for them. *Die Lumpe.* I saw one of these geniuses giving the time to my *Zauberflöte.* Oh how I longed for the power to become mortal, that I might have banged about his head the *bâton* he was brandishing to and fro. Nobody who did not know it by heart, could have followed the orchestra so as to understand what it meant, and it was nothing but a mockery. Have you seen Beethoven since your return? He would not like to hear his *Choral Symphony* as they scramble through it. I heard his Septett in E♭ which was nicely massacred, merely because the orchestra were able to play in the time. The parts they played the best were the pauses; one could breathe now and then. I passed him just now, while he was asking Handel if it would have entered his mind to write oratorios, had he not quarrelled with his opera singers, Bononcini and his patrons. That was a lucky thought of our friend George. He saw that he would secure an audience for sacred music, though it were performed in a theatre. But either he or the singers of that day were very irascible, as he soon quarrelled with his solo performers, to which circumstance we are indebted for *Israel in Egypt,* as in that oratorio he rendered himself indepesdent of them. You talk about their manner of playing Beethoven; I should not like Ludwig to hear some of his *andantes,* particularly those in 𝄴. They are often done in the same time that you intended for your minuets. They do not take these liberties with sacred music. Your *Creation* was very nicely done at a place called Exeter Hall; the introductory *chaos* was perfect. I would give half a dozen of my masses for that one page. I must tell you that at this Exeter Hall everything operatic is, if possible, excluded (except the singers), so that a primo tenore may come from a rehearsal of a comic opera straight to Exeter Hall, but he is expected to compose his mind in the state for changing the character of Don Giovanni or Figaro for that of Joshua, Obadiah, or the archangel Gabriel. The orchestra is composed of many of the same individuals at one place as at the other. The principal difference is, that there is no canvas or foot-lights. Is it not true, Weber?"

"Perfectly correct, Wolfgang. It is true as the repetitions from your *Idomeneo.*"

"Gently, gently, Carl; I have been twitted with the same remark by Daddy Haydn. It is well known that I was in love at the time I wrote *Idomeneo,* and that inspired me to produce what I found would bear repetition. I could find a few passages in his quartetts that are repeated more than once or twice, to say nothing of the poverty of the first half-dozen. However, there is one thing that should console us; the English honour our memories by bringing forth some of our compositions at every concert of importance. But the man at present in vogue is called Verdi. You should see the music he writes for his sopranos. See it, not hear it, for there are passages enough to spoil lungs of iron. Did you hear any, Michael?"

"Yes, and was quite out of breath, expecting that the singers would be, every line, in the same state, as I looked for nothing but a break down. Rossini and Bellini are more consistent; their melodies more original in the bargain. I went to the Hanover Square Rooms, where I had often sat at the pianoforte when my symphonies were performed; but I did not then intrude on the functions of the leader. Now, the leader's occupation is gone; yet the music went quite as well in the days of François Cramer or John Loder. All the orchestra distinguished his sonorous fiddle, and the firmness with which he led a heavy band nothing could surpass. There was no musical Jack in the box with a truncheon. Viotti, and many others, would have died of a broken heart to have been thus displaced. Why not put the leader in front of the orchestra, that he may appear at his true post, instead of appearing a mere *repieno?* But my spirit strolled into the suburbs, and would you believe it, at the tea gardens and dancing booths, each little knot of musicians has its conductor, who flourishes a stick for even a set of quadrilles or a polka."

Moz. "What is a polka?"

"I discovered by the performance that it is a movement in 𝄴, with a slight accent on the 3rd quaver to accommodate the step of the dancers. It is danced like our waltzes, except that there is a little more of the *allegro appasionato* between the couples, therefore very much patronised. Did you hear one of your operas, Mozart, while among the mortals?"

"Yes, I heard *Don Giovanni.* Donnerblitz! how it was galloped through. When they came to 'Non piu andrai' I could stand it no longer. In Spagnoletti's time (and Weichsel's before him), it was a treat to hear the descending passages of semiquavers *staccato* as I had expressly marked them, but no violin player could bow them *staccato* in the way it is sung now. I could hear no more. I am surprised that the conductors succumb to a vitiated taste. In the minor theatres of course they ape the conductor mania, and, accordingly, stick somebody up in the middle of the orchestra, though it must be a decided waste of money on the part of the manager, as the light kind of music heard at these theatres makes the conductor a fifth wheel. As this functionary is often absent, his post is filled by the 1st violin, who jumps up in his place, and from that moment considers it derogatory to his dignity *pro tem.* to be really useful, so commences waving his bow as if he were giving the time to my *Jupiter.* This frequently takes place where there are three 1st violins, so the farce is kept up at a decided sacrifice of effect, for the brass and drums then have completely the best of it. Managers in general know as much about music as of Sanscrit, so are led by the nose by some one whose interest it is to throw a little dust in their eyes. Did you notice anything of this sort, Weber?"

"Plenty, my dear Mozart, and was highly amused; but there was another feature that predominates with the English at present, the taste for large masses of performers, some would say a taste for noise. This is much encouraged by a company who have built an immense glass house they call a Crystal Palace, and make a good speculation by collecting large choirs and commemorating the birthday of some celebrity. Handel has had two days, Schiller has had his fête, and the managers have jumped over you, Mozart, Haydn, and even our revered Beethoven, to celebrate his greatest imitator, Mendelssohn; but Mendelssohn is in fashion now, so it becomes a more profitable speculation. I am glad to see that the profound harmonist Spöhr has had a kind of recognition; but it is not to be expected that the best of his works can be appreciated by any but musicians. But good bye, for here comes Corelli, and I would rather not tell him that his solos are out of date, except for those who are practising the violoncello. I would rather meet Lully, as they continue to put variations to his *Au clair de la Lune;* or even Palestrini, he being now and then called to remembrance by the Glee and Madrigal Societies. *Au revoir.*"

A VETERAN.

[We shall have a word or two with "Veteran" in our next.—ED.]

ELIJAH.

SIR,—In your last No. you say, "On Friday, 1st June, *Elijah* will be given, the first time for two years, at Exeter Hall." I find that the last performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society was on the 3rd February, 1859, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the birth of the Composer; and in your No. of 5th February, 1859, you give an account of the performance; so you will perceive a slight error is made in your last No. I have the volume for last year before me, and I was at the performance named, so you will find I am correct. The moment I saw your statement in the *Musical World,* I was certain that *Elijah* was performed last year.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.,
N. B.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Saturday *Il Barbiere* was repeated. On Tuesday *Il Don Giovanni* was given, with Madame Grisi as Donna Anna; and on Thursday *Il Trovatore.*

La Gazza Ladra will be produced to-night, with Madame Penco as Ninetta (her first appearance in this part in London), and M. Faure as Fernando (first time of performance), with Madame Nantier-Didiée as Pippo, and Signor Ronconi as the Podesta.

The new Floral Hall, brilliantly illuminated, has been opened on several evenings of late after the performance, affording the visitors an opportunity of enjoying a delightful half-hour's promenade, and hearing some popular music played by the band of the Coldstream Guards.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE part of Maffeo Orsini, in Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, is one of subordinate rank, and, indeed, was never accorded any importance here until sustained (in 1847, at the Royal Italian Opera) by the distinguished singer for whose first appearance in London since 1858 it was selected on Saturday night. It has been suggested, and not without reason, that the company engaged by the new lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre exhibits an "*embarras de richesses*" almost unprecedented; that he has, in short, so many sopranos, "mezzos," and contraltos, tenors, barytones, and basses at disposal, as to be somewhat at a loss *how* to dispose of them all for the advantage of the establishment and the gratification of its patrons. Nevertheless, were Mr. Smith twice as wealthy in vocalists of every denomination, and of every grade of talent—from the highest to the lowest—the addition of Madame Alboni to the list would be none the less unanimously welcomed by frequenters of the Italian Opera, inasmuch as she worthily represents Italian art in its highest degree of refinement. While vocal excellence continues to hold the sway which has been its privilege since music was in its infancy, and while the human voice is still pronounced by general consent the most absolutely perfect of instruments, although the most difficult to control with address, the peerless organ and consummate proficiency owned by this lady will never lose one atom of their legitimate influence. If a beautiful voice, even untrained by early and assiduous study, can delight the majority of hearers, how much more potent its charm when so entirely under command that the nicest inflection is invariably true, the most delicate turn as just as a mathematical axiom, and the subtlest gradation tempered with such discretion that no mechanical contrivance could surpass it, need hardly be insisted on. Join to these purely artistic acquirements the graces of style, a taste rarely at fault, and expression that, while always genuine, never verges on exaggeration, and we have briefly summed up those qualities which impart to Madame Alboni's singing the attraction it exercises, and to which it is indebted for the recognition it universally obtains among those most competent to judge.

In the music assigned to Maffeo Orsini only one phase of Madame Alboni's talent has a chance of being completely revealed; but as this is probably the phase most readily appreciated by the mass, there can be no reason to wonder at the popularity it has enabled her to win. The instant her well-known figure—draped in that singular tunic (if tunic it may be called) which her excessive "embonpoint" compels her to wear—was detected, mingling with the crowd (in the first scene of the opera), a burst of applause from all parts of the house proclaimed the satisfaction of the audience at seeing their favourite once more. The legend recounted by Orsini to his friends brought forth in all their beauty those pure contralto tones which have so often charmed the public, and—sung, as usual, to perfection—elicited the warmest demonstrations of approval. The "triumph," however, was of course reserved for "Il segreto per esser felice"—which Madame Alboni never gave with more spirit and vocal facility, the incomparable "trillo" (*shake*—to employ our own less elegant vernacular) preceding, in each couplet, the resumption of the genial melody to which Donizetti has allied the words exciting the accustomed marks of admiration. It is almost superfluous to add that the *brindisi* was enthusiastically redemanded, and repeated with undiminished effect.

We need not recapitulate the many fine points that make the Lucrezia of Mademoiselle Titiens one of that lady's most striking and admirable performances; nor dwell upon the characteristics of Signor Mongini's Gennaro, which wants only a little softening here and there to be as irreproachable as it is earnest and impulsive. The merits of these and of Signor Vialetti's very careful impersonation of the Duke have been more than once discussed. On the present occasion the interest naturally centred in Maffeo Orsini, and at the conclusion of the opera, when Mademoiselle Titiens and Signor Mongini had been summoned before the curtain, there was a general call for Alboni, who, after some delay, made her appearance, and was honoured by such a greeting as is never accorded but to artistes standing highest in public esteem.

The house was crowded in every part, scarcely a vacant place being perceptible in gallery, boxes, pit, or stalls.

On Monday, an extra night, the *Trovatore* was given for the third time; on this occasion Madame Alboni taking the part of Azucena, allotted in the two previous representations to Madame Borghi-Mamo. The great reputation achieved by Madame Alboni in the gipsy-mother, not, we may be assured, any shortcomings on the part of Madame Borghi-Mamo, induced the management to make the transfer, although, we must confess, we see neither the policy nor wisdom of this bandying about of character from one artist to another. An extra-night, of course, may be pleaded in extenuation. Of the performance generally we need only remark that Mdlle. Titiens was as powerful as ever in Leonora, and that Signor Giuglini never sang more delightfully. Madame Alboni's Azucena cannot be forgotten by those who have seen it. The great artist first undertook the part in 1856. The effect she produced in the character in Paris, coming after Madame Viardot and Madame Borghi-Mamo, was echoed in London; and at last everybody allowed that the incomparable *contralto-soprano* added intensity and passion to her many other excellencies. Better still than in any former year, in point of energy and force, was Madame Alboni's performance of the gipsy on Monday. It was really powerful acting. Of Madame Alboni's singing we need not hazard a word. It was as exquisite, as perfect as ever, as full of beauties, as sympathetic—a model, in fact, of pure and simple vocalization, and from which any living singer might receive a lesson. Azucena, in fine, is one of Madame Alboni's most remarkable performances.

On Tuesday *Semiramide* was performed for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre for several years. The cast was as follows: Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens; Arsace, Madame Alboni; Idreno, Signor Belart; Assur, Signor Everardi; and Oroe, Signor Vialetti. The character of Arsace,—upon which Rossini has lavished all the florid graces of his melodic invention, and which in one sense stands apart from every other personage in the lyric drama—affords the practised vocalist ample opportunity for display. It was in Arsace that Madame Alboni (at the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, 1847) first elicited the admiration of the English public, and since that memorable occasion it has always been regarded as one of her greatest, if not, indeed, her very greatest performance. If the voice has not quite the same depth and richness as of old, it has gained in other respects, being now so equal in volume and quality throughout the register, that it may be compared to a crystal without a flaw. For mellowness and even suavity of tone it is wholly unrivalled, the notes succeeding each other with such natural fluency, that it is impossible to detect a weak place or single out a "break." An instrument thus perfected enables the singer to articulate every phrase and passage set down with such unvarying ease, that any idea of difficulty never presents itself to the hearer, and the *ars celare artem* is realised to the letter. More faultless examples of vocal efficiency than the two airs—"Eccomi alfine in Babylonia," and "In si barbara sciagura"—as sung by Madame Alboni, could hardly be cited; or purer specimens of vocal declamation than the recitative belonging to the first, or than the duet with Semiramide (Act II.), including the delicious slow-movement, "Giorno d'orrore." It would have been worth reviving *Semiramide*—even were the music with which Rossini has galvanised the effete drama of Voltaire less gorgeous and magnificent—for the sake alone of such singing as that by means of which Madame Alboni enables us to judge of Italian art in its perfection, and to show that legitimate exhibitions of skill are still calculated to rouse the enthusiasm of an audience.

Mdlle. Titiens, as Semiramide, is unequal—at times dramatic and superb, at times constrained, and therefore less entirely satisfactory. Some parts of her "Bell raggio" are admirable; her acting in the finale—where the shade of Nino appears to frustrate the designs of the Assyrian Queen—is full of intelligence; and the duets with Assur and Arsace are replete with striking points. But with the remembrance, still vivid, of Madame Grisi's impersonation of Semiramide, more perhaps was expected than we had a right to expect from a foreigner unacquainted with its traditions. At any rate, no one since Madame Grisi has looked the character so well, evinced a readier insight into its histrionic purport, or brought more splendid physical means to its technical illustration. That further ex-

perience will enable Mdlle. Titiens to place her Semiramide on the same footing as her Lucrezia, Valentine, and Leonora (to say nothing of her steadily progressing Norma), there can, we think, be little doubt. The only competent representative of Assur whom the present generation of opera-goers can cite is Signor Tamburini; and in saying that, on the whole, Signor Everardi does more with the very arduous music assigned to the part than any other artist who, for many years, has appeared on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, we are only rendering strict justice to an artist of decided talent, and still more decided promise. On the other hand, to deny that much is wanting to render his performance irreproachable would be evading the truth to little purpose. The small tenor part of Idreno, intrusted to Signor Belart, is made more conspicuous than usual, owing to that gentleman's marked ability as a singer in the florid style. As Oroe, the high priest, Signor Vialetti leaves nothing to desire. The orchestra and chorus are by no means valuable auxiliaries to the singers before the footlights; and yet one would imagine that the music of *Semiramide*, from the overture to the end, ought by this time to be familiar to every instrumental performer who has served his apprenticeship.

On Thursday *Rigoletto* was repeated, when Mdlle. Brunetti confirmed the favourable impression she created by her first performance of Gilda.

BIRMINGHAM. — (*From an entirely new and original correspondent*) A very agreeable Musical Entertainment was given here on Thursday evening April 26, at the Assembly Rooms, Dee's Royal Hotel, by Mr. H. Phillips, entitled "the Music of various Nations." He was assisted by his daughters Florence and Alice, and by Miss Hawkins, his pupil, a promising soprano, who made her *début* on this occasion. A fashionable and numerous attendance was the result, and a most agreeable evening was enjoyed. The Programme included characteristic music and melodies of various nations, Scotch, Irish, Chinese, Italian, the melodies of the Holy Land, German, American, Welsh, and English. Each nation was faithfully represented, and the peculiarities of its music cleverly illustrated, from the répertoire of the talented and agreeable Mr. Phillips, on whose shoulders the *ever-green* mantle of his compeer, John Braham, appears to have fallen. The capabilities of this gentleman appear to be inherited by his daughters, whose performance on the present occasion was above all praise, and elicited frequent and genuine plaudits. Alice the contralto, bids fair to fill the gap which will doubtless ere long be caused by the retirement of Madam Sainton Dolby. Speaking of Miss Phillips, a local professor of the first standing says, "she possesses an extraordinary voice, singing with great power down to the lower E, is an excellent musician, good pianiste, and both herself and sister have received a liberal education in France. Her father is now instructing her in the School of Sacred Music, in which she bids fair to take the highest position. She is but fifteen years of age, her declamatory power, which is, by the way, the leading feature of her singing, is of the very highest order. She sings as she speaks, without the least apparent effort, and yet perfectly articulate, — a rare feature in the present day. Florence her sister possesses a good soprano voice, and is a brilliant pianiste for her age, which is eighteen. It is intended that her musical studies will be completed under the direction of the great Chopin, in Paris."

[Will our entirely new and original correspondent furnish us with his name.—ED.]

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(*Continued from p. 321, Vol. 38.*)

92.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, December 22, 1770.

On the 19th occurred the first rehearsal on the stage.

The preceding one on the 17th was gone through in the assembly room of the Ridotta. Heaven be thanked all went off well. Yesterday there was a rehearsal of the recitatives. To-day there will be a second rehearsal on the stage, and on Monday a full rehearsal.

As regards the 26th, the day fixed for the first performance, what consoles me is that I can see the actors (recitanti), and the orchestra as well, are pleased; and I have still, God be thanked, my ears left me. During the rehearsal I posted myself quite at the back, under the principal entrance, that I might hear the effect quite at a distance. Perhaps my ears were too partial. Meanwhile we see all our kind friends rejoiced and satisfied, and all congratulating my son. The ill-disposed are positively dumb. The best esteemed maestri of the city, Fioroni* and Sammartini†, are our true friends, as also are Lampagnani‡, Piazza Colombo.§ On this account envy, incredulity, and prejudice against the productions of our child will have no injurious effect. At least, I hope it will not have the sad fate of Jomelli's, whose second opera at Naples fell completely flat (*a terra*), so much so that it is to be withdrawn for another. Yet is he a renowned maestro, about whom the Italians make a terrible noise.‖ On the other hand it was a folly on his part, perhaps, to compose two operas in the same year for the same theatre, especially when he saw the first had no great success. Since the 16th we have been every evening, after the *Ave Maria*, at the opera until eleven o'clock, Friday excepted.

93.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, December 29, 1770.

God be praised! The first performance of the opera took place on the 26th, with complete and universal success, and with circumstances which have never before occurred at Milan; to wit, an air sung by the prima donna was, contrary to all usage on the *prima sera*, repeated a second time, whereas at a first performance they never cry *fuora*; and in the second place all the airs, except a few *delle vecchine parti*, were greeted with extraordinary applause, succeeded by cries of *Evviva il maestro! Evviva il maestrino!*

On the 27th the two airs of the prima donna were repeated, and it being Thursday, and consequently advancing towards Friday, it was necessary to finish quickly, otherwise the duo would have been repeated also, for they were already beginning to make a noise. But the majority of the public wanted to return home, in order to have something to eat again, and the opera, with its three ballets, had lasted six good hours. To-day we give the third *recita*.

As Hasse is called *il Sassone*, and Galappi *Busanello*, our child is called *il cavaliere filarmonico*.

94.

The Same to Father Martini, at Bologna.

Milan, January 3, 1771.

At the same time, Very Reverend Father, that I write to wish you a happy new year, I have to inform you that my son's opera has met with a very good reception, in spite of the cabals of our enemies and those who envied us. Before they had seen one note of the work, they spread it about that it was impossible such barbarous music, without method and without depth, could be executed by the orchestra; and to such effect had they bestirred themselves, that they had persuaded half Milan that instead of an opera they were about to hear merely a poor compilation. They had even taken to the principal cantatrice several airs and a duo, composed by the Abbé Gasparini of Turin, and wished to persuade her to introduce them into the opera, and to accept nothing from so young a man as my son, and one so incapable of writing a good aria. But the prima donna declared herself satisfied, and more than satisfied. Notwithstanding this, the calumniators of my son ceased not to cherish the most injurious prejudices against his work. The first rehearsal with instruments, however, so completely closed the mouths of these pitiless babblers, that not a word was heard more. All the professors declared to the orchestra that the music was clear, intelligible, and easily played, as the singers had previously pronounced. The first opera of the season at Milan has generally the ill luck not to attract many people; they always wait for the second before they come to the theatre. Up till now, however, and for the last six representations, the theatre has been always full; each night two pieces have been redemanded, and all the others vigorously applauded.

We hope, dearest Father, to receive favourable news concerning your health. I do not yet despair of receiving the *Miserere* which you promised, as well as the music for sixteen parts. M. Joseph Prinsechi will not fail to settle what is required for the copy, and I shall take care, as soon as I am returned home, that is to say, about Easter, to send you whatever may prove agreeable. My son kisses your hands, and I am with respect and esteem, Your devoted servant,

LEOPOLD MOZART.

(To be continued.)

* Born in Pavia, 1704; died 1779. Chapel master of Milan Cathedral, in the archives of which this learned composer's works are preserved.

† Born in Milan. Chapel master to the convent of Santa Maria Magdalena. He composed 2200 works, and has been designated the father of Haydn's style.

‡ Born at Milan in 1706; died 1772. Wrote for the church and the stage.

§ Born at Segni. Attached to the Pope's chapel at Rome in 1775. A good composer of church music.

‖ Born in 1714 in the kingdom of Naples; died in 1774. More than forty operas of his are extant, and an infinite number of motets.

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14	"O'er the calm and sparkling Waters," Chorus (Lucrezia) ...	Verdi
15	"Lowly we do bend before Thee," Quartet (Dinorah)	Meyerbeer
16	"A Capstan Chorus," Chorus (Male Voices)	Henry Smart
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Master of the General Educational Department; Writing, Reading, Arithmetic, Grammar, Dictation, History, Geography, Practical Geometry, and Book-keeping	Mr. POWELL and Two Assistant Teachers.

PRACTICAL ASSISTANT TEACHERS.

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Pianoforte	Herr SIEMERS. Mr. ELDER.
Violin	Mons. ROGUIER. Mr. BEARD.
Violoncello, Double Bass, and Viola...	Mons. VIEUXTEMPS. Mr. T. DONOVAN.
Flute, Piccolo, Oboe, and Clarionet	Sig. CORTESI.
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Dr. MARK has also made provision for the Orphans of the Musical Profession possessing musical talent, who will find the above institution a happy home, and receive a most effective general and musical education, board, and clothing, free of all expense.

Little Boys, from five to nine years of age, apprenticed for three, five, or seven years by paying a moderate entrance fee to cover the expenses of instrument and books.

Twelve appointments ready for Masters.

For Prospectuses, apply direct to the Royal College of Music, Bridge Street, Manchester.

Dr. MARK is also open to Engagements with his little Men.

Dr. MARK begs to invite the Parents and Friends, and all those interested in his Enterprise and in the Education of the Youths of this country, to visit his establishment. Visiting hours:—From Nine to Eleven, a.m., and Two and Four, p.m. Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

22

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The Twenty-fourth and last Concert but Three

OF THE SEASON,

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 4th, 1860.

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, will be selected from the Works of

Various Masters.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Quartet, for stringed instruments, in G major (Op. 61) (first time) *Dussek*
M. SAINTON, Herr GOFFRIE, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

Song, "Che farò senza Euridice?" .....(*Orfeo*).....*Glück*
Madlle. JENNY MEYER.

Song, "The Garland" .....*Mendelssohn*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Song, "Il Templar: O".....*Otto Nicolai*
Herr HERMANNS (his first appearance).

Sonata, Pianoforte alone
Herr ERNST LUBECK.

PART II.

Quartet, for stringed instruments, in E minor, Op. 44 (by general desire). *Mendelssohn*
M. SAINTON, Herr GOFFRIE, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

Song, "I arise from dreams of thee".....*Howard Glover*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Song, "Ungeduld".....*Schubert*
Madlle. JENNY MEYER.

Song, "La Gita in Gondola" (by desire) .....*Rossini*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Trio, in F, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, No. 2 (first time) *Spohr*
Herr ERNST LUBECK, M. SAINTON, and Signor PIATTI.

CONDUCTOR.....MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5*s.*; *Balcony*, 3*s.*; *Unreserved Seats*, 1*s.*

MR. W. G. CUSINS'S GRANDE MATINEE MUSICALE, at Willis's Rooms, this day, Saturday, June 2, at half-past two. Artists: Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Messent; Miss Lascelles, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mons. Jules Lefort, the Orpheus Glee Union, Mr. H. Blagrove, Mons. Paque, Mr. J. Thomas, Herr Engel, Mr. Harold Thomas, and Mr. W. G. Cusins. Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, to be obtained only of Mr. W. G. Cusins, 53 Manchester Street, Manchester Square, W.; unreserved seats, 7s., to be had at the principal Music Warehouses.

BY COMMAND.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Directors respectfully announce that the FOURTH CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday evening next, June 4th. Programme: Sinfonia in A (Italian), Mendelssohn; Overture, Ruler of the Spirits, Weber; Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven; Overture, Ruy Blas, Mendelssohn. Vocal Performer: Madlle. Artôt. Conductor: Professor Sterndale Bennett. To begin at 8. Door (in Hanover Street) open at 7. Tickets, 15s. each, to be had of Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210 Regent Street.

MR. AGUILAR respectfully announces that he will give a MORNING CONCERT, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, June 4. Vocalists: Madlle. Parepa, Miss Lindo, and Signor Belletti. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Alfred and Henry Holmes, Herr Lidel, Mr. Pratten, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. C. Harper, Mr. Hausser, and Mr. Aguilar. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. On this occasion will be performed for the first time in public, Mr. Aguilar's new Sestet, for piano, flute, oboe, clarionet, horn, and bassoon. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 7s.; to be had at the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Aguilar, 19 Westbourne-square, W.

Part I. Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; allegro, allegro agitato, adagio, allegro molto; *Aguilar*: Messrs. Aguilar, H. Holmes, and Lidel. Aria, "Pieta Signor;" *Stradella*: Miss Lindo. Recitativo ed aria, "Hai già vinta la causa?" (*Nozze di Figaro*); *Mozart*: Signor Belletti. Sonata, "Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour;" in three movements; *Beethoven*: pianoforte, Mr. Aguilar. Aria, "Qui la voce" (*Puritani*); *Bellini*: Madlle. Parepa. Duo concertante, two violins (No. 2, in A minor); *Spohr*: Messrs. A. and H. Holmes. Part II. Sestett, pianoforte, flute, oboe, clarionet, horn, and bassoon (first time of performance); allegro moderato e piacevole, andante sostenuto, vivace; *Aguilar*: Messrs. Aguilar, Pratten, Nicholson, Lazarus, C. Harper, and Hausser. Songs, "Appeal," "I in a Wood on a windy Day;" *Aguilar*: Miss Lindo. Solo, violoncello (*Lucia di Lammermoor*); *Lidel*: Herr Lidel. Reiterlied; *Aguilar*: Signor Belletti. Weber's last waltz, pianoforte; *Aguilar*: Mr. Aguilar. Polka, from "Le tre nozze"; *Alari*: Madlle. Parepa. Bolero, pianoforte; *Aguilar*: Mr. Aguilar.—Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori.

MISS LEFFLER'S GRAND CONCERT at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday Evening, June 5, at 8 o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Poole, Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Leffler, Madame Weiss; Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, Mr. Brandon, Mr. John Morgan, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard. Violin, Madlle. Sophie Hunter. Harp, Mr. Ellis Roberts. Harmonium, Mr. Scotson Clark, and Distin's Ventril Horn Union. Conductors, Mr. W. G. Cusins, Mr. J. G. Callcott, Mr. Sidney Naylor, Mr. Kingsbury, and Mr. J. L. Hatton. Sofa stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. May be obtained of Miss Leffler, 71 Oxford Street; Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Cheapside; Messrs. Cramer & Co., and Addison & Co., Regent Street; Davies' Library, 35 Portman Place, Maida Hill; F. B. Garty, Esq., 7 Elizabeth Place, North Brixton; and Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

MISS HELEN M'LEOD will give her first SOIRÉE MUSICALE at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on the 8th June, at half-past 8 precisely, under the Patronage of the Dowager Countess of Morton, the Countess of Rosebery, the Lady Lushington, the Lady Lacon, Mrs. Admiral Falcon, and Mrs. Colonel Borthwick. Vocalists: Mdlle. Elvira Behrens; Miss Eleonora Wilkinson; Miss Helen M'Leod; Mr. Tennant, Signor Ciabatta, and Herr Hermanns. Instrumentalists: Mr. G. A. Osborne, Signor Piatti, and Herr Oberthur. Conductor: Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Tickets to be had at Miss Helen M'Leod's Residence, 26 Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, and at the principal Musicsellers.

GREAT ATTRACTION for ONE EVENING.—Mr. J. L. HATTON has the honour to announce that he will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, June 6, when the following unrivalled artistes will appear:—Mlle. Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mad. Weiss, Miss Leffler, Mrs. Sims Reeves, and Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Young, Mr. Ransford, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Santley. The English Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of Miss Banks, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. T. Foster, Mr. Lockey, Mr. M. Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. Violin—M. Sainton. Violoncello—Signor Piatti. Conductor—Mr. J. L. Hatton. Several new Songs, Ballads, &c. will be introduced for the first time. Prices of admission—Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 4s.; tickets, 2s. and 1s. To be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Mitchell, Bond Street; Sams, St. James's Street; Cramer, Beale, and Co., Regent Street; Chappell, Bond Street; Hammond, Regent Street; Addison, Regent Street; Leader and Cock, Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside; and Boosey and Sons, 28 Holles Street.

MESSRS. LOUIS and ADOLPH RIES'S EVENING CONCERT will take place on Wednesday, June 6th, at the Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square, to commence at 8 o'clock. Vocalists:—Miss E. Wilkinson, Mlle. J. Meyer. Pianoforte—Mr. A. Ries. Violin—Messrs. L. Ries and Deichmanns. Viola—Mr. H. Webb. Violoncello—Herr Lidel. Contra-basso, Mr. C. Severn. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Family Tickets (admit three) £1. 1s.; Unreserved Seats, 7s. To be had of the principal Musicsellers; and of Messrs. Ries, 1A Devonshire Street, Portland Place.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the St. James's Hall, on Friday evening, June 8th. Vocalists:—Madlle. Parepa, Miss Messent, Miss Wilkinson, and Madame Laura Baldwin; Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Instrumentalists:—Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Engel, M. Sainton, M. Paque, and Mr. Brinley Richards. Conductors—Mr. Vincent Wallace, Mr. Francesco Berger, and Mr. Walter Macfarren. To commence at 8 o'clock precisely. For full particulars see programmes, 7d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 3s., to be had of Mr. Brinley Richards, 9 Torrington Street, W.C., or at the principal Musicsellers.

NEWSPAPER

THE ROYAL SOCIETY of FEMALE MUSICIANS, established 1839, for the Relief of its distressed Members. Patroness, Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. On Friday evening, June 8, at the Hanover Square Rooms, will be performed, for the Benefit of this Institution, a MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Vocal Performers: Madlle. Parepa, Madame Rudersdorff, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Miss Palmer, Miss Rachel Gray, Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Emily Gresham, and Miss Augusta Thomson; M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. In the course of the Concert, the London Glee and Madrigal Union—Miss J. Wells and Miss Eyles, Mr. Baxter, Mr. W. Cummings, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler, under the direction of Mr. Land, will perform some of their favourite Pieces. Instrumentalists, Pianoforte: Mr. W. G. Cusins and M. Leopold de Meyer. Piano Orgue: Herr Engel. Flute: Mr. R. Sidney Pratten (who will perform on his new perfected Flute, with the old system of fingering). The London Quintet Union—Messrs. Willy, Weslake, Webb, Pettit, and Reynolds. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett. The Concert will commence at 8 precisely. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; Reserved Seats, £1 1s. each, to be had of J. W. Holland, Secretary, 13 Macclesfield Street, Soho.

MADEMOISELLE CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce that her MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place on Wednesday, the 20th of June, at the Hanover Square Concert Rooms, at 3 o'clock. Vocalists:—Madame Rudersdorff, Mlle. Von Kettler, Mons. Depret, Herr Hermanns, and Mr. Santley. Instrumentalists:—Violin—Mons. Victor Buziau. Violoncello—Mons. Paque. Piano—Mlle. Valentin. Conductor—Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved and Numbered Seats, 15s. To be had of Messrs. Wessel & Co., 18 Hanover Square; and of Mlle. Valentin, No. 6 Bulle Street, Manchester Square, W.

MR. JOHN THOMAS begs to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, July 2. To commence at Three o'clock. Full particulars will be duly announced.—109 Great Portland Street.

MR. SIMS REEVES will SING "Adelaide," accompanied by Miss Arabella Goddard, at Mr. HATTON'S CONCERT, St. James's Hall, June 6th.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY will SING, at Mr. HATTON'S CONCERT, June 6th, "It was Fifty Years Ago," Song by Longfellow and Hatton. Tickets to be had of Boosey and Sons, Holles Street.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD and M. LEOPOLD de MEYER, Herr MOLIQUE, Herr BECKER, and Sig. PEZZE, are all engaged to perform at M. BENEDICT'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on Monday, June 18, at Her Majesty's Theatre.—Rossini's Stabat Mater, Mendelssohn's Ave Maria, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Meyerbeer's Grand Schiller March, the Third Act of Rossini's "Otello," and La Prova d'un Opera Seria, will be performed by the eminent Artistes of that great establishment. Early application for the remaining Boxes, Pit Tickets and Amphitheatre Stalls, is solicited at the Box-Office, the principal Libraries and Musicsellers, and of M. Benedict, 3 Manchester Square.

MR. HAROLD THOMAS will perform at his MATINÉE MUSICALE, on Monday next, June 4th, to take place (by kind permission) at Collard's Pianoforte Saloon, 16 Lower Grosvenor Street, W., a Quartett in E flat, Beethoven, with Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove and Signor Pezze; Trio in D minor, Mendelssohn, with Mr. H. Blagrove and Signor Pezze; Moonlight Scene (from Gounod's Opera "La nonne Sanglante," transcribed for Piano and Violoncello by Harold Thomas), with Signor Pezze; Solos: Gavotte Lilas, Perles d'Ecume, Kullak; Promenade Solitaire, Barcarolle, and Across Country (Chasse), by Harold Thomas. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; or Family Tickets (to admit three), £1 1s.; at the Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Harold Thomas, 37 Maddox Street, W.

HERR ENGEL, in conjunction with M. JULES LEFORT, begs to announce that his Matinée, will take place on Friday, the 29th instant, of which full particulars will be duly given.

ORGAN PERFORMANCES.—On the Large Organ, built by Bryceson and Fincham, for Godmanchester Parish Church. Monday evening, June 4th, at half-past 7; and on Tuesday, at 3 and 8 P.M. Programmes, with Admission, on application at their Factory, Brook Street, Euston Road, N.W.

MADLLE. DESIRÉE ARTÔT has arrived in Town for the Season. Communications respecting Engagements, &c. to be addressed to 4 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square.

MASTER HENRI KETTEN, from Paris, who was so favourably received last Season, has arrived, and begs to acquaint his Patrons and Friends that he will shortly give a CONCERT. Full particulars will be duly announced.—2 Argyll Place, Regent Street.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Mr. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any Engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artistes:—MM. Sainton, H. Hill, W. Watson, E. Payton, Doyle, Trust, G. Collins, Aylward, Howell, sen., White, P. S. Pratten, Rockstro, Barret, Lazarus, T. Owen, Hausser, C. Harper, Standen, T. Harper, Stanton Jones, W. Winterbotton, Cioffi, Hughes, and F. C. Hoston. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2 Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.

WANTED immediately, for a Country Establishment in the West of England, a Young Man of good address and ability as ASSISTANT TUNER. One having a knowledge of the Paper Trade would be preferred. Unexceptionable references given and required.—For particulars apply by letter, stating qualifications, and salary required, to Messrs. B. and Co., care of W. Armstrong, Esq., 49 George Street, Portman Square, London.

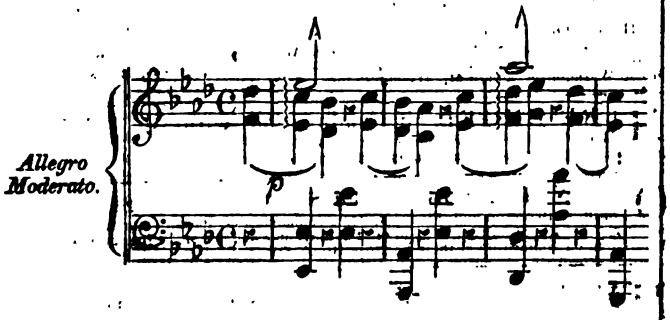
Reviews.

Night Watchers, written by J. F. Waller, composed by Joseph Robinson; *Eventide*, ditto, ditto; *Lady Mary*, written by the Rev. Henry Alford (Dean of Canterbury), composed by Joseph Robinson. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)

These are all good songs, well written, melodious and expressive—model ballads, in short, worthy the pen of the able musician whose name they bear. Mr. Robinson has a feeling for rich harmony and modulation, which is most happily displayed in his accompaniment. We wish accompaniments to drawing-room songs were invariably composed with such correctness and refined taste; our task would be much more agreeable. Perhaps the best song of the three now before us is *Eventide*, which has a very graceful theme, is harmonised faultlessly, and contains a point of transition on the words "All the world from toil reposes," as beautiful as it is unanticipated. Spohr might have written pages 2 and 3 of *Eventide*.

Berceuse,—for the pianoforte—by Ernst Lubeck. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)

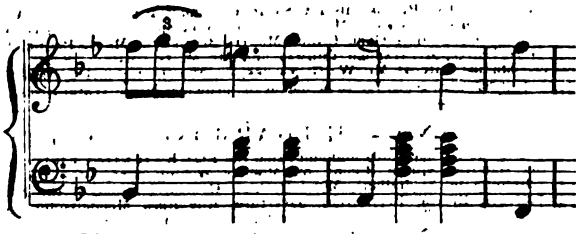
Every *virtuoso* of the first stamp brings over a *Berceuse*, or cradle-song, to rock John Bull to sleep, while he, the *virtuoso*, is skipping about the key-board of the instrument for his own especial satisfaction. Chopin produced one which had enormous success. Hence the mania. But unhappily the *Berceuses* which are not Chopin's are for the most part poor affairs, without invention and without taste. Herr Lubeck's is neither better nor worse than some dozen others we could name. That it has not much originality may be gathered from the theme, which sets out thus :—



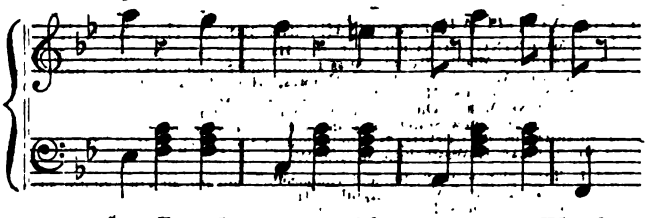
The theme is carried through the various stages of manipulation proper to *Berceuses* which are the creations of *virtuosi* of the first stamp. The accompaniment, at every repetition of the melody, (if melody it may be termed) gets more and more ornate, until before the end it is fairly smothered in passages of *bravura*. What Herr Lubeck has done in this way is ingenious enough; but the form is so utterly used up, that no one but a genius could possibly revive the interest it once excited; but, unfortunately for Herr Lubeck, and for his *Berceuse*, Herr Lubeck is *not* a genius.

The Boswell Waltzes, composed and arranged for the pianoforte, by R. T. Ross. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

The composer of these waltzes should look to his grammar. Such points as the subjoined :

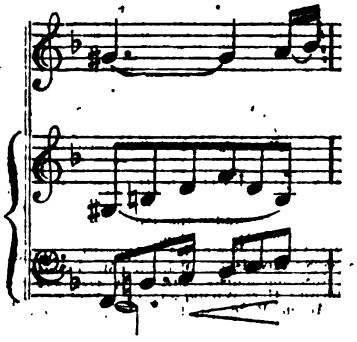


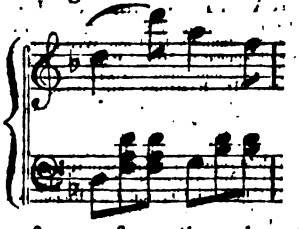
and the subjoined :—

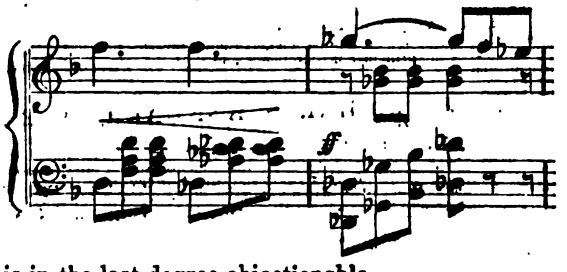


must not be allowed to pass without protest. The best number is No. 4; the tune of which bears a faint resemblance to "Polly, put the kettle on."

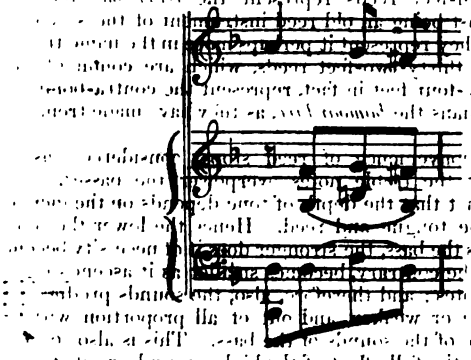
Under the Linden Tree. Serenade, words by T. P. Wooller, Esq.; music by Meyer Lutz. (Duncan, Davison, and Co.)

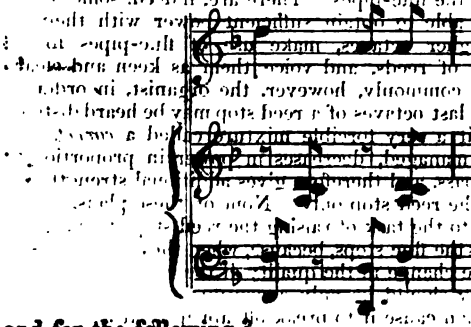
Herr Lutz, in endeavouring to avoid the common track, occasionally gets unpleasantly involved. Where is his authority for the following ?—

And for the following ?—



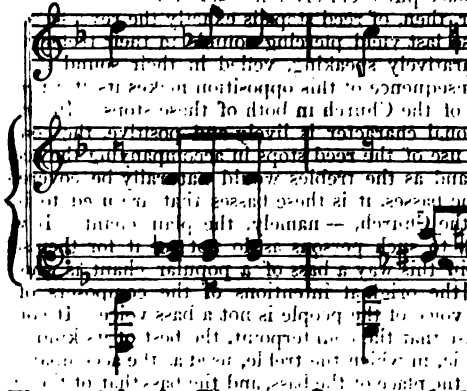
At the bottom of page four, there is a transition from D minor, through a feint at G flat major, to get back to the original line, F major, which sets out thus :—

and is in the last degree objectionable.

Merry Little Maud. Song, words by T. P. Wooller, Esq.; music by Meyer Lutz. (Duncan, Davison, and Co.)

Where does Herr Lütz find his authority for the following?—

and for the following?—



and for the following?—



Flowers! lovely Flowers. Song, words by T. H. Horncastle; music by Charles McKorrell. (Duncan, Davison, and Co.)

A fresh and charming little ballad, with the acceptable peculiarity (it appears to merge into a peculiarity) of being written throughout with unexceptionable correctness.

The Meadow Gate, written by Beatrice Abercrombie; composed by George B. Allen. (Duncan, Davison, and Co.)

This ballad, if not quite so fresh, may be dismissed with much the same criticism as the foregoing.

I would I were a Butterfly. Poetry by Zelia; music by Adolphus Schlesser. (Duncan, Davison, and Co.)

A pretty sparkling song, with an accompaniment well in keeping with the subject.

Mary stood the Cross beside, composed by William Sudlow. (Addison and Hollier.)

A thoroughly good example of four-part harmony for voices, besides being impressive according to the character of the words. The four bars, *pianissimo* and unaccompanied, at the end of each section, are poetically conceived; and the whole composition, though unpretending, is thoroughly well wrought out.

MUSICAL DOINGS AT BRUSSELS.

Brussels, May 14th, 1860.

Sir,—At the conclusion of the musical season you have expressed a wish that I should furnish you with an epitome of the most remarkable circumstances that have occurred at Brussels. I can offer you only some very incomplete notes, for my labours, of which I have not enough for what I should like to do, will not allow me either to see or hear everything. This is no misfortune as far as my epitome is concerned, but it cannot fail to render me a very bad correspondent.

Musical matters are, generally, badly organised in our climates, because we have not money to do anything worth mentioning in a really artistic sense. I will, therefore, not speak further of this subject. The elements are certainly not wanting, but people neither have the knowledge nor the desire to employ them as they ought.

With regard to the theatres, they have had phases of good and of bad fortune. The Theatre Royal has not been able to reap any advantage from its grand opera company, although the latter contains some artists of merit, on account of the monotony of its repertory. This repertory, always the same, and given over and over again for a long series of years, can no longer possess any attraction for the public. It ought to be renewed; but it can only be renewed by works played with success in Paris, and you know how rare these are. With a floating population of some two or three hundred thousand strangers, the Opera in the Rue Lepelletier obtains paying houses with very moderate attraction; but at Brussels the receipts always depend on the same people, and, to make them come, it is necessary to have novelty.

The good fortune of our Theatre Royal during the dramatic year, has been founded on the performances of *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, of the *Dragons de Villars*, and the pleasure taken by the public in Madlle. Boeland's singing. In Paris they did not see what could be made of this lady's talent, and did not bring her forward in important parts. She was compelled to sing in the *Papillotes de M. Benoît*, and other productions of a similar description, which, although I have not the slightest wish to depreciate their merit, are certainly not adapted for a brilliant vocalist. At Brussels, Madlle. Boulard has, as the saying goes, *been quite the rage (fait fureur)*, and, without doubt, frequently assisted the popularity she enjoys. She has progressed in her success, as is the case with artists who really possess talent, but she has abused her strength, having sung at the theatre, or at concerts, five times a week. At present she is knocked up (*fatiguée*); she must take care what she is about.

We have got among us M. Merelli, from Milan, who has brought some good artists, and some but middling ones, who has established his company at the *Cirque*, a large dirty house, but well adapted for music; who found in the above theatre an execrable band, which used to play in some horrible productions occasionally given there. This band he put under his excellent conductor, M. Orsini, whose despair at finding himself at the head of such elements I can easily imagine. M. Orsini was under the necessity of summoning to his aid a few violinists of talent, who, fortunately, answered his call, but who cannot always successfully contend against the beings by whom they are surrounded. This, however, is nothing in comparison to the members of the chorus, who were selected in the most absurd manner. Despite of all these drawbacks, there have been some very good performances, thanks to the remarkable talent of some of the singers, and that southern dashing sense of *ensemble* always possessed by Italian artists. *Don Pasquale*, for instance, that charming work of Donizetti, has never been so well sung and played since the time of Lablache as by Madme Lorini, Mariani, M. Galvani, the agreeable tenor, M. David Squarcia, the excellent baritone, and M. Ciampi, a perfect *buffo*, with a powerful voice. The whole performance, worthy of the palmy days of the Italian stage, quite charmed me, and brought back to my recollection some of the periods most propitious to art.

* Addressed to the Editor of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

As for concerts, we have had a deluge of them! You know what this is, and M. Botte still better than you. How much I frequently pity that young artist, who is such a good musician, and so judicious, so delicate a critic, endowed with such good taste, at having continually to attend them, and distribute a little bit of incense to each person so as to create no jealousy. As for myself, I am not so unfortunate; I do not go to hear anything of the kind. Only things really valuable, or which, as curiosities, present some kind of interest, can make me leave the farm, where, like a hare, I am always ruminating; "Car que faire dans un gîte, à moins que l'on ne songe?"

The concerts of M. Richard Wagner, a repetition of those he gave in Paris, caused a great sensation in Brussels. A thousand absurdities were circulated concerning them in the papers of the *estaminets* and taverns; as for myself, I shall say nothing about the matter, because I have already treated it seriously. This music is addressed to a *future* which would not be sorry to be changed into the *present*; I have the future to exhibit.

It is at the concerts of the Conservatory that grand music is usually to be found in all its splendour, because it is there rendered with a finish which is the result of conscientious study. This year has been marked by progress in certain things, in which the orchestra has approached as nearly as possible to perfection, the necessary dream in all arts—a happy dream, although never absolutely realised.

I do not restrict myself in the programmes of these concerts to purely classical works, I leave the door open to men of the present day, and there has not been a year during which I have not produced some unpublished overtures or symphonies. I have, it is true, a hard struggle with the exclusive admirers of consecrated names, but I stand firm, and do not allow myself to be influenced by their prejudices. At the third performance I gave a concert overture composed by M. Hartog, already known by a great many other works. He has taken his subject from the tragedy of *Macbeth*, where the grand genius of Shakspere has indulged in its boldest flights. M. Hartog's overture is energetic in its character, and well adapted to its subject. It is broadly developed in its system of unity, and the instrumentation is very intelligent. It is the work of an experienced composer, and shows that he possesses a firm hand in all or writing for the orchestra.

At the last concert I brought out an unpublished symphony by M. Meynne, one of the first pupils formed by me in composition at Brussels. It obtained a very legitimate success. Without aiming at gigantic proportions, M. Meynne rises to a character of grandeur in several parts of his work; the connection of ideas is natural, and we also meet with unexpected effects. The *scherzo*, the *andante*, and the *finale*, in particular, produced a marked impression on the audience and obtained the approbation of the artists. This *début* ought to encourage M. Meynne, whose only fault is that he has delayed it too long.

At this last concert I thought I would restore to the prodigious finale of the second act of *Le Nozze di Figaro* its true character, which had completely disappeared in the performances of this opera at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, for according to its custom, the Parisian public placed all the value of this colossal work in the singing, which, it is true, was very seductive in the singing, I repeat, of the three talented ladies to whom was entrusted the task of interpreting it. The traditions of this music are no longer possessed in France. With the orchestra of the Brussels Conservatory the effect was magnificent.

I do not know whether you will be contented with what your correspondent has sent you; however, there it is.

Yours, most truly,

PETIS SEN.

ORGAN.

Reed Stops.*

The reed stops are the third great class of registers. We will not speak of those that are called *free reeds*, because their application is too exceptional, but of the stops with reeds which beat, of the reed stops which are altogether classical, and in general use; the bright sound of which has also a certain metallic roughness, because the tongue of metal vibrates with considerable violence, and at each vibration beats against a reed, which is also of metal.

This kind of register, the introduction of which has completely changed the former character of the organ, on account of the vigour of its sounds, and their great majesty as compared with other registers, is certain combinations and on some occasions, is used in church music, even when it is required to be most solemn and impressive. It embraces, in its scale all the degrees of tone, from the six-inch pipe to the thirty-two feet; and hence it gives the sound of all reed wind instruments, from the largest to the smallest. The six-inch reeds lay claim, moreover, to the high-sounding title, and it is not an unworthy ambition, of *vox humana*, while the sixteen-feet reeds represent the *trombone* and the *bombarde*; this last being an old reed instrument of the sixteenth century, though they represent it perhaps more in the name than in reality; and the thirty-two-feet reeds, which are commonly not more than twenty-four feet in fact, represent the contra-bombard, called by the Italians the *bombardare*, as they have made trombone out of tromba.

The grave inconvenience of reed stops, considered instrumentally, is that the treble notes overpower the basses. This arises from the fact that the depth of tone depends on the increase in the size of the tongue and reed. Hence the lower the sound descends towards the bass, the stronger does it of necessity become. The tongue, on the contrary, becomes smaller as it ascends higher into the treble notes; and therefore, also, the sounds produced by it become thinner or weaker, and out of all proportion with the fulness in volume of the sounds of the bass. This is also so much the case, that for the full effect of the higher sounds, reed stops by themselves are not enough, but require to be strengthened with some member of the flue-pipes. There are, indeed, some builders who, not being able to obtain sufficient power with their reed stops in the higher octaves, make use of flue-pipes for this purpose instead of reeds, and voice them as keen and clear as possible. More commonly, however, the organist, in order that the two or three last octaves of a reed stop may be heard distinctly, combines with it a very forcible mixture, called a *cornet*, which, when it is well managed, decreases in power in proportion as it approaches the bass, and therefore gives additional strength to the treble notes of the reed stop only. None of these plans, after all, are quite equal to the task of raising the reed stops to exactly the same position as the flue stops, because, when they are added, they make a complete change in the quality of the register, of which it is intended they should be only a continuance; in fact, they do nothing more than cause it to break off abruptly at a given place, and from that place put themselves instead of it.

The character, then, of reed stops is exactly the reverse of flue stops, since these last yield piercing sounds in their treble notes, and are, comparatively speaking, veiled in their sound in their basses. The consequence of this opposition makes itself especially felt in the song of the Church in both of these stops. In France, where the national character is lively and positive, the common way is to make use of the reed stops in accompanying the ecclesiastical chant; and as the trebles would naturally be covered by the vigour of the basses, it is these basses that are used to intone the melody of the Church,—namely, the plain chant. It would be easy to show to such persons as do not see it for themselves, that to make in this way a bass of a popular chant, is wholly at variance with the original intentions of the composers of this chant; for the voice of the people is not a bass voice. It could be easily shown also that the counterpoint, the best of its kind in this odd sort of music, in which the treble, used as the accompaniment, is made to take the place of the bass, and the bass that of the treble, is rather an offence against common sense than a counterpoint at all. It is in accordance with the rules of harmony to give the melody to the right hand and its accompaniment to the left; but then the reed stops must not be employed. The French fashion of making use of the reed stops on all occasions, even in the most simple form of recitative, that of the ecclesiastical chant, has caused this chant to become coarse, harsh, and insupportable; and the French organ has most commonly abjured all its more mellow tones for such as are hard and without expression. Our builders, as regards soft stops, have, to speak generally, remained stationary; while the German builders, on the contrary, have not ceased a moment from creating the most delicate varieties of sounds in all shades of tone in this kind of stop. But let us take courage: for some years past our most eminent builders, though they are but few, have set to work to imitate the delicacy of the Germans in these matters; and where the French begin by imitating, they generally end by surpassing.

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu* (22*nd Etude*), by M. Joseph Regnier, of Nancy.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From *The Times*.)

THE programme at the 28nd concert, which took place on Monday night at St. James's Hall, was, with the exception of Rossini's fifth quartet and an air from Salieri's *Tarare*, entirely new. It says much for these entertainments, and for the enterprise with which they are conducted, that although so many have been given within an interval of six months, crowded audiences are still found to attend them; it shows, moreover, that (as we have always maintained) a large public *does* exist in and about London for music of the highest class; while, on the other hand, it establishes the fact that the materials at disposal are pretty nigh inexhaustible. Out of fifteen pieces on the present occasion, only two had been heard before at the Monday Popular Concerts; and yet the selection was entirely made up from the vocal and instrumental compositions of Italian masters. Without over-estimating the truth, however, it may safely be concluded that 100 such programmes might easily be compiled from the same source. Boccherini—with one of whose quintets for stringed instruments (No. 5, Op. 20) the concert began, and one of whose sonatas for two violoncellos (played by Signor Piatti and Herr Schroeder) constituted an agreeable feature later in the evening—has left so many works of the kind that, probably, not more than a twentieth part of them are known to any but to those with whom it is a favourite occupation to trace the gradual progress of the art through all its multifarious phases up to the actual stage of its existence. The music of Boccherini—a *protégé* of the Spanish Court, which, during a great part of the 18th century, was addicted to patronising musicians—has a peculiar and almost indefinable charm. It may be likened to a young girl who, in sportive mood, has put on her grandmother's cap and appendages. The dress alone is antique; the ideas are as new and fresh as those of yesterday. Then to pass from the comparative infancy to the ripe maturity of art, in the quartets of Cherubini, the second of which, in D minor, formed an important item in the programme, we witness the greatest dramatic composer of Italy (save Rossini) striving near the latter end of his career, to emulate Beethoven, when, Beethoven's invention being on the wane, the favoured "tone-poet" expressed himself almost exclusively through the medium of his intellectual faculties. But as Beethoven, apart from his other gifts, was eminently the most intellectual of musicians, he succeeded in producing, towards the decline of his creative power, what Cherubini could never have produced even at the richest period of his artistic life. Nevertheless, that which Cherubini accomplished in his attempt to tread in the steps of so formidable a compeer—by whom he was esteemed at even more than his intrinsic worth, and whom Cherubini only learned thoroughly to appreciate when too late to profit by the slowly acquired experience—is full of genuine interest; and possibly the quartet in D minor—if less "effective," to employ the conventional term, than the one in E flat major, where the influence of Mendelssohn, another extraordinary and original genius, seems to go hand in hand with that of Beethoven—is the most remarkable effort the learned Italian has made to realise, for himself, as it were, a new world. There is, at the same time, a not less wide distinction between this and any of the later quartets of Beethoven than between *Medea*, the finest opera of Cherubini, and *Fidelio*, the only opera of his unequalled contemporary. Mendelssohn may be more or less successfully imitated; but to imitate Beethoven, no matter who may be the imitator, can only result, at the best, in partial failure. The Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts had already afforded their patrons an opportunity of appreciating Cherubini's quartet in E flat; and it can hardly have been forgotten that what pleased most universally in that ingenious and masterly work was the *scherzo*—where Beethoven and Mendelssohn appear to strive for predominance, and Mendelssohn to carry off the palm. This was decidedly more to the taste of the audience than the one in D minor, although the latter was in every sense perfectly executed by Herr Becker (one of the most finished and legitimate quartet-players now before the public), Herr Ries, Mr. Richard Blagrove, and that incomparable violoncellist, Signor Piatti. The remaining instrumental pieces were Clementi's spirited, genial, and melodious pianoforte sonata in C major (Op. 34), and three of the admirable "*Lessons*" of Domenico Scarlatti (another famous *protégé* of the Spanish Court), including the celebrated fugue in G minor. The theme of this fugue, according to the generally received tradition, was suggested to the musician by the incident of a cat walking over the keys of the harpsichord, and striking the intervals of which the first three bars are composed. Hence the popularly received denomination, "*Cat's Fugue*." Both Clementi ("father of the pianoforte") and Scarlatti (its grandfather?) appeared to entertain their audience, who applauded both with enthusiasm, and recalled the pianist (Miss Arabella Goddard) at the termination of the "*Lessons*."

The vocal music—in every instance well given, the singers being Mademoiselle Parepa, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Santley—furnished characteristic specimens from the operas of Paesiello, who, the first to set the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, having usurped the throne of Piccini, yielded in turn to Rossini; Jomelli, predecessor of Piccini, and the most learned Italian composer of his day, who taught Germany melody and Italy harmony; Salvator Rosa, who, though a great painter, like Leonardo da Vinci, was also (like Leonardo) a more than average musician; Paer, author of countless works for the theatre, who first set the book which Beethoven afterwards immortalised as *Fidelio*, was Rossini's predecessor as director of the Paris Italian Opera, and Cherubini's as principal of the *Conservatoire*; Piccini himself, the rival of Gluck, and about whom the unenvious Jomelli, that other and still more gifted musical illustrator of Beaumarchais, seeing his own vogue on the point of being eclipsed, said aloud to his compatriots, after a performance of *La Buona Figliuola*, "*Ascoltate la sentenza d'Jomelli—questo è inventore*," ("Hear the judgment of Jomelli—this is an inventor"); Salieri, the jealous opponent—though certainly *not* the poisoner (even M. Oulibischeff rejects that slander)—of Mozart, and composer of an opera which those mighty connoisseurs, the Parisians, for a long time imagined to be Gluck's (*Les Danaïdes*); and Biangini, whose genial melodies alone should have preserved his dramatic works from oblivion. With all of these—we cannot afford space to single out any one of them for special notice—the audience were enchanted, and no concert of vocal and instrumental music in our experience was ever more heartily enjoyed. Mr. Benedict being engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre, Herr Ganz took his place as accompanist at the pianoforte. To act as substitute for Mr. Benedict in this responsible position is about as difficult as to replace Grisi in Norma, Alboni in Arsace, Mario in Almaviva, Ronconi in Figaro, Tamburini in Don Giovanni, or the late Lablache in Don Pasquale. Nevertheless Herr Ganz laboured zealously to sustain his own credit and that of the Monday Popular Concerts.

Concerts.

HERR MOLIQUE'S CONCERT.—The annual concert of Herr Molique, the eminent composer and violinist, took place at the Hanover Square Rooms before a crowded and fashionable audience. The programme contained too few of the concert-giver's own masterly and beautiful compositions, a selection from which might very properly have been given on such an occasion. In compensation, however, several works by other great writers were introduced; for instance, Mendelssohn's pianoforte trio in C minor, and Beethoven's Sonata in G major (Op. 96) for piano and violin; and these were very finely performed, the executants being Herr Molique, Signor Piatti, and Madlle. Anna Molique, whose playing, distinguished by unerring mechanism and a thorough appreciation of the author's meaning, left nothing to be desired. To say that Madlle. Anna Molique, who is still very young, proved herself a worthy associate of such artists as her father and Signor Piatti, two of the most accomplished performers of the day on their respective instruments, is giving her high praise, though not more than she deserves. The powers of Madlle. Anna Molique were further exhibited to advantage in "an original melody for the pianoforte" by Herr Pacher, which she gave with the utmost delicacy and grace. Herr Molique's ability as a *virtuoso* was severely tested in an unaccompanied solo by M. Leon de St. Lubin—a piece of prodigious difficulty, entirely beyond the means of any but the greatest violinists, and only possible to them in their happiest moments. Herr Molique, however, attacked it with heroic resolution and all the steady confidence of a practised master, and the result was a triumph of executive art such as is very rarely heard. We should, nevertheless, have preferred listening to Sebastian Bach's *chaconne* in D minor (which Herr Molique plays so magnificently), or some other solo piece more suited to his classic genius. Another extraordinary display was that of Signor Piatti in two *morceaux de salon*, composed by himself. The vocalists were Madame Catherine Hayes, Mr. Santley, and M. Depret. Madame Hayes distinguished herself honourably in Herr Molique's graceful and musicianly song, "The Gondolier," which was enthusiastically applauded. M. Depret was most successful in a new song by Signor Biletta; while the fine voice and admirable talent of Mr. Santley were most advantageously exhibited in a grand *aria* from Mozart's *Idomeneo*. The concert ended with some of Herr

Molique's beautiful *Melodies for the Violin*, played to perfection by the composer. Messrs. Benedict and Cusins were the conductors.

FLORAL HALL.—The first of the series of "Four Grand Concerts," announced to be given in Floral Hall, came off on Wednesday, and attracted a numerous if not a crowded attendance. Our readers have had already a full account of the architectural proportions and other properties of the new concert room, built by the director of the Royal Italian Opera. We have only to add that the building seems admirably adapted for the purposes of hearing, the most *piano* notes from the instruments and voices being distinctly audible in every part of the Hall. Floral Hall is a miniature Crystal Palace in appearance, and, as we learn from the advertisements, is intended to be converted to as multifarious purposes as the people's great show-house at Sydenham. In addition to musical entertainments, it may be used for the less artistic purposes of flower shows, balls, dinners, suppers, lectures, and meetings agricultural, political, social, and religious. Where Grisi and Mario are heard one day warbling their tenderest melodies, Messrs. Cobden and Bright, on the following, may be hurling the thunders of their eloquence against aristocrats and soldiers, and on the next, the Rev. Aminadab Sleek may be denouncing all those who deny his call to be the universal shepherd; or Giles Stabbles, the Bedfordshire yeoman, in doubtful county vernacular, may uphold the sacred immunities of Conservatism, and the necessity of high-priced quarterns. Wine vaults, too, it is said, are built under the flooring, of such capaciousness as to threaten the monopoly of the London Docks; and the wine-tasting gentry of the metropolis—a large class—are in ecstacies at the prospect presented them of bringing their favourite pursuit so close at hand.

The concert on Wednesday was in every respect identical in plan with the Italian Opera Concerts at the Crystal Palace, which for the last few years, during the season, constituted so attractive a feature, and which this year have been provided by the company of Her Majesty's Theatre. The band performed the overtures to *Der Freischutz* and *Zampa*, both splendidly, as may be supposed; the chorus sang the introduction to *Guillaume Tell*, assisted in the quartét by Madlle. Corbari, Madame Nantier-Didiée, Signor Gardoni, Signor Polonini, and M. Faure; Mr. John Barnett's madrigal, "Merrily wake music's measures"; and the prayer, "Nume del ciel," from *Masaniello*. Signor Mario was encored in the serenade, "Com' e gentil," from *Don Pasquale;* and Mesdames Grisi and Nantier-Didiée obtained the same compliment in "Giorno d' orrore," from the duet, "Ebben, a te ferrisci" (*Semiramide*). Madame Grisi sang "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, with great applause; Madame Miolan-Carvalho gave the "*Carnavale di Venezia*," and joined Signor Gardoni and M. Faure in the trio, "Tintinnar," from *Dinorah;* Madame Csillag introduced the *bolero*, "Mercie, jeunes amies," from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, besides contributing to the grand trio from *Fidelio*, "Corraggio"; Madlle. Corbari gave Cherubini's air from the *Nozze di Figaro*, "Voi che sapete," and took part in the quartet, "Padre nostro," from *Dinorah*, with Madame Nantier-Didiée, Signors Neri-Baraldi and Tagliafico; Signor Graziani sang the romanza (Ronconi's *romanza*), "Ah! non avea più lagrime"; Madame Nantier-Didiée undertook "Ah! mon fils," from the *Prophète*; Signors Neri-Baraldi and Graziani joined in Rossini's duet, "I Marinari"; and Signor Gardoni, Signor Ronconi, and M. Faure contributed the comic trio, "Pappataci," from the *Italiana in Algeri*. Madame Penco was set down for two pieces, but did not appear; nor was any apology offered for her absence—a somewhat questionable omission in the case of so eminent an artist.

HERR CHARLES OBERTHUR'S morning concert came off on Saturday at Willis's Rooms, in presence of a large and fashionable assembly. The vocalists were Miss Lindo, Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Madlle. Behrens, Herr Mengis, and Herr A. Muller; the instrumentalists, Miss Arabella Goddard, Miss L. Viola Trust, Mr. Trust and Herr Oberthur (harp), Signor Giulio Regondi (concertina), Herr Lidel (violoncello), and M. A. Daussoigne Méhul (harmonium). Herr Oberthur's share of the programme comprised, *duo brillant* on the *Trovatore*, for piano and harp, with Miss Arabella Goddard; his own *nocturne* for three harps; a new and original trio for violin, violoncello, and harp; new *fantasia* on *Dinorah;* and Parish Alvars' concerto in E flat, with orchestral accompaniments. The trio for violin, violoncello, and harp is a work of undeniable merit, exhibiting a real melodic invention, and considerable skill in the treatment. The execution by Herr Ries, Herr Lidel, and Herr Oberthur was irreproachable from first to last; Herr Oberthur, we need hardly say, being one of the most accomplished harpists now before the public. In the solo on airs from *Dinorah*, Herr Oberthur displayed, in a special manner, his powers as a fantasia player. He has a thorough command of the instrument, and a tone at once powerful and musical. The *duo brillant*, for piano and harp, however, created the greatest sensation of the concert. This is a really brilliant piece; and the familiar airs from the *Trovatore*, felicitously introduced and skilfully employed, have a charming effect. Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Oberthur executed the *duo* to perfection, and elicited plaudits from the whole room. The vocal music was good, but too plentiful. Miss Lindo sang two airs of remarkable merit by Herr Oberthur,—"O du mein Mond in stiller Nacht," and "Say, dost thou look at silent even,"—with admirable taste and expression; displaying a voice, too, well cultivated and of excellent quality. In his own composition, called "The Soldier's Song," and Herr Oberthur's charming air, "See the mariner returning," Herr A. Müller (from Glasgow) exhibited both a good voice and an artistic style. The other singers were Madlle. Eloiza Behrens, Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, and Herr Menghis, who each gave an air, and at the end joined Miss Lindo and Herr Muller in the prayer from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*. Two other instrumental displays elicited the utmost attention and applause; the first a duet by Behrer, on a Polish air, admirably played by Signor Regondi and Herr Lidel; the other, M. Benedict's very ingenious and popular "transcription" of "Where the bee sucks;" a specimen of execution, on the part of Miss Arabella Goddard, as brilliant and dazzling as it was graceful and faultless in expression. We have unintentionally omitted to mention Herr Oberthur's extremely clever *notturno*, for three harps, which was irreproachably rendered by the composer, in association with Mr. Trust and the young and promising Miss Viola Trust. Messrs. Aguilar, Canz, and A. Ries (all good musicians) were the accompanists; and the whole concert gave satisfaction. Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington was among the audience.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN gave her annual *Matinée* of Pianoforte Music on Saturday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and, as usual, her strong and commendable predilection for the classic school was manifest in the programme. Such pieces as Dussek's *Sonata*, in B flat, for pianoforte and violin; Beethoven's *Sonata*, in D minor (Op. 31, No. 2); Mendelssohn's *Tema Con bariazioni*, in D, for pianoforte and violoncello; and Moscheles' *Grand Duo*, "Homnage à Handel," for two pianofortes, would of themselves have made a first-rate entertainment, if concert-goers were only content with a little and good. In all these pieces Mrs. John Macfarren exhibited remarkable powers of execution and unerring taste. The Solo Sonata of Beethoven was given in a truly effective manner; while the Sonata of Dussek, in which Mrs. Macfarren was assisted by M. Sainton, and Mendelssohn's "Tema," with Signor Piatti at the violoncello, both displayed the execution and feeling of the pianists to special advantage. In Moscheles' Duo, which was given to admiration, Miss Arabella Goddard was the other pianist, and the performance of the two ladies was received with irrepressible delight. In addition, Mrs. Macfarren played several minor pieces, of which *Mariana*, by Mr. Walter Macfarren, appeared to please most. Signor Piatti and M. Sainton both executed solos of their own composition. The singers were Miss Palmer, Miss Fanny Rowland, and Mr. Santley, Miss Palmer contributed two *Canzoni Toscani*, by Gordigiani, charming vocal bagatelles, sung with genuine sentiment; Miss Fanny Rowland sang "The beating of my own heart," with peculiar grace. Mr. Santley gave "Tutto è disposto," from *Figaro*, and Mr. Wallace's "Bell-ringer," in his most effective manner. Mr. Walter Macfarren was the accompanist.

MASTER HORTON ALLISON, pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, gave his second pianoforte performance on Tuesday evening at Willis's Rooms. He played Hummel's Sonata in E flat (dedicated to

Haydn), F. Hiller's *Huit Mesures bariées*, of Cipriani Potter's "Pezzi di Bravura," Herz *Otello* Fantasia, Professor Bennett's *Rondo Piacevole*, J. Field's Nocturne in E flat, and Mr. W. Holmes's Fantasia, *Fairy Fingers*. This young gentleman is making rapid and striking progress. His best performances were Mr. Potter's *Bravura* (encored), the *Otello* Fantasia, and the "Fairy Fingers," of Mr. Holmes. The first two were played without book—no ordinary feat for a boy of twelve. Mr. Holmes's charming fantasia was perhaps best of all. It certainly pleased most. Master Allison has undoubtedly a "future" in store. Vocal select were contributed by Miss Marian Moss, Miss Therese Jeffery, and Mr. Wallworth. Miss Jefferys sang the beautiful air, "Canst thou deem thy heart is changing?" from Mr. Macfarren's *King Charles the Second*, most admirably. Miss Marian Moss gave the romanza "Va, ti-elle," from *Robert le Diable*, and Spohr's "Rose softly blooming," both extremely well. Spohr's air, on the whole, was perhaps the best delivered. Mr. Wallworth sang Madamina from *Don Giovanni*, and the ballad "I never can forget," from Mr. Alfred Mellon's *Victorine*. Mr. Basin Chatterton executed a fantasia of his own composition on the harp, and was admirably accompanied on the piano by Mr. W. H. Holmes.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—First Night of LES HUGUENOTS.—This Evening (Saturday) June 2), will be performed Meyerbeer's Opera of LES HUGUENOTS, with the following unprecedented cast:—Raoul, Signor Giuglini; De Cosse, Signor Soldi; Travinnes, Signor Mercuriali; St. Bris, Signor Gassier; Nevers, Signor Everardi; Marcello, Signor Vialetti; Urbano, Madame Bosio; Margherita, Mdlle. Louisa Micolai (her first appearance in this country); Dame d'Honneur, Mdlle. Nanni; and Del Agnese; Valentina, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. First appearance of Madame Bosio. First night of ERNANI. On Monday, June 4, will be performed, first time this season, Verdi's Opera of ERNANI. Ernani, Signor Mongini; Carlo Quinto, Signor Amodio; Silva, Signor Vialetti; Giovanni, Mdlle. Nanni; Elvira, Mdlle. Lotti (her first appearance at this theatre). On Tuesday, June 5, will be repeated LES HUGUENOTS. On Thursday, June 7 (Titiens, Alboni, Giuglini, Aldighieri, Vialetti). IL TROVATORE. On Saturday, June 9, will be repeated LES HUGUENOTS. Mdlle. Claudini Cucchi, the eminent danseuse, is daily expected, and will make her first appearance on Tuesday, June 5; to a new Ballet, composed expressly for her by Signor Barri. In active preparation, and will shortly be produced, with new and extensive scenery, properties, and decorations, Weber's grand romantic Opera of OBERON. Principal characters by Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Louisa Micolai, Madame Bosio, Mdlle. Brunetti, Madame Alboni, Signor Belart, Signor Everardi, Signor Aldighieri, Signor Castelli, Signor Mercuriali, and Signor Mongini. In order to secure places for these grand performances, early application is earnestly recommended to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily, from 10 to 6, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—First Night of LES HUGUENOTS.—This Evening (Saturday, June 2) will be performed (for the first time this season) Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, LES HUGUENOTS, with the following unprecedented cast:—Raoul de Nangis, Signor Giuglini; De Cosse, Signor Soldi; Travinnes, Signor Mercuriali; Le Comte de St. Bris, Signor Gassier; Le Comte de Nevers, Signor Everardi; Marcello, Signor Vialetti; Urbano, Madame Bosio; Marguerite de Valois, Mdlle. Louisa Micolai (her first appearance in this country); and Valentina, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. The Opera commences at 8 o'clock. Pit Tickets, 5s. (no Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. The Box-office of the Theatre (under the portico) is open daily from 10 to 5.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mdlle. Duverger.—M. Brindeau. Monday (first time), LA TENTATION. Orchestra Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 5s. 6d.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes from £2 2s. Places may be secured at the Box-office of the Theatre, from 11 to 5 o'clock daily, and at the principal Music Warehouses and Libraries.

ERRATA.—The third paragraph in the second leader of our last week's number should stand thus:—

"However that may be, nothing can be clearer than that in representing the story of *Don Juan* (de Tenorio) it is essential that the statue of the Commandant should be backed (a supper, that he should accept the invitation, and that he should ultimately take his irreverent host away to sup with him in the midst of blue fire. Talk of omitting the part of Hamlet in a representation of *Hamlet*? That would be as nothing compared with the omission of the statue of the Commandant from a performance of *Don Juan*. Mr. Buckstone, of facetious notoriety, tells a story of an American theologian and preacher who founded a religion which hopelessly and ignominiously failed because he attempted to carry it on without the assistance of an evil spirit. Well, *Don Giovanni*, last Thursday, at Her Majesty's Theatre, was like the religion of the poor insane American divine mentioned by Mr. Buckstone, except in this respect, that the opera did not fail—not in a musical sense at least. But the legend was utterly spoiled, the moral entirely lost, from the simple fact that the statue of the Commandant came, saw, actually shook hands with "Don Juan," and then *went away without him!* It is absurd to see "Don Juan" carried off by a host of imps; it is absurd to see the last scene terminated (as on Tuesday night, at Her Majesty's Theatre) by a display of fireworks; but most absurd of all is it to see "Don Juan" left quietly to himself after the ghostly Commandant has had a few minutes' conversation with him."

The substitution of "with" for "without," in the 11th and 17th lines, entirely subverted the meaning of the writer.

To Correspondents.

FABULOUS.—*Fabulous' Fable* has not been published, for the best of all reasons; it has never come to hand.

R. S. (Dublin).—*The songs and pieces have been mislaid; but search shall be made for them. Have we been too diffuse?*

T. M.—*The pamphlets shall receive attention as early as possible.*

T. H.'s *poem on Mendelssohn has never reached our offices.*

H. A. (Daventry).—*We shall be glad to hear from you on the same business.*

AJAX TROOPER.—*Next week.*

E. J. H.—*Madame Pasta's so-called "farewell concert" took place on Monday, July 8th, 1850, in the music-room of Her Majesty's Theatre. On the 11th July (same year) she appeared on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the opening scene of Act IV., and in the death scene of* Anna Bolena. *On Friday, the 12th of July (same year), at a morning concert for the benefit of the Italian refugees, Madame Pasta sang a duet with Madame Castellan, which was encored, and Pacini's cavatina, "Il soave bel contento." This was her final appearance.*

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

THE Lower Rhenish Music-Festival (the 37th anniversary) has passed off amid its accustomed perfume and unobtrusive enjoyment. They always select the "merrie monthe of Maye," "ces bons Allemands," as their (and our) encroaching (and "lively") neighbours call them; and this time, as from time out of mind, the 27th, 28th and 29th revolutions of the earth on its axis, during the 354th circular voyage of the satellite Luna—

"Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,"

were devoted to the glad event. Dusseldorf, the garden-city of the "river of Rhene" (or Rhine), was the favoured locality, Köln (or Cologne), the City of the Magi having been thus distinguished the year before, and Aachen (or Aix la Chapelle), the City of Carlo Magnus (or Charlemagne), the year before that.

These triennial music fêtes, on (or near) the edge of the stream with which the satiric poet (or poetic satirist) Heinrich Heine, communed and sympathised, in some degree resemble our own triennial gatherings in the Cathedral towns; only that while the cider-drinking people give charity a voice in their rejoicings, the Hock-quaffing

Rhenish burghers make them a mere bond of harmonious brotherhood among the triple populations. The Düsseldorf meeting derives additional interest from the fact that Mendelssohn at one period chose Düsseldorf as his head-quarters, and that at Düsseldorf, in the same month of May (1836), he first brought out his immortal *Paulus*. There is no Mendelssohn now to direct the performances, and consecrate the festival by the presence and example of genius; but in place of Mendelssohn, there is Mendelssohn's fellow-student and intimate friend, Hiller—Kapellmeister Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, whom—for some reason only known to his amiably whimsical self—Mendelssohn would, at the *Paulus*-fete, invariably salute as "Hiller's Studies." "Here comes Hiller's Studies," he would say to some English friends, on spying out his old "chum," while a smile would light up that countenance which was rather the countenance of an angel than of a man, and show the bright side of the angelic nature at its brightest. Ferdinand Hiller, Principal of the Conservatory at Cologne, is also an admirable musician, as all musical Europe knows; and a capital fellow, as is best known to his friends. Since Mendelssohn deserted the Rhine, to walk in the shadow of John Sebastian Bach, at Leipsic, the city of the *Thomas-Schule*, no such popular chief has been known to Düsseldorf, Cologne, or Aix, as Hiller.

On the whole, to judge by our correspondence, the 37th Niederrheinisches Musik-Fest was not one of the most brilliant on record. Düsseldorf looked as gay and animated as of yore, it is true; and the morning rehearsal in the Ton Halle as busy and exciting. The programme, however, does not appear to have afforded unanimous approval. At the first performance concert (Sunday), which began at 6 p.m. (what would our late dinner "fashionables" have said to that?) the selection comprised Robert Schumann's orchestral symphony in B flat, and Handel's oratorio of *Samson*—*Samson* according to Mosel, one of the meddlers who have re-adjusted the giant's proportions. Of Schumann's work, a correspondent writes:—

"With regard to Schumann's symphony much cannot be said, for a more chaotic composition I should think (yet never) heard; and had it not been performed by a remarkably fine orchestra, nobody would have sat it out."

This opinion, however, must be accepted with great reserve, inasmuch as further on, the same correspondent, who adopts the pseudonyme of "Philomousos," shows himself a not very competent authority. Take the following as an example:—

"Music is certainly in a state of anarchy in Germany at the present day owing to the endeavours of the Zukunfts party (that which the present will not acknowledge, and the future will not believe to have existed), who state that they are to be the great reformers of music, the chief members being Franz Liszt, R. Wagner, Schumann (before his death), and the French composers Berlioz, Gounod, not forgetting Litolff, and the Belgian, Gewaerts."

"Philomousos" speaks only by rote. At any rate, his light is at best a rushlight, for it has not helped him to the knowledge of some very important ("patent"?) facts; among the rest, that M. Hector Berlioz has indignantly protested against his name being associated with the Zukunfts party, and that Mr. Henry Litolff broke his stick at Weimar (not over the head of Father Liszt, but as a symbol of his rupture with the anarchists). Then, to rank such helpless innocents as formed the Gaul, and Gewaerts the Walloon, among this formidable tribe of savages! The composer of music to *Le médecin malgré lui*, and the composer of music to a book on *Quentin Durward*, illustrating the "Art Work of the Future," is too comical. On the contrary, they much more properly belong to the *past*. Herr Wagner would scout them.

Of the execution of Handel's *Samson*, our Correspondent writes (allowing for some necessary abbreviations), as follows:—

"All the choruses were magnificently executed; but unfortunately this was not the case with the solos. The Germans go upon the economical system: thus the solos were not in the hands of first-rate artists. It is a case of "*Mes petits yeux sont passés*" with Madame Jenny Bürde-Ney, her singing now being little better than screaming. Fräulein Schrock (*alto*) sings carefully, and has some very good notes. The tenor, Herr Schnorr, must have been suffering from a cold, for he literally *snorted* through his part. If he be the most magnificent tenor singer in Germany, had must be the best, Herr Stockhausen, the bass, is an artist to whom one can listen with pleasure. But the Düsseldorf fanatics attach too much importance to the abilities of all these singers. Mr. Hiller has made additions to the instrumentation of some of the airs in *Samson*; and no less than five were introduced, restored, that have always hitherto been omitted. *Bearbeitung* and *Verbesserung!* There is no organ in the Düsseldorf Music Hall, nor is it customary in Germany to give Handel's choruses with organ accompaniment. If people wish to hear Handel's compositions thoroughly well performed, they must go to England."

On Monday, when the concert began at the same hour, the subjoined was the programme:—

1. Overture, "Wasserträger;" Cherubini.
2. Ver Sacrum, oder die Hilfdung [illegible] J. J. Hiller.
3. Selection from "Iphigenia in Tauris," Gluck.
4. Symphony in A major (No. 7), Beethoven.

The overture of Cherubini was admirably played. Indeed, the orchestra at this festival if the ear of "Philomousos" may be accredited with sharpness, carried all before it. Read the subjoined, in reference to Beethoven's symphony:—

"No words can sufficiently express the praise due to all the members of the orchestra for their attention to nuances. The *crescendi* and *diminuendi* were perfect."

Gluck seems not to have fared so well, however:—

"The selection from *Iphigenia in Tauris* was but a poor affair. The whole went astray, as did also Hiller's composition," &c.

What follows is a tirade of the most abusive character, directed not only against Hiller's *Gründung Roms*, but against Hiller himself; not only against the literary share which Herr Bischoff (of the Kölner Zeitung and Niederrheinisches Musik-Zeitung) had in the *Cantata*, but against Herr Bischoff himself. Hiller is accused of every conceivable artistic sin, while Herr Bischoff is thus dismissed: "*The text is rubbish, although the idea is fine.*" We must be excused from printing any part of this criticism, and are too glad to pass on to the third and last performance, which took place on Tuesday, at the same hour of 6 p.m. Mendelssohn's overture to *Fingal's Cave* was as finely played as the other instrumental pieces; and Madlle. Schreck (the contralto) very successful in an air from Bach's *Passion Musik* (violin accompaniment by Joachim). The other vocal pieces were a trio from *Fidelio*, an air from Bouelldieu's *Fête du Village Voisin* (Herr Stockhausen); the hackneied scena from *Der Freischutz* (Madame Ney-Bürde); a tenor air from *Euryanthe* (Herr Schnorr); *Lieder*, by Schumann, Hiller, and Schubert (Herr Stockhausen); Venzano's *Valse* (Madame Ney-Bürde); and the concluding chorus from *Samson*. There were two overtures, Spontini's *Olympie*, and a concert-overture by Herr Tausch of Düsseldorf; Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, played by Herr Tausch, and a couple of violin solos, by Joachim, viz., his own, on Hungarian melodies, and one of Beethoven's Romances (which of the two our correspondent does not state).

About this concert we subjoin the remarks of "Philomousos," abridged as expedience may have suggested:

"Joachim's violin solo was beautifully executed: Mozart's 'Ave verum' could not have been better given, whether by orchestra or chorus. In fact, the weak points throughout the whole festival were owing to the mediocrity of the solo singers. Herr Tausch's concert overture was a childish affair; the composer, who directed its performance as a conductor, more childish still, and yet he holds the appointment of *Stadt Musik-Director* in Düsseldorf. Herr Tausch is a pupil of F. Schneider, brother to the man who tortured the people in 1852 with an interminable organ fugue at Exeter Hall. The concerto of Beethoven was nicely executed by Herr Tausch, and well interpreted. The even manner in which he gave the rapid passages deserves praise; but as a pianist, he can't play, and never will be able to play, like Miss Arabella Goddard or young Mr. Barnett.

"Beethoven's *Romanza* was divinely executed by Joachim, whose pure style must always be admired. Indeed, it is impossible to overpraise Joachim in this admirable performance, which so affected the audience that many of them were in tears! Madame Jenny Ney-Bürde, to a certain extent, vindicated her reputation in Weber's *Scena*.

In defence of the "Bearbeitung" (adaptation) and "Verbesserung" (amelioration) of Handel's *Samson*, which has been commented upon in a hostile spirit, let one of Herr Hiller's advocates in the Kolnische Zeitung speak:

"It is by no means the intention of Herr Hiller to bring *Samson* before the public in its complete and unabridged form, since neither the work nor the audience would benefit thereby. Mosel, in the arrangement through which the oratorio has acquired universal favour, has cut in freely with a very powerful knife, and in performing this operation has evidently gone too deeply into the flesh. But in spite of all that Handel fanatics say about the injustice done to this work, which should have been handed over to the world *unmutilated*, the adaptation is *preferable* to the original score. The latter, besides recitatives, contains sixteen airs and one duet more than have been heretofore published. Among these Herr Hiller has selected those which he considered the best suited to give prominence to the chief supporters of the action—Samson and Delila. He has fitted these pieces to a German text, and made necessary additions to the instrumentation, and it is not to be doubted that the work has been thereby enriched."

So deep is the feeling of spite evinced by "Philomousos" against Hiller, that he even allows himself to be led into a *non sequitur*:

"Portraits of Hiller are being sold in all the booksellers' shops, as if he were Beethoven returned to the world again—*which accounts for the vanity of the man.*"

The worthy Kapellmeister of Cologne may console himself with the *lapsus* involuntarily committed by his detractor. The artistic stature of Ferdinand Hiller is not diminished one hair's breadth by such inconsiderate attacks. May his shadow be never the less—and "Hiller's Studies" the name by which he is remembered when the trenchant shears of the *Parca* cut the thread of his existence. He who was the friend of Mendelssohn, and is the friend of Rossini, may laugh at an obscure *Philomousos*.

IT is the proud privilege of the noble and wealthy, who have abundance of leisure and means at their disposal, to promote and encourage the elegant arts of peace—the great civilisers of the community. But the highest and the noblest encouragement is not what depends upon giving expensive commissions, or purchasing at auctions extravagant pieces, choice and rare productions, to be afterwards hid away in a private gallery. It is that which recognises the generous improving influence of art upon human intelligence and feeling, and promoting the application of such influence, by opening the storehouses of art to the world, and welcoming all comers upon the grand neutral territory of intellectual enjoyment, with a friendly greeting. Nobly was this feeling recognised and carried out, but only temporarily, in the formation of the Great Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857, when the owners of priceless gems of art, from the Queen downwards, generously contributed from their store to found a spring for common enjoyment. And well and ably, though upon a smaller scale, with a more permanent aim and influence, is the noble President of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts lending his aid in the same field, by the active support given by him in carrying out the useful objects of that new institution.

The paper read by Mr. Henry Ottley, Honorary Secretary of the Society, on the Italian and Dutch Schools of Painting, was one of the highest interest. Mr. Ottley commenced by observing "that they were assembled together, through the kindness of their president, within the splendid walls of the gallery of that noble patron of art. It suggested reflections as to the character of such collections, the genius of the masters represented in them, and their influence upon art. It had been the fashion with the free-thinking critics of modern times to discourage the old masters, and to insist upon the superior merits of those of the living age. Without attempting to detract from the undoubted merits of art of the age and country, he would suggest that there had been, and were, continuous interests in common between the arts of all periods; and the influence of the past upon the present, as of the present upon the future, might be considered as direct and salutary in its operations. He then went on to show that his position was supported when they came to consider how little they had of old art amongst them, and how little they knew of old art fifty years ago, when these collections were first commenced, and the vast strides which English art had made since their influence was brought to bear upon it. It was essential to the right appreciation of art to consider them in their respective schools, and in their bearing respectively to one another. It was not enough to admire a pretty picture for the mere interest of its effect, or the attraction of colour and treatment which it produced. He then referred to the various schools of Italy, giving a brief summary of their salient points, and ably demonstrating in what they respectively excelled, at the same time directing the attention of his hearers to the works represented on the walls of the gallery. He afterwards passed to the Dutch school, and gave a most comprehensive view of its peculiarities, insisting upon their claims to respectful attention at the hands of all who studied art in a catholic spirit. There was a class of art critics who, nevertheless, had very strong predilections of their own, who could not see anything good beyond the immediate and restrictive circle of their choice. A very popular and voluminous living writer condemned *en masse* the productions of the Dutch school as coarse, vulgar, and irreligious; and went the length of saying that the best patronage any monarch could confer upon art would be to collect the whole body into one gallery, and then burn them (a laugh). This, however, was only an illustration of the length to which prejudice would carry even the wisest amongst us; but he trusted there was some hope that the writer alluded to might one day change his opinion (hear) upon the matter, as he had not unfrequently done upon others, and that he would take a wider and more comprehensive view hereafter of the purposes of art."

The discourse, which was listened to with the greatest attention throughout, gave a tone of more than ordinary earnestness to the proceedings of the evening, and served, by contrast, to enhance the attraction of the musical entertainment which followed. This fellowship of the arts, in

which music, painting, and sculpture emulate each other in friendly rivalry, is a noble thought, for which the world has to thank Mr. Henry Ottley. That after such communion a parting should take place would be cause for deep regret. We believe, however, that the good seed has been well sown, and that an abundant and full harvest may be anticipated.

We understand that Madame Oury's *matinée* will this year take place, by the permission of Mrs. Jefferys, at that lady's residence, 16 Eaton Place; when the *bénéficiaire* will be assisted by some of the most eminent *artistes* at present in London, including Miss Louisa and Miss Susan Pyne, Madlle. Parepa, Mons. Depret, Mons. Lefort, Madlle. Sophie Humber, &c. &c.

M. LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—The admirers of this accomplished *virtuoso* will have an opportunity of hearing him in some of his most recent compositions at the approaching concert of the Royal Society of Female Musicians, and at the always agreeable *matinée* of Mdme. Anichini, which is to be held (as usual of late years), by permission of Mr. Wolley, at Campden House, Kensington.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.—We are happy to be able to inform our readers that the report of this gentleman's death is unfounded. Herr Rubinstein is at Baden, composing an opera for the Vienna Kürnthner Thor. It is to be hoped that this new work may restore the fallen fortunes of that theatre.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.—(*Extract from a private letter.*)—"I suppose you know that the oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*, by Herr Hager, of Vienna, brought out by Mr. Hullah at St. Martin's Hall, is composed by Herr Von Hasslinger (not Haslinger), a good violin player, but a poor composer, who has got the mania into his noddle, and can't get rid of it. Hager is only an assumed name."

CANTERBURY HALL.—A very beautiful English model harmonium, by Evans—with double row of keys—has just been added to this establishment.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Semiramide was repeated on Saturday, when the theatre was more crowded than even at the first performance. The audience, too, were more enthusiastic. The overture was encored and repeated, an acknowledgment that the execution was far better than on the Tuesday, when it passed with scarcely a hand of applause. Mdlle. Titiens in *Semiramide* showed a decided improvement on her first performance, and, we have no doubt, will still farther perfect what, in many respects, is already so splendid. Mdme. Alboni's Arsace being faultless, offers no point for reconsideration. She has here (as in other instances), to use the learned diction of a morning contemporary, "achieved the *nimbus*." Her performance is neither more nor less than incomparable. The Assur of Signor Everardi is excellent, and will ripen into something even better by the aid of experience. Indeed, the whole performance of Rossini's gorgeous work was a manifest advance on the first, and the gratification of the audience was augmented in proportion.

In the ballet of *Scintilla* the delight caused by Mdlle. Pocchini's dancing was clouded by regret that her last performance should be so near at hand. Mr. E. T. Smith, who had already once renewed her engagement, should have retained Mdlle. Pocchini to the end of the season at any sacrifice. She is an immense favourite both with subscribers and the public; and has succeeded in reviving the *prestige* of the *ballet*.

On Monday, an extra night, *Don Giovanni* was repeated with more than one change in the cast. M. Gassier (his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre) played Don Giovanni, and Signor Everardi, Leporello. M. Gassier sings the music admirably; but that is all. Signor Everardi earned golden opinions in Leporello, giving the music with invariable correctness and in the true Mozartean spirit, and acting with vigour and discretion. "Mea anima" was thoroughly well sung; better, indeed, than by any one since Lablache. Rarely has an artist achieved even a moderate success alternately in two such important characters of Don Giovanni and Leporello. Signor Sebastiano Ronconi replaced Signor Mercuriali in Masetto, and not only sang better than his predecessor, but was, in a dramatic sense, far more to the purpose. The other characters were as before; and the only remark we have to make is, that Mdme. Borghi-Mamo sang both the airs of Zerlina as charmingly as on a previous occasion, and without a single ornament or change. Her performance, in short, was irreproachable.

On Tuesday *Il Trovatore* was given, with *Scintilla*.

On Thursday *Semiramide* was performed for the third time, followed by *Scintilla*, when Mdlle. Pocchini made her last appearance.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THAT *La Gazza Ladra* would be better this season than last was fully anticipated when the prospectus appeared. Madame Penco, no one doubted, would be a more satisfactory Ninetta than Mdlle. Lotti, and M. Faure, with equal confidence, was expected to surpass Signor Debassini in Fernando. Neither expectation was destined to be baulked. Both Madame Penco and M. Faure were eminently successful; and we may state at once that a more admirable performance of Rossini's opera has not been heard in London for years than that of Saturday, when *La Gazza Ladra* was represented for the first time. The Ninetta of Madame Penco is perhaps her most elaborately finished impersonation. Except by Madame Grisi, we never saw the part acted with such genuine feeling and intelligence; while Madame Penco's execution of the music, always satisfactory, at times reached the highest excellence. The *aria d' intrata*, "Di piacer mi balza il cor," was perhaps the least effective part of her performance, judged from a mechanical point of view; but even here the expression was charming and the manner irresistible. That Madame Penco had studied the character with the utmost care was apparent in every scene, but no mere labour could have realised so perfect an achievement without instinct and impulse to back it. Indeed, for a first performance we can hardly call to mind anything on the Italian stage more unexceptionable. Madame Penco's voice, being a genuine *soprano* of great flexibility, is suited to the music; which was shown alike in the *finale* to the first act and in the judgment scene. In the last scene, where Ninetta is led to execution, Madame Penco surpassed herself, acting with intensity and feeling, and singing the pathetic prayer to perfection. We may add that Madame Penco looked the part thoroughly, and never seemed to forget that she was the rustic village maid.

M. Faure was perhaps more arduously taxed in Fernando Villabella than in either Hoël or Alphonso XI. Fortunately his voice is flexible, or with all his talent he could not have surmounted the difficulties presented. The music of Fernando was written for Filippo Galli—"the barytone of his epoch," as M. Fétis, years later, denominated Tamburini. If M. Faure has not yet quite attained the requisite ease and fluency, he is at least in a fair way of attaining it. Increased familiarity with the Italian school of vocalisation will free him from certain peculiarities native to his own French manner, irreconcileable with the nice refinement of execution demanded by Rossini's florid music. The terzetto, "O nume benefico," and the unaccompanied quintet in the condemnation scene, were, on Saturday night, his most successful achievements. In "Ah! qual Colpa" and "Ecco cessato il vento" he was too measured, and evidently less at ease. M. Faure's acting throughout was earnest, intelligent, and impressive.

Signor Ronconi's Podestà is a more consummate performance than ever, more deeply weighed, more artistically elaborated, and more admirably fused into one great whole. The comic phase of the character is not made so prominent as formerly, and more real interest is created in consequence. Of course the humour of the first scene is preserved, and the Podestà allowed to exhibit his vagaries and drolleries as usual. This was necessary in a dramatic sense. After the condemnation of Ninetta, however, and indeed throughout the judgment scene, a tragic colouring is given, consistent with the dramatic situation, and contrasting in

a striking manner with the scenes which have gone before. This is Signor Ronconi's new idea of the character, and with what transcendent art and effect he carries it out may be easily imagined.

Madame Nantier-Didiée, who made her first appearance this season as Pippo, was received with distinguished favour. This lady has earned a well-deserved popularity by her capital singing and her clever acting. For small parts, like the goatherd in *Linda*, and Maddalena in *Rigoletto*, her place could not be well supplied. In trying to make too much of Pippo, however, Madame Nantier-Didiée occasionally becomes extravagant, and, in spite of the applause she occasionally received from the less refined among the audience, does not create the impression she is no doubt desirous of making on good judges. The performance would certainly be improved if less were attempted to produce effect; especially we advise the omission of the fight with the soldiers in the *finale* to Act 1. Madame Tagliafico, as the farmer's wife; Signor Tagliafico, as Fabrizio; and Signor Luchesi, as the pedlar, were all excellent. The band and chorus were splendid, and we are inclined to pronounce the performance of *La Gazza Ladra*, on Saturday night, as the most perfect of the season. The overture, encored amid a storm of applause, was repeated with increased effect. The opera is admirably put upon the stage.

The new *divertissement, Les Amours de Diane*, produced on Thursday, affords opportunities for the very clever dancing of Mdlle. Zina, and is very prettily placed on the stage.

After the opera on Saturday, the new Floral Hall was thrown open to the occupants of boxes, stalls, and all who promenaded until midnight, while the band of the Coldstream Guards performed a variety of popular pieces. The Hall was brilliantly illuminated and handsomely decorated, and is altogether a magnificent saloon either for balls or concerts.

La Gazza Ladra was repeated on Tuesday, and *Il Trovatore* on Thursday.

Letters to the Editor.

BEETHOVEN AND MENDELSSOHN.

SIR,—In the very clever letter from "Veteran" given in your last number, I see that Mendelssohn is spoken of as an *imitator* of Beethoven. I consider this an insult to the lamented musician, and to the thousands who love him not least of all for his originality. I am not a veteran myself, but I dare assert that in originality at least Mendelssohn is quite as great as any of his predecessors. Perhaps if I am wrong you will kindly correct me, as I am only

A MUSICAL STUDENT.

[We are entirely of "A Musical Student's opinion." We shall have a word or two with "Veteran" in our next.—ED.]

THE DOUBLE BASS.

SIR,—Can you oblige me with any information as to the time when the Double Bass was first introduced into the orchestra?

Yours obediently,

Z.

MR. G. A. BARRY'S SONGS.

SIR,—In justice to Messrs. Ewer & Co., the publishers of the English edition of my "Six Songs" reviewed in No. 20. of the *Musical World*, I beg to correct an error you have fallen into, in stating that in the case of several of them the name of the author of the words is not given. By reference to the songs, you will see that it *is* given, but at the *end of each*; a plan unusual perhaps in England, but common enough in Germany.

With regard to M. Meyerbeer's setting of H. Heine's "Du schönes Fischermädchen," (with which you contrast my version of the same) it would be interesting to learn how far the melody produced by that composer was inspired by the words. Charming and original as it is, both in melody, harmony, and in general effect, is there not internal evidence of its having been composed without reference to the text? That it was originally written to other words—unless it be that it was produced in the composer's youth, a time when *absolute* melody flows more naturally than in maturity, when one is apt to rely on the text for suggestions,—I am led to suspect, from the fact of the contraction of the words "*und setze dich*" into "*setz' dich*," as well as from the improbability that M. Meyerbeer, a man of education and not a mere musician, would have so far disregarded the rules of prosody as to allow such words as *und, hat, in, mein*, to occur on the accented note of the bar, by which the declamation is falsified, and the singer is compelled to quite a different accentuation from that which a good reader would give.

For my own part, having already been long acquainted with M. Meyerbeer's "Fischermädchen," I probably should not have attempted a new version, had not the idea of producing a melody, which should not be *a deux temps*, but mainly the result of what I took to be the correct declamation of the words, been suggested to me in Leipsic by a musical friend, who (as he said) had just written a "melody like" melody to the same.

Thanking you for your kindly notice of my songs,

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

ALFRED BARRY.

4 York Villas, Twickenham.
May 29, 1860.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The programme of last Monday, selected from Italian masters, was of so interesting a character that we cannot do better than present it to our readers unmutilated.

PART I.

Quintet, in A major (No. 3 3rd set—Op. 20), for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos. Herr Becker, Herr Ries, R. Blagrove, M. Paque, and Signor Piatti ... ... Boccherini

Aria, "Ah! lo crepido, (I Zingari in Fiera). Madlle. Euphrosyne Parepa ... ... Paesiello

Aria, "Forbido mai che treme, (La Passione). Mr. Santley ... ... Jomelli

Sonata, in C major (Op. 34, No. 1), for pianoforte alone. Miss Arabella Goddard ... ... Clementi

Aria, "Vado ben spesso." Mr. Tennant ... ... Salvator Rosa

Notturno for two voices, "Puro ciel tranquilla notte," Madlle. Parepa and Madame Laura Baxter ... ... Paer

Grand Quartet, in D minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello. Herr Becker, Herr Ries, R. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti ... ... Cherubini

PART II.

Quartet, "Come calme e placide," (Nina). Madlle. Parepa, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Santley ... ... Paesiello

Selection from "Harpsichord Lessons" (including the Cat's Fugue). Miss Arabella Goddard ... Scarlatti

Aria, "Alla larga Signore" (La Buona Figliuola). Madame Laura Baxter ... ... Piccini

Aria, "Con ape ingegnosa" by desire, (Tarrare). Mr. Santley ... ... Salieri

Sonata, in G, for two violoncellos. Signor Piatti and Mr. Schroeder ... ... Boccherini

Venetian Air, "La Biondina in Gondoletta," with variations. Madlle. Euphrosyne Parepa ... ... Paer

Notturno for two voices, "Per Valli per Boschi." Madame Laura Baxter and Mr. Tennant ... ... Blangini

Quartet, in E flat major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello. Herr Becker, Herr Ries, R. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti ... ... Rossini.

With the exception of the air by Salieri and Rossini's quartet, all these were given for the first time; and if we may judge by the careful attention with which they were listened to, and the hearty applause accorded by a full audience, the success of the old Italian composers with the modern English public may be looked upon as a *fait accompli*. Some time since we took occasion to observe that the directors of these entertainments were earnestly working the rich vein of good music, and it being now established beyond a doubt, that there is a very large section of concert goers who can and do appreciate classical chamber compositions, we trust that still further opportunities may be afforded for hearing works which, in some instances, from their antiquity, and in others from being known only to curious *dilettanti*, bear the stamp and possess all the attraction of novelty. It would far

exceed the limits of our space were we to enter upon a detailed criticism of each of the thirteen pieces (too many, by the way,—an *embarras de richesses*), much less to introduce any remarks from the analytical programme which embodies information of an instructive and amusing character. Suffice it then that Messrs. Becker, Ries, K. Blagrove, Pague, Schroeder, and Piatti, fully sustained their high reputation as instrumentalists; that Miss Arabella Goddard was enthusiastically recalled after her admirable performance of Scarlatti's Harpsichord Lessons; that Mdlle. Parepa and Madame Laura Baxter were encored in their first duet; Messrs. Tennant and Santley used their best exertions in the pieces allotted them, the latter gentleman distinguishing himself highly in the animated air of Jomelli. Herr Ganz officiated as Conductor.

Next Monday will be devoted to various masters. Mdlle. Jenny Meyer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Sainton, Herr Lübeck, and a new basso, Herr Hermanns, are engaged. We are glad to observe that there is to be another quartet from Dussek's Op. 61.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The annual meeting of the children of the charity schools of the metropolis, which has so long been annually held in St. Paul's Cathedral, will this year be discontinued. Fortunately the disappointment which would have been felt by thousands of persons at the cessation of these time-honoured celebrations will be removed by making the Crystal Palace available for the occasion, and it is announced that a more than ordinarily great gathering of the children will take place at the Palace on Wednesday next, June 6, preparations for which have been in active progress for some time past. The great Handel Orchestra, being double the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's, affords opportunity for the introduction of a much larger number of children than were ever assembled in the cathedral together. The favourable construction of the orchestra also renders it a much more appropriate *locale* than the old staging in the ecclesiastical edifice. The result will probably, therefore, be more successful than the meetings at St. Paul's, although they have hitherto been regarded as among the great sights of the metropolis. In order that the children may enjoy a lengthened holiday, they will be conveyed to the Palace by special trains and vans at an early hour of the morning. At three o'clock they will be assembled in the great orchestra for the musical performance, and more than ordinary attention will be paid to grouping them according to the colours of the clothes worn by each school. The various schools have for some time past been under careful training by Mr. W. G. Martin, whose success with the great meetings of the Metropolitan Schools Choral Society and with the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral is well known, and a great advance on former musical efforts may reasonably be anticipated. The treasurers of the various schools, under the chairmanship of Mr. Alderman Finnis, with many other influential members of the corporation, including the active hon. secretary to the committee, Mr. John Stewart, have entered most heartily into this holiday scheme, and as, by the liberality of the Crystal Palace authorities, the opportunity will be afforded to the parents of the children to provide themselves beforehand with tickets at the lowest excursion rate, there can be no doubt but that Wednesday, the 6th of June, will be one of the great days at the Crystal Palace, and the popular annual solemnity of the "Charity Children" of the metropolis will more than ever retain its attractions. On Friday, June 8, and two following days, a great Fancy Fair and Bazaar, supported by many of the leading city houses, and under distinguished patronage, will be held in the Central Transept, for the benefit of the Warehousemen's and Clerks' Schools.

TONIC SOL-FA.—The following letter was addressed by the General Manager of the Crystal Palace Company to the conductors of the recent festival given by the Tonic Sol-Fa Association at Sydenham:—

MY DEAR SIRS,—I cannot allow the day to pass over without offering you my congratulations on the very successful execution of the music selected for the meeting of the Tonic Sol-fa Association. Knowing something of the labour requisite for organising such an assemblage; knowing also the difficulty of efficient rehearsal of such a force as that brought under your guidance, I am unable adequately to express my astonishment and pleasure at the result. Whether I look to the attention given to the *bâton* by this large mass of young persons—the manner in which they kept up to the *pitch*—the expressive emphasis upon the *words*—the force of the *forte* passages—or the delicacy of the *piano*, I was equally astonished and delighted. I feel it therefore not only an act of great pleasure, but also one of duty, to both of you gentlemen, upon whom must have devolved so much labour and anxiety, to offer you my most hearty and sincere congratulations on the successful issue of this day's meeting. Whatever may be the opinions entertained in some quarters of the system of notation under which your pupils are instructed, I care not here to allude to—that the result of this day's celebration is, however, most honourable to you, I cheerfully attest; that it must result in increasing benefit to musical art in this country I as firmly believe. Believe me to be, my dear Sirs, most faithfully yours,

ROBERT BOWYER.

(*General Manager, Crystal Palace Company*).

MESSRS. JOHN SARLL & W. S. YOUNG

(*Conductors of the Tonic Sol-fa Festival*).

Such testimony from one so well qualified to give it must have been flattering to the clever conductors and teachers who labour so zealously in their tasks.

Provincial.

RICHMOND, SURREY.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The members of the Richmond Musical Society gave their last Concert for the Season on Monday, May 21st, when the room was crowded by subscribers and their friends. The concert was the best the members have given. The instrumental part consisted of two movements from Mozart's Symphony in C [which of the two?], Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, and a March, composed for the Society by the conductor, Dr. Sellé, the solos in which, for clarionet, flute, and trumpet, were exceedingly well played. The vocal pieces were also very good. Mr. Costa's song from *The Dream*, and a song with chorus, composed by Mr. W. Abbott, were both given in an efficient style by a gentleman. The following songs were sung by three ladies: "Vas dir sagete," "Dearest Companions," and "Sweet Bride of Sleep," with clarionet *obligato*. This last-named gained the only encore, the clarionet part being played by the composer Dr. Sellé. The following gentlemen of the musical profession tendered their valuable assistance: Mr. Sebastian, Mr. W. Abbott, Mr. Callcott, and Mr. Etherington.

HERR BECKER AT MANCHESTER.—Decidedly the great treat of the evening would be found in the violin playing of Herr Becker, who has this season visited London, if we mistake not, for the first time, and who cannot fail to make an impression upon all who love music truly, whether learned or unlearned in the art divine. The manner of Herr Becker has more of the gentleman in its character than the eccentric artist; his bearing is particularly graceful, free from angularities, and giving the impression of spontaneity rather than that baleful and earnest study which must have led to such a result. He dashes off some of the most noted passages in the Kreutzer Sonata for violin and pianoforte, and Mendelssohn's Concerto, with a perfection of manipulation that develops in many instances quite a new reading; you feel that a master hand has possession of the great master's composition, and the value also of every note and point throughout its wondrous intricacy. Not less effective is the andante playing of Herr Becker, so rich and round in tone, so full of that tremulous delicacy which marks true pathos. Rarely have we been more gratified with sterling violin playing, and having Mr. Hallé for his pianoforte companion in the duets we need scarcely say how complete was that particular performance.—*Manchester Examiner and Times*, May 15.

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(*Continued from p. 339, Vol. 38.*)

93.

The Same to his Wife.

Milan, January 8, 1771.

Yesterday we had a little concert at Count Firmiani's, where Wolfgang had a concerto — a very fine one, and quite new — given him to play. Next Monday we shall go to Turin, where we shall spend a week. Our son's opera marches onward amidst universal approbation, and as the Italians say, it is going up to the skies (*alle stelle*). Every one is curious to behold the *maestro* and to speak with him.

During the three first performances Wolfgang sat at the first harpsichord, and the *maestro* Lampugnani accompanies him on the second. Now it is the latter who plays the first, and the *maestro* Melchior Chiesa the second.

96.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, January 12, 1771.

The Philharmonic Academy of Verona has admitted our dear son among its members, and the *Cavaliers dell 'Academie* is busy preparing the diploma to send it to us. God be thanked! the opera is so attractive that the theatre is crammed full every day.

P.S. from Wolfgang. — It is long since I wrote, I have been so busy. Now that I have more time I shall attend better to my duty. The opera, God be thanked, pleases, for the theatre is quite full every night, which astonishes every one, as every one says that in Milan no first opera ever drew such a crowd. We are well, and I hope at Easter to be able to tell everything in detail to you and our good mother. *A propos*—yesterday the copyist came to see us, and to tell us that the court of Lisbon had asked for a copy of the opera. Keep yourself in health, my lady sister.

I have the honour to be and eternally to remain,
Your faithful brother.

97.

The Same to the Same.

Venice, February 20, 1771.

We arrived here the Monday before Shrove Tuesday. We go every night to the opera and to the other places of public recreation. The former *impresario*, Crosa, miserably drest, crawls about the streets of Milan a beggar. God thus punishes the deceitful.

I have yet to tell you, about our stay at Milan, the following fact:—we heard a thing which will seem to you incredible, and which I thought I never could have heard.—N. B. in Italy. We heard two poor people, a man and a woman, singing together in the streets, and singing entirely in fifths, without missing a single note. This is what I never heard in Germany. From a distance I thought at first that two persons were singing separately. As we drew near we found that it was a duo in pure fifths.

I cannot sufficiently lay stress on the politeness of M. Wider, the merchant to whom I have been recommended, and on that of all his family. It is impossible to give them too much praise. I have learnt a little to read the men of this world; but I have seen few, very few, so obliging as these,—frank, kindly, and open, at the same time that they are polite, well mannered, and free from pride. They have invited us to dinner every day that we have no other engagement. We shall soon have had enough of our journeys in gondolas. To-morrow we dine at Catarina Cornero's, Sunday at the Patriarch's, Monday at Dolfino's, next week, almost every day, with other *nobili*.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—I am still alive, God be praised, and in good health. Do you know what it is to receive the *attacca*? In order to become a true Venetian, you must allow your hinder part to be brought violently in contact with the ground. It was decided that I should be initiated. Seven women laid hold of me, and they succeeded in bringing me—how shall I say?—aground.

98.

The Same to the Same.

Venice, March 1, 1771.

We are constantly invited out, now at one place now at another; there is always some lordly gondola before our door ready to carry us to the Grand Canal. On our return we shall have to make a stay for a few days at Vicenza, the bishop of which, who belongs to the Cornero family, will not allow us to pass through the city on any other condition; the same with Verona. I am vexed that we shall only have melancholy fast days during our whole journey. We may, perhaps, reach Reichenhall on Good Friday, where we shall hear the usual opera of the *Passion*. I will relate to you all we have seen; the arsenal, the churches, the hospitals; there are a thousand things to admire here.

We shall not bring the opera back with us. It is still in the hands of the copyist, who, like all the copyists of Italy, will not let the original of an opera go out of his hands as long as he can make a profit of the copies, in order that he alone may have the benefit of it. When we left Milan the copyist had made five complete copies, one for the *impresa* (management), two for Vienna, one for the Duchess of Parma, and the other for the court of Lisbon, not to speak of the single pieces of which he had many copies to make. He has not executed all his orders yet.

Tuesday there is a grand concert; Sunday we go to the Imperial ambassador, Monday to Maffetti's.

99.

The Same to the Same.

Venice, March 6, 1771.

We are so plagued and dragged at in every direction, that I cannot say who, of all that ask us, will succeed in getting us. It is a pity we could not have stayed longer here, for we have made a wide acquaintance with all the nobility, and everywhere, in the drawing-rooms, at the dinner table, we are so overwhelmed with honours, that not only are we fetched and brought back in gondolas by the secretary of each house, but the master of the house himself accompanies us home, and they are among the first people in Venice, the Cornero's, Grimani's, Mocenigo's, Dolfins, Valiers, &c.

I am afraid we shall meet with very bad roads, for there have been frightful rains. *Basta!* we must take things as they come. All these things do not interrupt my repose, so long as we are in health.

100.

The Same to the Same.

Vicenza, March 14*th*, 1771.

We had made everybody believe that we should start a day earlier than we meant, in order to have a day to ourselves, and to have time to pack up. But the trick was nosed out, and we had to dine once more with Cotari, and with Cornero, who presented us with a handsome snuff box, and some fine lace cuffs. We saw all that we could contrive to visit in Padua in one day, for there we could get no rest either, and Wolfgang had to play in two places. He also found some work there, for he is to compose an oratorio for Padua. We paid a visit to the Maestro Padre Valotti* *di Santo*, and then Ferrandini†, where Wolfgang had to perform. Lastly he played to perfection on the organ of the incomparable church of San Giustiniano. To-morrow we stay over another day—not without cause.

101.

The Same to the Same.

Verona, March 18*th*, 1771.

I am informed from Vienna that a document will reach me at Salzburg, which will astonish you, and confer immortal honour on our son.‡

102.

The Same to the Same.

Innspruck, March 25*th*, 1771.

We are near our journey's end. Thursday, I hope to be in the midst of you.

103.

The Same to the Same.

Verona, August 18*th*, 1771.§

We stayed an entire day at Ala, with the two Piccinis, that we might go to church in our travelling attire, which it was easier to do than at Verona. We have plenty of entertainment in the way of music. We alighted here at Luggiatti's.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—I have only slept half an hour, for I do not like sleeping after meals. You may hope, believe, think, fancy, figure to yourself, be satisfied, and live in confidence, that we are in good health. As for me I can give you positive intelligence to that effect. Ask M. de Heffner if he has not seen Anna Mindl.

104.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, August 24, 1771.

We have been here since the 21st. The poem has not yet been sent from Vienna. The archduke arrives on the 15th of October, and the marriage will take place on the same day.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—We were overcome with heat on the road; the dust followed us up most pertinaciously and impertinently to such a degree, that we should certainly have been stifled and have died, had we not had the good sense to do nothing of the kind. Keep your promise

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* A cordelier monk, a chapel master, and the greatest organist of his time. Born at Verceil, 1697, died at Padua, 1780.

† Antonio Ferrandini, born at Naples, 1718, author of a *Stabat Mater*, considered a masterpiece; died in poverty, 1779.

‡ Count Fiomiani wrote to him from Milan, in the name of the Empress Maria Teresa, to confide to Wolfgang the composition of a grand serenade for the stage, to celebrate the marriage of Archduke Ferdinand. It was called *Ascanio in Alba*. The opera composed on the same occasion was entrusted to the eldest of the chapel masters, the celebrated Hasse.

§ Mozart returned in August to Milan, with his father, to compose his serenade, and work at an opera at the same time.

to me; you know very well which I mean. O thou all-beloved I beseech thee; I shall most certainly be beholden to thee.

At this moment I am suffocating; I open my waistcoat. Addio. Overhead we have a violinist; there is one below us; in the next apartment there is a singing-master giving lessons; opposite to us there is a colonel. This is an amusing state of things when you are composing, it gives one ideas.

105.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, August 31, 1771.

The poem has come at last. As yet Wolfgang has done nothing but the overture, to wit, a tolerably long *allegro*, an *andante* which is to be danced to, but only by a few persons. Then instead of the concluding *allegro* he has written a sort of *contredanse* and chorus, which is to be sung and danced to. We shall have a pretty good deal to do this month. We are going to see M Hasse, who has just arrived.

We went to see the Princess, the betrothed of the Archduke. She was extremely gracious; not only did she chat a long time with us, but, moreover, gave us the most charming reception, for as soon as she caught sight of us, she advanced quickly to meet us, drew off her glove and presented her hand, and began to address us before we could say a word to her.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—I have already in your honour eat lots of pears, peaches, and melons. My sole pleasure is talking in signs with the dumb people, for I can do it to *perfection*. Let me recommend to you my prayer for the other, so long as there is another, you understand.*

106.

I received your few lines; it was a most economical idea to write only a little on the first page and scarcely anything on the second; for so many thousands of letters might add such weight to the epistle, that it would require six horses to convey it to Milan. Heavens what an amount of postage. Blank sheets are always less costly to be conveyed than those which are covered with writing.

Our heads are quite full. We received the poem very late, and even then it still remained some days in the hands of the poet, that he might make all sorts of changes. I hope it will have a good success. But Wolfgang has a heap of things to write, for he is also obliged to compose the music for the ballet which connects the two acts, or the two parts of the serenade.

I did not think it at all extraordinary that the Archduke Maximilian should have become a canon of the Cathedral. I everywhere, and on all occasions have said it, since my return from Italy to Salzburg, that it would happen. We shall see the rest: patience. I am sorry I cannot write all I have to say. Salzburg is not the sole motive for this first step.

107.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, September 13, 1771.

Wolfgang will, I hope, with God's help, have finished the serenade in twelve days; it is properly speaking an *azione teatrale* in two parts. The recitatives, with and without accompaniments, are all finished, and the choruses also, five of which are sung only, and three others sung and danced to at the same time. We attended to-day the rehearsal of the dance, and we admired the zeal of the two ballet-masters, Pick and Fabier. The first tableau represents Venus emerging from the clouds, accompanied by Genii and Graces.

The *andante* of the symphony is danced to by eleven personages, eight Graces and three Goddesses. The last *allegro* of the symphony, is a chorus of thirty-two choristers, eight *soprani*, eight *contralti*, eight *tenors*, and eight *basses*, and at the same time danced to by sixteen personages, eight women, and eight men.

There is another chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses; and besides choruses of shepherds alone, that is *tenors* and *basses*; next there are, choruses of little shepherdesses, that is of *soprani* and *contralti*. In the last scene they are all together, Geni, Grazi, Pastori, Pastorelle, choristers, dancers of both sexes, and all dance together to the final chorus. In the above enumeration are not included the solo dancers, namely M. Pick, Mdme. Binetti, M. Fabier, and *Mamsell* Bimcho. The small solos which intervene between the choruses, sometimes between two soprani, sometimes between alti and soprani &c., are intermingled with solos by dancers of both sexes.

The personages of the cantata are: La Venere, Signora Falchini, *seconda donna*; Ascanio, Signor Manzuoli, *primo uomo*; Silvia, Signora Girelli, *prima donna*; Aceste Sacerdote, Signor Tibaldi, *tenore*; Fauno Pastore, Signor Solzi, *secondo uomo*.

N.B.—We have already in hand our Venice affair for 1773.

(Here follows in Italian the agreement for an opera to be performed in Venice at the Carnival of 1773, and requiring the presence of young Mozart in that city from the 30th of November, 1772. The terms are seventy sequins.)

P.S. from Wolfgang.—I shall write only for the sake of writing. I am not very well. I have a cold in my head and chest. Tell Mdlle. de Moelk, I am greatly rejoiced at the idea of returning to Salzburg, if it were only to receive for my minuets such a present as I received once after a certain concert,—she will know well enough what the present I mean was.

(To be continued).

* A young lady, a favourite with the young composer, and who was shortly about to be married.

Advertisements.

MUSICAL THEORY.—Clear Instructions in all branches, by Mr. E. Eyre, 14 Royley Street, Old Street, E.C.

TO MUSIC SELLERS. — The Advertiser wishes to place his Son, who has a good knowledge of the Trade, in a first-class Music Warehouse, either in or out-doors.—Address, stating salary, to Z. A., at the Office of this Paper.

"THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The Members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13 Berners Street, Oxford Street. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Gilbert.
F. Fr REILLY, *Hon. Sec.*
Persons desirous of joining the Choir are requested to address the Secretary.

MENDELSSOHN'S "HAPPY and BLEST ARE THEY WHO HAVE ENDURED," Chorus in the Oratorio St. Paul, arranged from the full score for two performers on the Organ, by J. T. Stone. Price 3s. Mendelssohn died on Nov. 4, 1847. This sublime Chorus was performed at a "Todtenfeir," which took place in the Church of St. Paul, at Leipzig, three days after the death of the immortal Composer.
D'Almaine and Co., 104 New Bond Street, W.

NEW SONGS by J. W. DAVISON, "Rough wind that moanest lond" (sung by Mr. Santley at the Monday Popular Concerts); "Swifter far than Summer's flight," (sung by Miss Palmer at the Monday Popular Concerts); "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep," Beatrice's song in the Cenci (sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall); are published by Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201 Regent Street.
The above Songs form Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Vocal Illustrations of Shelley.
"Mr. Santley was encored in one of the thoroughly picturesque and poetical settings of Shelley, by Mr. J. W. Davison, mentioned a week or two since. His song, 'Rough wind that moanest lond,' is a thoroughly good song."—*Athenæum.*
"Madame Sainton-Dolby's greatest efforts were called forth by Mendelssohn's 'Night' song, and Mr. J. W. Davison's 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep' (from Shelley's 'Cenci'), to both of which she did the amplest justice. The latter work is one of the most poetical and beautiful of the 'Vocal Illustrations of Shelley,' composed by Mr. Davison many years ago, and which, though rarely heard, possess far more sterling merit than nine-tenths of the most admired songs of the day. A more intellectual treatment of the words could not well be imagined. Mr. Davison has completely caught the spirit of the poetry, and heightened its beauty by the potent charms which belong only to the sister art. 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep,' sung to perfection by Madame Sainton-Dolby, was enthusiastically applauded."
Morning Post, April 26, 1860.
Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201 Regent Street.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 39 King Street, Cheapside, E.C. — A.D. 1834. — The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT, Cash Account, Balance-Sheet, &c., are now ready, and may be had on written or personal application.—Charles Ingall, Actuary.

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LAST THREE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS of the SEASON, at St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening, June 18, BEETHOVEN Night; Monday Evening, June 25, MOZART Night; Monday Evening, July 2, the programme will be selected from the works of all the GREAT MASTERS, for the benefit of the Directors, and positively the last concert of the season. Vocalists—Miss LOUISA PYNE, Mlle. JENNY MEYER, Mad. LAURA BAXTER, Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. LAURENCE, and Mr. SIMS REEVES. Pianoforte, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and Mr. CHARLES HALLE; Violin, Herr STRAUSS, Herr BECKER, and M. SAINTON; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. Programmes at Chappell and Co.'s, No. 50 New Bond Street. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.

MUSICAL WORLD NEWSPAPER PENNY

MLLE. ANTONIA SPEYER'S ANNUAL MATINÉE MUSICALE, by kind permission, at Collard's New Concert Rooms, 16 Grosvenor Street, on Monday next, June 11, at 3 o'clock, on which occasion she will perform selections from the works of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Heller. Vocalists—Mlle. PAREPA and M. TENNANT. Violin—Herr KOMPEL, from Hanover. Accompanist—Mr. HAROLD THOMAS. Reserved Seats (numbered) 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s., to be obtained of Mr. Robert Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street; at the principal Musicsellers; and of Mlle. Speyer, 7 Belgravia St. South, S.W.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY of LONDON. — The FIFTH CONCERT (the last of this season) will take place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 13, at half-past Eight o'clock. Doors open at a quarter to Eight, in Regent Street and Piccadilly. Programme, Part I. Overture (*Leonora*) — Beethoven; aria, Mlle. JENNY MEYER — Mozart; fifth concerto, violin, Herr MOLIQUE — Molique; scena, Miss LOUISA PYNE — Spohr; overture, (Les deux Journées)—Cherubini. Part II. Symphony in A minor — Mendelssohn Bartholdy; aria, Miss LOUISA PYNE — Costa; aria, Mlle. JENNY MEYER—Bellini; overture (*Der Freyschütz*)—C. M. von Weber. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Tickets for the Upper Gallery, at 3s. 6d. each, may be had at Messrs Cramer and Co.'s, 201 Regent Street; and at St. James's Hall. CHAS. SALAMAN, *Hon. Sec.*

JUNE 14, 3 o'clock. — Herr CARL DEICHMANN'S MORNING CONCERT, at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary Adelaide. Artistes—Madames SAINTON-DOLBY, E. WILKINSON, VON KETTLER, Messrs. PAUER, BLUMNER (first appearance), DEICHMANN, RIES, WEISS, ZERBINI, HAUSMANN, MEYER LUTZ, and A. RIES. Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet, Beethoven's Quintet, Op. 29; C. Deichmann's new Song, with Violin Obligato, "The Brook," &c. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s., to be had at the principal Musicsellers; and of Herr Deichmann, 13 Dorchester Place, Blandford Square, N.W.

"THE ARION" Eight-part Choir. Conductor: Mr. ALFRED GILBERT. Thursday, June 14, at 8 o'clock. The First Dress Rehearsal. Macfarren's Cantata, "May Day;" a Selection from "Il Clemenga di Tito;" "Misericordias Dominit," for Eight Voices; Neithardt "On the Rhine," Part Song for Eight Voices—W. C. Filby. Tickets to be obtained at 13 Berners Street.—F. F. Reilly, Hon Sec.

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK'S MATINÉE MUSICALE (by the kind permission of Messrs. Collard and Collard), at No. 16 Grosvenor Street, W., on Thursday next, June 14, at 3 o'clock. Artistes—Misses AUGUSTA THOMPSON, HENDERSON, ELIZA HUGHES, PALMER, and W. M. WYATT; Messrs. DEPRET, JOHN MORGAN, MELCHIOR WINTER, NAPPI, F. SCOTSON CLARK, HORACE POUSSARD, PETTIT, WILLIAMS; and T. HARPER. Conductors—Messrs. HENRY BAUMER and EMILE BERGER. Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s.; at the principal Music Warehouses; and of Mr. F. Scotson Clark, 40 Union Grove, Clapham, S.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY will give her TWO ANNUAL CONCERTS at St. James's Hall, on Friday evening, June 15, and on Saturday morning, June 16. Vocalists: Mad. CATHARINE HAYES, Mlle. PAREPA, Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Miss MARIAN MOSS, and Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY; Signor BELART (by the kind permission of E. T. Smith, Esq.), Signor BELLETTI, Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. MONTGOMERY, and Mr. SIMS REEVES. Instrumentalists — Pianoforte: Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and Mr. CHARLES HALLE; Violin, M. SAINTON; Violoncello, M. PAQUE and Signor PIATTI. Conductors, Herr MEYER LUTZ, Mr. W. G. CUSINS, and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s., may be obtained at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s, 201 Regent Street; Hammond's, 214 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

MR. J. PASQUALE GOLDBERG begs to announce that his GRAND MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place on Friday, 15th June (by kind permission of Messrs. Collard and Collard), at 16 Grosvenor Street. On which occasion several of his New Compositions will be produced. Vocalists, Mad. GOLDBERG-STROSSI (*prima donna* from La Scala, Milan), Mlle. JENNY MEYER, Signor SONIERI, DRAGONE, Herr MÜLLER and Mons. LEFORT. Piano, Herr LEOPOLD DE MEYER. Violoncello, Mons. RÉNE DOUAY. Conductor, Mr. GOLDBERG.—Reserved Seats, 15s. each, to be had at Mr. Goldberg's residence, 11 Park Lane, Piccadilly.

MISS EMILY SPILLER and MISS CLARA MACKENZIE beg to announce their CONCERT (as the Second Performance of the Professors' Concert Union) at the Beethoven Rooms, on Friday Evening, June 15th, at 9 o'clock. Quartett, Beethoven; Quintett, Ellerton; Solos, Violin and Violoncello; Songs and Duetts. Performers: Messrs. H. BLAGROVE, CLEMENTI, R. BLAGROVE, DAUBERT, SIDNEY SMITH, Misses EMILY SPILLER and CLARA MACKENZIE, and Mr. MONTEM SMITH. Tickets at Leader's, and at the Misses Spiller and Mackenzie's Residence, 48 Bernard Street, Russell Square.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT STREET, and PICCADILLY.—Mr. CHARLES HALLE begs to announce that, in compliance with numerous requests, he will give a Grand Performance, for the first time in London, of the whole of the Music of Gluck's celebrated Opera, IPHIGENIA (IN TAURIS), at the above Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 20, to commence at 8 o'clock. Vocalists: Mlle. PAREPA, Miss SUSANNA COLE, and Miss THERESA JEFFERYS; Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. WINN, and Mr. SIMS REEVES. The Orchestra and Chorus will be complete in every Department, and consist of upwards of Two Hundred Performers. Conductor, Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ. Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Side Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. May be secured at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s, 201 Regent Street; Hammond's, Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

HERR KUHE begs to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place on Thursday, June 21st, at St. James's Hall, to commence at half-past Two o'clock. Vocalists:—Mesdames LOUISA PYNE, RIEDER and SAINTON-DOLBY; Messrs. BELART TENNANT, OLIVA, and SANTLEY. Violin, M. SAINTON; Harmonium, Herr ENGEL; Piano, Herr KUHE. Conductors, MM. BENEDICT and F. BERGER.—Sofa Stalls and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. each; Unreserved Balcony Seats, 5s.; Gallery Tickets, 2s. 6d.; to be had of Herr Kuhe, 12 Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, W.; Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; and all the principal Musicsellers.

MADEMOISELLE CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce that her MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place on Wednesday, the 20th of June, at the Hanover Square Concert Rooms, at 3 o'clock. Vocalists:—Madame RIEDER, Mlle. VON KETTLER, Mons. DEPRET, Herr HERMANNS, and Mr. SANTLEY. Instrumentalists:—Violin—Mons. VICTOR BUZIAU. Violoncello—Mons. PAQUE. Piano—Mlle. VALENTIN. Conductor—Herr WILHELM GANZ. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved and Numbered Seats, 15s. To be had of Messrs. Wessel & Co., 18 Hanover Square; and of Mlle. Valentin, No. 6 Duke Street, Manchester Square, W.

MR. JOHN THOMAS has the honour to announce that he will give a MORNING CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, the 2nd of July, 1860, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists, Mlle. DESIRÉE ARTOT, Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON; M. JULES LEFORT, M. DEPRET. Instrumentalists: Piano, M. ERNST LUBECK; Violin, M. BECKER; Harmonium, M. ENGEL; Harp, Mr. JOHN THOMAS. Conductors, Mr. W. G. CUSINS & Mr. HAROLD THOMAS. Reserved Seats, 15s., to be had *only* of Mr. John Thomas, 109 Great Portland Street, Portland Place. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had of all the principal Music Sellers.

NEW FLORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN.
EXHIBITION OF FLOWERS.

On Wednesday and Thursday next, June 13 and 14, a Grand Exhibition of Flowers will take place in the New Floral Hall, Covent Garden. Admission 2s. 6d. Open from 10 in the morning until 7 in the evening.

PRIVATE VIEW.—The Exhibition will be arranged and the Floral Hall illuminated on the evening previously to the two public days above announced, viz., on Tuesday evening next, June 12th. That evening will be set apart for the exclusive admission to the Flower Show of the subscribers to the Opera present, as well as to the visitors to the Boxes, Pit Stalls, or Pit, all of whom will be presented with a Card of Entrée.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Mr. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any Engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artistes:—MM. SAINTON, H. HILL, W. WATSON, E. PAYTON, DOYLE, TROUT, G. COLLINS, AYLWARD, HOWELL, sen., WHITE, P. S. PRATTEN, ROCKSTRO, BARRET, LAZARUS, T. OWEN, HAUSSER, C. HARPER, STANDEN, T. HARPER, STANTON JONES, W. WINTERBOTTOM, CIOFFI, HUGHES, and F. C. HORTON. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2 Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.

MISS GERARD, in answer to inquiries, begs to inform her friends and pupils that she is not the lady advertising as Mlle. Gerardi, and requests that letters respecting pupils and engagements may still be addressed to her residence, 12 Beloise Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MR. JOHN GOSS begs to inform his Pupils and Friends that he has REMOVED from Cheyne Walk to 25 Bessborough Gardens, Pimlico. S.W.

SCOTLAND'S LOVE.—NEW SONG.—Words and Music by WILLIAM BRIDGES. London: GEORGE EMERY, 408 Oxford Street, W. Price 2s. 6d.

MEYERBEER, GIACOMO, beautifully engraved on Steel from a Photograph by Mayall, is the Portrait to be issued with the ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WORLD, No. 123, June 9, or any other of the 113 Portraits already published, may be had in lieu of the above, if preferred. Price 6d.; by post, 7d. each. The Half-yearly Subscription (with the 4th Series of the DRAWING-ROOM PORTRAIT GALLERY, containing 26 Proof Portraits with Autographs, beautifully bound), will commence on the 7th July, price £1. 1s., post-free, issued ONLY TO SUBSCRIBERS. Only 2000 will be printed of this edition. The 3rd Series, containing Forty Portraits and Memoirs, may now be had, without Papers, for £1. 1s.; the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Series, with the Paper for Forty Weeks from date of Subscription, for £1. 10s., post-free. Of all Newsvenders. Office, 199 Strand, W.C.

NEW SONGS by J. W. DAVISON, "Rough wind that moanest loud" (sung by Mr. Santley at the Monday Popular Concerts); "Swifter far than Summer's flight," (sung by Miss Palmer at the Monday Popular Concerts); "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep," Beatrice's song in the Cenci (sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall); are published by Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201 Regent Street.

The above Songs form Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Vocal Illustrations of Shelley.

"Mr. Santley was encored in one of the thoroughly picturesque and poetical settings of Shelley, by Mr. J. W. Davison, mentioned a week or two since. His song, 'Rough wind that moanest loud,' is a thoroughly good song."—*Athenæum.*

"Madame Sainton-Dolby's greatest efforts were called forth by Mendelssohn's 'Night' song, and Mr. J. W. Davison's 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep' (from Shelley's 'Cenci'), to both of which she did the amplest justice. The latter work is one of the most poetical and beautiful of the 'Vocal Illustrations of Shelley,' composed by Mr. Davison many years ago, and which, though rarely heard, possess far more sterling merit than nine-tenths of the most admired songs of the day. A more intellectual treatment of the words could not well be imagined. Mr. Davison has completely caught the spirit of the poetry, and heightened its beauty by the potent charms which belong only to the sister art. 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep,' sung to perfection by Madame Sainton-Dolby, was enthusiastically applauded."

Morning Post, April 26, 1860.

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Boosey and Sons, Holles Street.

W. A. MOZART.

By Otto Jahn.

*Fourth Part.**

V.

Supplement XXVII. contains the most important points, together with the requisite documents, concerning the long and warm dispute as to the genuineness of the *Requiem*. The present conclusions have been arrived at by a careful examination of Mozart's original score, containing only his own work; of the score which Count Wallsegg received, and which, written by Süssmayr in wonderful imitation of Mozart's hand, comprehended all the pieces of the *Requiem* as they subsequently appeared in print; and by a comparison and consideration of several separate facts, which were partly unknown, and partly, out of consideration for persons still alive and implicated in the whole—truly not very satisfactory—matter, suppressed on purpose.

Mozart finished the first two pieces, the "Requiem," and the "Kyrie," and copied them out in *perfect* score.

From the "Dies iræ" (inclusive of "Tuba mirum," "Rex tremendæ," "Recordare," "Confutatis," "Lacrimosa") he only *sketched* the score, that is to say, he wrote out the vocal parts completely, with the figured bass beneath, but merely indicated the motives of the instruments, in the ritornellos, intermediary pieces, and wherever else they come peculiarly forward. With the 14th bar—"Judicandus homo reus"—of the "Lacrimosa," Mozart left off; the pen dropped from his hand. As he himself previously said: He had been writing the *Requiem* for himself.

He had not, however, composed the various pieces in their proper order, but according to the frame of mind he happened to be in. Thus—before the completion of the whole "Dies iræ"—the offertorium "Domine Jesu Christe" was finished, together with the fugue "Quam olim Abrahæ," and the "Hostias," but only in the same fashion as the "Dies iræ," that is to say, in the sketch of the score.

"We now understand" (p. 692) "how Mozart, while going through this sketch of the score with his pupil, Süssmayr, at the piano or at his desk, might hold an instructive conversation concerning the mode of carrying out the instrumentation, allowing Süssmayr to try his hand, and then explaining to the latter how the thing ought to be done, and what he had imagined it, so that Süssmayr was really enabled to get into his head a picture, in many respects a living one, of the score as it was meant to be, and to copy faithfully Mozart's hand. Of this, the way in which the thing is carried out affords us a proof."

Of the last three pieces, "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus Dei," there were *no* such score-plans. Süssmayr, according to his own definite assertion, wrote these pieces "quite afresh" ("ganz neu"), as well as the conclusion of the "Lacrimosa," except that he repeated the fugue of the "Kyrie" at the words "Cum sanctis tuis."

Franz Xaver Süssmayr, born at Steyer, in 1766, was brought up in Kremsmünster, and instructed in music by Pasterwitz. He speedily made his way at Vienna, and was appointed, as early as 1792, imperial theatrical *Kapellmeister*. He first wrote a "dramatic oratorio," *Moses*, and then a number of operas for Schikaneder, of which *Der Spiegel von Arkadien* (1794), and *Soliman II.* (1800) were frequently played and very popular.†

That in carrying out Mozart's plans for the score, Süssmayr had great scope in the details, is beyond question. "Nevertheless, the whole arrangement has so turned out, that it does not disturb, but allows the essential intentions to stand forth, and any one can convince himself that Süssmayr has not attempted to alter aught, or introduce any of his own scribbling."—(P. 729.)

"With regard to the last three pieces," continues Jahn, "we are confined altogether to conjecture when we raise the question, in opposition to Süssmayr's positive assertion, corroborated by Mozart's widow, whether Mozart had any share, and, if so, what share in them. The question is, consequently, founded only on the fact that these pieces are worthy of Mozart, and that we cannot believe Süssmayr capable of them; at the same time, however, æsthetical criticism is obliged to proceed with great caution, from the recollection of the heavy moral charge it is compelled to make. When Seyfried says (*Cäcilia*, iv. p. 307), in conformity with the opinion generally held in Vienna, that Süssmayr completed these pieces from rough notes which he discovered, that Mozart wished to carry out grandly the "Osanna" fugue after the 'Benedictus,' which would be against the rule, and also had in his head a new theme for the concluding fugue, 'Cum Sanctis,' the grounds for this opinion can scarcely be said to have been seriously proved.

"Süssmayr, who, as a young man of seven-and-twenty, then received instruction from Salieri and Mozart, and attached himself closely to the latter, walked in and out of his house as he chose, and at that period was, as Seyfried expresses himself, 'the inseparable companion of the immortal Amphion.' He profited by these intimate relations, to work himself completely into Mozart's way; and he succeeded so well in catching Mozart's manner (*Factur*), in doing which it was not always his object to appropriate the ideas, that Seyfried asserts, when speaking of several of his works of a serious kind, any one would suppose them to be Mozart's were it not an ascertained fact they were Süssmayr's (*Cäcilia*, iii. p. 295). With regard to instrumental compositions, Hauptmann informed me they showed all Mozart's technicality, and, at any rate, might pass as some of his lighter productions. Sievers, who has warmly espoused Süssmayr's cause, refers to his opera, *Der Spiegel von Arkadien*, which was first given in 1794, was universally successful, and held its own side by side with the *Zauberflöte*, as well as to detached pieces, which were considered models of the light, natural, graceful, and yet characteristic, as well as tragically serious style, to prove that he must not be at once rejected as insignificant. The close examination to which I have subjected *Der Spiegel von Arkadien* and *Soliman II.*, and also some of Süssmayr's smaller sacred compositions, in order to obtain a notion of his productions, has enabled me to discover in him light but superficial invention, a skilful smooth style, and, nearly always, a palpable imitation of Mozart's manner. While people were generally under the immediate influence of this manner, a certain freshness and liveliness might deceive them as to the fact that it can only be a question of the outward appropriation of what is to be caught by study of the original, and that—despite respectable powers—mind, originality, strength, and depth are wanting. This is the standard, therefore, which we must apply to the last pieces of the *Requiem*.

"The 'Sanctus' and 'Osanna' are scarcely of a kind to allow of a definite decision: the fact that the 'Sanctus' is treated in a very short and meagre way would not militate against its being Mozart's, for all the pieces of the *Requiem*, where the fugued treatment is not carried out at length, are compressed in a similar fashion; just as little ought stress to be laid on a disagreeable progression of the violins, since the working out does not come in any case from him. On the other hand, it is not sufficient that the piece possesses a character of noble magnificence extremely well expressed, and that the commencement of the 'Pleni sunt cœli' is truly majestic, to deny decidedly that Süssmayr is the author. It certainly does not stand equally high with the best of the previous pieces. The short fugue of the 'Osanna' is lively, forcible, and, in its meagre precision, blameless: it is nothing to object that Mozart could have written it; but that a talented well-schooled musician like Süssmayr could not have written it, is something for which it would be difficult to adduce certain grounds.

"The case is somewhat different with the 'Benedictus,' in which, according to the usual mode, solo parts are introduced in a long, spun-out quartet of a soft character. Zelter says of this (*Brief-wechsel mit Göthe*, iv. p. 353): 'The "Benedictus" is as admirable as possible, and cannot be by Mozart; the school settles something to this effect. Süssmayr was acquainted with Mozart's school, but had not been in it; he had not followed it in his youth, and of this there are traces here and there in the fine "Benedictus."' He is certainly right. The first motive, executed by the alto, the idea of making the various parts call to each other, might very well arise with Mozart, but the carrying out of the notion decidedly not. The movement evidently stops when the soprano is again introduced in the tonic, after the alt, and the transition into the dominant is very lame, but still lamer after the conclusion of the first part, the laborious settling into F major, and, instead of a working-through, which is here expected, the immediate retrogression through the seventh to the first part, which is then repeated at length; neither the plan nor the execution is worthy of Mozart. Furthermore, it is scarcely credible that, in the intermediate music, he would have copied in so striking a manner as is here the case, the 'Et lux perpetua' out of the *Requiem*, without having some reason which required an allusion to the passage in question. Then, too, we have the thick, full instrumentation, entirely departing from the subject, an instrumentation which is certainly not carried out by Mozart, even in the other pieces, but which here cannot be well separated from the plan of the whole, besides differing also from that of all the other pieces by the employment of *two* trombones, which Mozart never introduces anywhere else, and which are here used to make up, as it were, for the horns. Finally, the character of the whole is not only soft and tender, but in

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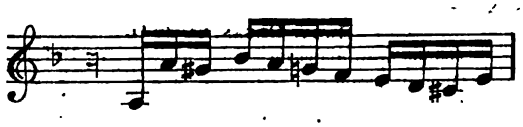
* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*. See *Musical World*.

† As recently as the year 1810, I saw, at the Court theatre, Dessau, *Der Spiegel von Arkadien*, a magic opera, in which a rascal called "Tarkeleon," if I recollect aright, played the principal part.—Editor of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

many places effeminate and sweet, forming in this respect a remarkable contrast to the seriousness of the other pieces, and even to the 'Tuba mirum.' The 'Osanna' is, as usual, a strict repetition of the first, only, on account of the change of key, the parts are inverted.

"But the 'Agnus Dei' transports us into a completely different region. Here we find the deep, intense feeling, the noble beauty, and the originality of invention which we admire in the first pieces of the *Requiem*. The magnificent and expressive figure for the violins: on



which the first period is founded, is full of dash, and admirably worked up by the harmonic treatment, a pleasing conclusion being brought about by the soft counter-motive, with its calm movement. The double repetition is effectively modified and worked up, and the conclusion brought prominently forward by a beautiful new turn: certain mastery and perfection are apparent throughout. 'If Mozart did not write this,' says Marx (*Berliner Musick-Zeitung*, 1825, p. 379), 'all I have to say is that he who did was Mozart!' I have found nothing in Süssmayr which can make one feel justified in ascribing to him the conception of this piece, and I have been compelled to adopt the conclusion that the principal idea, at least, belongs to Mozart, and that Süssmayr can scarcely have any more important share in it than in earlier ones. It is true that his whole assertion loses its trustworthiness if a well-grounded doubt can be raised against a single point, still I do not dare to affirm with certainty that, in the 'Sanctus' and 'Benedictus' Süssmayr necessarily made use of Mozart's sketches.

"If we carefully consider that portion of the *Requiem* which Mozart himself completed, or carried out so far that, in the eyes of a competent judge, the work of art is clearly apparent, according to its nature, we shall not hesitate allowing this production to possess the same elevation of artistic perfection which Mozart attained in the greatest creations of the last years of his life. It displays the same depth of feeling, the same noble beauty, the same mastery of form, which, by the composer's completely burying himself, mentally and artistically, in an especial task, have brought forth an original production. This is particularly evident if we compare the *Requiem* with the kindred efforts both of Mozart himself and of his contemporaries; the superiority of the composition is the more striking, since even, in the present instance, Mozart retains the forms laid down by tradition, while, within them, he felt capable of the most original efforts. Just as little does he in any way run counter to the views which the *Requiem* expresses in its place in the Roman Catholic religion, by endeavouring to go beyond it, or introduce anything foreign to it, and peculiar to himself; perfect, dispassionate devotion, the inevitable condition of really artistic creation, is nowhere disturbed; human feeling, religious views, and artistic conception are in perfect harmony with one another. It is upon this unity that the importance of the *Requiem* is founded, for upon this ground alone could Mozart's individuality completely assert itself, so as — with freedom and certainty, without ever losing the feeling and consciousness of the sphere in which it worked — to produce, with all the means at its disposal, a work of art, which, every moment, expresses the innermost life of its author. In this sense, we may repeat his assertion, that he wrote the *Requiem* for himself; it is the true, genuine expression of his artistic nature, which was directed to the very highest things; it is his 'imperishable monument.'"

(*To be continued.*)

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.

(*Continued.*)

Madame Novello's public career began at a remarkably early age. In 1832, when but fourteen years old, at the time of life at which in the ordinary course of nature the voice is unformed,—at a period when most singers are looking forward to the commencement of their studies, this notable artist appeared before the world, with powers naturally matured and highly cultivated. She sang at the Ancient Concerts—a series of performances these twelve years discontinued, which at that time, and for very long before, held the very first place in general consideration of all the concerts given in England; she sang at the Philharmonic Concerts, being the youngest vocalist that ever appeared in the performances of this society; and she sang at the great provincial musical festivals. The enumeration of these very important engagements is as good as a certificate of her success in their fulfilment. Singing is not, like other branches of musical proficiency, dependent only on the mental qualifications and the diligent study of an artist; it requires also a certain condition of physical development, which is rarely attained at so youthful an epoch as that at which Clara Novello was already acknowledged a deserved favourite in the most important musical institutions in the country. Well may we wonder, then, at this brilliant commencement of her career, no less than admire the singular capability which qualified her to command it.

At the famous musical festival held in Westminster Abbey in 1834—from which may be dated the progress if not the origin of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and thus the germ of the colossal performances in the Crystal Palace, which are the marvel of the world,—on this occasion of signal consequence in the history of the art, Clara Novello was one of the principal singers. It is of no little importance in the consideration of the most subordinate persons engaged in that famous festival, to remember that they were concerned in an event which may be believed to have induced an entire revolution in the state of music in England; with satisfaction greater in proportion to the greater responsibility she held, must one of the chief executants in that celebrated performance—the initial step of the great advance of music in this country—regard her participation of an artistic labour to which, and to the impression it created, so very much is to be ascribed. We naturally link the memory on this occasion with the idea of the more recent great musical occurrences in which Madame Novello has been engaged, and we observe with pride that, whereas at Westminster she was one among thirty of the greatest singers in Europe whose co-operation was supposed necessary to an efficient performance, at Sydenham she was the one soprano in all the world whose presence was indispensable, but sufficient in itself to secure all that was required for the solo pieces of Handel's master works.

Mendelssohn, in his first visits to London, was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Vincent Novello, who was one of the quickest to perceive, and one of the warmest to acknowledge, the greatness of his genius. Music was the ruling spirit of that artistic home, and the first musician of his time was especially in his element when surrounded by a family every member of which sympathised with his all-pervading feeling, admired his singular powers, and took part with him in the execution of the choicest works the art possesses.

It is said that in summer-weather, parties were frequently formed, of which he was one, and Malibran was another, for excursions into the fields round London — those charming spots where, after an hour's walking, one may suppose oneself a long day's journey from the turmoil of the city and its dust,—those spots justly celebrated by the so-called "Cockney poets," who, we have shewn, were also constant guests of the Novello family. On these occasions, as on all others, music was essential to the day's enjoyment: accordingly the masterpieces of the great Italian and English vocal writers form the necessary baggage of the caravan of pleasure; and with these spread out before them, seated on the grass beneath the shade of hedgerows, and beyond the chance of interruption, the cheerful group would sing the madrigals or the motets, the part songs or the anthems, which delighted their forefathers, and with their melodious art rivalled the choristers of the grove at least in the cordial pleasure they felt in their own performance. Here was abundant opportunity for Mendelssohn to discover the natural and the acquired powers of our heroine; fully estimating which, he invited her to Leipsic to sing at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts then under his direction, whither she went in the autumn of 1836. The extent of her success, in Leipsic—at that time rendered by the presence of Mendelssohn, and by his influence, the most musical city in Europe—may be supposed from the great composer's reply to a request of our Philharmonic directors that he would recommend them some singers to engage for their series of concerts; "The greatest singers in Germany," answered Mendelssohn, "are Miss Clara Novello and Mrs. Alfred Shaw." The very great merit of the latter lady is as well remembered as her loss to the public is regretted: the former is still, and will be till November next, before the world; and her powers and the popular appreciation of them have constantly increased, from the time when Mendelssohn so spoke of her until now that she is about to leave us.

From Leipsic she proceeded to other German cities, and carried her success with her wherever she sped. In Berlin she was received with remarkable favour, and so especially pleased the King of Prussia that he gave her letters in his own hand to his sister the Empress of Russia; upon the strength of which valuable introduction Miss Clara Novello visited Petersburg.

It would seem that Apollo, as if to make up to the dwellers in the frozen North for his scanty allowance of warmth and of light, had gifted them more freely in comparison with the other domain of

his godship, endowing them with an extraordinary love of music, or at least—what is perhaps of equal importance to the advancement of the art—an extraordinary liberality in paying for it. There is no place on which the sun shines where musical executants are so warmly welcomed or so munificently remunerated as in the Muscovite capital; and there is no singer who has more fully proved the Petersburg power of patronage than Miss Clara Novello. We may refer to any of the records of the roubles that have been showered upon each and every of the singers and players who have exercised their ability in the North-Eastern Empire for testimony of the openhandedness of the princes and nobles of the land reviled for its despotism: let them read this testimony, and let them understand that neither the praise nor the pay lavished on the most fortunate of others were withheld in the case of Miss Clara Novello.

From Petersburg, with its shining honours thick upon her, she returned to London to resume her career of triumphs, which seemed to flow with still greater force than before, as though in consequence of its interruption by her absence abroad. She sang here for a season at all the principal musical performances, and then went with her father and her brother to Bologna, to consult Rossini as to the desirability of her devoting herself to a yet untried branch of her profession, the art of dramatic singing. The great master was delighted with her voice and charmed with her talent; he earnestly encouraged her inclination to go on the stage, but advised her that she must go through a course of special instruction to fit her for the new artistic character she purposed to assume. Accordingly she went to Milan, where she became the pupil of Micheron, the master of the greatest theatrical singers of the day, and applied herself to diligent study under his teaching for an entire year. It was no little act of forbearance to retire from the admiration her every performance elicited, and to seclude herself from the opportunities of applause for so long a period; but self-reliance gave her confidence in still greater success when she should become qualified to be a candidate for it, and this was amply sufficient to compensate her for leaving thus long unculled the laurels which she knew were everywhere ready for her to gather. She was well repaid for all she denied herself in this year of study, by the result. On her re-appearance in public, she entered upon a new course of success that exceeded all she had previously achieved.

(*To be continued*).

ORGAN.

THE church of St. Michael, Cornhill, one of the oldest and richest churches in the City of London, has recently been re-opened, after the employment of an amount of decoration which renders it scarcely second to any church in the metropolis for internal beauty. The ornamenting of the interior, which is far too elaborate to admit of our entering into a description thereof, has been accomplished under the direction of the architects, Mr. Gilbert Scott and Mr. Herbert Williams: and the wood-carving, which is extensive and of a most interesting kind, has been done by Mr. W. G. Rogers, wood-carver to Her Majesty.

The Drapers' Company, the Merchant Tailors, and the Cloth-workers' Company have interest in this church, the first of these being the patrons of the benefice. Special pews are assigned to them, with appropriate carvings and emblazonments; there is also a royal pew, a diocesan, and a city or corporation pew.

A peculiar legend, relating to a Satanic visit paid to the belfry of this church, is mentioned in Honest John Stow's *Survey of London*:—"Upon St. James's night certaine men in the loft next under the bells, ringing of a peale, a tempest of thunder and lightning did arise, and an ugly shapen sight appeared to them coming in at the south window, and lighted on the north, for feare thereof, they all fell downe and lay as dead for the time, letting the bells ring and cease of their own accord. When the ringers came to themselves, they found certaine stones of the north window to be *razed* and *scrat*, as if they had been so much butter printed with a lion's claw, the same stones were fastened there again, and so remain to this day; I have seen them oft, and have put a feather or small stick into the holes where the clawes had entered three or four inches deep." An embodiment of this tradition appears in wood carving on one of the pews.

A musically interesting fact appears amongst the scraps which have been published respecting the church and the Companies connected with it, being neither more nor less than a record of the production, for the first time, of our National Anthem, at an entertainment given by the Merchant Tailors' Company to King James and Prince Henry on the 16th of July, 1696.

The organ at this church is now one of the most powerful, effective, and complete in London. A liberal grant of the Vestry has provided for its reconstruction by the builder, Mr. Thomas Robson, under the direction of Mr. Limpus, organist of the church. That it possesses all the points necessary to constitute a really grand organ, may be seen by the following list of stops, &c.:—

GREAT ORGAN, CC to G.

Double open diapason	16 feet.
Open diapason	8 „
Gamba	8 „
Stopped diapason (metal)	8 „
Principal	4 „
Flute Wald (wood)	4 „
12th	3 „
15th	2 „
Sesquialtra	4 ranks.
Mixture	4 „
Trumpet	8 feet
Clarion	4 „

CHOIR, CC to G.

Dulciana	8 feet
Viol di gamba	8 „
Stopped diapason (metal)	8 „
Principal	4 „
Flute (metal)	4 „
Celestina viol	4 „
15th	2 „
Cremona	8 „

SWELL, CC to G.

Double stopped	16 feet.
Open diapason	8 „
Stopped diapason	8 „
Dulciana	8 „
Principal	4 „
15th	2 „
Piccolo	2 „
Sesquialtra	4 ranks.
Contra fagotto	16 feet.
Horn	8 „
Oboe	8 „
Clarion	4 „

PEDAL ORGAN, CCC to F.

Open diapason	16 feet.
Stopped diapason	16 „
Principal	8 „
Trombone	16 „
Trumpet	8 „

COUPLES—Great to Pedals.
„ Swell to Pedals.
„ Choir to Pedals.
„ Swell to Choir.
„ Swell to Great.

TREMULANT.

Every stop in the great organ is complete, and the only exceptions in the other parts are the viol di gamba and cremona in the choir, and the dulciana in the swell, which stop at C. There would have been no advantage in the actual completion of these stops, therefore the instrument must be mentioned as a commendable instance of conscientious building. The full power of the instrument, with its 12 ranks of mixture and its plentiful reed-work—2 of 4 feet, three of 8 feet, and 1 of 16 feet—is very grand. The pungency of the German gamba in the great organ is remarkable. The foundation tone of an organ is always wonderfully strengthened by a stop of this description, and it ought to find a place in every large instrument. The quality of the choir organ stops is unexceptionable, and there is sufficient variety for numerous and happy combinations. The swell is particularly effective. Great weight is of course gained by the double reed and the double stopped diapason, while the presence

of two stops of 2ft. pitch, of different qualities, and indeed different material—the piccolo being of wood and the 15th of metal—imparts a singular brilliancy to this portion of the instrument. Taking the stops singly, we found the horn rather coarse, but this is the only objection we can urge. There are 3 composition pedals to the great organ, and 2 to the swell. The tremulant pedal is conveniently placed, and can be pressed by the same foot that is employed on the swell pedal, and simultaneously, which is a considerable advantage.

We are not in possession of the date of the original organ, or of the particulars of its construction; but both Green and Harris appear to have had a share in it, as a small portion of their work remains. The great organ clarion is made out of the old trumpet of Harris's; the principal, and 15th, and part of the open diapason are Green's. The 15th in the choir is also Green's, and the same builder claims part of the flute and stopped diapason. The principal is Harris's.

The case—designed by Robson, we believe—is exceedingly handsome. It is of massive oak; and each front (chancel and north aisle) has a buttress in the centre, a simple but in this instance most felicitous arrangement. The pipes are beautifully and not too gaudily decorated. Private performances have been recently given at the church, the powers and capabilities of the instrument being displayed by Mr. Limpus, Mr. Henry Gadsby, Mr. George Lake, and others.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The *Huguenots* was performed on Saturday, for the first time this season. The cast, unusually strong, was as follows:—Mlle. Titiens, Valentina; Mlle. Louise Michal, Marguerite; Mad. Borghi-Mamo, Urbano; Signor Giuglini, Raoul; Signor Everardi, Nevers; M. Gassier, St. Bris; and Signor Vialetti, Marcel. Mlle. Michal, who made her appearance on the stage in this country, was eminently successful; Mad. Borghi-Mamo won golden opinions by her finished singing and graceful acting in the Page; Mlle. Titiens was more magnificent than ever in Valentina; Signor Giuglini excellent in Raoul; Signor Everardi one of the best Nevers we have seen; M. Gassier was admirable in St. Bris; and Signor Vialetti very effective in Marcel. The band and chorus left nothing to be desired. The house was crammed to the ceiling.

On Tuesday, Mlle. Lotti made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre as Elvira in *Ernani*, and pleased greatly by the quality of her voice and her energetic singing. Signor Mongini was the hero, and Signor Aldighieri the king. A new basso, Signor Antonucci (not mentioned in the prospectus), made his first appearance in this country as Silva. Having a cold, however, he gave little indication of the talent we are assured he possesses.

On Thursday *Il Trovatore* attracted an immense audience. After the opera a new ballet, entitled *Adelina*, was produced for Mlle. Claudina Cucchi, whose name has figured in the bills for some time past. The new *danseuse* is agile and muscular, and achieved an undeniable success. The ballet is got up with considerable taste, the grouping in the last scene being especially effective.

On Tuesday, the new *buffo*, Signor Ciampi, makes his first appearance as Dr. Bartolo.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *La Favorita* was repeated.

On Tuesday, the *Huguenots*, for the first time this season, with two important changes in the cast—Mad. Miolan Carvalho being substituted for Mlle. Marai in the character of Marguerite di Valois, and M. Faure for Signor Polonini in the character of St. Bris. Mad. Miolan Carvalho was as successful in Marguerite as in Dinorah. Meyerbeer's music is sympathetic to this lady, who seems to revel in the florid divisions and brilliant passages of the illustrious master. Indeed, we never heard the *aria d' intrata*, as the *Athenæum* would say, nor the duet with Raoul, sung with greater fluency and ease. M. Faure both acted and sang in St. Bris like a real artist. The scene with the conspirators was extremely telling. If we had space we could write an essay on Signor Mario's Raoul, but not having space we can only say it was transcendent. Mad. Grisi's Valentina is one of her grandest performances, even though the music does not always suit her. Mad. Didiée was the Page; and the other characters were sustained as before. The band was superb, and the chorus thoroughly efficient.

On Thursday the second act of *Fidelio* and *Norma* were announced, but were postponed in consequence of the illness of M. Zelger, and *La Gazza Ladra* substituted.

Letters to the Editor.

SCHOOL OF VIOLIN PLAYING.

Sir,—You would oblige every well-disposed violin player in reminding music publishers that, as the modern treatment on the violin is, or will happily be soon, exhausted, it would be advisable to republish some of the works of Corelli, Lully, Tartini, Viotti, Kreutzer, Rode, &c., which at present are difficult to obtain.

I am, Sir, yours,
Leo Kerbusch.

8 *Fitzwilliam Street, Belfast,*
May 29th.

TONIC SOL-FA.

Sir,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I add my testimony to that of Mr. Bowley, chronicled in your last week's impression, touching the musical success of the recent "exhibition" by the Tonic Sol-Fa Association. The precision, singing in tune, and light and shade, were maintained in a most masterly manner throughout. Certain minor peculiarities—the result of perhaps too much zeal, or love of effects, on the part of the two most worthy conductors—excepted, the performance surpassed anything I ever heard, either here or in *the* land of song—Germany.

I was ashamed to have to acknowledge an utter ignorance as regards the details of the system. Since, however, I heard the glorious results, I have applied myself vigorously to the study of its principles, for I consider it is the solemn duty of every one to whom is entrusted the mental training of the rising generation, to find out the *best*, the *very best* means to the end, and having found them, to apply them in the simplest and most practical form.

Yours, &c.
Brighton, June 6, 1860. John Towers.

THE OPERA AT SYDENHAM.

(From *Punch*.)

Unthinking people may, perhaps, be startled by this heading, and may imagine that "Her Majesty's" has been transplanted near to Norwood, after the manner of the flying Palace of Aladdin. But the removal of an opera is possible without the removal of a theatre, and so Rossini and Mozart may migrate weekly down to Sydenham without having, like snails, to carry their house with them. *Il Trovatore* and *Otello* may start off arm-in-arm with *Lucrezia* and *Fidelio*, and their music may be heard where the orange-trees of Paxton by no means waste their sweetness on the seldom desert air.

In plainer words, the Opera Concerts at the Crystal Palace are a means of giving vocalists a pleasant change of air, and of letting people hear the pleasant airs they bring with them. It is no new thing to hear an opera in a hot house; for thoroughly well ventilated as theatres may be, the way is not devised yet to prevent the gas from heating them. But an opera in a green house is a form of entertainment which, until the Crystal Palace came, we never had been treated to. Instead of dingy walls and a close and dusty atmosphere, we have there cool air to breathe and sweet flowers to smell and look at. Eyes and nose have equally a profit in the change; nor indeed are ears in any measure losers by it. The lark-notes of Alboni gush forth all the more joyously for being in fresh air, and Mongini sings the clearer when the fog and the smoke of London are no longer in his throat. Nor can we much regret the absence of stage-scenery, surrounded as we are by such delicious greenery: while, if we miss the acting, we have our minds

more left at liberty to give heed to the singing, and so we easily may master our sorrow for the absence of the creations of Grieve and Telbin.

To fathers of a family, the Opera at Sydenham offers great advantages; for it enables them to take their wives and daughters to a concert without losing a good appetite by having to dine early, or else deranging their digestions by jumping up from table and jolting in a carriage, instead of sitting quietly over their dessert. Paterfamilias, when he hears the inevitable question, "My dear, when *are* you going to take the girls and me to hear Alboni?" will do well to reply "My love, I think we'll go next Friday." On which a chorus will arise from those well-informed young ladies, "Friday! Why, Papa dear, Friday's not an Opera night!" Whereto, in his wisdom, the Pater may rejoin, "No, my loves, but Friday is an Opera *afternoon*; and as young persons are advised to keep out of the night air, you would not wish Mamma or me to risk our precious health by exposing ourselves to it."

Opera-goers who dislike to turn out after dinner, should therefore pay a visit and a crown to the C. P., and they will have occasion to repent of neither payment. Good music is there to be heard in good society, and what more could the Haymarket *habitué* desire? It is said that it is possible to have too much of a good thing; but good music is a thing that we can hardly have too much of. Even if one could, there is very little fear of being surfeited at Sydenham; for the Crystal Palace Concerts are confined to such a length, that even people with short patience must often long for more of them.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. — Mr. John Parry, after a retirement of seven years from the scene of his many successes, reappeared on Monday evening at the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed. His return to the concert-room must be regarded as an event of no ordinary importance, and much credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Reed for the manner in which they contrived to introduce him without giving rise to an impression that the original entertainment had been interfered with. Mr. Reed is seated at the pianoforte, fulfilling the task which is set down for him in Mr. W. Brough's entertainment, "Our Home Circuit," when he is interrupted by a voice outside singing "Ah che la morte," and suddenly he is surprised by the entry of a young artist, who is on a sketching tour. The artist proves to be his old friend John Parry, who takes part in the business of the scene, joining in a trio with Mr. and Mrs. Reed from *Le Pré aux Clercs*, and singing "Fayre Rosamonde," one of those récitations by which he gained his well-earned fame. That the John Parry of the present moment was the John Parry of days gone by was beyond all question. Every gesture he made was received with laughter. That power which he possesses of blending humorous verbal expression with musical effect was illustrated as forcibly as ever; and the scene which followed "Fayre Rosamonde," representing a volunteer march, suggested by the "Rataplan" from *La Fille du Regiment*, proved that his talent for entertaining an audience has in no way degenerated. The trio commence the march together, and each alternately keeps up the tune on the piano, whilst the others preserve the order of the manœuvre. This scene was as effective as it was novel, and the audience testified their delight by unanimously demanding an *encore*. We need only add that Mr. Parry's last contribution to it (in some amusing reminiscences of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*) was as full of excellence as the first; and when the curtain fell, a most satisfactory impression prevailed that an old, though long-lost, friend had been restored to his proper place before the world, and that Mr. and Mrs. Reed had done wisely in making so valuable an addition to their already popular "Illustrations."

ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The taste for vocal exhibitions of the "drawing-room calibre" is on the wane, and is giving room to the more healthy concerted music of the English writers, which latter category comprises some of the most elegant compositions extant. The above-named association may claim a high position, possessing in its phalanx Miss Banks, always pure and simple in style, and never failing as to tune*; Mrs. Lockey, an admirable *contralto*; her husband, a *tenore* of great accomplishment; Mr. Foster, *alto* of the first class; Mr. Montem Smith, always capable and clever, but who lately has much improved; and to finish, Messrs. Thomas and Winn, two English basses of the genuine national breed. The programme of the first concert, on Wednesday afternoon, which was not like many other programmes—too long—comprised among others "Come see what pleasures," Elliott, beautifully sung, particularly as to the *soprano*; and "Shades of the heroes," T. Cooke, where the bass of Mr. Winn may have similar commendation; a four-part song by Mr. J. L. Hatton, "Sweetly blows the western wind;" "The silver swan," Gibbons; "Let me careless," T. Linley; and "Here in cool grot," Mornington. The Gibbons and Mornington compositions, and "Under the greenwood tree," Bishop, were encored.

One instrumental piece only was given, duet for concertina and pianoforte, by Mr. Richard Blagrove and Mr. Harold Thomas. It is a pity, we think, that no vocal solos were in the programme. A song or two with *obbligato* accompaniments from Miss Banks or Mr. Thomas would have been very welcome to the audience. The absence of Mrs. Lockey, who was prevented by indisposition from appearing, was the only drawback to the performance, which took place in the new and elegant concert-room of Messrs. Collard and Collard.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—A Fellows' meeting for discussion was held at the Society's Rooms, St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst., at which the Rev. Sir William Henry Cone, Bart., presided. Mr. Duggan proposed the following question for discussion: "What is the Tendency or Aim of Modern Composition?" Several fellows took part in the discussion, after which, Mr. Charles Salaman, the honorary secretary, read a Paper on "The Intimate Connection of the Dance with Music in Ancient Times." A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Charles Salaman for preparing and reading the paper, with the hope that the subject would be continued by him at a future meeting.

UNMUSICAL POETS.—Pope, though so musical a poet, had no ear for music: the same is reported of Swift; but the strongest instance is found in Garrick; it is an undoubted fact that he had no ear. This seems to decide the question at once, for it was universally allowed that no one ever possessed the tones of speaking in a superior degree to this man. I could much strengthen what has been advanced by many other instances, but my proof must rest on Garrick, in whom no defect of tones could ever be discovered. Perhaps the mistake may have arisen from using the same terms in poetry, oratory, and music: as ear (that is the discrimination of intervals) is absolutely necessary in music, so it has been supposed essential to poetry and oratory; and this is not the only instance of confusion arising from the wrong application of terms.—*Ancient Leaf.*

LEEDS TOWN-HALL ORGANISTSHIP. — Last Monday the committee decided to invite the following eminent organists to act as umpires at the contest for the organistship at the Leeds Town-Hall:—Mr. Best, Liverpool; Mr. Goss, St. Paul's, London; and Mr. George Cooper, Chapel Royal, London. The trial-day is not yet fixed, but as the seven candidates are each to be allowed fifteen hours practice, the contest can scarcely take place before the end of this month.

VIVIER AND ALBONI.—One evening, after a performance of the *Barbiere*, Vivier—who is not given to pay compliments—stepped out of his usual indifference, to pay one to Alboni, which (Vivier's compliments being as original as his *bons mots*) was equally original and expressive: "Je voudrais bien, Mademoiselle," he said, "que vous fissiez, de ci et là, quelques petites notes fausses. Vous chantez tout avec une telle perfection que celà ne me fait aucun effet; il me manque un peu de mauvais, pour fair sortir vos admirables qualités. Une seule note douteuse, je vous prie de grace, de temps en temps." But Vivier remonstrated in vain.

AN ANAGRAM.

Pantagruel.—I am trying to find an anagram for Messina, significant of the present condition of affairs.

Panurge.—In a mess.

* As we pen the last remark we cannot but remember how many otherwise talented vocalists are wanting in this important qualification.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This Evening (Saturday, June 9), will be repeated Meyerbeer's Opera of LES HUGUENOTS, with the following unprecedented cast:—Raoul, Signor GIUGLINI; De Cosse, Signor SOLDI; Tavannes, Signor MERCURIALI; St. Bris, Signor GASSIER; Nevers, Signor EVERARDI; De Retz, Signor CASABONI; Maurevert, Signor FELLAR; Meru, Signor CASTELLI; Guardiano, Signor ROSSILI; Marcello, Signor VIALETTI; Urbano, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO; Margherita, Mlle. LOUISE MICHAL (her third appearance in this country); Dames d'Onore, Mlles. NARDI and DELL'ANESE; Valentina, Mlle. TITIENS. Conductor, Signor ARDITI. On Monday, June 11, Grand Extra Night.—TITIENS and ALBONI.—SEMIRAMIDE. Semiramide, Mlle. TITIENS; Arsace, Mad. ALBONI; Idreno, Signor BELART; Oroe, Signor VIALETTI; and Assur, Signor EVERARDI. Conductor, Signor ARDITI. Tuesday, June 12, BORGHI-MAMO, BELART, GASSIER, VIALETTI, and CIAMPI (his first appearance at this theatre). On Tuesday next will be performed Rossini's Opera of IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA, Rosina, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO; Conte Almaviva, Signor BELART; Figaro, Signor GASSIER (his first appearance in that character this season); Don Basilio, Signor VIALETTI; and Dr Bartolo, Signor CIAMPI (his first appearance at this theatre). Conductor, Signor Arditi. To conclude with the new Ballet of ADELINA, in which Mlle. CLAUDINA CUCCHI and M. DUBAND will appear. In active preparation, and will shortly be produced, with new and extensive scenery, properties, and decorations, Weber's grand romantic Opera of OBERON. Principal characters by Mlle. TITIENS, Mlle. LEMAIRE, Mlle. VANERI, Mlle. BRUNETTI, Mad. ALBONI, Signor BELART, Signor EVERARDI, Signor ALDIGHIERI, Signor CASTELLI, Signor MERCURIALI, and Signor MONGINI. In order to secure places for these grand performances, early application is earnestly recommended to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily, from 10 to 6, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—TITIENS, BORGHI-MAMO, LOUISE MICHAL; GASSIER, VIALETTI, EVERARDI, GIUGLINI. This Evening (Saturday, June 9) will be performed Meyerbeer's Opera of LES HUGUENOTS. Raoul, Signor GIUGLINI; De Cosse, Signor SOLDI; Tavannes, Signor MERCURIALI; St. Bris, Signor GASSIER; Nevers, Signor EVERARDI; De Retz, Signor CASABONI; Manrevert, Signor FELLAR: Meru, Signor CASTELLI; Guardiano, Signor ROSSILI; Marcello, Signor VIALETTI; Urbano, Madame BORGHI-MAMO; Margherita, Mlle. LOUISE MICHAL; Dames D'Onore, Mlles. NARDI and DELL'ANESE; Valentina, Mlle. TITIENS. Conductor, Signor ARDITI. Pit Tickets, 5s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 3s, to be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre (under the Portico), which is open daily from 10 to 6, and on the evenings of the performance until the end of the Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. BENEDICT begs to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at Her Majesty's Theatre, is fixed for Monday, June 18, under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN, H.R.H. the Prince Consort, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge. When all the eminent artists of that grand operatic establishment will appear, also CATHERINE HAYES, ARTÔT, and PAMPA; Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, M. LEOPOLD DE MEYER, Herr MOLIQUE, Herr BECKER, and Signor PIATTI. Early application is solicited for the remaining box and pit tickets, which may be secured at the Box Office, the principal Libraries and Music-sellers, and at Mr. Benedict's, 2 Manchester Square, W.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—LA TENTATION will be given for the last time on Monday. Mlle. DUVERGER. Positively the last appearance of M. BRINDEAU. Orchestra Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes from £2. 2s.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

WE think we may take it upon ourselves to reassure Mr. Punch on a matter which, judging by an article in his last week's impression, he seems to take much to heart. We allude to the festival of the metropolitan charity children, held on Wednesday last in the Crystal Palace, against which our usually philosophic brother, whose placidity on most debated questions (the "debates" excepted) is notorious, delivers himself of a vehement protest.

"*Rumoured sacrilegious project.* — We hear, with horror, indignation, rage, and fury, that it is intended to transfer the annual festival of the charity children of London this year from St. Paul's to the Crystal Palace. We do hope that there is some mistake in the information which we have received to that effect. The yearly chorus of the little girls and boys under the great dome of St. Paul's is an institution of the country, as well as one of the finest of the established phenomena of London. We are old enough to remember the coronation of Her Majesty, and we feel now what we should have felt then if the Crystal Palace had been in existence, and a set of insensate innovators had proposed to shunt the royal solemnity to that place of amusement from Westminster Abbey. Transfer the children's festival to the Crystal Palace! Remove the Lord Mayor's show to Astley's. Banish the Rotten Row cavalcade to Victoria Park. Have the Derby run on Wormholt Scrubbs. Let the House of Lords adjourn to the Coal-Hole!"

That the information received by Mr. Punch was (as is invariably the case) authentic, was shown on the very day when the eloquence of his indignation revealed itself in type. On that day, 4000 of the children were singing "All people that on earth do dwell," in the great Handel orchestra of the central transept. Nay, at the very hour while this was taking place, some thousands out of the 20,000 who came to hear them sing had *Punch* in their pockets. These were able to read (p. 230) the fervently expressed hope of Mr. Punch—who is never misinformed—that, in this particular instance, he may have been misinformed, to the familiar tune of the "Old Hundredth," which proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that all our contemporary's worst fears were realised. For our own parts, aware that the causes which prevented the usual demonstration taking place this year in St. Paul's Cathedral would be only temporary, and that in 1861 (*D.V.*) we should again listen to "All people that on earth do dwell," under that dome which canopies the immortality of Wren, we had no inquietude in the matter. The ire of Mr. Punch is therefore superfluous, and the eloquence wasted of his concluding paragraph, which, nevertheless, to show how utterly unfounded are his apprehensions, it is necessary to cite:—

"Who could have the heart, that is the want of heart, to think of destroying a tradition so venerable? We should say that John Bright was at the bottom of the subversive proposal, had we not reason to believe that John has music in his soul, notwithstanding that he sometimes talks like one that has none. Such an one was the author of the abominable scheme on which we are now invoking public execration; and we should like to punish him and all his abettors by compelling him to hear Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* executed on the grandest scale in St. Paul's Cathedral every day for six months. The Crystal Palace is a very proper place to take the children to for a holiday. By all means let them be taken thither after church for a treat, which, by considerable amendment in the victualling department, they may have there. Or give them two festivals, and let them repeat at the palace what they sang in the cathedral. But spoil not a spectacle and a concert, which, even to the veriest Cockneys, imparts a delight which they seem to share in fellowship with angels. The annual assembly and song of the innocents in St. Paul's was a fact that we learned together with the fiction that London was paved with gold. Another place is paved with the best intentions of the dolts who design to remove that hallowed celebration to the Crystal Palace."

Mr. Punch will perhaps be appeased when we inform him that neither John Bright nor any other revolutionary firebrand has thought of destroying "a tradition so venerable." The simple fact is, that the interior of St. Paul's is not at present in a condition to allow of the annual festival to be held as usual. But this state of things will not last, nor the metropolis be deprived of one of its "finest established phenomena." Of this our contemporary may rest assured.

On the other hand, the holiday provided for the children in the salubrious atmosphere of the Crystal Palace and grounds is quite a distinct affair from the anniversary meeting in St. Paul's. As the palace is not a cathedral so their voices are not enlisted for a cathedral service; and

though the music given them to sing is all to words of a sacred character it forms no part of an act of worship. Moreover (which Mr. Punch—though, of course, not uninformed of the fact—may have forgotten), the meeting of Wednesday had already been preceded by two others in the same cheerful locality, and it is hoped the children may be invited to congregate there at least once a year. Why should one interfere with the other? Why should the anniversary in the Church of Stone preclude the annual recreation in the Palace of Glass? One thing is unquestionable, viz.—that the children derive far more genuine enjoyment, and their health and spirits far more real benefit, from the last, however the first may present a more unique and impressive spectacle to indifferent lookers on. The ceremony in St. Paul's, it should be understood, was never intended in the light of a "spectacle" or a "concert." Let there be then always henceforth (as Mr. Punch humanely suggests) "two festivals," one in London, the other in the country; but *by no means* let the children "repeat at the palace what they have sung at the cathedral," for we are much in error if, in a strictly musical sense, they might not be better employed both for their own profit and the edification of their audience.

IF the spread of musical knowledge only kept pace with the increase in the number of our musical entertainments, England would be fast becoming the most musical country in the world. Enough morning concerts are now given in London (every afternoon) to entertain, or, to say the least, occupy, the amateurs of any other capital, morning, noon, and night. Then there are the evening concerts, of which some ten or twelve take place hebdomadally; and, in addition to all this mixed musical provender, sufficient in itself to give a musical indigestion, there are from six to nine grand operatic banquets every week, at which the public are invited, and what is more, actually expected, to attend. People sometimes express their astonishment that when, according to general report, one Italian Opera could never be carried on in London with anything like uniform success, there were found singers, subscribers, and other speculators sufficiently enterprising to start a second. It is true the managers of the second Italian Opera did not stipulate for the continued existence of the first, nor (as we imagine) did they even take into their calculations the possibility of its lasting; but the general body of the public, which includes few critics and connoisseurs, saw one thing only in the change which had taken place in operatic affairs—the impossibility of two operas prospering when a single one had never succeeded. With such considerations as these, the "general public" need not perhaps trouble themselves; but they are, of course, interested in the effect of managerial rivalry upon the performances, and this has not been quite so satisfactory as the admirers of competition in all things may believe.

When Mr. Lumley ascended the directorial throne at Her Majesty Theatre, it was the custom to give two operatic representations a week, and no more. Thus there was plenty of time for rehearsals in the intervals between the performances, and the same singers could sing every opera-night for weeks together, as often happened, without being fatigued. The manager engaged one complete company, and, now and then, a star which had wandered from its natural orbit, and had reached London. Otherwise the subscribers found it sufficient variety to hear one night Grisi and another Persiani, one night Rubini and another Mario — at that time a lighter and a thinner tenor than he is now. We like variety ourselves when the change is from good to good; but when it is from the tolerable to the tolerable, with an occasional taste of the intolerable, we naturally object to it, and therefore object to the plan on which both Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera are at present conducted, tending, as in our opinion it does, to the very unpleasant alternative just mentioned.

Let us explain. Formerly, as we have said, two operatic performances a week sufficed for all London. The singers were not overworked; the *habituées* who made a point of not missing a single performance (to say nothing of the critics) were not bored; and the manager, if he *did* ruin himself, at least did so more agreeably than the managers of the present day, who have three and often four performances a week to attend to instead of two. Mr. Lumley was the first to depart from the twice-a-week system. He it was who introduced what *The Times* used to call "long Thursdays," and which were so long that they usually finished on Fridays. At first the Thursday performance was like a Saturday's dinner at a boarding school, consisting of all kinds of scraps and fragments; but when the Royal Italian Opera was opened, Thursday had become accepted as a regular operatic day: it was included in the subscription, and was honoured at the new theatre with an entertainment as good as that of Tuesday or Saturday.

Byron, speaking of Scott's inventive power, remarked, that after introducing a new form in poetry, by the publication of his "Tales in Verse," he introduced a new form in prose with the "Waverley Novels;" and added, that if readers had got tired of the "Waverley Novels," Scott would have thought of some other new form in which to address them. With similar felicity Mr. Lumley, after there had ceased to be anything remarkable in his "long Thursdays," straightway invented "interminable Mondays;" and the ingenious Mr. E. T. Smith has not only adopted the Monday notion from his predecessor, but has himself introduced what are already beginning to be known as "intolerable Wednesdays and Fridays."

As a manager pays the same rent whether he gives two, three, or even six performances in the week, it is easy to see that on extra nights he gets the use of the theatre as it were for nothing. But the singers do not sing nor the musicians play for nothing; nor is it possible to increase the number of opera-goers proportionably with the number of operatic representations. It appears to us that the managers must lose in the end by these extra Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and we are sure that they are hurtful to the singers and musicians. Principal vocalists, as we are aware, are seldom called upon to sing several nights in the week (though Giuglini sang so often last year at Drury Lane that he to some extent injured his voice); but the orchestra and chorus are the same at each performance, and they must be, and evidently *are*, wearied by the onerous duties at present imposed upon them.

The effect of these perpetual extra nights is, that there is no time to get up the operas properly, and that when they *are* produced the performers are too tired to do justice to the music or to themselves. The system is equally unfair to the artists and to the public, for music misrendered is not music at all, but only formalized noise. How is it possible that such a system can in the long run benefit the managers?

Concerts.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The fourth concert of the season took place on Monday evening, "by command," and was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, the King of the Belgians, and the Princesses Alice and Helena. The royal party entered the Hanover Square Rooms shortly after eight o'clock, and the National Anthem was played by the band, both on the arrival and departure of the illustrious visitors. The programme, although it included two symphonies—namely, the so-called *Italian* of Mendelssohn, and the *Eroica* of Beethoven—(both finely executed under the able direction of Professor Bennett), was much shorter than usual, and included but one novelty—the first appearance at these time-honoured concerts of Mlle. Artôt, a young French singer of remarkable merit, possessing a very fine voice, and much musical feeling of the best kind. Mlle. Artôt sang the intensely dramatic "Ah mon fils" of Meyerbeer, and the divine air "Deh vieni non tardar," from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, and in both instances met with well-merited success. The other pieces in the programme were the fine overtures to the *Ruler of the Spirits* and *Ruy Blas*, to each of which ample justice was done by the unsurpassable band of the Philharmonic Society. The rooms were crowded.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The programme of the twenty-fourth concert, last Monday, was selected from the works of various masters. The instrumental pieces were—quartet in G major (Op. 61), Dussek; *Sonata Apassionata*, Beethoven; quartet in E minor (Op. 44), Mendelssohn; a trio in F (No. 2), Spohr. Of these Mendelssohn's magnificent quartet—introduced by general desire—created the greatest effect. Dussek's quartet was played for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, and was quite as successful as its companion in E flat, introduced by the directors on a previous occasion. The one in B flat (No. 2) will doubtless come next; and this will exhaust the string-quartet repertory of this master. Herr Lubeck was recalled after the sonata of Beethoven, which he played in his accustomed style. The players in the quartets were M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, whose performance in both instances merit the highest praise. Spohr's trio did *not* go well. The singers were Mlle. Jenny Meyer (who has a lovely *mezzo-soprano*), encored in Gluck's "Che faro," which, as also Schubert's "Ungeduld," she sang with the utmost purity of expression; Herr Hermanns, a young German singer, with a superb bass-voice and great declamatory power, who was encored in two songs "An dem sturm," (*Carl Evers*), and "Falstaff's song" (from Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*), for which he substituted "In diesen heilegen hallen" (*Die Zauberflöte*); and last not least Mr. Sims Reeves, who was encored in Mr. Howard Glover's exquisitely beautiful setting of Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee," and in Rossini's "Gita in Gondola" (*soirées*), accepting the compliment in the first instance and courteously declining it in the last, both songs being given to perfection. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal music with masterly skill. Although this was the twenty-fourth concert of the second season, St. James's Hall was crowded in every part. And yet some will insist that "the people" don't like good music.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—By far the finest performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* that has been heard for a long time was given last week at Exeter Hall, before one of the most densely crowded audiences we remember. Indeed so great was the demand for places that the Society have found it advisable to announce a repetition of the oratorio, although this was intended to be the last of the season, and *Elijah* will consequently be heard again on Friday, the 22nd instant. Lately we had occasion to comment on its performance, by 3000 performers, at the Crystal Palace, when, owing to acoustic difficulties, impossible to overcome, much of the effect was lost. At Exeter Hall, however, it is a different thing; the 700 are quite sufficient (more than sufficient as far as the brass is concerned) to carry out the intentions of the composer, and every note is distinctly heard, not only of the vocal, but the instrumental parts, which is absolutely necessary to a proper understanding of the work. The principal soloists were Miss Parepa, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Palmer, Mrs. F. Lucas, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, and Patey. The first-named lady sang the soprano music with energy and expression throughout, especially distinguishing herself in the opening air of the 2nd Part, "Hear ye Israel." Mad. Sainton-Dolby is so thoroughly at home in this, as in all other oratorios, that criticism would be superfluous. Suffice it to say then that she was compelled to repeat the air, "O rest in the Lord." Miss Palmer was heard to decided advantage in the recitative, "Now Cherith's brook," and the air, "Woe unto them," both given expressively and energetically. Of Mr. Sims Reeves's singing in this work we have had frequent occasion to speak in the highest terms, and have nothing but unreserved praise to award upon this occasion; the two airs, "If with all your hearts," and "Then shall the righteous," being of course the most salient points; the latter so admirably rendered that it would have been ungracious to resist the very enthusiastic demand for its repetition. Upon Mr. Santley devolved the arduous *rôle* of the prophet, which he sustained in a manner that will considerably add to his reputation as one of the purest and most legitimate vocalists of the day. The band and chorus acquitted themselves *à merveille*, and with one exception (the Baal chorus) were more in accordance with the times indicated by the composer. It only remained for Mr. Costa to alter the exception, and the performance of *Elijah* would have been irreproachable.

THE CHARITY SCHOOLS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE. — The entertainment given on Wednesday by the children of the Metropolitan Charity Schools, was partly in consequence of the Annual Meeting at St. Paul's Cathedral being prevented taking place this year on account of the repairs now being made in the interior of the building, and partly because the friends of the children were desirous to give them a holiday, and repeat the festivals of 1858-9, which were found so eminently successful. No less than forty-six schools sent their juvenile choirs, and the whole force amounted to nearly 4,000. Mr. G. W. Martin, to whose beat the children are familiar (and who has succeeded to the position vacated by Mr. Bates), conducted; Mr. James Coward presided at the organ; Mr. T. Harper was first trumpet; while, to strengthen the accompaniments (which some of the pieces in the programme required), there were a second trumpet, two horns, four trombones, and the gigantic drum played by Mr. Chipp. The following was the selection:—"The Old Hundredth Psalm;" Chorus, "Lord of Heaven and Earth" (Haydn); Chorale, "Come, sound his praise abroad" (G. W. Martin); Chant, "O sing unto the Lord"; Chorale, "Martin Luther's Hymn"; "Hosanna," for three trebles (G. W. Martin); "God and King of Jacob's Nation" (Costa); Chorale, "God that madest earth and heaven" (T. B. Southgate); Psalm, "O praise ye the Lord"; Chorale from *St. Paul*, "Sleepers awake" (Mendelssohn); and "God save the Queen." The performance on the whole was most admirable, more especially in the unison pieces, in which the singers felt no timidity, and sang with their hearts as well as their voices. There were three encores—the Chorale, "Come, sound his praise abroad," the "Hosanna" for three trebles (both by Mr. Martin), and the Chorale from *St. Paul*, "Sleepers awake." At the end of the Concert, when the National Anthem had been sung, there was a tremendous demonstration on the part of the singers as well as the audience. First the audience clapped their hands sore, and then the children roared themselves hoarse, and then both joined issue and screamed and applauded in unison, until fairly wearied, the juveniles holding out the longest. At last the schools retired from the orchestra in military order, and were soon seen swarming over the terraces and walks, where the Upper Fountains were made to play for their gratification; and here we must leave them, having no doubt that they enjoyed themselves heartily, and went home happier than princes, potentates, or members of the House of Commons.

MR. J. L. HATTON'S CONCERT on Wednesday attracted one of the most crowded audiences we have seen this year at St. James's Hall. The fact that money was returned, and that numbers were sent away from the doors, is strong evidence of Mr. Hatton's popularity. With the exception of Mendelssohn's trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played, need we say, to perfection by Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti, and a

solo on the violin by M. Sainton, the entire programme was vocal. From eighteen pieces, sung by twenty-one artists—strange proportion!—we can only select for special notice, Mr. Hatton's songs, "It was fifty years ago," sung by Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and loudly encored; "Sweet Love, good night to thee" (first time of performance), sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, uproariously redemanded; "Good-bye, Sweetheart," by Mr. Sims Reeves, also sung twice; and "The Bird of Song," by Mrs. Weiss; Beethoven's "Adelaida," by Mr. Sims Reeves (accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Arabella Goddard), who only bowed in acknowledgment of the encore; and, "Pray, Good, please," by Miss Poole. Other songs and ballads, the composition of Mr. Hatton, were allotted to Miss Parepa, Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Santley. The English Glee and Madrigal Union were announced, but arrived too late to sing, and Mr. Hatton, as a compensation to the audience, gave "The Little Fat Grey Man." Miss Palmer, too, whose name figured in the programme, was not forthcoming.

Mad. Rieder's Matinée (May 28), at Campden House, Kensington, was remarkable for the second part being devoted to the performance of M. Victor Masse's one-act operetta, *Les Noces da Jeannette*, the characters of Jeannette and Jean being sustained by Mad. Rieder and M. de Fontanieu. The representation took place in the handsome little theatre belonging to Mr. Wolley's splendid mansion, which was crowded with a brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion. Mad. Rieder's facile execution and neat style are well suited to M. Victor Masse's music, which, if trifling, is pleasing. In the first or miscellaneous part, in addition to the *bénéficiaire* and M. de Fontanieu, Miss Augusta Thompson, Miss Lascelles, and Signor Oliva sang; and Mlle. Fanny Rubini and Mr. Lindsay Sloper (pianists), Herr Becker (violin), Mr. Sidney Pratten (flute), and M. Paque (violoncello), performed on their several instruments. The conductors numbered Herr Wilhelm Ganz, M. Lauben, Herr S. Leymeyer, and Mr. W. G. Cusins.

Mr. Melchor Winter and Mr. Benjamin Wells—tenor and flautist respectively—gave a concert at the Hanover Rooms on Monday evening, assisted by Mad. Weiss, Miss Mahlah Homer, Miss Chipperfield, Miss Clarissa Crighton, and Mad. Sainton-Dolby, vocalists; and Mr. F. Scotson Clark (harmonium), instrumentalist. The programme offered no particular feature. Mr. Winter sang Mr. Wallace's "Home of my heart," Lutz's "Under the Linden Tree," and "The Death of Nelson," besides joining Madame Sainton-Dolby in Mercadante's "Di conforto," and taking part in the quartet, "Un di si ben," from *Rigoletto*. Mr. Wells, a capital flautist, executed two solos of his own composition. Mad. Sainton-Dolby introduced a new song "The Skipper and his Boy," which she sang with great effect. Herr Wilhelm Ganz conducted.

Mr. Allan Irving's Morning Concert (May 29th), at the Hanover Rooms, was above the average order. Beethoven's trio in C minor (op. 11) for piano, violin, and violoncello, was well performed by Mr. Charles Salaman, Herr Ries, and Herr Lidel. Mr. Salaman also played Handel's air, with variations, in D minor, and his own rondo in B flat. Mr. Irving was assisted in the vocal department by Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Eyles, Mad. Louisa Vinning, Mad. Laura Baxter, and Mr. George Perren. Mr. Frederick Chatterton executed a fantasia on the harp, and Herr Engel a solo on the harmonium. Mr. Frank Mori and Herr Wilhelm Ganz were the conductors.

Miss Palmer's Concert was given at St. Martin's Hall, on Thursday evening week. Miss Palmer is a great favourite, more particularly in this locality,—and no wonder! St. Martin's Hall was crowded in spite of the inclement weather. The fair contralto—who was assisted by Mlle. Parepa, Miss Mina Poole, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Thomas, vocalists; Mr. Charles Halle and Mr. George Collins (violoncello) instrumentalists—sang seven times, was applauded uproariously after each performance, and encored twice—viz., in a new song, composed for her by Mr. J. L. Hatton, "The Sailor's Wife," and in Mr. Balfe's duet, "The Sailor sighs," which she sang with Mr. Wilbye Cooper. Mlle. Parepa introduced the "shadow song" from *Dinorah*, "My mother bids me bind my hair," and M. Clapisson's "Alouette," the last being encored. Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Thomas, in sundry popular airs, contributed to the gratification of the audience. Mr. Charles Hallé performed one of Beethoven's sonatas, Op. 27, a *nocturne* by Chopin, and a *valse caprice* by Schubert and Liszt, in his most brilliant manner, and with immense effect.

The Annual Concert of Miss Fanny Huddart (Friday, May 25) took place at St. Martin's Hall. The selection was good, though too long. The instrumental feature was M. Sainton's admirable performance of his own fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia*. The vocal pieces offered no novelty, excepting a *rondo valse*, sung by Mad. Catharine Hayes. The quartet from *Lurline*, "Though the world with transport bless thee," sung by Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Allan Irving, and Mr. Patey, was a first-rate performance. Mad. Valckemaere Albertazzi (a daughter, we believe, of the late Mad. Albertazzi) sang Adolph Adams' "Le retour à la montagne," and, with Mr. Allan Irving, the duet, "La ci darem;" exhibiting a pleasing and well-regulated voice. Miss Huddart's share of the programme comprised the cavatina, "Mille volte," from Donizetti's *Pia di Tolomei*, Mr. Hullah's new ballad, "The Mother's Song," and Mr. Wallace's ballad, "Old friends and other days," all extremely well sung, and the last eliciting an unanimous encore.

Miss Helen M'Leod's Concert was held at the Hanover Rooms, on Tuesday evening. This young lady—a *soprano*, with a pleasing voice and agreeable style, new to the concert-room—sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Una voce," besides taking a share in two duets, a quartet, and a part-song. Miss M'Leod, being encored in the cavatina from the *Barbiere*, substituted "Charlie is my darling." The same compliment was paid her in a duet with Mlle. Behrens. Herr Herrmanns, the German bass, who the previous night had created so marked a sensation at the Monday Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall, again achieved a great success. He sang two songs, and was encored in one, viz., "Falstaff," from Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Miss E. Wilkinson, Mr. Tennant, and Signor Ciabatta were the other singers; and Mr. George Osborne (pianoforte), Signor Piatti (violoncello), and Herr Oberthür (harp), were the solo instrumentalists. There was a numerous and fashionable assemblage, the concert being given under distinguished patronage.

The Matinée of Mr. Harold Thomas, the Pianist, on Monday, at Collard's pianoforte and concert-rooms, Grosvenor Street, calls for notice, as presenting in almost every respect an unexceptionable programme. The special pieces were Beethoven's quartet in E flat for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (an arrangement of the quintet with wind instruments, Op. 16), and Mendelssohn's trio in D minor (Op. 49) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, executed by Messrs. Harold Thomas, H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, and Signor Pezze. Mr. Thomas also played several solo pieces of his own composition, and, with Signor Pezze, the "Moonlight scene" from M. Gounod's *Nonne Sanglante*, transcribed for pianoforte and violoncello. Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Poole, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley were the singers. A selection was given from Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer, and comprising—song "O meadow clad in early green," sung by Mr. Wilbye Cooper; song, "'Tis jolly to hunt," by Mr. Santley; and trio, "The hawthorn in the glade," by Miss Poole, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley. Praise may be awarded to Mr. Thomas's song to Tennyson's words, "Wind of the western sea," which was charmingly given by Miss Poole. Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. W. G. Cusins were the conductors.

Madame Laura Baxter recently gave an attractive concert, when the list of executants included the names of Mad. Catharine Hayes, Mad. Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Weiss; Mr. Blagrove, Herr Lidel, Miss Matilda Baxter, and Mr. S. Noble; Mr. Vincent Wallace officiating as conductor. In the first part, Mayseder's trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was admirably executed by Miss M. Baxter, Mr. Blagrove, and Herr Lidel; and in the duet, "La dove prende," Mr. and Mad. Weiss were deservedly applauded with more than ordinary warmth. The recitative and romanza, "Sombre Forêt," though not quite suited to Mad. Catherine Hayes, who was, moreover, suffering from a cold, was charmingly rendered. The aria and

accompanying recitative, "Lascia ch' io pianga," were very effectively sung by Mad. Laura Baxter, who was no less warmly applauded in her interpretation, with Mad. Hayes, of "Quis est homo." Mr. Sims Reeves elicited, as usual, fervent applause by his singing of "Adelaida," and bowed his acknowledgment in return for the general encore; the first part was brought to an effective conclusion by a grand pianoforte duet, admirably played by Miss Baxter and Mr. Noble. The second part commenced with the trio, "Turn on, Old Time," by Mad. Laura Baxter, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Sims Reeves achieved an encore by his expressive interpretation of Vincent Wallace's ballad, "Sweet Form," from *Lurline*, and gracefully responded to the demand for its repetition. A similar compliment was justly awarded to Mad. Laura Baxter in "The last Good Bye," by the same composer. The chief features of the remaining portion of the concert were the performance, by Mr. Reeves and Mad. Baxter, of the duet from *Tancredi*, "M' abbraccia;" Mr. G. Perren's rendering of the ballad, "The Old Green Lane;" and Miss M. Baxter's pianoforte solo, "Home, sweet home." The concert-room was crowded, and the entire entertainment passed off in the most satisfactory manner.

MR. AGUILAR'S CONCERT.—Mr. Aguilar, one of our very best native professors of music, gave his annual concert on Monday morning at the Hanover Square Rooms, which were crowded on the occasion by a most fashionable audience. Mr. Aguilar courted criticism in the two-fold character of composer and pianist, and in both completely vindicated his claim to the lofty position long ago conceded to him as one of the ablest musicians this country has produced. Mr. Aguilar's creative powers were strikingly exemplified in a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello; three songs, "The Appeal," "In a wood on a windy day," and a *Reiter Lied*; a fantasia upon Weber's (so called) "Last Waltz," and a sestet for piano, flute, oboe, clarionet, horn, and bassoon; whilst his ability as an executant was displayed with no less effect in his own compositions and the too rarely-heard *sonata* of Beethoven, each movement of which, illustrating respectively the sentiments (to use the French terms employed by the great German composer) of "Les Adieux," "L'Absence," and "Le Retour," demands the soul of a poet and the hand of a master. Mr. Aguilar's admirable trio has already been criticised in these columns, but his sestet was quite new to us, and we were gratified to discover in it an unmistakeable manifestation of that improvement which time cannot fail to bring to a conscientious and persevering student. The sestet affords evidence of such originality and freedom of expression as can only be looked for in the work of an accomplished artist who has learned to think and feel independently. It is, in short, a masterly composition, poetical in sentiment as it is skilful in execution. To the eternally fresh and beautiful character which belongs to the expression of pastoral life Mr. Aguilar has here given an individual, though perfectly truthful, colouring; and his work, though its subject is old as Adam, may, by virtue of his peculiar treatment of it, be described as a new and highly valuable addition to the repertory of instrumental music. Mr. Aguilar was assisted by Miss Lindo (one of our most promising concert singers), Miss Parepa, Signor Belletti, the brothers Holmes (violinists of great ability), and Herr Lidel, the violoncellist; and his concert was altogether most interesting and excellent of its kind.—*Morning Post.*

HERR LIDEL'S MATINÉE (May 31) took place at Collard's pianoforte Concert Rooms, Grosvenor Square. The singers were Mad. Catharine Hayes, Miss Messent, Mad. Laura Baxter, and Mr. Allan Irving; instrumentalists, Mr. Charles Salaman and Herr Adolph Ries (piano), Signor Regondi (concertina), Herr Oberthür (harp), Herr Louis Ries (violin), and Herr Lidel (violoncello). The feature of the programme was Beethoven's grand Trio in B flat, Op. 11, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played by Mr. Charles Salaman, Herr Ries, and Herr Lidel. Herr Lidel also introduced two compositions of his own, and joined Signor Regondi in Bohrer's *Duo Concertante* for concertina and violoncello. The vocal music was excellent. Miss Messent gave Mr. Charles Salaman's "Good bye! a long good bye!" in her most pleasing manner; and Mad. Laura Baxter, in a ballad by Mr. Wallace, "The last good-bye," (not the "last" by many we venture to guess) charmed the audience by the fine quality of her voice and the purity of her style. Mad. Catharine Hayes achieved her usual success in "Ah! mon fils," and "Il ritorno." Mr. Charles Salaman and Herr Adolph Ries accompanied.

MR. CHARLES HALLE gave his first pianoforte recital on Thursday week afternoon, at 8 Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square, when the following splendid selection was given:—Grand Sonata in C, Op. 2, No. 3—Beethoven; *Partita*, in B minor—Sebastian Bach; Sonata in D major, No. 7—Clementi; Sonata in E minor, Op. 90—Beethoven; Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142, No. 3—F. Schubert; Nuits Blanches, Nos. 9 and 17, Dans le Bois, No. 6—Stephen Heller; Berceuse in D flat, Op. 57, and Mazurkas—Chopin. The great pianist played throughout magnificently, enchanting his aristocratic audience from the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata to the last Mazurka of Chopin.

MISS POOLE'S CONCERT (May 29), at the Hanover Rooms, attracted a large audience. From a number of pieces, vocal and instrumental, we can only select a few for special notice: these were—Gabriel's song "The forsaken," sung by Mad. Catharine Hayes, and encored; Mr. Wallace's new song "The Happy Birdling," by the same lady, accompanied on the concertina by Signor Regondi; "Pray, Goody, please," by Miss Poole (encored); duet, "Tell me, gentle stranger," by Miss Poole and Mr. Ramsden (encored); and the trio, "My lady, the Countess," from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, by Mad. Hayes, Mad. Weiss, and Miss Poole. Miss Freeth, Signor Regondi, and Mr. William Graeff Nicholls played solos on the pianoforte, concertina, and flute; and Miss Freeth and Mr. Harold Thomas executed a duet for pianoforte and harp.

MR. VINCENT WALLACE'S CONCERT.—At the grand concert in the Handel Orchestra of the Crystal Palace, for the benefit of Mr. Vincent Wallace, the programme was exclusively made up of this popular writer's compositions. We give it at length—a concert devoted to the works of one Englishman being a rather unusual occurrence:—

Overture to *Maritana*; Ballad, "In happy moments;" Ballad, "Alas! those chimes;" Duet, "Of fairy wand;" Ballad, "Old friends and other days;" Cavatina, "This heart by woe o'ertaken;" Variations on *La Cracovienne*; Scena, "Hope in sorrow;" Ballad, "Scenes that are brightest;" Song, "The Bell Ringer;" Ballad, "Lily bells;" Ballad, "There is a flower that bloometh;" Grand scena, "At length in absence;" Fairy trio, "'Tis now our festal hour!" Overture to *Lurline*; Romance, "Sweet form;" Quartet, "Through the world;" Ballad, "Gentle Troubadour;" Ballad, "A Father's Love;" Romanza, "The Gipsy Maid;" Concertino for Violin; Ballad (MS.), "They say that all things change;" Ballad, "The Coming of the Flowers;" Trio, "Turn on, Old Time."

About 12,000 persons were present. The vocalists were Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Lemmens, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Poole, Mad. Laura Baxter, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Ramsden, and Mr. Weiss. Miss Arabella Goddard was the exponent of the brilliant *Cracovienne*, and Herr Becker of the concertino, written expressly for this clever violinist. The programme was too long. Had one sample of the composer's talent in each style been introduced, it would have been sufficient for a Saturday in May at the Crystal Palace, which is half *fête*, half concert. There was, however, little extension by means of encores, the only repetitions being "Sweet form," and "A father's love," sung respectively by Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Mr. Vincent Wallace conducted the greater part of the concert, and presided at the pianoforte for the chamber songs. Mr. Manns conducted the overtures. No harp was forthcoming for "Scenes that are brightest," so the composer played the part on the pianoforte. The day was beautifully bright, and the company was of a very gay character.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The annual performance of Handel's *Messiah*, for the benefit of this excellent institution, took place on Friday evening, at St. James's Hall, in the presence of a very large and brilliant audience. Handel himself bequeathed a handsome amount to the Royal Society of Musicians, but his immortal work, which has many a time and oft clothed the naked and fed the hungry, has proved a far more valuable legacy, for its

annual announcement, in the cause of this particular charity, is sure to draw an enormous audience. The performance on this occasion, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, was excellent, and in many respects peculiarly interesting. There was a large and thoroughly professional band, an efficient chorus, and the solos were distributed amongst a larger number of vocalists than usual. Mlle. Parepa was the chief soprano, supported by Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, Mad. Rieder, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Clara Smithson, Miss Lascelles, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Mr. Thomas Harper played the *obbligato* to "The trumpet shall sound." Mr. Turle presided at the organ, and Mr. Willy led the band.

ITALIAN OPERA CONCERTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE. — The second Opera Concert of the season, signalised by the appearance of Mad. Alboni, came off yesterday week. The great contralto was in splendid voice, and we never heard her sing with more effect the favourite and popular pieces she selected. The well-known rondo-finale to *Cenerentola* displayed the extensive compass, the rich quality, the perfect evenness of tone, the unequalled flexibility, and the exquisite modulations of Mad. Alboni's highly cultivated and incomparable voice; and these rare qualities were not less striking in the popular brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, to which the great singer gave a fresh vivacity and brilliancy which quite accounted for the clamorous cries with which it was redemanded. Mad. Alboni at first resisted the appeal, but the audience would accept no denial, and the song was repeated. We need scarcely say that she did full justice to Rosina's part in the "Zitti, zitti" trio from *Barbière*; but to expatiate on its numberless excellences would be but to add expletive to expletive, to heap panegyric on panegyric, and to indulge in phrases that would sound hyperbolic to ears that have not heard this perfect vocalist, and weak and ineffectual to those more fortunate mortals who have drunk in the streams of melody that flow from the "golden-mouthed" Alboni.

Mlle. Marie Brunetti was much applauded in the grand scena from *Der Freischütz*, which she sang in French, but which is best known in England as "Softly sighs the voice of evening." Signor Belart, invariably admirable in Rossini's music, both in the aria "S'ellam'è ognor infedele," and in the duet with M. Gassier, "All' idea," displayed his powers to signal advantage. Signor Mongini's noble voice was highly effective in the scena, "Tutto è sciolto," from *La Sonnambula*. He was encored in "La donna è mobile."

The chorus, "Va Pensiero," from *I Lombardi*, and the prayer from *Mosè in Egitto*, were efficiently given. Mr. Benedict conducted the overtures *Fra Diavolo* and *Zampa*.

The Yorkshire, Halifax, and Huddersfield Choral Societies, together with Mrs. Sutherland, and other well-known Yorkshire solo vocalists, sang on Saturday afternoon at the Palace. After the concert the entire series of great fountains were displayed for the first time this season.

CONCERT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—After Mr. Henry Ottley had delivered his lecture in presence of the brilliant company in the Bridgewater Gallery, to which we alluded in our leading columns last week, a Concert took place, supported by several artists of the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre. The programme consisted of a trio by Méhul, for piano, violoncello, and harmonium, executed with much taste by Messrs. Pezze, Miolan, and Méhul; Mrs. Gilbert sang with considerable effect Macfarren's "Beautiful May," which was deservedly applauded. Herr Steger —who has been recently engaged for Her Majesty's Theatre, and who will shortly appear—sung Mercadante's aria, "La dea di tutti i cor," and a *lied* by Esser, "Abschied" with considerable ability. Mlle. Michal, from Her Majesty's Theatre, gave the *lied*, by Mendelssohn, "Auf flügeln des Gesanges" with great spirit and effect. Mad. Csillag sang Schubert's "Post" in a most finished manner. Mad. Csillag likewise sang, in conjunction with Herr Steger, a canon MS. by Herr Schachner—(whose death, we are happy to announce, *was erroneously reported* in the Belgian *Guide de Musique*). It is a charming composition, and was admirably rendered. Mlle. Jenny Meyer delighted the audience with Schubert's *lied* "Horch du Lerche," as also Fesca's "Der Wanderer;" and Mr. Santley was compelled to repeat Wallace's "Bell Ringer" in obedience to the unanimous demand of the assembly. Mrs. Henry Webb and Herr Becker performed the last two movements of Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata. The playing was brilliant, and the applause thoroughly merited. Mr. Walworth, in Mendelssohn's song "I am a Roamer," and Herr Herrmanns' singing of "Falstaff" by Nicolai, which obtained an encore, contributed to the success of the concert. Mr. Gilbert (who has superintended several *conversaziones*), together with Herr Schachner and Mr. Benedict, were the conductors. The *conversazione*, which was attended by upwards of 800 persons, and included a large number of distinguished artists and connoisseurs, terminated at 11 o'clock.

Miss EMMA BUSBY, the talented pianist, gave a Morning Concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday week. Her performance included Hummel's Trio in E Major, with M. Sainton and Signor Piatti; a Scherzo, by Chopin; one of Mendelssohn's Lieder ohne Worte; and, with Signor Piatti, Beethoven's Duet in F Major, for piano and violoncello, in all of which the fair pianist exhibited both refinement of style and dexterity of finger. The voice music was supplied by Mlle. Jenny Meyer, Miss Marian Moss, Miss Augusta Thomson, and Mr. Santley. Mr. W. G. Cusins was the accompanyist.

A CONCERT was given at MYDDELTON HALL, on Wednesday week, on behalf of the Royal Medical Benevolent College. The singers were—Misses Clari Fraser, Annie Cox, and Eyles, Messrs. A. Lester, Winn, and the Quartet Glee Union. Miss Fraser introduced a new song by Mr. Clement White, "The lone old tree," a most melodious and graceful composition, which she sang with perfect taste and feeling. Miss Fraser also gave "Where the bee sucks," and was encored. Miss Eyles received a similar compliment in Mr. Linley's "Annie," and the two ladies joined in Weber's duet "Come be gay." The Quartet Glee Union sang Bishop's glee, "Under the greenwood tree," Horsley's "Sweet is evening's tranquil time," Mr. Hatton's part-song "Stars of the summer night," and Webbe's catch "Would you know my Cecilia's charms?"

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(*Continued from p. 355, Vol. 38.*)

108.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, September 21, 1771.

To-day is to take place the first rehearsal, with orchestra, of M. Hasse's work, who is quite well, God be thanked. Next week will come the rehearsal of the serenade. Monday that of the recitatives; on the other days those of the choruses. Monday, Wolfgang will have quite finished. Manzuoli often comes to see us: Tibaldi almost every day at about eleven; he stays at table with us till one. Wolfgang composes during the whole time. All are extremely polite, and evince the greatest consideration for Wolfgang. We have not the slightest annoyance to complain of, for we have to do with good singers only and reasonable people. This serenade is, properly speaking, a little opera, and the opera itself is no longer, as regards the musical portion, for it is only prolonged by the two grand ballets, each of which lasts three-quarters of an hour.

Two days ago the Italian comedy terminated its performances, because the theatre was wanted for the preparations to be commenced. These comedians are extremely good, especially in character pieces and in tragedy.

You tell me, in your previous letters, that many persons have gone mad in Salzburg. Now you inform me that many die of dysentery. This is very bad, for when people are seized by the head and by the —— at the same time, the thing becomes dangerous. I must have carried away something myself from Salzburg, for I still frequently have vertigo. It is not astonishing, for when the air is infected one may easily catch something; that is why I asked you for some pills. I want to cure my head.

P.S. from Wolfgang. — As for me, God be thanked, I am well. I cannot write to you at any length. First of all, I have nothing to say; next, my fingers ache with scribbling notes. I often whistle and call—but no one answers. Only two airs more and the serenade is finished.

I have no longer any wish to return to Salsburg.—I am afraid of going mad like the rest of them.

109.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, September 28, 1771.

Our holidays and amusements have commenced. We are going out a-walking. To-day the first full rehearsal takes place. I can tell you beforehand for your solace, that I am in hopes Wolfgang's composition will have a great success. First of all, because Manzuoli and all the singers, male and female, not only are in the highest degree satisfied with their pieces, but are still more anxious than we are to hear the serenade with all the accompaniments; next, because I know what he has written, and what effect it will produce, and because he is quite certain that he writes as well for the voice as he does for the orchestra. We are quite well. Tell me always about the weather.

110.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, October 19, 1771.

The serenade so astonishingly pleased the people on the 17th, that it has to be played again to-day. The Archduke has asked for two copies (besides the two copies made for the Emperor and the Archduke which we are having bound). Every one accosts us in the streets to congratulate Wolfgang. In short, I am sorry for it, but Wolfgang's serenade threw Hasse's opera into the shade to a degree impossible to describe.

Give thanks to God and pray for us.

111.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, October 26, 1771.

The public were witnesses yesterday at the theatre of the enthusiasm of the Archduke and Archduchess, who not only caused, by their applause, two airs in the serenade to be repeated, but during the serenade, and at the end, both leant out of their box towards Wolfgang in the orchestra, and betokened their approbation by crying out, "Bravissimo maestro!" and clapping their hands, an example which all the nobility and all the people imitated by applauding with all their might.

If you want any dresses, have made what is necessary; neither you or Nanette should be without what is proper. You must do whatever is to be done. Don't take anything bad. It is false economy to buy inferior goods. Have a fine gown made for yourself for grand occasions, and the one you had at Vienna you can wear every day. No woollen stuff—it is not worth a curse.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—My work being finished, I have more time to write, but I have no news to tell you, unless it be that the numbers 35, 59, 60, 61, and 62 came out at the lottery, and thus if we had staked upon those numbers we should have won, but not having staked we have neither won nor lost, but made fun of the people. The two airs in the serenade asked for again were those of Manzuoli and Ottrell.

112.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, November 24, 1771.

M. Hasse and Wolfgang as well have been richly recompensed for their compositions. Besides what they touched in money, M. Hasse has received a snuff-box, and Wolfgang a watch set in diamonds. We shall see each other again soon if it be God's will. It is very certain that the serenade has pleased everybody to a singular degree. But that the Archbishop will bethink him of Wolfgang when there is an appointment vacant is a point on which I have my doubts.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—Manzuoli, who, however, passed in people's eyes for the most reasonable of *castrati*, has committed in his old age an act of folly and of pride. It was agreed he was to have 500 gigliati for the opera; but as there was no mention made of the serenade in the *scrittura*, he demanded another 500 for this, consequently altogether 1000. The Court only gave him 700 and a handsome snuff-box (I should think that was enough). But he like a true castrato returned the 700 gigliati and the snuff-box, and departed without taking anything. I do not know what is likely to be the end of this history; a bad one I imagine.

Brixen, December 11, 1771.

We shall not arrive before Monday. Count Spaur, who is here, will not hear of any other proposal.

113.

*The Same to the Same.**

Botzen, October 28, 1772.

We were not able to start from Insbruck before seven o'clock, because there was no mass before the six o'clock one at St. John's. From Insbruck we went out driving as far as Hall to see the Ladies' Institute there, which was shown to us in detail by the Countess Lodron. Wolfgang played on the organ in the church there. Botzen is a melancholy place. But the pleasant disorder which is of the essence of all journeys has put my health in order. If, therefore, travelling be necessary to keep me in health, I shall try and get a place as courier, or at any rate as conductor of a diligence. Wolfgang is well; he is just now writing a quatuor to while away the time.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—Here we are already at Botzen. Already? Only! I am hungry, I am thirsty, I am sleepy, I am lazy, but I am well. I hope you will keep your word.

114.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Mother.

Milan, November 7, 1772.

Don't be alarmed at seeing my writing instead of the father's. He has not time to write, because we are at M. d'Osto's, and Baron Cristiani has come here, and these gentlemen have so much to gossip about that he cannot leave them. We arrived here on the 4th without mishap. There is not a word of truth in the rumour of a war in Italy, of which there is so much talk in Germany, any more than there is in that of the fortifications of the castle of Milan.

We embrace mother 1,000,000 times (I cannot get in any more 0's here, and I prefer embracing my sister *in persona* to doing so in fancy).

P.S. from Mozart.—We spent Wolfgang's fête day merrily at Ala, at the brothers Picilli: we stopt also at Verona, and this is why we go to Milan so late, where we have already seen the opera buffa.

115.

The elder Mozart to his Wife.

Milan, Nov. 14, 1772.

After living tranquilly for several weeks at Milan I am beginning to feel some symptoms of indisposition. I allow myself to get thinking of Salsburg, and without being conscious of it take a pleasure therein; when I come back to myself, I shake myself up, or endeavour to shake myself up and cast aside these reminiscences as I used to cast aside the evil thoughts with which the devil inspired me in my youth. There is no one here of our company but la Signora Saarti who plays the parts of the secondo uomo. Meanwhile Wolfgang has had enough to do, having had to write the choruses to the number of three, and to rewrite in part the recitatives which he had composed at Salzburg; for the poet had shown his manuscript to Metastasio, at Vienna, and he modified it, improved it, and added an entire scene to the second act. Lastly, Wolfgang has composed all the recitatives which were wanting in the Overture.

There is at Brescia a certain Count Lecchi, a capital violinist, and a great connoisseur and amateur of music, at whose house we promised to alight immediately on our return.

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* Mozart arrived at Salzburg at the end of December, 1771, and the following year composed another serenade, *Il Sogno di Scipione*, by Metastasio, to celebrate the election of the new Archbishop of Salsburg, Jerome, of the princely house of Colloredo and Niöls, elected March 14, 1772. In October, 1772, father and son set out for Milan, where Mozart wrote the opera seria, *Lucio Silla*.

(To be continued.)

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VOL. 38—No. 24 SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

MR. and MRS. TENNANT have the honour to announce their first MATINÉE MUSICALE, under the following distinguished Patronage—The Marchioness Townshend, The Marchioness of Downshire, The Countess of Bradford, The Countess of Yarborough, The Lady Anne Sherson, The Lady Elisabeth St. Aubyn, The Lady Arthur Lennox, The Lady Charlotte Copley, The Lady Dufferin, The Lady Dinorben, The Lady Wallscourt, Lady Farquhar, Mrs. Schenley, Viscount Raynham, Lord Dufferin, Lord Wallscourt, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. C. H. Bingham, the Baron Farnham, Wm. Vansittart, Esq. M.P., Edward W. H. Schenley, Esq., will take place (by kind permission of Messrs. Collard and Collard) at their New Concert Room, 16 Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, on Friday, June 22, at 3 o'clock. Artists: Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON, Mrs. TENNANT, and Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY; Mr. TENNANT, Signor CIABATTA, and M. LEFORT. Instrumentalists—Piano: M. BLUMENTHAL. Concertina: Signor REGONDI. Harp: Mr. BOLYNE REEVES. Harmonium: Herr ENGEL. Flute: Mr. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN. Conductors: Signori CAMPANA, BUCALOSSI, and Mr. COSINS. Tickets, Numbered and Reserved, to be had at Mr. and Mrs. Tennant's Residence, 307 Oxford Street, New Bond Street.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Directors respectfully announce that the FIFTH CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday Evening next, June 18. Programme, Sinfonia in E flat, No. 5, Mozart; Concerto Pianoforte, Herr RITTER, Hummel; Overture, Isles of Fingal, Mendelssohn; Sinfonia in A, No. 7, Beethoven; Concerto Violoncello, M. PAQUE; Overture, Prometheus, Beethoven. Vocal performers, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO and Mr. TENNANT. Conductor, Professor STERNDALE BENNETT.—To begin at Eight o'clock. Tickets 15s. each, to be had of Messrs. Addison, Hollier, & Lucas, 210 Regent Street.

HERR ERNST PAUER'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL EVENING CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday next, June 20, when will be performed the following new compositions by Herr PAUER for the first time:—Recit. and Air, from the Operetta "Don Diego"; the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd"; Concerto for the Clarionet, Op. 58, in G minor. Conductors: Herr MOLIQUE and Mr. HENRY LESLIE. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 7s., at all the principal Music Sellers; and of Herr Pauer, 3 Cranley Place, Onslow Square, S.W.

MADEMOISELLE CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce that her MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on Wednesday, the 20th of June, at the Hanover Square Concert Rooms, at 3 o'clock. Vocalists:—Madame RUDERSDORFF, Mlle. VON KETTLER, Mons. DEPRET, Herr HERMANNS, and Mr. SANTLEY. Instrumentalists:—Violin—Mons. VICTOR BUZIAU. Violoncello—Mons. PAQUE. Piano—Mlle. VALENTIN. Conductor—Herr WILHELM GANZ. Tickets, 10s 6d.; Reserved and Numbered Seats, 15s. To be had of Messrs. Wessel & Co., 18 Hanover Square; and of Mlle. Valentin, No. 6 Duke Street, Manchester Square, W.

HERR KUHE begs to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place on Thursday, June 21st, at St. James's Hall, to commence at half-past Two o'clock. Vocalists:—Mesdames LOUISA PYNE, REMDER and SAINTON-DOLBY; Messrs. BELART TENNANT, OLIVA, and SANTLEY. Violin, M. SAINTON; Harmonium, Herr ENGEL; Piano, Herr KUHE. Conductors, MM. BENEDICT and F. BERGER.—Sofa Stalls and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. each; Unreserved Balcony Seats, 5s.; Gallery Tickets, 2s. 6d.; to be had of Herr Kuhe, 12 Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, W.; Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; and all the principal Musicsellers.

G. W. MARTIN'S PRIZE GLEES, MADRIGALS, PART-SONGS, &c., will be sung by a Choir of One Thousand Voices at Exeter Hall, on June 21st, at Eight o'clock. Mr. SIMS REEVES and Miss ARABELLA GODDARD will also assist. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Gallery or Area, 2s. 6d.; Back Seats, 1s.; at the Hall; Addison, Hollier, & Lucas, 210 Regent Street; Cramer, Beale & Co., 201 Regent Street; and at Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Cheapside.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER begs to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the above Hall, on Wednesday morning, June 27, to commence at half-past two o'clock. Vocalists, Mad. LEMMENS SHERRINGTON, Mlle. ARTOT, and Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY; Mr. SIMS REEVES, the ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, Mr. FOSTER, Mr. LOCKEY, Mr. MONTEM SMITH, Mr. WINN, and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS. Violin, M. SAINTON; Violoncello, Mr. PAQUE; Pianoforte, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER. Conductors, Mr. BENEDICT and Mr. HAROLD THOMAS.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; at St. James's Hall, of the Principal Music Sellers, and of Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

MISS SUSANNA COLE'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, June 28, at St. James's Hall, to commence at Eight o'clock.—Artists engaged, Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON, Mad. GILBERT, Mlle. BERGENS, Miss PALMER, Miss SUSANNA COLE, Mr. SIMS REEVES, Mons. DEPRET, Mr. WALLWORTH, Mr. SANTLEY, LONDON GLEE & MADRIGAL UNION. Pianoforte, Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ; Violin, Herr BECKER; Concertina, Signor REGONDI. Conductors, Mr. BENEDICT, Mr. HENRY BAUMER, Signor CUNIO, and Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.—Stalls, 7s. each, may be obtained at Miss Cole's, 25 Lanark Villas, Maida Vale; at Addison, Hollier, & Lucas's, 210 Regent Street; Cramer, Beale, & Co.'s, 201 Regent Street: and at Mr. Austin's, 28 Piccadilly. Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s., at the Principal Music Sellers.

GLUCK'S IPHIGENIA.—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ begs to announce that, in compliance with numerous requests, he will give a Grand Performance, for the first time in London, of the whole of the Music of Gluck's celebrated Opera, IPHIGENIA (IN TAURIS), at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 20, 1860, to commence at 8 o'clock. Vocalists, Mlle. PAREPA, Miss SUSANNA COLE, and Miss THERESA JEFFERYS; Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. WINN, and Mr. SIMS REEVES. The Orchestra and Chorus will be complete in every Department, and consist of upwards of Two Hundred Performers, including the Choir of the Vocal Association. Conductor, Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ. Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Side Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. May be secured at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s, 201 Regent Street; Hammond's, 214 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

HERR WILHELM GANZ respectfully announces that his GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on Friday, June 29, at St. James's Hall, under the immediate Patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary. To commence at 3 o'clock. Vocalists: Mad. CATHERINE HAYES, Mad. LEMMENS SHERRINGTON, and Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY; Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. SANTLEY, and Herr HERRMANNS. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte: Herr WILHELM GANZ. Violin: M. SAINTON. Violoncello: M. PAQUE. Tenor: Herr GOFFRIE. Contra Basso: Mr. F. S. PRATTEN. Conductors: Messrs. BENEDICT, W. G. CUSINS, and WILHELM GANZ. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; to be had of Herr Wilhelm Ganz, 15 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, W.; Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and the principal Music Sellers.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL. President, The Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley. LAST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT THIS SEASON, Friday, June 29, at 8. Great Orchestral Performance. Macfarren's "May Day"; Spohr's "Ode to St. Cecilia" (first time of performance); Mendelssohn's "Ave-Maria" (from Loreley, MSS.); Serenade for Pianoforte and Full Orchestra (Mendelssohn); Overtures "Euryanthe" (C. M. v. Weber), "Tempest" (Benedict)—Mad. CATHERINE HAYES, Miss STABBACH, Miss MESSENT; Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ. The Band and Choir will number 300 Performers. Conductor: Mr. BENEDICT. Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. each, at the Hall.

MR. JOHN THOMAS has the honour to announce that he will give a MORNING CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, the 2nd of July, 1860, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists, Mlle. DESIRÉE ARTOT, Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON; M. JULES LEFORT, M. DEPRET. Instrumentalists: Piano, M. ERNST LUBECK; Violin, M. BECKER; Harmonium, M. ENGEL; Harp, Mr. JOHN THOMAS. Conductors, Mr. W. G. CUSINS & Mr. HAROLD THOMAS. Reserved Seats, 15s., to be had *only* of Mr. John Thomas, 109 Great Portland Street, Portland Place. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had of all the principal Music Sellers.

MISS STEELE has the honour to announce that she will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday, July 3, at half-past Eight o'clock. Vocalists, Mads. PAREPA, STEELE, and PALMER; Messrs. SIMS REEVES, DEPRET, and SANTLEY. Instrumentalists, Miss ANNIE ELLIOTT; Messrs. CHAS. SALAMAN, DEICHMANN, LIDEL, DREW DEAN, & W. G. CUSINS.—Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had only of Miss Steele, 108 Marylebone Road; Tickets, 7s., of R. W. Olliver, 19 Old Bond Street.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Mr. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any Engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artistes:—MM. SAINTON, H. HILL, W. WATSON, E. PAYTON, DOYLE, TRUST, G. COLLINS, AYLWARD, HOWELL, sen., WHITE, P. S. PRATTEN, ROCKSTRO, BARRET, LAZARUS, T. OWEN, HAUSSER, C. HARPER, STANDEN, T. HARPER, STANTON JONES, W. WINTERBOTTOM, CIOFFI, HUGHES, and F. C. HORTON. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2 Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.

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Dr. MARK begs to invite the Parents and Friends, and all those interested in his Enterprise and in the Education of the Youths of this country, to visit his establishment. Visiting hours:—From Nine to Eleven, a.m., and Two and Four, p.m. Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS.—Westminster Road.—Lessee, Mr. C. MORTON.—Every Evening.—C. H. GOUNOD'S Opera, *Faust*—Faust, Mr. HENRY HERBERT; Mephistopheles, Mr. C. BERNARD; Siobel, Mrs. ANDERSON; Marguerite, Miss RUSSELL. Conductor, Herr JONGHMANS—and Selections from *Dinorah*, *Trovatore*, and *Macbeth*. Several interesting Pictures have been added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

DOUBLE BASSES for sale, six fine-toned Instruments by good Makers; a VIOLONCELLO by Banks, in Case; TENORS by Foster and Fendt; VIOLINS by Straduarius, Guarnerius, Steiner &c.; also a self-acting ORGAN, in a Carved Mahogany Case, plays 74 tunes. For Particulars apply to J. Moore, Buxton Road, Huddersfield.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 39 King Street, Cheapside, E.C.—A.D. 1834.—The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT, Cash Account, Balance-Sheet, &c., are now ready, and may be had on written or personal application.—CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.

MR. WALLWORTH is in town for Pupils, and will be at liberty for Concerts, &c. until the opening of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, in the Autumn.—30 Edwards Street, Portman Square, W.

TO ORGANISTS and PIANISTS.—Wanted, an ORGANIST for the Parish Church, Richmond, Yorkshire. Salary £25 per annum. A favourable opportunity is presented for a first-class Teacher of Music to establish an extensive and influential connexion. Applications with testimonials to be forwarded to the Churchwardens, Richmond, Yorkshire.

WANTED immediately, for a Country Establishment in the West of England, a Young Man of good address and ability as ASSISTANT TUNER. One having a knowledge of the Paper Trade would be preferred. Unexceptionable references given and required.—For particulars apply by letter, stating qualifications, and salary required, to Messrs. B. and Co., care of W. Armstrong, Esq., 49 George Street, Portman Square, London.

"GOOD NIGHT," New Song by A. REICHARDT, Composer of "Thou art so near and yet so far," is published, with English and German Words, and a Portrait of Herr Reichardt, price 2s. 6d. by Duncan Davison & Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

"THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL," by EDOUARD ROECKELL, is now published for the Pianoforte, price 2s. by Duncan Davison & Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

"THE SULIOTE WAR SONG," by BRINLEY RICHARDS, sung with distinguished success by Mr. SANTLEY, is published, price 3s. by Duncan Davison & Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

"I WOULD I WERE A BUTTERFLY," by A. SCHLOESSER, sung with immense applause by Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, is published, price 2s. 6d. by Duncan Davison & Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

"I LOVE AND I LOVE."—NEW SONG, dedicated to, and sung by Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY, at St. James's Hall. Composed by S. MARSHALL. Price 2s. London: S. Shepherd, 98 & 105 Newgate Street, and all Music Sellers.

To be published next week, price 4s.

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

June 12, 1860.

It is always interesting to recur to the early works of a composer who has succeeded in taking the rank of a classic, and to note how those qualities which chiefly distinguish the after productions with which his renown is associated, may sometimes be altogether absent, or exist only in a very faint germ. To students such opportunities are especially valuable, and teach the golden lesson how even genius cannot dispense with patient perseverance, and might never assert itself but for tenacity under disappointment. The management of the Théâtre Lyrique has, therefore, done a useful and a graceful thing in bringing out Hérold's first operatic work, *Les Rosières*, an opera comique in three acts, produced at the Salle Feydeau in 1817. On its first production, this work achieved a decided success, and at once informed the world that a composer of the highest promise was born to France. It kept the stage until 1826, when *Marie*, a much riper and more masterly work, threw it into the shade, whence it has never been rescued until now. *Les Rosières*, though much inferior to the composer's subsequent productions, exhibits in a considerable measure the fundamental characteristics of Hérold's style. It lacks the rich and brilliant instrumentation, and the startling modulations for which he was afterwards distinguished; but the grace and facility of his melodic inspirations, the elegance, piquancy, and neatness of his style are already clearly discernible. The libretto of this work, although old-fashioned, is still amusing; and the plot has a merit also somewhat out of date—clearness and simplicity. The principal female part, Florette, is played by Mlle. Girard, whose easy, correct, and brilliant execution, keen intelligence and agreeable organ, allied to graceful and spirited acting, place her among the first lyrical artists of the French stage. The other prominent characters are filled by Mlle. Faivre, and MM. Fromant, Ricquier Delauney, and Gabriel. A little one-act opera, entitled *Les Valets de Guscoigne*, has been produced for the first time at this establishment with sufficient success. The composer is M. Dufresne. Mlle. Faivre, M. Girardot, M. Wartel, and M. Potel, are engaged in it.

M. Henry Wuille, the well-known clarionetist, one of the many distinguished artists whom poor Jullien introduced to fortune and to fame, has made his *début* in Paris at the concerts Musard, and has won from the public as well as from the critics, the amplest acknowledgment of his uncommon talents.

In the theatrical world the advent of summer, if I may be allowed the expression, when the paletot is as yet an indispensable garment, is producing its usual desolating effects. Several houses have already closed their portals for the season, and others are threatening to follow their example. The Odéon made its last bow the other day, with the *Testament de César Girandot*, and the Bouffes Parisiens are strolling in the provinces. The Italian company, which had settled itself in the Salle Ventadour, hanging to the tragic skirts of Mad. Ristori, has likewise taken flight. Just before the departure of Alexandre Dumas the elder, for his *periplous* of the Mediterranean, it was rumoured that he had written a piece for the Théâtre Français, but that the reading of it had been suddenly interrupted through some dispute about the usual premium. It was said that the question was brought up on purpose to induce Dumas père, reckoning on his known irritability of temper, to withdraw the piece of his own accord; whether this was the intention or not, the haughty dramaturgist without deigning to read his work to the end, and thus throw his pearls to swine, ill-mannered enough to cavil over their price, packed up his manuscript, and walked off to the manager of the Vaudeville, to whom he transferred the privilege of producing the new work, with the magnificent stipulation that no premium should be demanded for it, thus setting a glorious example to the grovelling council of the Théâtre Français, and showing that he at least could set the interests of art above paltry considerations of finance. This piece has just been produced under the title of *l'Envers d'une Conspiration*, and the public may now judge whether or no it was right to haggle over the price of such a work. The subject is supposed to be historical, that is to say, Charles the Second figures in it, and Catherine of Braganza. Every one knows, however, with what freedom the elder Dumas is in the habit of treating the muse of history. He acts towards her certainly as a student, but as a student of the Quartier Latin. He strips her of her classic toga, takes her to a masquerade warehouse, decks her in the most captivating carnival costume, and familiarly clapping his arm round her waist, hurries her through a succession of exciting adventures. The conspiracy to which the title alludes, is that which effected the restoration of Charles; and the "Envers," or underside, is represented by a certain Lady Hamilton, and a Scotch adventurer, one Evan Macdonald, who having come to London to join the commonwealth party, is entangled by his love of Lady Hamilton into the royalist plot, to which he innocently renders essential service. This part, in the hands of Dupuis—formerly of the Gymnase—becomes broadly comic; and if M. Dumas' ambition soared no higher than this, and disdained that attention to literary form which he once condescended to cultivate, he can hardly find fault with the judgment of the Théâtre Français.

An extravagant absurdity called *Les trois Fils de Cadet Roussel* has just appeared at the Palais Royal, and not without danger attained success. It is incredible how many times this mythical personage of the first French Revolution has been dramatically served up, yet is his vitality apparently not exhausted. A new drama at the Gaîté—*Une Pêcheresse*, works up afresh a subject worn somewhat threadbare,—a husband's jealousy of his wife's past existence.

The indisposition of Mad. Ferraris has not yet ceased, and her place is filled by Mlle. Villiers. When is this lady to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre? The first performance of *Semiramis* is announced for the 29th of June, or at the latest the 2nd of July. The singer Wicart has been re-engaged at the Opera, and will make his re-appearance as Arnold in *William Tell*; he is then to play Raoul in the *Huguenots*. The engagement of Mlle. Tedesco is signed and sealed; she is to place herself at the disposal of M. Alfonse Royer on the 1st of September, when the rehearsals of *Tannhäuser* will commence in view of its production at the end of January, 1861.

At the Opéra Comique, the bills still alternate with *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Le Roman d'Elvire* and *Rita*, and *Château Trompette* with *l'Habit de Mylord*. A new opera, by M. Paul Dupuch, *Gertrude*, is in rehearsal, and will take its turn after *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, which is very soon to appear. The following artists will be engaged in this once most popular of Boieldieu's works—Rodolphe, M. Crosti; Roger, M. Warot; the Bailli, Lemaire; the Hermit, Barrielle; Rose d'Amour, Mlle. Marimon; Annette, Belia.

Before closing for the season the Théâtre Lyrique will produce a new operetta, the title of which has been changed since the first announcement from *Le Mariage aux Epées* to *Maître Palma*. The music is by Mlle. Rivay, her first essay, and the book by Mad. Furpille and Gille. It is also expected that *La Madone*, by Lacombe will shortly be forthcoming. The manager has just engaged Mad. Wekerlin Damoreau for next season.

The tenor Fraschini has just signed an engagement with the manager of the Orienta, at Madrid, for the ensuing season; and it is reported that Mad. Borghi-Mamo has contracted to appear at the Scala, in Milan, during the carnival season next year.

Roger has just returned from his provincial tour. He appeared last at Bordeaux, where he brought the season to a brilliant close. He is to proceed to Baden in August, where he is engaged, together with Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, to appear in a new opera, by Gounod.

M. Mirès, one of the *millionaires* who have sprung up under the Imperial *regime*, and who is the proprietor of two daily papers, *Le Pays* and *Le Constitutionnel*, has just married his daughter to the Prince de Polignac. There is something quite bewildering in this alliance, from the welding of principles and associations so widely dissevered and apparently so incompatible. The ceremony took place in the church of the Madeleine, and was attended by a crowd of distinguished people, whether by rank, intrinsic eminence or fortune. Finance, politics, officialism, art, literature, and even pride of birth were there amply and showily represented. The nuptial benediction was pronounced by Monseigneur the Bishop of Marseilles, and the sacred music executed on the occasion was composed by Prince Edmund of Polignac, the

youngest of the four brothers composing this illustrious family. The executants were selected from the orchestra of the French opera and the choir of the Madeleine, and were under the direction of the chapel master, M. Dietsch. The organist of the parish, M. Saint Saens, presided at the grand organ.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.

(*Continued.*)

Madame Clara Novello made her theatrical *début* at Padua, and chose the character of Semiramide for the occasion. Her success was complete, and this even increased as the experience she gained in her after engagements gave her greater familiarity with the special requirements of the stage. She appeared, in course of time, at Rome, Bologna, Fermo, Milan, and other places. Triumph walked in her footsteps, and the rich Italian language was almost exhausted in epithets of admiration, and taxed to the utmost of its sweetness to furnish poems in her praise. The Musical Antiquarian Society, established in London for the resuscitation of the works of early English composers, was at this time actively carrying on its operations, and, as a means to its end, collecting a library of works that might illustrate its purpose. It may or may not prove Mad. Novello's Italian popularity, to state, that her father contributed towards the accumulations of this institution a very extensive series of the laudatory verses addressed to his daughter, enjoining that, in case of the dissolution of the society, the entire collection should be transferred to the library of the British Museum, where the poems were accordingly deposited when the Musical Antiquarian was broken up, and where they will for all time be open to the examination of whomsoever may be interested in them.

The public performance in Paris of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, some ten years or more after the production of his last opera, gave a new impetus to the universal esteem of this composer, and added a fresh laurel to his evergreen crown. The work was immediately transplanted to London, and reproduced in every musical city in Europe. It was first heard in Italy, at a performance in Bologna, where Rossini then resided, who was consulted upon every arrangement for the occasion. Donizetti was the conductor, than whom no one then living could more completely identify himself with the true spirit of the composer; and, by Rossini's expressed stipulation, Mad. Novello was preferred above all the singers in Italy to sustain the soprano solo; and the grand vocal effects of the famous "Inflammatus" were thus first made known to the countrymen of the composer through the medium of her beautiful voice. When the *Stabat* was given in Florence a year afterwards, the same lady again, by the composer's desire, was engaged to fill the same part in the performance.

In Italy all theatrical engagements are effected by means of correspondenti,—agents whose entire occupation is to negotiate the arrangements between the impressario and the composers, the singers, the players, and every other functionary of the operatic establishment, which holds so important a place in public consideration and exacts so large a share of government attention, that it may almost be regarded as one of the chief political institutions of the country. Through some mistake of the correspondenti—mistakes will happen, even in the transactions of the most trusted officials—Mad. Novello was engaged for the carnival season of 1842, at both Rome and Genoa, and the director of each theatre demanded the fulfilment of the scrittura. Universal as we may esteem the talent of the lady, the person of the prima donna was certainly not ubiquitous, and the possibility of her completing the two discrepant contracts was consequently non-existent. The Roman and Genoese manager had each the law in his favour—alas! that jurisprudence should be so imprudent as to see a parity of right on each side of a dispute—but the impressario of the Papal States had more than the law, in having possession, which constitutes the nine points that supersede all the others. In the autumn season of 1841, Mad. Novello was the prima donna at Fermo, a city, as is well known to all familiar with Romagnian topography, that is located within the papal territory, and consequently under the jurisdiction of the Roman authorities. She could not quit the place without a passport, which document he of the opera house at Rome had the power to prevent her obtaining, and he thus held the lady in such firm possession as would effectively hinder her from appearing at the other theatre, if it did not compel her to sing at his own. The minister of police at Fermo, Count Giglucci, communicated to the cantatrice the restraint imposed upon her by the Roman manager, whereof he, the count, was the unhappy instrument; and communicated, too, that he was under the sad necessity of placing the lady under arrest until she should have made arrangements satisfactory to the impressario, whose interests he protected. The courteous captor became in turn a captive, his captivation being effected by the personal charms of the fair prisoner whose person he held in durance, and he did not release her from her thraldom until she had vowed to bind herself to him for ever. Her hymeneal engagement, however, was not to interfere with the two theatrical contracts which then perplexed her, nor with subsequent professional duties to which she had already pledged herself; but it was to be discharged when she had freed herself, by fulfilment, from all the legal demands upon her talent at that time pending. The first of these was, of course, that which was the subject of the Romano-Genoese controversy, and was the immediate occasion, therefore, of her connection with her future husband. The said controversy was finally settled by arbitration, to the following effect:—It is permitted to the flock of the pope to eat flesh and to hear operas for the entire period intervening between the Feast of the Nativity and the solemn term of Lent, and the carnival season of 1842 was thus to extend over twelve weeks, for six of which, dominion over the vocal and histrionic powers of the songstress was adjudicated to the manager of Rome, and for the other half moiety, the same advantage was ceded to him of Genoa.

One of the engagements that Mad. Novello had upon her hands was to Mr. Macready, who was then conducting Drury Lane theatre upon a principle of truly poetic purity, which has vainly been emulated by subsequent directors of dramatic taste in London. Mr. Serle, the actor and dramatist, and the husband of Mad. Novello's retired sister, was the chief confident of all the arrangements of the great manager, and it was to his suggestion that the London public owed the opportunity Mr. Macready afforded them of witnessing the lady's talent in a capacity in which she had not yet appeared in her native country. Her *début* on the stage in England was in the summer of 1842, and she chose Paccini's opera of *Saffo* for the display of her ability,—a work, however, which was far better fitted to exercise the refined classic taste of the director of the theatre in the arrangements of the *mise-en-scène*, than to place the artistic talent of the prima donna in an interesting light before the public. Her brother-in-law translated the libretto, and everything that could possibly be accomplished to give good effect to the performance was done; but nothing could render a weak opera of a weak composer an interesting work, and the error of judgment in choosing such a piece for her appearance was not a little injurious to our heroine's first impression on the London playgoers. In the repertory of Drury Lane theatre was Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, the production of which, with Mr. Stanfield's scenery and Mr. T. Cooke's instrumentation, was one of the most remarkable events of Mr. Macready's management—nay, of modern theatrical history. On the withdrawal of *Saffo*, Mad. Novello sang the chief character in this immortal work, and produced an effect in it which was impossible to her in the feeble music of the modern Italian composer.

She sang that year at our provincial music meetings; and then, without a formal farewell of the public, she retired from the field of her constantly fortunate efforts, and became the Countess Giglucci. The historian may not pry into the incidents of her private life, and there occurs, therefore, a necessary hiatus in the current of our narrative, which cannot be resumed until the period when Mad. Novello returned o the exercise of her profession.

(*To be continued.*)

Concerts.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The fifth and last concert of the season was no less interesting than its predecessors, as will be seen by the subjoined programme:—

PART I.

Overture, "Leonora"	Beethoven
Aria "Act nur einmal noch in leben"	Mozart
Fifth Concerto, violin	Molique
Recit. "E mi lasci cosi" / Aria "Tu m' abbandoni"	Spohr
Overture "Les deux Journées"	Cherubini

PART II.

Symphony in A minor (Op. 56)	Mendelssohn
Recit. "Di ostili tende" / Aria "Dall' asilo della pace"	Costa
Recit. "Krafft meines heiligen Amtes" / Aria "Wenn Romeo den Sohn erschlagen"	Bellini
Overture "Der Freyschütz"	Weber

So magnificent was the execution of the first overture that a very strong demand for its repetition ensued even after Mlle. Meyer

had ascended the platform; but Mr. Mellon declined to accede to the compliment, gratifying as it must have been to himself and the perfectly trained band under his control. Equally praiseworthy was the execution of the other two overtures, both of which were given to perfection. The great treat, however, was Mendelssohn's superb symphony in A minor, best known perhaps as the Scotch symphony, having, it is said, been composed (like the *Isles of Fingal*) while the illustrious master was influenced by reminiscences of his visit to North Britain, and impregnated with the character of the locality. From beginning to end the playing of the orchestra was irreproachable: it was evident that every member was earnestly imbued with the spirit of the composition, and all did their best to render justice to its marvellous beauties. The consequence was one of the finest performances of this picturesque work we have ever heard; and no wonder that the audience were worked up to enthusiasm; so much so was this the case indeed, that there were loud calls for the *scherzo* to be repeated, but Mr. Mellon, deaf to the solicitation, went on with the next movement. Herr Molique met with an "ovation" both on entering and leaving the orchestra, and was frequently applauded during the performance of his very fine concerto, which he played to admiration, and in which the orchestral accompaniments were given with the utmost delicacy and precision. Miss Louisa Pyne's charming voice and facile vocalisation were conspicuous alike in the air of the German and Italian composer—the latter although replete with difficulty not being very effective—no fault of Miss Pyne's, however. Mlle. Meyer's rich *mezzo soprano* told to greater advantage in the air from *Titus* than that from *I Capuletti*, in which the time was somewhat dragged.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The fifth performance on Monday brought the series to a termination. The programme included the overtures to *La Clemenza di Tito* and *Preciosa*, Beethoven's symphony in D, No. 2, Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor, and Spohr's dramatic concerto for violin and orchestra. In consequence of both Italian operas giving extra nights, Dr. Wylde was deprived of some of his regular "hands," and forced to look for recruits in all directions. Fortunately, good players in London are not scarce. To the execution of Beethoven's symphony, we have scarcely anything to award but praise, and the liberal applause which followed each movement proved that the audience were thoroughly satisfied. Herr Becker played the dramatic concerto—so great a favourite with Ernst, and introduced by that distinguished violinist on the occasion of his first performance in this country—in masterly style, and the applause at the end was uproarious. The grand concerto of Mendelssohn also was a triumph for Mr. John Barnett, who created a marked sensation. The last movement more particularly displayed the young pianist's execution and taste to equal advantage. The voice music was allotted to Miss Louisa Pyne, Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, and Herr Herrmanns, the new German bass, who made so great a hit the week previously at the Monday Popular Concerts. Herr Herrmanns introduced "Falstaff's song," from Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, with the same success as before. He is an unquestionable acquisition to the concert-room. Miss Louisa Pyne sang a grand *scena* from Spohr's *Jessonda*, "Batti, batti," and a romance from Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*. The expressive manner in which she gave the air from *Don Giovanni* received the liveliest sympathy and won a hearty encore. Mad. Lemmens Sherrington gave an air from Weber's *Euryanthe* to perfection, but the audience were more pleased with Adolph Adams' "Ah! vous dirai-je mamma," which was redemanded. The hall was crowded in every part. Dr. Wylde may congratulate himself that the season has been one of the most successful in the annals of the New Philharmonic Society, which merely shows that energy and perseverance in a right cause are capable of surmounting any difficulties.

MRS. ANDERSON'S CONCERT.—The annual concert of Mrs. Anderson, pianist to Her Majesty and instructress to the Princesses Alice, Helena, and Louise, took place on Wednesday afternoon, in Her Majesty's Theatre, which was crowded by a fashionable audience. The programme comprised no less than three hours and a half of vocal and instrumental music, for the most part consisting of excerpts from the popular Italian operas of the day, and therefore not calling for detailed criticism. Among the singers were Mad. Alboni, Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Borghi-Mamo, Mad. Lotti della Santa, Mlle. Michal, Mlle. Brunetti, Signors Giuglini, Mongini, Belart, Vialetti, Everardi, Gassier, &c.—in short, the whole of Mr. E. T. Smith's company, with the single exception of Signor Ciampi, who had only made his first appearance the night previous. It is scarcely requisite to add, that with such a galaxy of talent—enriched, moreover, by the addition of Miss Louisa Pyne, Mlle. Artôt, and Mlle. Parepa—a feast of vocal music was provided, ample enough to satisfy the hungriest *dilettante*. A more brilliant and well varied selection of favourite pieces could hardly have been offered; and, although concerts in the daytime seldom provoke many outward signs of approbation, the repeated applause bestowed on the present occasion showed that either the audience were more impressionable or the programme more enlivening than usual. The solo instrumental department, with the exception of a *fantasia* on the violin by Herr Becker (admirably played, and thoroughly appreciated), was exclusively represented by Mrs. Anderson and her nephew, Mr. W. G. Cusins. Every amateur of the pianoforte was pleased to see Mrs. Anderson once more come forward in a great work which she used formerly to play with such success at the Philharmonic and other concerts of importance. Beethoven's concerto in E flat—not very long since—was frequently associated with the name of this lady, who had studied it with ardour, and mastered it so completely as to grasp, at one and the same time, its technical difficulties and poetical meaning. On Wednesday she confined herself to the first *allegro*, which, probably, she never rendered with greater spirit, taste, and effect; and, to judge by the warm reception it obtained, notwithstanding the length of the programme, no one would have objected to hear the two movements that were omitted. In Mr. Osborne's very ingenious and showy duet for two pianofortes on themes from *L'Etoile du Nord*, with Mr. Cusins as her associate, Mrs. Anderson was equally happy. This was a vigorous and highly effective performance on both hands, well meriting the hearty plaudits it elicited. The concert began at half-past one, and did not terminate till considerably after five; nevertheless, the attractions it presented were so many and so sterling, that the majority of the audience remained to the end.

PROFESSORS' CONCERT UNION.—Mr. Henry Blagrove, the distinguished violinist, has organised a series of concerts of "chamber" music, under the above title, which we suppose implies a sort of joint-stock arrangement between vocalists and classical instrumentalists of repute. The first concert took place on the 1st inst., at the Beethoven Rooms, the programme comprising Mozart's quintet in G minor, Spohr's quartet in B flat, Beethoven's quartet in E flat, songs by Miss Augusta Thomson and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and a violin solo by Mr. H. Blagrove. It was a model programme in respect to form and quantity, and the only objection that could be urged was, that the pianoforte did not figure in any of the concerted pieces. The quartets, &c., for stringed instruments, require the relief afforded by contrast — a fact of which the Monday Popular Concert directors appear to have been all along aware, as they have taken care to secure the services of a first-class pianist for every concert, and to insert a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, a sonata for pianoforte and violin, or a sonata for pianoforte alone, to brighten up the performances. The executants at Mr. Blagrove's first concert were Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove, Clementi, Colchester, and Daubert. Mr. Sidney Smith accompanied the vocal music.

MR. W. G. CUSINS gave his *matinée musicale* at Willis's Rooms, on the 2nd inst. This gentleman—a zealous pianist, a clever violinist, and an industrious composer—is remarkable for his easy and finished style of playing, and for his leaning towards the higher order of music. He played on this occasion Beethoven's sonata in E flat, No. 3 of Op. 31, joined Mr. Henry Blagrove in Mozart's sonata in A, and M. Paque in Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat. He also played a polonaise by Chopin, and assisted Herr Engel in a duo for harmonium and pianoforte, on airs from *Le Prophète*. Mr. John Thomas contributed a harp solo, *Il Mandolino*, by Parish Alvars, which was much applauded. The vocal music was excellent. Miss Messent introduced a charming song

by the late F. E. Bache, "What wakes me from my slumber;" Miss Lascelles sang a well-written and graceful romance, "Eloisa," by the *beneficiaire;* Mad. Rieder created a sensation by her vocalisation in a *bravura* from Auber's *Actéon*, a duet by Boieldieu, and a *Tyrolienne*, in which she was accompanied by the Orpheus Glee Union. M. Lefort gave a not very interesting song by Adolphe Adam, with harmonium accompaniment, and the Orpheus Glee Union achieved honour both for themselves and Mr. Cusins in two part-songs, "Daybreak," and "As the sunshine to the flower." Mr. Harold Thomas was accompanist. The rooms were well filled.

MESSRS. RIES'S CONCERTS.—The concert of Messrs. Louis and Adolph Ries, at the Hanover Square Rooms, was a thorough classical entertainment. The concerted instrumental pieces were, Ferdinand Ries's grand Sextuor in C, for piano, two violins, viola, violoncello, and contrabasso, played by Messrs. A. and L. Ries, Diechmann, Webb, Lidel, and Severn; and Spohr's stringed instrument quartet in D minor, Op. 74, in which the first violin was played by Mr. L. Ries. M. Vieuxtemps' *Fantasia appasionata*, for violin, was admirably executed by Mr. L. Ries, whose excellence as a solo performer is not sufficiently known to the public. On the other hand, his brother, by a fine performance of Beethoven's sonata in A, for piano and violoncello (in which he was ably supported by Herr Lidel), and of two solos by Rubinstein and Chopin, showed himself entitled to an honourable place among the pianists of the day. Several vocal pieces, sung by Mlle. Jenny Meyer and Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, afforded an agreeable variety to the concert.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL SOCIETY last week gave their hundredth performance with unabated vigour and success, and their present season will terminate positively this day. Their *répertoire* has consisted of above a hundred different pieces—glees, madrigals, catches, and old ballads — the most favourite of which have been included in the programmes of the recent performances. We looked forward with pleasure to the resumption of this society's pleasant entertainments next season, and hope to find Mr. Oliphant, whose literary illustrations have added so much to the success of the performances, provided with a fresh budget of information.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'S CONCERT, at St. James's Hall on the 8th inst., was of more than average excellence, the selection generally being in good taste, the artists of the highest stamp, and the execution throughout unexceptionable. If a fault could be found, it was with the modesty of the *bénéficiaire*, in not affording his patrons the gratification of a solo. However, Mr. Richards made amends by his admirable performance of the C minor sonata of Beethoven, for piano and violin (Op. 30), the violin being in the able hands of M. Sainton, and no less distinguished himself in the duet of Mozart (Op. 53), for two pianofortes, in which he shared the laurels with Miss Arabella Goddard herself, and in Hummel's trio in E flat, the violin and violoncello parts being supported, with their accustomed ability, by MM. Sainton and Paque. Moreover, Mr. Richards did honour to his fatherland by producing a new song, "The Harp of Wales," which is sure to become a favourite of the Cymri, who are justly proud of their bards. So admirably was this sung by Mr. Sims Reeves that an encore was inevitable, and the ballad was as warmly applauded the second time as the first. The "Suliote War Song," another effective composition of Mr. Richards, had ample justice rendered it in the perfect singing of Mr. Santley, who, earlier in the evening, contented himself with reappearing and bowing his acknowledgments to the very strong demand for a repetition of Mr. J. W. Davison's song, "Rough Wind that moanest loud" (from the Vocal Illustrations of Shelley). Miss Arabella Goddard contributed a *fantasia* of M. Ascher's, on airs from *Dinorah*, evoking great applause by the united grace and brilliancy of the performance. Miss ("Mlle. Euphrosyne") Parepa gave Paer's variations on "La biondina in Gondoletta" (recently introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts), and the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, with remarkable spirit and effect, and was rewarded by the heartiest acclamations. She also joined Mad. Laura Baxter in Paer's *Natturno*, "Puro ciel tranquilla notte" (another Monday Popular Concert discovery); Mad. Baxter, in addition, giving a new song by Mr. Vincent Wallace, "The last Good-bye," written expressly for her, and accompanied by the composer. Miss Eleonora Wilkinson (a *débutante?*) essayed the *bolero* from Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani*. Miss Messent's rendering of Secker's song, "Oh! happy is the little bird" (violoncello *obbligato* by M. Paque), was deservedly applauded, and Mr. Reeves was compelled to repeat the popular "Come into the Garden, Maud." Herr Engel's harmonium solo was also redemanded, and we almost wonder that there was not a *bis* for the "Adelaida," so exquisitely sung by Mr. Sims Reeves—the accompaniment of Miss Arabella Goddard being as charming as the singing. The room was well-filled, and the audience thoroughly qualified.

THE MORNING CONCERT OF HERR CARL DEICHMANN, on Thursday, at Willis's Rooms, introduced a new pianist from Berlin, in the person of Herr Sigismund Blumner, who played a prelude by Chopin, and Weber's "Polonaise," with considerable skill. The special pieces were Beethoven's quintet in C major, Op. 29, for string instruments, and Schumann's quintet for piano and strings in E flat, Op. 44. The quintet of Beethoven—executants, Herr Deichmann, Herr L. Ries, Mr. Webb, M. Zerbini, and Herr Hausmann—was extremely well played, if we except the last movement, *presto*, which, though *presto*, was not as clear and distinct as it might have been. Mad. Sainton-Dolby was encored in Herr Deickmann's new, graceful and extremely well-written song, with violin *obbligato*, "The Brook," and the English ballad, "The Skipper and his Son;" the latter a very pretty piece of melody. Herr Deichmann's solo displays were an *adagio* and fugue by Bach, and a solo entitled *L'Allegrezza*, of his own composition, both of which were executed with admirable dexterity. The attendance was large.

MLLE. SEDLATZEKS' MATINEE took place at Campden House, Kensington, on Thursday. The programme was remarkable in one respect only, the *artistes* being nearly as numerous as the pieces. Mlle. Sedlatzek's solos were Signor Arditi's "Il Baccio," written for Mlle. Piccolomini, and Mr. Balfe's ballad, "I'm not in love, remember." She also sang Mr. Wallace's trio, "Stay, fleeting time," with Mr. G. Perren and Mr. Patey. Among the vocalists were Mad. Catherine Hayes, Miss Poole, Herr Herrmanns, and the Glee and Madrigal Union. Miss Freeth (pianist), Herr Oberthur (harp), Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), and Signor Pezze (violoncello), played solos on their respective instruments. Conductors—Mr. J. E. Callcott, Herr A. Ries, and Herr W. Ganz.

MAD. PAEZ gave a *matinée musicale* at the Grosvenor Concert-Room, on Tuesday. This lady, but little known to the London public, has a fine voice and brilliant execution. She sang the cavatina "Ernani, involami," and an air from *Torquato Tasso*, both with great effect. Mad. Paez was assisted by M. Depret, and Herr Herrmanns as vocalist, and M. Rene Douay (violoncello) and Master Henri Ketten (pianoforte) as instrumentalists. Master Ketten played Mendelssohn's "Rondo Cappricioso;" "Fantaisie Impromptu," by Chopin; and "Saltarello," by Alkan, with surprising mastery and ease considering his years. He promises indeed to become one of the players of the day. Herr Herrmanns as usual astonished his hearers by the power and volume of his voice. M. Vera and M. Emile Berger were the accompanists.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD, the clever pupil of Professor Sterndale Bennett, gave a concert of classical pianoforte music at 14 Montague Place, Bryanstone Square, on Saturday, the 19th ult., assisted by Mad. Sainton-Dolby and M. Redfearn, singers, and M. Sainton and M. Paque, instrumentalists. The programme, with one or two exceptions, was strictly classical, and comprised, for the pianoforte pieces, Dussek's sonata in B flat, with violin (*Monday Popular Concert Library*); Mendelssohn's sonata in D, Op. 58, with violoncello; Beethoven's sonata solos, Op. 22; and Hadyn's trio in G, with violin and violoncello. Miss Corfield, who last season exhibited such undoubted promise, has much improved, having gained both in strength of finger and neatness of execution. She plays the music of the great masters, too, *con amore* — an important point. Mad. Sainton-Dolby sang Mr. Hatton's song, "Day and Night," and Professor Bennett's "Dawn, gentle Flower," both in her most graceful manner; and M. Redfearn was very successful in the aria, "Dalla sua pace," from

Don Giovanni, and "The Garland" of Mendelssohn. This gentleman has a capital tenor voice, and sings like a musician.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS' CONCERT.—The concert at the Hanover Square Rooms in aid of the funds of the Royal Society of Female Musicians was attended by a large audience. The *artistes* were Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Reider, Mad. Sainton, Miss Palmer, Miss Rachel Gray, Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Emily Gresham, Miss Augusta Thomson, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley, the London Glee and Madrigal Union, Mr. G. W. Cusins, M. Leopold de Meyer, Herr Engel, Mr. Sydney Pratten, and the London Quintet Union—Professor Sterndale Bennett officiating as conductor. The programme included twenty-two pieces, the most noticeable of which were Hummel's "Quintet in E flat major," admirably played by Mr. W. G. Cusins (pianoforte) and the London Quintet Union (Messrs. Willy, Webb, Pettit, and Reynolds); the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, given with much brilliancy by Mlle. Parepa; the *scena* from John Barnett's *Fair Rosamond*, "Ah me! he comes not!" sung with genuine dramatic expression by Miss Augusta Thomson; Beethoven's "O beauteous daughter of the starry race," most effectively rendered by Mr. Wilbye Cooper; and Engel's *Octobre*, so well delivered by M. Jules Lefort, that it was re-demanded; Vincent Wallace's new song, "The Bellringer," sung by Mr. Santley and similarly honoured; a new ballad, by Miss Virginia Gabriel, "The Skipper and his Boy," well suited to Mad. Sainton, who sang it with that exquisite expression which she knows so well how to infuse into pathetic ballads; the prayer from *Lurline*, given with great taste by Miss Hughes, and the trio from Spohr's *Azor and Zemira*, "Semi fugge l'ombra intorno," excellently interpreted by Mad. Reider, Miss Augusta Thomson, and Miss Palmer. The chief instrumental feature of the concert was M. Leopold de Meyer's execution of a fantasia of his own composition; the astonishing power and brilliancy of this accomplished pianist has on several occasions been remarked, but never was the originality of his style more apparent than last night; he not only delighted but fairly astonished the audience by the delicate play of light and shade—the ease, the piquancy, and the command over the instrument that characterised his performance, and the applause at the conclusion was so vociferous that an encore was the result. Herr Engel also deserves honourable mention for his solo on the harmonium; while the London Glee and Madrigal Union were encored in Elliott's "Come see what pleasures in our plains abound." The concert was most successful, and it is to be hoped that in a pecuniary sense it may benefit a charity which has for its object the relief of those who, after administering for years to the gratification of the public, find themselves from various causes reduced to poverty in their declining days.

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK, the pianist and harmonium player, gave a concert on Thursday morning at Collard's Pianoforte Rooms, Grosvenor Street, which was attended by a crowded audience. The programme was enriched by Professor Bennett's trio in A major, Op. 26, for piano, violin, and violoncello, played by Mr. Scotson Clark, M. Horace Poussard, and Mr. W. Pettit. Mr. Clark also performed in a grand duo for pianoforte and harmonium, *Sur des Motifs de Robin des Bois*, with Miss A. M. Wyatt—Mr. Clark presiding at the harmonium, and a solo of his own composition on the harmonium, on airs from *Sonnambula*. Among the vocalists we may name Miss Henderson, Miss Palmer, Miss Augusta Thomson, and Miss Eliza Hughes, as having especially distinguished themselves.

A MORNING CONCERT, in aid of the funds of the London Home, Notting Hill, was given at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, and attracted a large assembly. The following *artistes* assisted gratuitously:—Mad. Catherine Hayes, Miss Parepa, Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Stabbach, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union, vocalists; Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, and Master Drew Dean, instrumentalists. The first part was conducted by Herr Wilhelm Ganz; the second by Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

ORGAN FOR GODMANCHESTER PARISH CHURCH.—This large and powerful instrument, containing 32 stops distributed over two complete manuals, and an independent pedal organ, was publicly opened on Monday and Tuesday last at the factory of the builders, Messrs. Bryceson and Fincham, Brook Street, Euston Road. Mr. Frederic Archer (late organist of the Royal Panopticon) gave two grand performances. The selection comprised the following overtures,—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Melusine*, *Zampa*, *Oberon*, *William Tell*, *Jubilee*, *Preciosa*, besides the graver works of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Rinck, &c. Mr. Archer's dexterity and manipulation was the subject of general remark amongst the large and musical audience assembled on each occasion. Mr. W. H. Strickland, of St. Mary Magdalen, Munster Street, gave the concluding performance, also of sacred as well as secular music, and received frequent encores. The organ is chiefly remarkable for its rich and powerful *swell*, as well as the evenness and beauty of the numerous solo stops. Amongst the novel appliances introduced is a "Tremulant" acted on by a bar occupying a horizontal position between the swell and the great manuals, which is a great improvement on the ordinary pedal or draw stop, and allows the performer to introduce far more delicate effects by its use.

GODMANCHESTER ORGAN.

	Compass of Great Organ	CC to g	56
1	Bourdon and double open	CC to g	56
2	Full open diapason (metal)	CC to g	56
3	Gamba, choir (metal)	CC to g	56
4	Viol di Gamba	C to g	44
5	Clarionet diapason	CC to g	44
6	Stopped diapason (bass)	CC to b	12
7	Principal	CC to g	56
8	Harmonic Flute	CC to g	56
9	12th	CC to g	56
10	15th	CC to g	56
11	Full mixture	CC to g	3 ranks.
12	Formation	CC to g	2 ranks.
13	Trumpet	CC to g	56
14	Clarion	CC to g	56
	SWELL ORGAN, CC to G.		56
1	Bourdon	CC to f sharp.	
2	Teneroon	G to g	37
3	Open diapason	CC to g	56
4	Bell open diapason	C to g	44
5	Echo dulciana	C to g	44
6	Stopped bass	CC to b	12
7	Principal	CC to g	56
8	15th	CC to g	56
9	Mixture	CC to g	3 ranks.
10	Horn	CC to g	56
11	Oboe	CC to g	56
12	Clarion	CC to g	56
	PEDAL.		
	Wood open	CCC to f	30
	Metal open	CCC to f	30
	COUPLES—Octave Swell		
	" Swell to Great		
	" Swell to Pedal		
	" Great to Pedal		
4	Composition to Great.		
2	Composition to Swell.		
	TREMULANT.		

CHRIST CHURCH, MARYLEBONE.—There were twenty-three applicants. The Vestry met on Thursday, 31st May, and reduced them to six, viz., three ladies and three gentlemen. The following had the highest number of votes:—Mrs. Arthur Willmore, 83; Miss Lindley, 31; Miss Bloomer, 20; Mr. Swannell, 22; Dr. Hatchens, 19; Mr. George Loder, 18. These had to play at the church on the succeeding Thursday, and go to the ballot on Saturday. The pieces selected to be played were the double choruses, "Fixed in his everlasting seat" (from Handel's *Samson*), the "Old Hundredth Psalm," and a chant and voluntary selected by the candidates. The result of the ballot on Saturday was—for Mrs. Arthur Willmore, 58; Miss Bloomer, 22; Miss Lindley, 12; Mr. George Loder, 9; Mr. Swannell, 1; Dr. Hatchens did not make his appearance at the contest.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This Evening (Saturday, June 16), will be repeated (third time this season) Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, IL DON GIOVANNI, with the following powerful cast:—Donna Anna, Mlle. TITIENS; Donna Elvira, Mlle. VANERI; Zerlina, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO; Leporello, Signor CIAMPI; Don Ottavio, Signor GIUGLINI; Masetto, Signor RONCONI; Il Commendatore, Signor CASTELLI; and Don Giovanni, Signor EVERARDI. The Minuet will be danced by Mlle. CLAUDINA CUCCHI and Mlle. MORLACCHI. In active preparation, and will shortly be produced, with new and extensive scenery, properties, and decorations, Weber's grand romantic opera of OBERON. Principal characters by Mlle. TITIENS, Mlle. LEMAIRE, Mlle. VANERI, Mlle. BADIALI, Mad. ALBONI, Signor BELART, Signor EVERARDI, Signor ALDIGHIERI, Signor CASTELLI, Signor MERCURIALI, and Signor MONDINI. In order to secure places for these grand performances, early application is earnestly recommended to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6, under the direction of Mr. Nugent. NOTICE.—In consequence of the numerous applications at the Box-office of the Theatre, from the gentry residing in the vicinity of the metropolis, the Lessee and Director has decided upon giving one Grand Morning Performance, which will take place on Wednesday, June 20, when will be performed Meyerbeer's grand Opera of LES HUGUENOTS. Raoul, Signor GIUGLINI; De Cosse, Signor SOLDI; Tavannes, Signor MERCURIALI; St. Bris, Signor GASSIER; Nevers, Signor EVERARDI; De Retz, Signor CASABONI; Maurevert, Signor FELLAR; Meru, Signor CASTELLI; Guardiano, Signor ROMILLI; Marcello, Signor VIALETTI; Urbano, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO; Margherita, Mlle. LOUISA MICHAL (her second appearance in this country); Dames d'Onore, Mlles. NARDI and DELL'ANESE; Valentina, Mlle. TITIENS. Conductor, Signor ARDITI. The Opera will commence at 2 o'clock. In order to secure places for this grand Morning Performance (positively the only one this season), early application should be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 10 until 6, and on the nights of performance until the end of the Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—IL DON GIOVANNI. TITIENS, BORGHI-MAMO, VANERI; CIAMPI, EVERARDI, RONCONI, GIUGLINI. This evening (Saturday, June 16) will be repeated Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, IL DON GIOVANNI, with the following powerful cast:—Donna Anna, Mlle. TITIENS; Donna Elvira, Mlle. VANERI; Zerlina, Mad. BORGHI MAMO; Leporello, Signor CIAMPI; Don Ottavio, Signor GIUGLINI; Masetto, Signor RONCONI; Il Commendatore, Signor CASTELLI; and Don Giovanni, Signor EVERARDI. The Minuet will be danced by Mlle. CLAUDINA CUCCHI and Mlle. MORLACCHI. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. The Opera commences at 8 o'clock. Pit tickets, 8s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.; to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Grand Concert.—Production of ORFEO.—On Wednesday, June 27, a GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place. On this occasion the first part of the Concert will consist of a Miscellaneous Selection. After which will be produced the celebrated lyric work, by Gluck, entitled ORFEO E EURYDICE, illustrated by costumes, scenery, and decorations. The Subscribers to the Opera for the Saturdays of the season, as well as those for the second alternate weeks, will be presented with the entrée to the above performance. Box Subscribers will receive Boxes, and Stall Subscribers will receive Stalls. On Tuesday next, June 19, will be performed (for the first time this season) Flotow's Opera, MARTHA. Principal characters by Mad. PENCO and Mlle. DIDIER; Signori GRAZIANI, TAGLIAFICO, ZELGER, and MARIO.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING. Mlle. DUVERGER, M. LECLERC, M. PAUL DEVAUX. Orchestra Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes from £2 2s. Commence at 8. Box Office open from 11 to 5 daily.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.

M. FERDINAND HILLER has addressed the following letter to the Editor of the *Niederrhainische Musik-Zeitung*, with reference to a subject which must interest all musical readers :—

"In a note to an account of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, in Paris, the question is mooted whence Berlioz hit upon the idea of attributing to Beethoven a joke given at length in the article mentioned. I told it him years ago, and it was communicated to me by a person who certainly did not invent it, namely by old Paer himself. The latter—whom I frequently met during my youth, in Paris, and part of whose character it was to be more than friendly with every one—often spoke to me about his acquaintance, in Vienna, with Beethoven, for whom he expressed deep admiration. Among other things he informed me that Beethoven went with him one evening to the Theater an der Wien, when his (Paer's) *Leonora* was performed. Beethoven, he said, sat next him, and, often repeatedly exclaiming *'Oh, que c'est beau, que c'est intéressant!'* at last observed, *'Il faut que je compose cela.'* Paer appeared quite proud of having thus been the cause of the composition of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and the truth of this story, which I had from his own lips, is beyond a doubt. FERDINAND HILLER."

Every trait which can contribute to an elucidation of Beethoven's character, and to the history of the origin of his works, is welcome. Paer's statement, however, differs materially from the version given by M. Berlioz. According to Paer, Beethoven was ingenuously moved by what he saw and heard, and involuntarily expressing his feeling and inclination to set the same subject to music. Here we find no indication of the *rudesse humoriste*, nor of the "malicious irony" which Berlioz describes: *Votre opéra me plaît, j'ai envie de le mettre en musique!*

Friedrich Treitschke *, at that period stage manager and poet of the two court theatres in Vienna, and who, at Beethoven's request, arranged the *libretto* of the opera when it was revised in 1814, has written as follows:—

"It was at the end of 1804, that the Baron von Braun, the new proprietor of the Imperial Privilegirtes Theater an der Wien, suggested to Ludwig van Beethoven, then in the prime of his youthful powers, that he should compose an opera for that establishment. It was thought, from the oratorio of *Christus am Oelberg* (*Christ on the Mount of Olives*), that the composer would produce as great things in dramatic music as he had previously done for purely instrumental music. Besides a money payment, he was offered free lodgings in the theatre. Joseph Sonnleithner undertook to furnish the *libretto*, and selected the French story *L'Amour Conjugal* (by Bouilly), although it had been already set to music by Gaveaux, as well as composed, with Italian words, by Paer, under the title of *Leonora*, both versions being translated into German. Beethoven did not, however, fear his predecessors, but set, heart and soul, about his task, which was nearly concluded about the middle of 1805."

The first performance took place on the 20th November, under unfavourable circumstances. The nobility had quitted the capital, and the inhabitants avoided the theatre, so that the audience, at the first three representations, consisted principally of the French military.

The question now arises: When was Paer's *Leonora* written, and at what period of Paer's residence in Vienna was it performed? In the autumn of 1798, Gaveaux's *Amour Conjugal* was produced for the first time in Paris. At that time Paer was living in Vienna, where Beethoven also had been since 1792. Paer remained in the Austrian capital till 1802, but as early as Easter of that year accepted the post of *Capellmeister* in Dresden, his wife (previously Mlle. Riccardi) being engaged as *prima donna* at the Dresden Italian Opera. From Dresden, in 1806, Paer followed the Emperor Napoleon to Warsaw, and thence, after the peace of Tilsit, to Paris, where he occupied a very honourable position until his death, on the 3rd May, 1839. Paer's *Leonora*, therefore, while he, the composer himself, was in Vienna, can only have been given during the interval between 1799 and 1801 inclusive, or, if not then, in 1803, at the beginning of which year, according to Gerber's *Lexicon*, Paer "again visited Vienna for a short period, and composed a new oratorio for the Witwen Akademie, during Lent (*den Fasten*), 1803."

In the list of Paer's operas from 1799 to 1808, in Gerber, *Leonora* is wanting; 1799, *Camilla;* 1800, *Griselda, Il Morto vivo;* 1801, *Achilles, Poche ma Buone, Der Brausekopf, Der lustige Schuster;* 1802, *L'Intrigo amoroso* —

* In his article on *Fidelio*, in the *Orpheus, Musical Pocket-Book for* 1841 (Aug. Schmidt, Vienna).

his first opera in Dresden; 1803, *Die Wegelagerer Sargino*. According to this, *Leonora* may have been composed in 1802, and produced in Vienna at the beginning of 1803, when Beethoven may have experienced the impression described, have nourished his design till the following year, and then suggested the subject to Sonnleithner for the opera which the Baron von Braun wished to obtain.

THE extra performances at the two Italian Operas continue, and resemble one another. The singers do not seem to enjoy them, the public does not attend them, and we need scarcely add, that the managers, to all appearances, lose money by them. Why then do these representations take place? Last Monday, at the Royal Italian Opera, the *Puritani*, in many respects the most masterly of Bellini's works, was performed to empty boxes—and this at a theatre where the "cast" of the *Puritani* is as good if not better than could be formed in any other in Europe. To frequent an Italian Opera in England a certain amount of musical taste (due allowance being made for the mere fashionableness of a certain kind of amateurism), and a considerable amount of money are required. Accordingly, the operatic *habitués* of London constitute but a limited class; but as this is the class that support Italian Operas, it is to it that the managers of our Italian Opera Houses should appeal. It is easy, no doubt, and, for a time may be profitable, for directors to address themselves to persons outside this circle (as on the extra nights of which we complain), but in the long run any such scheme must be attended with failure. The singers and musicians, by a natural law which makes oft-repeated pleasures no pleasures at all, cease to take interest in an occupation which, from delightful, becomes irksome; the subscribers soon remark the *journalier* tone which pervades not only the extra, but also the so-called (and justly entitled) ordinary, performances; and suddenly the director is surprised to find that these extra performances represent to him simply an extra loss. They not only fatigue the artists but weary the public, and, as the number of opera-goers is not increased by them, but rather the contrary, it is somewhat difficult to understand what can prompt managers to persist in giving them.

If questioned on the subject managers would, we believe, reply that an increased number of performances is rendered necessary by their increased expenses, and by the extraordinary number of singers which it is now the fashion at each house to engage. This argument is based, of course, upon the supposition that the amount of money received from the public is in proportion to the number of representations given. We believe any such hypothesis to be false, but it is one that is likely to find, and indeed has found, favour in the eyes of directors. The rival lessees of our two Opera Houses are so determined to ruin one another, that at the beginning of a season each endeavours to cut off the other's supplies by buying up all the singers, from *soprano sfogato* to *basso profondo*, that happen to be in the market. At Her Majesty's Theatre, the parts of "Raoul," the "Duke of Mantua," "Almaviva," and "Edgardo," are played by four different tenors. Mr. E. T. Smith does not absolutely want four tenors, but he does not want either Giuglini, Mongini, Belart or the newly acquired Steger to be engaged by Mr. Gye. Mlle. Lotti again, and several other vocalists who might be mentioned are chiefly of negative service to Her Majesty's Theatre; singing there only at long intervals, but prevented by their engagements from singing at Covent Garden. Mr. Smith has a number of artists in his company who are of no use to him, except in so far that by retaining their services he has prevented them from being of any use to Mr. Gye; and Mr. Gye pursues much the same method with regard to Mr. Smith. This system of management, however ingenious, is expensive, and has moreover this disadvantage—that unless carried out to the fullest extent it answers no purpose whatever. It is of no avail to retain the services of four tenors if there are four other tenors alive just as good—and to engage eight (supposing eight to represent the maximum of really attractive tenors in the world) is what, even in these days of managerial extravagance, no one has yet dreamed of.

In their efforts to ruin one another we are very much afraid the rival *impresarii* will in the end ruin themselves. On the other hand, if they would pursue an emulative, instead of an envious, line of policy, there is just a chance that both might succeed. We should be glad, for our part, if they would content themselves with engaging small but highly efficient companies, so that, at least, the apparent necessity would be done away with of giving these wearisome extra performances.

PRINCE GALITZIN advertises a "Russian Concert" for the 20th at St. James's Hall, and amateurs of music are asking one another who this Prince Galitzin is, and what this Russian Concert is to be that he proposes to give for the benefit of Garibaldi, and at which the Prince himself is to conduct. Some even go so far as to ask how it is that a Russian nobleman in such a position as Prince Galitzin occupies, ventures to get up an entertainment in honour of a man whom the despotic party in Austria and Russia regard as a rebel and a revolutionist of the worst kind. The late Czar would not precisely have smiled on a Russian prince who had announced a concert for the benefit of Garibaldi; but though the Garibaldi of 1860 is still the Garibaldi of 1848, the Emperor Alexander is not the Emperor Nicholas, nor is the Russia of the present day to be judged of by the Russia of the past reign.

As for the Prince Galitzin, who is to make his appearance on Wednesday at St. James's Hall, he is the son of Prince Nicolas Galitzin, to whom Beethoven dedicated three of his last quartets, and under whom Prince George (he of St. James's Hall) served against us and our *quondam* allies in the Crimean war. Prince George Galitzin has an estate at Tamboff, and has long paid especial attention to the musical education of his peasants. He himself teaches the children to sing, and admits those who have attained a certain proficiency into a choir which he has spent eighteen years in forming, and which includes every range of voice from the highest sopranos to lower basses, by at least half an octave than are met with in this country or in Italy. These picked choristers—of whom, when we heard them four years ago at Moscow there were as many as eighty, of all sizes and ages—are excellent musicians, and read any part music at sight. That they have a good knowledge of harmony may be inferred from the fact, that they will sing any chord of four notes in any key on the chord being named, and without hearing it struck. This was shown at the time of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander, in Prince Galitzin's house at Moscow, where the Tamboff choir sung various sacred compositions by Mozart, Bortniansky, &c., and afterwards underwent a sort of examina-

tion in the presence of Oulibicheff, Josse, the *chef d'orchestre* of the Théâtre Français, Durand, the organist of the Panthéon, Lablache, Tagliafico, and a number of other musicians and amateurs. A variety of chords were named, all of which were satisfactorily given by the singers. The service of the Russian Church is sung without accompaniment, and Prince Galitzin's singers, who are, above all, singers of sacred music, are in the habit of performing without the aid of any instrument. Several times at the conclusion of a long piece the Prince verified the final chord at the piano, when it appeared that, contrary to all precedent, the voices had not fallen even the eighth part of a note.

Another remarkable thing in the performance of these Tamboff singers, is the manner in which, in certain compositions, they do, or rather do *not*, take their breath. Thus, they will chant the creed or the Lord's prayer from beginning to end without stopping to breathe even for an instant. Such at least is the effect upon the audience; but as the Galitzin choristers live, like the rest of us, by inhalation, we imagine the Prince must have arranged some system by which they take their breath in sections, say ten at a time, so that out of the eighty, seventy only are continually singing.

The advertisements do not set forth explicitly that Prince Galitzin has brought his choristers with him to London; but we know that it was his intention to do so, and if he has left them behind, all we can say is, that he had better telegraph for them to Tamboff without delay.

M. LEOPOLD DE MEYER'S pianoforte-playing seems to be universally appreciated. Such a result is by no means surprising, inasmuch as he comes forward with ingenuous frankness, and says "*Je suis* VIRTUOSE—*et voilà tout.*" To be a *virtuose* of the first water, however, is no such easy matter, and M. de Meyer is doubtless aware that the way of the *virtuose*-proper, and the way of the "classic"-performer (so termed), who gives undivided attention to the old masters, differ entirely. Like two parallel lines they can never meet; or at the best—supposing an idiosyncratic sympathy on the part of the *virtuose* towards the "classic" style, or on the part of the "classic" towards the brilliant mechanical feats of the *virtuose*—they may be compared to the asymptotes of the hyperbola, which, though continually approaching each other, can never by any possibility come into actual contact. A critic in *The Times* (apparently a new hand), writing of M. de Meyer's performance at Mad. Anichini's recent concert, would seem to entertain this opinion, to judge by the tenor of some of his observations:—

"Among the instrumental pieces was a grand *fantasia*, for pianoforte alone, composed and performed by Herr Leopold de Meyer, pianist to the Emperor of Austria, and in his particular walk, the most extraordinary 'manipulator' now before the public. This gentleman combines a force and vigour of hand, which few have equalled, with a delicate lightness of touch and liquid softness of tone that have never been surpassed. He brings these opposite qualities into play with marvellous address, blending or alternating them as the humour seizes him, and with such consistency that, while the ear is always satisfied, the taste is never offended. M. de Meyer's *fantasia*-playing, moreover, —like his music—is quite as original as it is astonishing. He has a vein exclusively his own, and is indebted to no other source than that of his invention, whether for ideas or for the method of handling them. Making no pretence to be an exponent of what is conventionally termed the 'classical' school, he does not provoke criticism by an imperfect conception and execution of acknowledged masterpieces. He moves within the sphere most congenial to his artistic nature, and he does wisely, for in that sphere he stands aloof from competition. It is not intended by this to insinuate that M. de Meyer would fail if he ventured on higher and more intellectual ground; but at the same time, as sincere appreciators of his really exceptional talent, we should counsel him to leave the "great masters" (and especially the "*old* masters") to themselves; for, in order to ride comfortably over their domain, he would have to invent a new and peculiar bridle to restrain his Pegasus within bounds."

The *Morning Post*, without theorising, expresses itself with unreserved enthusiasm about the playing of M. de Meyer at the concert for the benefit of the Royal Society of Female Musicians:—

"Of the instrumental performances, unexceptionably excellent as they all were, Herr Leopold de Meyer's *Fantaisie Originale*, composed by himself, unquestionably produced the greatest effect. His '*exécution foudroyante*'—to use the words of an eminent French critic—seemed to electrify the audience, who listened with evident astonishment to the prodigious *tours de force* of the Briarean pianist; and at the termination of his performance gave vent to their delight in a perfect storm of applause, which could only be quelled by a repetition of the entire piece."

We could quote further, but have copied enough to show that when a really clever artist, be he foreigner or be he native, prefers to do no more than he *can do to perfection*, he may rely upon unanimous acceptance.

THERE has just been founded in Russia an institution which does honour to that country. The *Gazette du Nord* published in its last number but one, an account of the situation of the Fund for the Relief of Literary Men and Savants in Russia. This society, established only a few months by the *élite* of Russian authors, and by the directors of the principal papers and reviews, is not, the *Gazette du Nord* says, a mutual benefit society. To share in its advantages, it is sufficient for any one to be a literary or scientific man, to be presented by a member, or merely to write to the Committee. Widows and orphans also have a right to assistance. A great degree of eagerness, exceedingly honourable to the national character, has been manifested among all classes to aid the Society in carrying out its proposed aim. The Emperor and his family have been pleased to put their names down for an annual subscription of 1,300 silver roubles, 240*l.* The most celebrated literary men have engaged to give a certain per-centage on the produce of their works; several artists have done the same; and the directors of the principal reviews have resolved to pay the Society a fixed royalty on every subscription to their publications. Some well-known publishers have entered into a similar agreement for the works they may bring out; and many private individuals, connected neither with literature, science, nor art, have liberally contributed to show their wish for the diffusion of knowledge, as well as their respect for those who devote themselves to it. The Society has already been enabled to grant annual pensions to the amount of 2,160 silver roubles, 365*l.*, and to distribute in the form of temporary aid, 1,300 silver roubles, 208*l.* The capital, which, on the 2nd (14th) February, was only 8,536 silver roubles, 1,365*l.*, at present amounts to 18,236 silver roubles, 2,918*l.* The number of members is 407. M. Sasonoff announces that the *Gazette du Nord* has opened, in favour of the Literary Fund, a subscription list, and invites not only his compatriots in Paris, but every one interested in the cause of liberty of thought, to contribute to it.

THE THEATRES.

JUST at this present time the non-lyrical theatres do not afford much matter of discourse, nor are we aware that any important novelty is forthcoming. Bills wear a stereotyped look, as if managers had resolved to depend on the same resources for a long time.

The immobility of the Olympic programme rests, we believe, on a solid success. Mr. F. Robson's Uncle Zachary is stamped as one of his very best semi-serious parts, ranking with Daddy Hardacre and Samson Burr in the *Porter's Knot;* and the farce called *B.B.* chiming in with the prize-fighting mania, caused by the arrival of Heenan, has continued efficient as a provocative of mirth, though the feeling to which it immediately appealed no longer animates the public. Whenever Robson makes a "hit" in a new part, the prosperity of the Olympic is certain for weeks; of that fact there can be no question. The other members of the company, particularly Mr. Addison, have had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the new version of *La Belle Mère*, which, under the title of *Dearest Mamma*, has been played with great success.

Thanks to the pre-eminence of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan in their own natural style of acting, and to the broad humour of Mr. Toole, the drama, *It's an ill Wind that blows nobody Good*, though scarcely substantial enough for the Adelphi Theatre, has kept its place for several weeks, and will not be removed till the end of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan's engagement. Mr. Falconer's comedy, *The Family Secret*, assailed with more or less vehemence by nearly all the critics, gives equal signs of vitality at the Haymarket, and promises to remain there as long as Miss Amy Sedgwick. For practical purposes in the theatrical world, what are all the rules of art, all the laws of taste, compared to that stage-tact, by virtue of which a number of established favourites are placed effectively before the public. Mr. Falconer has written a very indifferent play, but he has allowed his audience to look at a great many persons, who are constant objects of delight, and he can laugh at his censors, sound as their doctrines may be.

A successful burlesque at the Strand is certain of longevity, and though we are now forgetting Whitsuntide, Mr. F. Talfourd's Easter-piece, *The Miller and his Men*, still flourishes in the bills. There is a large class of Londoners that never grows weary of burlesque, and this finds its particular source of recreation at the Strand Theatre, where all is done to give effect to the most grotesque kind of humour.

The symbol of immobility at the Princess's is Mr. Phelps, who fills up the recess produced by the closing of his own theatre, with a course of legitimate performances before a West-end audience. He is steadily and creditably working his way through all his leading parts, and some weeks will probably elapse before his agreeable task is finished. Messengers from the East inform us that Mr. James Anderson is labouring with similar zeal for the same cause at the National Standard.

The French plays at the St. James's Theatre, under the management of M. Talexy, deserve much more extensive patronage than they apparently receive. M. Octave Feuillet's last new comedy, *La Tentation*, is a heavy work to produce, with a long list of *dramatis personæ*, and we do not know where we should find a play of such magnitude, acted with such general efficiency as by the company of which M. Brindeau and Mlle. Duverger were chiefs. Then, for a light piece of the conversational kind, nothing can be more charming than the *Cheveu Blanc*, as acted by Mlle. Duverger and M. Paul Devaux. Since the days of Mr. Mitchell there has not been an attempt made for the establishment of French drama in London, that can in any way compare with the enterprise of M. Talexy.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday the *Huguenots* was repeated.

On Monday — an extra night — *Semiramide* was the opera.

The *Barbiere*, on Tuesday, introduced Signor Ciampi, the long-announced buffo, in the character of Doctor Bartolo. The attractions of the opera and new singer were further enhanced by the last act of *Rigoletto* for Mlle. Brunetti, Madame Lemaire, Signors Mongini, Sebastiano Ronconi and Vialetti, and the new ballet *Adelina*, and drew one of the most crowded audiences of the season. Signor Ciampi made an immense "hit," one of the most legitimate, in fact, ever remembered at Her Majesty's Theatre. The place left void by the death of Lablache seems likely to be filled up. This is saying a great deal when it is considered that Signor Ciampi is only 21 years of age. But his powers are rare indeed. He has a capital full-toned voice, sings like a thorough artist, possesses the finest musical instincts; and, as an actor, is natural, versatile, and entirely original. The first decided sensation he produced was in the air which Bartolo sings to Rosina, after discovering she has purloined his paper to write a letter. This was rendered with such true comic spirit and unction, and so admirably vocalised —not a note being slurred, nor a point missed, as to create quite a *furore*. The artist from this moment was scrutinised with eager eyes from all parts of the house; he did not quail, however, under the examination, but went on improving his position, satisfying the entire audience at the end that a genuine artist stood before them—one destined to take his station in the highest rank. We shall soon have an opportunity of speaking more definitively of Signor Ciampi, who will shortly appear in *Don Pasquale*, the *Matrimonio Segreto*, and *Cenerentola*.

On Thursday, the *Huguenots* was repeated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

A VERY admirable performance took place on Monday night of Bellini's *Puritani*, the melodies of which, always fresh, exquisite, and expressive, have rendered, and will continue to render it, one of the most popular operas, not only with the crowd, who are only able to feel its sensuous beauty, but with those sufficiently well informed to appreciate the qualities which constitute it the artistic masterpiece of the composer. Had Bellini lived to go on writing, his *Puritani* may be accepted as a guarantee that he would have progressed in the right direction.

Much was said last season in praise of Mad. Penco's "Elvira," but not a word beyond its genuine deserts, as a remarkably earnest, intelligent, and refined impersonation. An objection might be raised, that, in the great scene of the second act, where the unhappy Elvira is distracted and demented by the supposed infidelity of her lover, a laudable anxiety to give all the necessary pathos, leads her into an abuse of the occasionally effective *vibrato*.

But for this her "Qui la voce," like "Son vergin vezzosa," and all the rest, in short, would have been perfect.

The music of Giorgio is too low for Signor Ronconi, who, however, sings it artistically, and acts the part of the old Puritan with graphic truthfulness. Signor Graziani's fine voice is heard to great advantage in the music of Riccardo, although it is sometimes too deep for his register. The first movement of the *cavatina*, "Ah non sempre," is better suited to him than the *cabaletta*, which demands more even and fluent execution. The Arturo of Signor Gardoni is one of his best performances. The amorous and yet heroic Cavalier is well impersonated by this gentleman, whose singing is invariably careful and finished. In the last scene Signor Gardoni rises with the situation. The small part of Henrietta was extremely well sustained by Madame Tagliafico. The band and chorus were faultless, and the performance thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. The house was but moderately well attended.

On Tuesday *Dinorah* was given, when Her Majesty attended, and at the end of the opera inspected the show of flowers in the new Floral Hall. The exhibition elicited unqualified admiration from Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and a numerous *suite*.

On Thursday, *Fra Diavolo* was given for the last time this season.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.*

HAPPY swallow! heaven's darling,
Blest above all birds that fly!
Blackbird, linnet, finch, or starling
Winter's blast must brave or die;
But the swallow
Still doth follow
Balmy summer through the sky.

What, though still for ever roving,
Parting never brings a sigh,
Tender friends and mate so loving
Wander with thee through the sky;
Where the beaming
Sun is gleaming
There thy home and country lie.

I, alas! who, like the swallow,
Journey brighter days to find,
Still a fleeting phantom follow,
Leaving friends and love behind.
Skies may lower,
Sleets may shower;
Summer is where hearts are kind.

C. L. K.

TO MARIETTA ALBONI.

SONG has two spells—the one a heav'nly birth,
That carries with its strong and upward flight,
As with an eagle's clutch and wing of might,
The panting spirit far beyond the earth;—
It sweeps the skies, and belts the star-paved girth
Of that broad road, where travel day and night
Sublime and unapproachable delight,
Measureless sadness, or Titanic mirth.
The other lowlier, yet not less divine—
A child of love and laughter, smile and tear,
Softly or sadly fans the soul to sleep;
A rapture not so boundless, though more deep;
A joy less mighty, yet a bliss more dear;—
And that, sweet voice, the song whose spell is thine.

* These words are copyright.

M. ADOLPHE HENSELT, the well-known pianist and composer, has received, in his capacity as Inspector-General of the Musical Establishments of St. Petersburg, the Cross of Knight of the Order of St. Wladimir. It is the first time that this decoration, which the Emperor confers in person, and which is generally given to persons of high rank, has been bestowed on an artist.

HISTRIONIC POPULATION OF EUROPE.—According to statistical returns, there are now in Europe 18,140 actors, 21,609 actresses, and 1,733 theatrical managers. The number of persons connected in various ways with dramatic establishments amounts altogether to 82,216.

HERR KOPPITZ, a performer on the flute, of continental reputation, has just arrived in London. He has not yet appeared in public, but is, we understand, to play at the Philharmonic Society's concert, on the 2nd July—the last of the season. Having had an opportunity of hearing him, we may assure our musical readers—those especially who are amateurs of the flute—that his performance is calculated to give them an extraordinary treat. He not only plays with a brilliancy of tone and execution which we have never heard equalled, but possesses the singular facility of producing sequences of double notes, forming regular harmony in two parts—a thing hitherto considered impossible on that instrument. —*Illustrated London News.*

LAST HOURS OF ALBERT SMITH.

UNTIL nine years of age Albert Smith was so delicate and of so fragile an appearance, that he was nicknamed by a friend "Little China." After this time, however, he became strong and so healthy, that, to use a common expression—probably more true in his case than in many others to whom it has been applied—he knew not what a day's illness was until December last.

On the 22nd of December, 1859, after giving his entertainment as usual at the Egyptian Hall, he returned home, and occupied himself till one o'clock in the morning by hanging pictures in a new room. He retired to rest without a complaint of any kind. Early in the morning of the 23rd he had a convulsive seizure while asleep, and from this he passed into a state of profound coma, with stertorous breathing; rousing from this coma after nearly an hour's interval, he became violently excited in manner, but was unable to speak. The period of excitement lasted for twenty minutes, and was followed by another fit, this by coma, and again by violent excitement. He was bled freely by his medical attendant, Dr. Ree, the back of the neck was blistered, and sinapisms applied to the feet and legs; but the severity of the convulsions, coma, and excitement continued until two o'clock P.M., the patient passing through a series of them, about eight in the hour. After taking Indian hemp the convulsions ceased, the excitement diminished, but, with the exception of two or three words, the power of articulation was lost. There was no paralysis of either face or limbs; there was no albuminuria. Sleep followed in the evening, and about midday on the 24th the faculty of speech returned, and from this time there was rapid amendment. Within a few days his repeated expression was, "I never felt better in my life; I am only surprised I have not lost strength."

On Friday, the 11th of May, Mr. Smith was exposed to wet, and suffered in the evening from "cold." On the 12th he was again more severely exposed, getting "wet through," and did not change his clothes for three hours, and on the evening of this day he coughed much, and felt weak. On the Sunday he rested; but on Monday resumed his duties at the hall. He felt weak, wheezed in his breathing, could scarcely lie down at night, lost all appetite, but continued his avocations daily and nightly until Saturday afternoon, May 19th, and until that time had no medical advice. On Saturday he was seen by Dr. Ree, who found generally diffused bronchitis, with dulness on percussion at the base of the right lung posteriorly, and fine crepitation in the same locality. The pulse was laboured, not more than eighty-six per minute. The obstruction to the respiration was great. The expectoration, very little of which was raised, was sanguinolent; the face pallid; the tongue extremely foul, and breath very offensive. Cupping-glasses were very freely applied to the back of the chest, and blisters were raised by strong acetum cantharidis; at the same time a mixture of squills, nitric ether, and ammonia was given every four or five hours.

Delirium supervened on the night of Saturday, but on Sunday there was slight relief to the respiration. The stomach now rejected everything, and continued to do so until Monday, the 21st. On this day the patient resolved to get up and attempt his performance at the Egyptian

Hall, and in the afternoon dressed himself for this purpose. He was persuaded to relinquish the idea, and was seen in consultation by Dr. Reynolds and Dr. Ree. The vomiting had now ceased, after taking a dose of a mixture containing a small quantity of dilute hydrocyanic acid. The bronchitis was general throughout the whole of the thorax, on either side, and both above and below. There was fine mucous and subcrepitant rhoncus. Expiration was extremely prolonged. In the left subclavicular region, where there was slight pain, friction sound was audible. The base of the right lung was dull on percussion, and, except when a strong effort at respiration was made, was silent, no air appearing to find entrance. The pulse was laboured, and only eighty per minute; the surface cool; the face pallid; the tongue very foul; and the bowels confined. There had been no sleep for several nights. Complained of prostration. From several causes, no examination of the urine could be obtained. The chest was enveloped in spongio-piline, wrung out of hot water; and at night, calomel, colocynth, and opium were given: beef-tea, sherry, and Seltzer water were taken freely and *ad libitum*.

Tuesday, May 22nd, nine A.M.—Some sleep in the night, but much wandering; condition of the chest much the same as at last report, but air appears to enter rather more freely; complains of great prostration, but says his breathing is easier; the pulse is slow and laborious; the surface dusky; no headache; no pain. Ammonia and decoction of bark, with tincture of squills, were ordered to be taken every four hours; and brandy, beef-tea, and wine with beaten eggs, were given and taken freely.

In the afternoon at six o'clock he was seen by Dr. Burrows, Dr. Reynolds, and Dr. Ree. By this time the bowels had acted very freely; the chest condition was the same as in the morning, but there was less feeling of prostration, and the aspect was somewhat improved. Another blister was ordered to the right side, the mixture was to be continued, and calomel and opium to be given every six hours.

At eleven P.M., he was again seen by Dr. Ree, when he was about the same, and, in answer to a question, said, "I feel no pain whatever, and nothing else but extreme weakness." He was ordered to continue the use of the medicine, the stimulants, and nourishment.

At five o'clock on the following morning Dr. Ree was summoned in great haste, and found the patient much prostrated, bordering on collapse. Hot water bottles had been applied to the feet and legs, and brandy with eggs and strong coffee were freely administered, under the influence of which the pulse got up, the surface became warm, and he was able to answer several questions. At this time (half-past seven), although it was painfully evident the poor invalid could not last long, there was no sign of rapid dissolution, and Dr. Ree left, under a promise to return in an hour; but within that time an urgent message called him again to the house, too late, however, to see his patient alive: he had just breathed his last.—*The Lancet*, June 2.

Provincial.

CAMBRIDGE.—The festival holden last Tuesday in the chapel of King's College, in aid of a fund for providing for the wants of widows and orphans of members of cathedral and collegiate choirs, was a complete success. The committee who worked so hard may congratulate themselves that no untoward occurrence marred the effect of their labours. From first to last there was no "hitch;" and the most eager promoter of the scheme could not, if he had had the power of selection, have provided a day more brilliant and enjoyable. It was bright, warm, and dry: and the eye was continually refreshed by that luxury of green which Cambridge boasts in early summer.

One saw on Monday that something was "looming in the future" by the arrival of strangers, who were promenading the streets and the college grounds all the evening; and on Tuesday morning the early trains brought so many reinforcements that the question forced itself upon notice—how are they all to be seated? The arrangement was, that the doors should be opened at eleven: but it is not written in the history of festivals that people wait patiently until the appointed time. Before ten, streams began to converge towards the centre of attraction, the holders of blue tickets making their way to the great gates of the college and the south door of the chapel, the entrance appointed for the nave; and the holders of red and pink tickets getting into the grounds by the gate near Clare College, and into the choir by the north door of the chapel. The early comers had to wait an hour or more at the doors before they could get in. The doors were opened at 11.

It takes a long time to fill King's College Chapel as it was filled on Tuesday, through two small doors. On and on flowed the stream into the nave and the unreserved part of the choir. Speaking of the latter, one might have thought that every seat was filled long before there was the least break in the constant flow. "The cry was still, they come," even after the avenues had got choked up by crowds apparently looking in vain for a resting-place. Somehow or other, people got gradually shaken down into their places. Fresh forms were brought in, although we supposed every available form in Cambridge had already been seized, and the number of persons left without a seat was materially reduced. Meanwhile, by twelve o'clock, chaos was reduced to order, and the entire area presented a dense mass of living beings. The whole space could not be taken in by the eye from any part of the floor of the chapel; those in the choir could see only the choir, and those in the nave could see only the nave; but in this limited way, the sight was one not soon to be forgotten.

It was a few minutes past twelve when morning prayer began. The service was intoned by Mr. Beard, and the Provost read the lessons. The order of the service was as follows:—

MORNING PRAYER.

Preces, Responses, &c.	*Tallis.*
Venite	*Humphrey.*
Psalms.	*Pratt.*
Service in F	*Travers.*
Anthem, "O sing unto the Lord"	*Purcell.*

ANTHEMS.

1 Hallelujah	*Beethoven.*
2 Lord, who shall dwell?	*Prof. Bennett.*
3 I beheld, and lo!	*Blow.*
4 Praise the Lord	*Goss.*
5 Blessed be the God	*S. S. Wesley.*
6 Hosanna to the Son	*O. Gibbons.*
7 O be joyful	*G. J. Elvey.*
8 Praise the Lord	*Croft.*
9 Hallelujah	*Handel.*

The effect of sacred compositions rendered by a large number of trained human voices, aided by the tones of such an organ as the one in

> "That tall pile,
> Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
> To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
> By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,"

is not unknown to many; and if it were, we can frame no language which would convey a proper idea of it. Perhaps the best performed anthems were Professor Sterndale Bennett's "Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle?" and Dr. Elvey's, "O be joyful in God." But the gem was Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus, which one can never hear without emotion.

Professor Bennett directed the performance throughout, except that Dr. Elvey, of Windsor, conducted his own anthem. Mr. Amps, organist of King's College, played the organ, assisted by Mr. Hopkins, organist of Trinity College, and Mr. Garrett, organist of St. John's College. Members of the following choirs took part in the performance: St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Temple, Windsor (St. George's Chapel), Norwich, Peterborough, Lincoln, Ely, and the College chapels of Cambridge. The number of voices was 125. The number of persons accommodated in the choir, exclusive of Fellows and attendants, was 1,374; and in the nave 1,940; making a total of 3,314. The sum collected at the doors was 266*l.* 0s. 6d., of which 77*l.* was in gold. This is an increase of about 34*l.* over the sum collected at the festival six years ago. After the proceedings in the chapel had terminated, the members of the various choirs were entertained in a sumptuous manner in the hall, at the expense of the college. Provision was made for 160. The Vice-Provost presided, and the Provost joined the party before they broke up. Professor Bennett and several members of the university were also present. Few things even in the chapel produced a finer effect than the "Non nobis, Domine," at this entertainment. To conclude, 80 policemen and attendants were entertained in the hall, after the choirs. —*Cambridge Chronicle, May* 26, 1860.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LAST THREE CONCERTS OF THE SEASON.

Principal Performers.

PIANOFORTE — MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AND MR. CHARLES HALLE.

VIOLIN — M. SAINTON, HERR STRAUS, AND HERR BECKER.

VIOLONCELLO — SIGNOR PIATTI.

VOCALISTS — MISS LOUISA PYNE, MAD. LAURA BAXTER, MLLE. JENNY MEYER, MR. SANTLEY, MR. LAURENCE, AND MR. SIMS REEVES.

CONDUCTOR — MR. BENEDICT.

On MONDAY EVENING, June 18th,

BEETHOVEN NIGHT.

On MONDAY EVENING, June 25th,

MOZART NIGHT.

On MONDAY EVENING, July 2nd (the Director's Benefit), the Programme will be selected from the Works of

ALL THE GREAT MASTERS.

ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 18, 1860 — TWENTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

BEETHOVEN NIGHT.

PART I.

Quartet, in E flat, Op. 74, No. 10 (third time) ..... *Beethoven*
Herr STRAUS, Herr GOFFRIE, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

Song, "Ah! non avea più lagrime" ..... *Donizetti*
Mr. LAURENCE.

Song, "In questa tomba" ..... *Beethoven*
Mlle. JENNY MEYER.

Scena, "Ah, perfido spergiuro" ..... *Beethoven*
Miss LOUISA PYNE
(Her first appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts)

Sonata, Pianoforte alone, in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3 (first time) ..... *Beethoven*
Mr. CHARLES HALLE

PART II.

Sonata, for Pianoforte and Violoncello, in A major, Op. 69 (first time) *Beethoven*
Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Signor PIATTI.

Song, "Canst thou deem my heart is changing" ..... *Macfarren*
Miss LOUISA PYNE.

Romance, in F, Violin Solo ..... *Beethoven*
Herr STRAUS.

Song, "Che farò" ..... *Glück*
Mlle. JENNY MEYER.

Quartet, in D, Op 18 ..... *Beethoven*
Herr STRAUS, Herr GOFFRIE, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 25, 1860 — TWENTY-SIXTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

MOZART NIGHT.

PART I.

Quintet, in A, for Clarinet and Stringed Instruments (by unanimous desire) *Mozart*
Mr. LAZARUS, Herr BECKER, Herr RIES, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

Song, "L'Addio" ..... *Mozart*
Mad. LAURA BAXTER.

Air, "Non temer" ..... *Mozart*
Mad. DE PAEZ.
Violin obligato, Herr BECKER.

Song, "Dalla sua pace" ..... *Mozart*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Sonata, in D major, Pianoforte alone (first time) ..... *Mozart*
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART II.

Sonata, in F, with Variations for Pianoforte and Violin ..... *Mozart*
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr BECKER.

Song, "Deh per questo" ..... *Mozart*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Air, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen" ..... (*Die Zauberflöte*) ..... *Mozart*
Herr HERRMANNS.

Song, "Voi che sapete" ..... *Mozart*
Mad. DE PAEZ.

Quartet, in G, No. 1 ..... *Mozart*
Herr BECKER, Herr RIES, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

ON MONDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1860 — TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

The Programme will be selected from the Works of

ALL THE GREAT MASTERS.

PART I.

Quartet, in C major (first time) ..... *Spohr*
M. SAINTON, Herr GOFFRIE, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

Song, "The Wanderer" ..... *Schubert*
Mr. SANTLEY.

Harpsichord Lessons (by desire) ..... *Scarlatti*
Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

Lieder Kreis (by desire) ..... *Beethoven*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.
Accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte (by desire) ..... *Bach*
Violoncello, Signor PIATTI.
Accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. BENEDICT.

PART II.

Quartet, in E flat major, Op. 44 ..... *Mendelssohn*
M. SAINTON, Herr GOFFRIE, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

Song, "May" ..... *Meyerbeer*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Suite de Pieces, in E major, Pianoforte alone, concluding with "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (by desire) ..... *Handel*
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

Song, "Il pensier" ..... *Haydn*
Mr. SANTLEY.

Song, "La Gita in Gondola" ..... *Rossini*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Duet, for Two Pianofortes, in D major (first time) ..... *Mozart*
Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

CONDUCTOR . . . MR. BENEDICT.

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VOL. 38—No. 25 SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

CRYSTAL PALACE.—June 25, 26, and 28.—GREAT FRENCH MUSICAL FESTIVAL, by 3,000 performers. This great combination of the French Choral Societies, comprising deputations from nearly every Department of France, representing 170 distinct Choral Societies, and numbering between 3,000 and 4,000 performers, conducted by M. Eugene Delaporte, President de l'Association des Sociétés Chorales de Paris, will visit England expressly to hold a Great Musical Festival at the Crystal Palace on the above days. The Band of the Imperial Regiment of Guides will accompany portions of the vocal music, and perform a selection of the most admired pieces of their repertoire each day. M. Edouard Batiste, the organist of Saint Eustache, Paris, will preside at the organ. Admission by single day tickets, bought before each day, 5s.; by payment on the day, 7s. 6d.; reserved stalls, in blocks, arranged and numbered as at the Handel Festival, 5s. extra; a limited number of stalls will also be reserved in the transept galleries, at 10s. 6d. each; sets of transferable tickets (one admission to each of the three performances), 12s. 6d.; sets of reserved seats, 12s. 6d. extra; or if in the galleries, 25s. These tickets are now on sale at the Crystal Palace; at No. 2, Exeter Hall; at the agents' of the Company; or by order at the music-sellers' and libraries in London and the principal towns, as at the Handel Festival. Cheques or P.O. orders (the latter payable at the chief office), should be made payable to George Grove, Esq. The Palace will open at 12, and the performances will commence each day at 3 o'clock. Notice.—The leading Railway Companies north of London will issue return tickets over their lines, available from the 23d to the 29th June. Other Railway Companies will run excursion trains, of which they will give due notice.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—BAND of the GUIDES.—By the gracious permission of the Emperor of the French, this celebrated Band will accompany the Orpheonists to England, and take part in the performance on the 25th, 26th, and 28th June.

FRENCH FESTIVAL.—MONDAY NEXT.—FIVE-SHILLING TICKETS.—The Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall Offices will remain open for the sale of Tickets of Admission at 5s. each, or for Reserved Seats, up to 9 o'clock THIS EVENING, SATURDAY.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER begs to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the above Hall, on Wednesday, June 27, to commence at 2 o'clock. Vocalists, Mad. LEMMENS SHERRINGTON, Mlle. ARTOT, and Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY; Mr. SIMS REEVES, the ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, Miss BANKS, Mr. FOSTER, Mr. LOCKEY, Mr. MONTEM SMITH, Mr. WINN, and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS. Violin, M. SAINTON; Violoncello, M. PAQUE; Pianoforte, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER. Conductors, Mr. BENEDICT and Mr. HAROLD THOMAS.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; tickets to be had at St. James's Hall, of all the Principal Music Sellers, and of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street. N.B. The Review of the Volunteer Rifles by Her Majesty having been fixed for the 23d of June, Mr. Sloper has been compelled to postpone his Concert till Wednesday, the 27th inst.

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON'S MATINÉE, by kind permission of Collard and Collard, 16 Grosvenor Street, Thursday, June 28, at 3 o'clock:—Mesdames WEISS, LAURA BAXTER, JANE PALMER, NEWTON; Messrs. GEORGE PERREN, DEPRET, ALLAN IRVING, WEISS, LIDEL, MAYCOCK, and Miss MATILDA BAXTER; Mr. WILLING, and F. MORI. The celebrated BROUSIL family's first appearance this season.—19 Albany Street, Regent's Park.

MISS SUSANNA COLE'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, on Thursday next, June 28, at St. James's Hall, to commence at 8 o'clock.—Artists, Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON, Mad. GILBERT, Mlle. BERRENS, Miss PALMER, Miss SUSANNA COLE, Mr. SIMS REEVES, Mons. DEPRET, Mr. WALLWORTH, Mr. SANTLEY, LONDON GLEE & MADRIGAL UNION. Pianoforte, Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ; Violin, HERR BECKER; Concertina, Signor REGONDI. Conductors, Mr. BENEDICT, Mr. HENRY BAUMER, Signor CUNIO, and Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.—Stalls, 7s. each, may be obtained at Miss Cole's, 23 Lanark Villas, Maida Vale; at Addison, Hollier, & Lucas's, 210 Regent Street; Cramer, Beale, & Co.'s, 201 Regent Street: and at Mr. Austin's, 28 Piccadilly. Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s., at the Principal Music Sellers.

IMMENSE ATTRACTION.—Mr. HOWARD GLOVER respectfully announces that his GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the St. James's Hall, on Thursday, June 28, commencing at Half-past One o'clock, on which occasion Mr. SIMS REEVES will sing Mr. Howard Glover's cantata of Tam o'Shanter for the first time in London, and the following universally celebrated *artistes* will appear, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO, Mad. FAURE, Mad. GOLDBERG-STROSSI, Mad. RUDERSDORFF, Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY, Miss LASCELLES, Miss STABBACH, Miss THERESA JEFFERYS, Miss PALMER, Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Miss PAREPA, Mad. WEISS, Miss ELIZA HOBDEN, and Mad. CATHERINE HAYES; Signor BELLETTI, M. DEPRET, M. JULES LEFORT, Mr. LEWIS THOMAS, and Mr. WEISS. Violin, HERR MOLIQUE and Mr. SAINTON; Pianoforte, HERR LEOPOLD DE MEYER and Miss ARABELLA GODDARD; Harmonium, Herr ENGEL. Conductors, Mr. BENEDICT, Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, Mr. RANDEGGER, and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER. Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area and Upper Gallery, 2s.; to be had of Messrs. Chappell, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co., 201 Regent Street; Hammonds, 214 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co, 48 Cheapside; and of Mr. Howard Glover, at 28 Alfred Place, Bedford Square. Further particulars will be duly announced.

HERR WILHELM GANZ respectfully announces that his GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on Friday next, June 29, at St. James's Hall, under the immediate Patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary. To commence at 3 o'clock. Vocalists; Mad. CATHERINE HAYES, Mad. LEMMENS SHERRINGTON, and Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY: Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. SANTLEY, and Herr HERRMANNS. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte: Herr WILHELM GANZ. Violin: M. SAINTON. Violoncello; M. PAQUE. Tenor: Herr GOFFRIE. Contra Basso: Mr. F. S. PRATTEN. Conductors: Messrs. BENEDICT, W. G. CUSINS, and WILHELM GANZ. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; to be had of Herr Wilhelm Ganz, 15 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, W.; Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and the principal Music Sellers.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION, ST. JAMES'S HALL. President, the Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley.—Friday, June 29th, at 8, SPOHR'S "ODE to ST. CECILIA,"—Mendelssohn's "Ave Maria," from Loreley MSS.—Macfarren's Cantata—"May Day" Serenade for Pianoforte and Orchestra; Mendelssohn—Overtures "Euryanthe" and "Tempest." Mad. CATHERINE HAYES, Miss STABBACH, Miss MESSENT, and Mlle. ENRICHETTA CAMILLI (her first appearance since her return from Turin); Mr. SANTLEY, and Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ. Choir and Orchestra of 300 Performers. Conductor: Mr. BENEDICT. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. each, at the Hall.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL and MONSIEUR JULES LEFORT'S ANNUAL GRAND MATINEE MUSICALE will take place (by kind permission) at No. 13 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, on the 29th instant, when they will be assisted by the following distinguished Artistes:—Mlle. PAREPA, Mad. LEMMENS SHERRINGTON, Sig. SOLIERI, MM. BLUMENTHAL, RITTER, and BECKER. Conductors: MM. BENEDICT, FRAUER, LEMMEYER, and CUSINS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Signor PIATTI begs to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on Saturday Morning, June 30th, at the above Hall. Vocalists, Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, and Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY; Signor BELLETTI, Signor SOLIERI, Mr. SANTLEY, and Mr. SIMS REEVES; the ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, Miss BANKS, Mrs. LOCKEY, Mr. FOSTER, Mr. LOCKEY, Mr. MONTEM SMITH, Mr. WINN, and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS. Pianoforte, Mad. PIATTI; Violin, M. SAINTON; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI. Conductors—Mr. J. L. HATTON, Signor LI CALSI, and Signor CAMPANA. Front Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 3s. 6d.; may be obtained of Signor Piatti, 1 Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park, W.; and of Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

M. DEPRET'S MATINÉE MUSICALE (by the kind permission of Messrs. Collard and Collard), at 16 Grosvenor Street, W., on Saturday next, June 30, at 2 o'clock. Artistes:—Mesdames CATHERINE HAYES, PALMER, PAREPA, LOUISA VINNING, AUGUSTA THOMPSON, REIDER, and RUDERSDORFF, ANNIE C***; Messrs. DEPRET and PATEY; M. LEOPOLD DE MEYER, Signor REGONDI, M. PAQUE. Conductors, Messrs. BENEDICT, BILETTA, RANDEGGER, CUNIO, and EMILE BERGER. Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had of Mr. Robert W. Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street, W.; at the Music Warehouses; and of M. Depret, 159 Regent Street, W.

MR. JOHN THOMAS has the honour to announce that he will give a MORNING CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, the 2nd of July, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists, Mlle. DEMIÉR ARTOT, Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON; M. JULES LEFORT, M. DEPRET. Instrumentalists: Piano, M. ERNST LUBECK; Violin, M. BECKER; Harmonium, M. ENGEL; Harp, Mr. JOHN THOMAS. Conductors, Mr. W. G. CUSINS & Mr. HAROLD THOMAS. Reserved Seats, 15s., to be had *only* of Mr. John Thomas, 109 Great Portland Street, Portland Place. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had of all the principal Music Sellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent Street and Piccadilly.—PRINCE GEORGE GALITZIN'S SECOND RUSSIAN CONCERT will take place on Friday Evening, July 6th, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists already engaged, Mlle. PAREPA and Signor MONGINI. Instrumentalist: Pianoforte, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. The Orchestra and Chorus will number 120 Performers. Conductor, Prince GEORGE GALITZIN. Programme:—Part 1. Chorus, "Santa Maria" (Prince Geo. Galitzin); Russian Melody, arranged for two voices, Mad. and Signor MONGINI (Prince Geo. Galitzin); Violin obbligato, Herr POLLITZER; Chorus, "Warum denn mein Vater," from the Repertory of the Imperial Russian Chapel (Bortniansky); Adieux de Schubert, arranged for two voices, Mad. PAREPA and Mad. —— (Prince G. Galitzin); Trio from a Russian Opera, "Tizne za Tzaria," Mlle. PAREPA, Signor MONGINI, and Herr HERMANNS (Glinka); Chorus, "Gloria" (Prince G. Galitzin). Part 2. Overture to the Opera "Tizne za Tzaria" (Glinka); Chorus, "Te egro," from the Repertory of the Imperial Chapel (Bortniansky); Romance, "Madonna accogli, voti mici," Mad. ——, Violoncello obbligato, M. RENÉ DOUAY (Prince G. Galitzin); Mazurka, from an Opera—Pianoforte, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (Glinka); Herzen Valse, for Orchestra (Prince George Galitzin); Grand Polacca, for Orchestra and Chorus, "Tizne za Tzaria" (Glinka). Conductor of the Chorus and Orchestra, Prince G. GALITZIN. At the Piano, Herr A. RIES.—Sofa Stalls Area, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Balcony, 4s.; Area, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. To be had of Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; Messrs. Cramer and Beale, Regent Street; Trübner, Paternoster Row, City; Librairie Polonaise, 1 Macclesfield Street, Soho; of all the principal Music Sellers; and at the St. James's Hall Ticket Office, Piccadilly.

MUSICAL WORLD NEWSPAPER PENNY

MISS STEELE has the honour to announce that she will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday, July 3, at Half-past Eight o'clock. Vocalists, Mads. PAREPA, STEELE, and PALMER; Messrs. SIMS REEVES, DEPRET, and SANTLEY. Instrumentalists, Miss ANNIE ELLIOTT; Messrs. CHAS. SALAMAN, DRECHSMANN, LIDEL, DREW DEEW, & W. G. CUSINS.—Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had only of Miss Steele, 108 Marylebone Road; Tickets, 7s., of R. W. Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—Now Open daily, at 3 and 8 o'clock, WASHINGTON FRIEND'S GRAND MUSICAL and PICTORIAL ENTERTAINMENT, entitled "TWO HOURS in AMERICA," beautifully illustrated by his large and magnificent moving Panorama faithfully delineating 5,000 miles of the most interesting natural scenery in Canada and the United States; comprising the Falls of Niagara and the River St. Lawrence, including a magnificent representation of the Great Victoria Tubular Bridge at Montreal, presenting Canada in Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, illustrating American, Indian, Emigrant, and Negro Life, showing the very places where thousands now reside who formerly lived in this country, accurately depicting the River, Lake, Forest, and Prairie Scenery of the Far West. While the Panorama is passing, Mr. FRIEND, the artist and proprietor, will relate his own adventures, and sing a choice selection of the original Songs and Melodies of the country, accompanying himself upon Seven Instruments. Admission—Stalls (numbered) 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets may be obtained and places secured at Austin's West-end Box-office. Secretary—Mr. W. H. Edwards.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Mr. ALFRED MELLON begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June, when he will be open to any Engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union, which he has reconstructed. Principal Artistes:—MM. SAINTON, H. HILL, W. WATSON, E. PAYTON, DOYLE, TRUST, G. COLLINS, AYLWARD, HOWELL, sen., WHITE, P. S. PRATTEN, ROCKSTRO, BARRET, LAZARUS, T. OWEN, HAUSSER, C. HARPER, STANDEN, T. HARPER, STANTON JONES, W. WINTERBOTTOM, CIOFFI, HUGHES, and F. C. HORTON. Applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2 Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.

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"GOOD NIGHT," New Song by A. REICHARDT Composer of "Thou art so near and yet so far," is published, with English and German Words, and a Portrait of Herr Reichardt, price 2s. 6d. by Duncan Davison & Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own correspondent).

June 20.

I HAVE not much to tell you of this week as touching musical events. The principal fact to be recorded under this head is a concert given by a M. L. Wiest, a German violinist, but whether by birth, or education only, I know not. He is chapel master to some prince at Bucharest, but seems to devote himself to the light fantastic style, and to eschew serious and solid music. What he played was his own handiwork, and served mainly to display certain sentimental graces mingled with dashing feats of execution. Indeed I should not mention the concert at all but that among the executants was Theodore Ritter, the pianist, who your readers will remember produced such a legitimate sensation at the last Philharmonic Concert in London, in one of Hummel's concertos. He is indeed an artist of pure and correct taste as well as rare mechanical ability, entirely free from those paltry tricks and affectations, those senseless caprices of accentuation by which so many artists strive to entrap the judgment of their audience and pass for persons of unusual depth of perception. All he does is simple, clear, and honest, and distinguished withal by a rare degree of finish. In scale passages he is brilliantly clear and rapid, and when he has a melody to deliver it receives all the expression due to its character without any attempt to torture it into extra impressiveness.

M. Wicart, the Belgian tenor, whose re-engagement at the Grand Opera I announced in my last, made his appearance last Friday as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. A great deal of curiosity was felt, to ascertain whether this artist had indeed made all the progress attributed to him since his first appearance in Paris. The result has proved in excess of whatever was anticipated, and so decided was his success that the strongest desire is expressed that he should in future make Paris his artistic home. His voice is of considerable extent, powerful, and especially clear and telling in the upper notes. In the celebrated air, "Asile héréditaire," followed by the *stretta*, "Amis, secondez ma vaillance," which is the trying piece of the part, and the one which would decide the character of his success, Wicart was enthusiastically applauded and several times re-called. He is to appear again in the same opera, and then twice as Raoul in the *Huguenots*; his engagement being only for four nights. I understand that the report of the commissioners appointed to make enquiries as to the most suitable locality for the new Opera House has been sent in, and that the decision is in favour of the site on the Boulevard des Capucines. The commission consisted of the following personages, M. Chaix d'Estange, chairman; M. Caristie, architect; and MM. Cornudet, Eugène Scribe, Varin, L. Véron, and Denière. Herold's maiden triumph at the Opéra Comique, *Les Rosières*, just revived, as I mentioned last week for the first time since 1826, is still running, and meets with increased success every night. It is admirably executed, every part being well filled.

At the command of the authorities all the theatres in Paris broke out last week into lyrical ecstasies of patriotic enthusiasm at the annexation of Savoy and Nice to the French territory. M. Méry, whose muse is ever at the disposal of official grief or rejoicing, emitted three strophes on the occasion for the use of the opera, and M. J. Cohen wedded them to strains of befitting harmony. The Opéra Comique, the Théâtre Lyrique, and the Théâtre Dejazet, had each its *cantata*, called *France et Savoie* in each instance. It may interest your readers to know that the amusements of the Parisians during the month of May, in the way of theatres, concerts, balls, and other public entertainments, reduced the contents of their pockets to the extent of 1,206,523 francs 40 centimes, or £48,260.

A correspondent at Strasburg informs me that Mad. Sanchioli is shortly expected there to give a grand concert at the theatre. This singer, you will remember, was engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1847, the first year of the opposition to Mr. Lumley's establishment. She appeared in *La Favorita* with Signor Gardoni; both artists making their *débuts* at the same time. Mad. Sanchioli has been making a tour in the French provinces, accompanied by M. Bazzini, and takes Strasburg on her way. The alliance between the *corps diplomatique* and the lyrical stage, commenced by Mad. Sontag, and continued so illustriously by Lady Crampton, will be further cemented by a marriage that I hear of as shortly to be celebrated between the Prussian ambassador at Stuttgard, Count Schullenburg, and Mlle. Pannetrat, of the Opéra Comique. The same writer who furnishes me with this piece of gossip informs me that Alexander Paër, a son of the celebrated composer, and a *maestro* himself, has just died at Rome.

I have received a slip from a Belgium paper, *Le Journal de Gand*, in which there is a gentle and, to my thinking, not ill-deserved tap administered on the knuckles of M. Scudo, the musical critic of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. This gentleman publishes an annual volume called *L'Année Musicale*, in which he has made a violent attack on Belgium and the Belgians, charging them with living wholly on the brains and genius of France, and being in arts, language, literature (he excepts their government and industry), a piratical copy of France and Frenchmen. He says they have a *conservatoire* with a very capable director, to wit, M. Fétis, where they only rear instrumentalists and vocalists such as Vieuxtemps and Cabel, having their merit no doubt: but they have no national school of music, or if they have, it is as equivocal in merit as the French they speak at Brussels. Unfortunately this reproach is expressed in anything but an elegant specimen of the language it so jealously defends from Belgian barbarism. It presents an inextricable confusion of relatives, which affords the journalist of Ghent an opportunity of thus retorting: "In the presence of this literature of *que-que* and of *qui-qui* it is impossible not to be struck with the graceful turn M. Scudo has given to the compliment he pays us on our ignorance of the French language. Could he not be prevailed upon to accept a professorship of French in Belgium?"

A very intelligent friend of mine, who holds an important post at the Court of Berlin, and of whose musical knowledge—amateur as he is—I am decidedly jealous, gives me some account of the operatic doings in that city. Marschner's opera of *The Templar and the Jewess* has just been revived. This is decidedly the most popular work of the composer, but on its first appearance it had to struggle against the influence of two such redoubtable rivals as Weber and Spohr, and consequently it was never appreciated at its just value. Marschner has now had his revenge, and has compelled the public to acknowledge the dramatic power which characterises many of the pieces in this opera, the gracefulness of its melody and the richness of its instrumentation. Mad. Koester played the part of Rebecca and added fresh lustre to her reputation. Kreutzer's opera of *A Night at Granada* has been played at Kroll's establishment with great success. *Stradella* (Flotow's) is still attracting crowded audiences, and is being played both at the Frederick William Theatre and at Kroll's. The duo between the two brigands and the hymn to the Virgin are regularly honoured with an encore whenever they are heard. It is the success of *Martha* over again. This is encouraging to Mr. Gye, who is to bring out *Stradella* during the present season. By the way, it is said here that he (Mr. Gye) has engaged Graziani for two seasons, 1861 and 1862, at the rate of 10,000f. a month; you will better come at the truth of this than I. But to return to my German correspondent's budget of news. The Italian opera at Vienna closes on the 28th of the month, and next season the *Pardon de Ploërmel* will be produced, with Mad. Frassini as Dinorah. The *Pardon* has been played at Munich with Mlle. Schazbach as the heroine. Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* is announced here, and Mlle. Stoeger is to sing the principal part. The Oratorio Society of Munich have brought their season to a close. Bach's Christmas *Cantata* and fragments of Handel's *Susannah* were given at the last performance. At Trieste, Mad. Amelia Jackson had just made her *début* in *Robert le Diable* as Isabella, and obtained a legitimate success.

Let me wind up with a piece of local news which if not musical is curious. A commission has been appointed of literary and administrative *sommités* (anglicé topping fellows) in order to examine and discuss the knotty question of literary property. The time is oddly chosen for such an inquiry. It does not seem as though the products of the French press under the Imperial régime would ever constitute a very valuable estate to their proprietors even though the title to them were granted in perpetuity.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Don Giovanni was announced for Saturday evening, but put off in consequence of the illness of Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Borghi-Mamo, Signor Everardi, and Signor Giuglini, who were severally attacked with sore throats. In this strait Mad. Alboni was applied to, and the *Barbiere* was given, the great artist appearing of course as Rosina, one of her most perfect and exquisite achievements. M. Gassier also being ill, Signor Sebastiano Ronconi sustained the part of the barber for the first time, and, amid much that was exaggerated, displayed no small amount of humour. His singing, but for a tendency to drag, was excellent. Signor Ciampi, as Doctor Bartolo, again created a *furore* in the air "A un dottore." In the lesson scene, Mad. Alboni, whose "Una voce" was divine, introduced the *tyrolienne* from *Betly*, "In questo semplice," which was magnificently given and rapturously encored.

On Tuesday, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was presented for the first time, with Mlle. Titiens as Lucy, and Herr Steger (from Vienna) as Edgardo—his first appearance in this country. That the heroine of Donizetti's opera is not entirely suited to Mlle. Titiens, may readily be credited. It is as though Mrs. Siddons should essay the character of Juliet. The easily-credulous, timid, love-stricken maiden is hardly suited to the impetuous instincts of the Teutonic Grisi. Nevertheless, there are many passages in the music which give occasion for the display of strong emotions, and of these Mlle. Titiens laid hold with avidity. The scene with Ashton in the second act, the scene of the malediction, and the mad scene, were superbly acted, and in most respects magnificently sung. The sensation Mlle. Titiens created after the last-named was indescribable.

Herr Steger is, we understand, a Hungarian, and has for many years enjoyed a first-rate reputation in some of the theatres of Germany. He is a *tenore robusto*, with a very capable and strong, if not very agreeable, voice, and style full of energy and vigor. An abuse of the *vibrato* is his most serious fault. He received every encouragement from the audience, and was twice recalled at the end of the opera. Nevertheless, it is unlikely he will retain a position at Her Majesty's Theatre.

M. Gassier sang the music of Ashton very finely, but would do well to change his Highland for a Lowland garb. One kilt among so many pairs of trews does not greatly aid the scenic illusion. Perhaps the Italian *costumier* who first dressed the character in *Lucia*, was impressed with the idea that Lammermoor was a village on the summit of Ben Nevis.

Previous to *Lucia*, Gnecco's *opera buffa*, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria* was given, with Mlle. Lotti, Signors Corsi, Sebastiano Ronconi, and Ciampi in the principal characters. This lively little affair was capitally sung and acted, more especially by the new buffo, Signor Ciampi, who, as the manager Campanone, again proved his title to be the legitimate successor of Lablache. In the song with directions to the orchestra he was most admirable, and elicited roars of laughter. In the popular duet, "O guardate che figura" (with Mlle. Lotti), we have heard the imitative passages given with greater fluency by Mad. Viardot and Signor Tamburini.

On Thursday, *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated, with Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Alboni, Signor Mongini, and M. Gassier in the principal characters.

On each of the above occasions, the last scene of the ballet *Adelina* was given, with Mlle. Claudina Cucchi, who makes visible progress in the favour of the audience.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Martha, the best opera of Herr Flotow, and one of the happiest German counterfeits of the wit and sparkle of the Opéra Comique, was received on Tuesday night with the same success that attended it in 1858 and 1859. No work has been more sumptuously, and at the same time more carefully, put upon the stage of the Royal Italian Opera than this; and though compared with one of Auber's lyric dramas it stands much in the same relative position as Brussels when compared with Paris, under such favourable conditions of costume, scenery, and distribution of the principal characters, it may be allowed to represent the Belgian capital during the period of the September fêtes—in other language, at its gayest and very best. No modern opera is more replete with *ad captandum* "tune;" and if the tune was as fresh and original as it is fluent and continuous, *Martha* would be, in a purely melodic sense, a masterpiece. At the same time, the music throughout is animated, busy, and dramatically appropriate. Some critics have suggested that *Martha*, stripped of the Irish (or—as Mr. William Chappell may probably tell us in a future volume—English) air to which Moore wedded the "Last Rose of Summer," would be much in the same plight as the stem without the flower. But this is begging the question; the Irish melody was at hand, and Herr Flotow—as a far more genial composer did with "Robin Adair" (Boieldieu, in *La Dame Blanche*)—turned it to excellent purposes. An eminent landscape painter was once heard to say that he liked having his pictures hung near those of Turner, inasmuch as they derived a brightness not intrinsically their own from their approximation to the lustrous canvas of that great master; and so Herr Flotow may have inserted the "Last Rose of Summer" in the midst of *his* "tone-picture" (to employ the modern Teutonic jargon) with some such *arrière pensée*. At all events, this exquisite melody gives the predominant colouring to the work, and it would be as impossible to think of *Martha* without it as of the last scene in Rossini's *Otello* without Desdemona's "willow-song."

There is not much to say of the performance, the cast of the opera being, with one exception, precisely the same as before. The exception, nevertheless, was an important one. The part of Lady Henrietta (Martha)—sustained in 1858 by Mad. Bosio, and in 1859 by Mlle. Lotti—was on this occasion alloted to Mad. Penco. Mad. Penco is not Mad. Bosio, but she approaches much more nearly that inimitable artist in her musical delineation of the character than her immediate predecessor, or, indeed, than any other we have seen. Her delivery of "Qui sola, vergin rosa" (the "Last Rose of Summer"), but for a slight abuse of that tremulous utterance which so many singers of recent days appear to consider inseparable from the true pathetic style, would have been faultless—more plaintive and unaffected it was impossible to make it; and we were not at all surprised at the loud "encore" it elicited, the compliance with which enabled Mad. Penco to exhibit still deeper feeling and still greater vocal refinement. In her acting Mad. Penco displayed those legitimate qualities that have placed her in the foremost rank of existing lyric comedians. Mad. Nantier Didiée's Nancy, Signor Graziani's Plumkett (not Plunkett), M. Tagliafico's Lord Tristan, and M. Zelger's Sheriff of Richmond were each in its particular sphere quite as good as in former years, and need not be described anew. Nor, but for the surpassing excellence of Signor Mario's singing on the present occasion, would it be requisite to devote more than a passing word to his Lionel. Signor Mario, however, did more than "sing with his accustomed taste" and "act with his accustomed intelligence." His performance was irreproachable in every sense. To describe all its beauties would take more time and space than we can afford; but it is no more than just to point out one or two. Of course his most thoroughly appreciated vocal effort was the air, "M' appari tutt' amor" (Act III.), in which the perplexed and half-demented Lionel, in a fervid apostrophe to the cruel Martha, vows eternal constancy to that beloved ideal—the mistress of his fate. The recitative commencing with a snatch of the melody which haunts us through the opera, was given with intense feeling, especially the passage—

"Sfolgorante la veggio
"Del suo celeste e virginal sorriso"

(which, in the English text, is rendered, "I see her shining, *of* a celestial *shine*"); and the graceful air itself, with its passionate burden,—

"Marta, Marta, tu sparisti
"E il mio cor col tuo n'andò"—

was a triumph of expressive singing. An enthusiastic "encore" was the result, and the repetition of the air exhibiting even still more earnestness on the part of the accomplished singer, he was greeted with a regular "ovation" at the end. Never was Signor Mario's voice in "better order" than on this occasion.

The band and chorus were everything that could have been

desired; and the concerted music — including the scene of the "statute fair," the quartet at the spinning wheel, the "Buona-notte," and the last *finale*, in which, by the influence of familiar sights and sounds, Lionel recovers his scattered senses—were, one and all, alike effective from a musical and scenic point of view. The whole performance gave the utmost satisfaction to a crowded audience, among whom was Her Majesty the Queen.

Concerts.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—These admirable and thoroughly intellectual entertainments seem to be returning to their *première jeunesse*. Most assuredly have they not for years engrossed so much attention, or presented such undeniable evidence of prosperity. The appointment of Professor Sterndale Bennett to the office of conductor has proved (as we always anticipated) of eminent service. So thoroughly practised a musician could hardly fail to win the confidence, and thereby enforce the willing discipline, of his orchestra; and it is not too much to say that the band of the Philharmonic Society was never more entirely under the control of its chief, and consequently never more fitted to render the orchestral works of the great composers to perfection than at the present time. The programme of Monday evening's concert (the fifth and last but one of the season) was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in E flat, No. 5.	Mozart
Song—"The Quail," Mr. Tennant . . .	Beethoven
Concerto in A minor, pianoforte, Herr Ritter .	Hummel
Aria—"Vedrai carino," Mad. Borghi-Mamo .	Mozart
Overture—"Isles of Fingal"	Mendelssohn

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7	Beethoven
Recit. and Aria—"Ah, come rapida," Mad. Borghi-Mamo	Meyerbeer
Concertino, violoncello, M. Paque . . .	G. Goltermann
Overture—"Prometheus"	Beethoven

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus.D.

Of the symphonies and overtures—all selected from the repertory of chosen master-pieces, which it is the professed object of the Philharmonic Society to bring forward as often as possible (and which they will be able to do still more effectually next season, when the series of concerts is restored to its original number of eight)—nothing need be said. The more than usually magnificent performance, however, of Mendelssohn's *Isles of Fingal*—of all poetical concert overtures (in contradistinction to the "character overtures," of which Beethoven's *Coriolan* and *Egmont*, together with Mendelssohn's own *Ruy Blas*, form the most striking examples) the finest—must be acknowledged, in justice both to Professor Bennett and those who act under him. So well-merited a success as that obtained by Herr Ritter (a Frenchman, we believe—M. Benet, who need not be ashamed of his *patronimique*) in the pianoforte concerto of Hummel has not been witnessed, at the Philharmonic Concerts or elsewhere, for a very long period. This same concerto was played, if we remember correctly, about two years since, by a resident German pianist of eminence (not M. Hallé), but without producing any marked sensation. It was not, therefore, as a *novelty* that it pleased so much. The merit must be attributed to Herr Ritter's (M. Benet's) performance, which literally transported the audience. The applause at the end of each movement and the recall at the termination of the concerto were beyond measure enthusiastic. Herr Ritter's playing reminds us in many respects of that of Mr. Sterndale (now "Professor"—nay, "Doctor") Bennett, more than twenty years ago, with the proviso that the foreigner has yet to acquire the full rich tone, the perfect phrasing and the provokingly faultless mechanism that, at the time we speak of, left the young Englishman without a single rival except Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Whether Herr Ritter is destined to reach this high standard or not we are unprepared to say; but of one thing we are certain, no such legitimate playing as his has been listened to from the fingers of a new aspirant to the suffrages of the English public since M. Hallé (with whom, of course, he must not yet be measured) first appeared in the orchestra of the Philharmonic Concerts. If in Beethoven and Mendelssohn Herr Ritter has the gift to shine as brilliantly as in the less poetical though more methodical Hummel, he may be hailed as a new phenomenon in the pianoforte world, and with the greater heartiness as a foreigner who, without the slighest pretension or quackery, reads good music with the spirit of an enthusiast and the skill of a master. We regret that we were unable to hear the violoncello solo of that excellent artist, M. Paque, whose introduction to these concerts was simply a just tribute paid to real desert. The *Morning Post* says:—

"The rich and powerful tone of M. Paque gives him a special advantage over the best of our resident violoncellists, whilst in musical sentiment he is surpassed by none. M. Paque's execution of a concertino by Goltermann on this occasion may be cited as a worthy exemplification of his powers. We never heard him play more finely."

Of the vocal music we need say nothing more than that the name of Mad. Borghi-Mamo was a manifest attraction, and that Mr. Tennant, one of the most careful and intelligent of our young English tenors, gave Beethoven's beautiful song with such artistic taste as to win unanimous approval from an audience "critical among the critical."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—These highly successful entertainments are now rapidly drawing to a close, the concert of the 18th being announced as the last but two of the season. In all our experience of matters musical, we cannot recall an example of such unparalleled success as has attended these performances. Excellent as was the first season, the second has surpassed it both in variety and extent; and a better criterion of the advanced musical taste of the day cannot be found than in the fact, that from the middle of November till the present time these concerts have been given almost without interruption every Monday, and invariably attended by large and appreciative audiences, including all ranks and classes of the public. The concert under notice formed no exception to its predecessors, and judging from a line of private carriages extending nearly the whole length of Regent Street, we may reasonably infer that a considerable number of the audience must have belonged to the "upper ten," while the densely crowded state of the shilling seats showed that the same description of hearers whom Jullien first taught to listen to, and afterwards thoroughly enjoy, "classical" music rendered with all the appliances of a powerful orchestra, were equally capable of relishing the chamber compositions of the great masters now that the directors of the "Monday Popular Concerts" have placed them within their reach. The instrumental portion of the scheme was devoted to Beethoven, and comprised two quartets,—E flat, No. 10 (Op. 74), and D major (Op. 18); the sonata for pianoforte alone, E flat (Op. 29, No. 3); the violin romance in F (Op. 50), and sonata in A for pianoforte and violoncello. Mr. Charles Hallé's performance of the solo sonata was magnificent throughout, and commanded a perfect "ovation." No less admirable was the duet, in which the honours were shared by Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti, while Herr Straus was warmly applauded for his able rendering of the violin romance. The execution of the quartets, in which the new violinist enjoyed the co-operation of Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, was equally praiseworthy, and met with quite as cordial a reception as the other pieces. Miss Louisa Pyne, Mlle. Jenny Meyer, and Mr. Laurence—a new name—divided the vocal music, the English lady being encored in Spohr's "E mi lasci cosi," of which she repeated the *allegro*, and Macfarren's song from *Charles II.* "Canst thou deem my heart is changing," both sung to perfection. Mlle. Meyer's effective rendering of Beethoven's "In questa tomba" was honoured by a recall, while in Gluck's "Che farò" she afforded general satisfaction. This was equally the case with Miss Pyne's rendering of "Quando lascia," from Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo*. Mr. Laurence sang the air "Ah non avea più lagrime." Undaunted by the enormous work of his morning concert at Her Majesty's Theatre (of which a notice will be found elsewhere), Mr. Benedict presided at the piano, accompanying the vocalists, as well as Herr Straus' solo, with his accustomed ability. Monday, June 25th (the last concert but one), is to be a "Mozart Night;" and July 2nd, termi-

nating the series, will be devoted to various masters, being for the Directors' benefit, an announcement which we are sure will be sufficient to fill St. James's Hall to repletion.

Mr. Benedict's Concert.—Our space will not allow us to do more than glance at the very rich programme, marked alike by excellence and variety, which Mr. Benedict provided for his numerous and aristocratic patrons on Monday afternoon. The performance took place in Her Majesty's Theatre, every part of which was densely crowded. At half-past one the band played the overture to *Masaniello*, and this was the prelude to a miscellaneous selection, chiefly devoted to favourite pieces from the most popular operas of the day, contributed by Mlle. Brunetti (the young and promising singer, who but recently made her *début* as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*), Mlle. Vaneri, Signors Corsi, Aldighieri, Gassier, and Belart. Besides the vocal music, there was one of Spohr's *concertante* duets for two violins, played to perfection by Herren Molique and Straus (the youngest and most rising violinist in Germany); and to finish this section of the entertainment, Mr. Benedict's ingenious and sparkling *Concertino* for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniment, performed at one of his own concerts, some years ago, in the Royal Italian Opera, by Miss Arabella Goddard, but on the present occasion executed in his most brilliant style by the composer himself. To this miscellaneous selection followed Rossini's magnificent *Stabat Mater*, which, so far as the principal singers were concerned, could hardly have been better given, but left much to desire in one very important department—viz., the chorus, which, in the "Eia mater" (bass solos, by Signor Vialetti), and still more in the final "Amen" (embracing Rossini's idea of a fugue, "*en robe de chambre*"—of which the cleverest and most gifted pupil of the learned Padré Mattei ought to have been ashamed), was in all respects unsatisfactory. Nevertheless, such fine declamation as that of Mlle. Titiens in the "Inflammatus," and such absolutely faultless singing as that of Mad. Alboni in the "Fac ut portem Christi mortem," would have atoned for much more lamentable shortcomings. The duet between these two ladies ("Quis est homo") was equally to be admired, while Signor Giuglini in "Cujus animam gementem," and Signor Everardi in "Pro peccatis," exhibited not only a thorough acquaintance with the text but the power of expressing it, each, after his manner, to perfection. On the whole this performance of the *Stabat Mater* afforded the utmost gratification. It was succeeded by the exquisite "Ave Maria," from Mendelssohn's unfinished *Loreley*, Mad. Catherine Hayes giving the soprano solos with her accustomed sentiment, the characteristic horn-parts in the orchestra being irreproachable, and the chorus far more satisfactory than in the *Stabat* of Rossini. An eccentric solo on the violoncello, eccentrically (though skilfully) rendered by the composer, Signor Pezze, and eccentrically accompanied by the orchestra, was the next display. To this succeeded the famous "Tyrolienne" from Donizetti's *Betly*, superbly sung by Mad. Alboni; Thalberg's most elaborate, individual, and mechanically difficult *fantasia* for pianoforte alone (on the prayer from *Mosé in Egitto*—which first introduced the celebrated Viennese pianist to an English public, at the Philharmonic Concerts, some 20 years ago), performed by Miss Arabella Goddard, Thalberg's favourite pupil; an Irish ballad, sung by Mad. Catherine Hayes; a duet for two pianofortes, on themes from *Robert le Diable*, composed by M. Léopold de Meyer, who, with Mr. Benedict as partner, undertook its performance, and succeeded in astonishing and delighting the audience in an equal measure; Rode's familiar air with variations, sung with extraordinary brilliancy and great applause by Mlle. Artôt; and Meyerbeer's vigorous and characteristic March composed for the 100th anniversary of Schiller's birthday, and now heard for the first time in England. Here, it might have been thought, was enough for any one concert, however ambitious its pretensions. Mr. Benedict, however, was evidently not of this opinion, inasmuch as Meyerbeer's march had only brought us to the "half-way house." The whole third act of Rossini's *Otello* (in costume, as on ordinary operatic evenings), in which Mad. Borghi-Mamo and Signor Mongini, as Desdemona and Otello, have reaped such well-earned laurels at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Gnecco's *Prova d'un Opera Seria* (the only *opera buffa*, by the way, of its composer that has defied the encroachments of time) were still to come. All who stayed to listen to Rossini's admirable music were enchanted; and we have reason to believe that those who, still unsatiated with the interminable banquet of harmony prepared by the Trimalchio of concert-givers, remained for the *jeu d'esprit* of Gnecco, had equal cause for satisfaction, the principal characters being assigned to Mad. Lotti della Santa, Signor Sebastiano Ronconi (Mr. E. T. Smith's Rigoletto, and brother to Giorgio Ronconi, Mr. Gye's Rigoletto), and Signor Ciampi, the new bass-barytone, whose Dr. Bartolo is already a "town talk." We were, unfortunately, not of the number, it being six o'clock P.M. before the last note of Rossini's eloquent music had breathed the last sigh of Desdemona. When we add that, but for the indisposition of the new dancer, Mad. Claudine Cucchi, the ballet of *Adelina* was to have crowned the entertainment, our musical readers who were not present will agree with those more fortunately privileged in pronouncing this last concert (*pasticcio?*) of Mr. Benedict's a "monster-concert," entirely without precedent. At the same time, in all probability, a large majority of the audience would willingly have dispensed with one-third of the programme in favour of some few pieces, vocal and instrumental, from the pen of the accomplished concert-giver—too excellent and inventive a musician to restrict his patrons on such an occasion to a short concertino for the pianoforte. Signor Arditi shared with Mr. Benedict the post of orchestral conductor.

Prince George Galitzin's Concert.—This concert, of the holder and object of which we have already given some account, took place on Wednesday afternoon in St. James's Hall. Though its announcement did not, as we expected it would have done, fill the hall to overflowing, yet the audience was large, and many distinguished persons were present. Prince Galitzin, on presenting himself in the orchestra in the capacity of conductor of the concert, was received with loud and prolonged acclamations. He is a man of a striking aspect; tall, stout, and portly, with a handsome and noble countenance, and an air of great dignity. He conducted the performances with the skill of a practised musician, wielding his baton of command with remarkable grace, and beating the measure with very great clearness and precision. Altogether, this high-born stranger did not disappoint the expectations of those who were led by his illustrious name—which is a household word among musical amateurs—to look at him with curiosity and interest. The concert consisted wholly of Russian music, unknown in this country, but calculated to give a high idea of the state of the art in the far North. Several of the pieces were composed by Prince Galitzin, and showed him to be—not a mere amateur, but a thorough artist, possessed of original genius and great technical acquirements. A chorus, "Santa Maria," which opened the concert, was a piece of ecclesiastical harmony equally remarkable for purity of style and grandeur of effect. There was, too, a charming Romance with an "obbligato" accompaniment for the violoncello, sung by Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and accompanied by M. Réné Douay, which enchanted the audience; and there was, lastly, a waltz for the orchestra, which, in vigour, brilliancy, and masterly treatment, reminded us of the best things of poor Jullien. In short, this illustrious amateur showed himself a master of every style of music. Besides these compositions of Prince Galitzin, there were several superb choral pieces of Bortniansky, a composer whose renown has reached this country, and whose music ought to be better known among us; and there were two specimens of Glinka, a famous dramatic composer of the day; one, a beautiful trio from a Russian opera, sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Patey; and the other a mazurka, played with remarkable grace and brilliancy by Miss Arabella Goddard, who was enthusiastically called upon to repeat it, but contented herself by gracefully acknowledging the compliment. Though the concert consisted of modern compositions, they were, for the most part, strongly marked with the Russian national character, a circumstance which enhanced their interest. The performances were received with the greatest enthusiasm; most of them, indeed, were encored, and at the conclusion Prince Galitzin retired from the orchestra amidst thunders of applause from all parts of the hall.

Mad. Sainton-Dolby's Two Concerts.—For many years past there have been so many entertainments in the months of May and June, that space cannot be found in our columns for doing them common justice. Here, for instance, are two of the

best concerts of the year, and we are obliged to curtail our account of them, for only a few lines are available. The *bénéficiaire* sang, in the course of the two performances, "Ah s'estinto," Mercadante; "The Skipper and his Boy," Miss V. Gabriel; "It was fifty years ago," in which Mr. Hatton has so well illustrated Longfellow's beautiful ode on Professor Agassiz; "Janet's choice," Claribel; "Per pietà," (*Così fan tutte*) Mozart; and "Che faro" (*Orfeo*), Gluck. The pure expression, artistic phrasing, and thoroughly musical voice of Mad. Sainton are always welcome; and it is now quite superfluous to say that her concerts were attended by crowded audiences. A special word of commendation is due to Miss Marian Moss for her correct singing of an air from Spohr's *Azor and Zemira*. Among the other notabilities were Mad. C. Hayes, Signor Belletti, Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, with her pet "Shadow song" (*Dinorah*); Mr. Santley, Mr. Montgomery, who has appeared before now as Signor Luigi, Mad. Rieder, Mlle. Parepa, and Signor Belart. The instrumental music, performed by Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Hallé, Messrs. Sainton, Ries, Doyle, Piatti, and Paque, comprised, among many well-known and welcome works, Dussek's sonata in B flat, pianoforte and violin, played to admiration by Miss Goddard and M. Sainton; Mendelssohn's trio in D minor by Mr. Hallé, and MM. Sainton and Paque; the splendid Op. 26 (sonata with funeral march) in A flat of Beethoven, by Mr. Chas. Hallé; and Benedict's *fantasia* on "Where the bee sucks," by Miss Goddard, who, though loudly encored, declined to accept the compliment. M. Sainton's violin playing was, as usual, the theme of unanimous praise. The concerts took place in St. James's Hall.

The First Dress Rehearsal (as it is the fashion now to call certain musical entertainments heretofore denominated "concerts") of "The Arion," a new musical association, was given on Thursday evening at the Architectural Gallery, Maddox Street. The programme, of unusual excellence, comprised Mr. Macfarren's *May Day*; selections from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*; Neithardt's motett, for eight-part choir, "Misericordias Domini;" Webbe's glee, "To love I wake;" Mendelssohn's part-song, "Autumn Song;" part-song, "On the Rhine," by W. C. Filby; besides songs, duets, and trios, sung by Mad. Gilbert, Miss Alleyne, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Paget, Miss Fosbroke, Miss Bramly, Miss Boden, Mlle. Charlier, Messrs. Redfearn, H. Regaldi, and Wallworth. Mr. Macfarren's *cantata* was on the whole most creditably rendered, the chorus being steady and correct throughout, and evidently working with a will. Mad. Gilbert, in the song "Beautiful May," won a decided and well-merited encore. The selection from the *Clemenza di Tito* pleased universally. The performances entitled to special mention were the aria "Parto," by Mad. Gilbert, with clarinet *obbligato* by Mr. Williams; duet, "Ah! perdona," by Miss Fisher and Mrs. Paget; and the tenor air, "Ah, se fosse," by Mr. Redfearn. As a relief to the vocal music, Mr. Winniatt Smith (violin), Mr. Alfred Gilbert (piano), and Dr. Bennett Gilbert (harmonium), played Gounod's *Meditation sur un Prelude de Bach*, and Mr. Williams executed a fantasia on the clarinet, both with capital effect. Mr. Alfred Gilbert conducted.

Herr Ernst Pauer's Orchestral Concert came off at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday evening. Beethoven's concerto for the pianoforte, No. 5, Op. 73, in E flat, was the principal instrumental display, and was executed finely both by pianist and orchestra. Herr Pauer's other performances were Prelude and Fugue by Bach, *Studie in Canonischer Form*, Op. 56, No. 4, by Schumann; Weber's *Momento Cappriccioso*; Schulhoff's *Aubade*; and his own *transcription* of the Spanish air, "La Calesera." The *Cappriccioso* of Weber and *Aubade* of Schulhoff were both extremely effective. The band—selected from the Royal Italian Opera and Philharmonic—played the overtures to *Figaro* and *Prometheus*. Herr Pauer's contributions were important. These were, in the vocal department—recitative and air from the operetta *Don Riego*, for bass voice, and the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," written for chorus and solos of female voices, with accompaniment of pianoforte *obbligato*—both, we believe, given for the first time in public. The Psalm is the composition of a skilled and thoughtful musician, and was extremely well executed by the choir of female voices. The bass recitative and air found a capital interpreter in Mr. Thomas, and was much applauded. Herr Pauer's instrumental contributions included a pianoforte arrangement of the Spanish air just alluded to, and a concerto for the clarinet. The last is admirably written for the instrument, and was executed to perfection by Mr. Lazarus. This performance created a great sensation, the audience recalling Mr. Lazarus at the end with enthusiasm. Herr Kömpel performed a fantasia on the violin, by Spohr, with admirable dexterity. Mad. Rieder introduced a new *bravura*, *Le Carnaval de Rome*, in which her rare facility and command of the higher tones were conspicuously displayed; and joined Mr. Thomas in the duet from Figaro "Crudel, perchè." Herr Molique and Mr. Henry Leslie were the conductors.

Herr Wilhelm Kuhe, the well-known professor of the pianoforte, gave his annual morning concert at St. James's Hall, on Thursday. It was a miscellaneous affair, but extremely good of its kind. Herr Kuhe himself performed, with M. Sainton, Dussek's beautiful sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violin; duo for piano and harmonium with Herr Engel; and two solos of his own composition. Herr Kuhe is an admirable executant, and while he played all the foregoing pieces capitally, he was most particularly effective in Dussek's sonata (which is attaining a wide popularity) and in one of his own solos, *Grande Fantaisie de Concert*, on airs from *Dinorah*. M. Sainton played his own fantasia on the *Figlia del Reggimento* with brilliant success. The rest of the programme was devoted to vocal music rendered by Miss Louisa Pyne, Mad. Rieder, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Signor Belart, Mr. Tennant, Signor Oliva, and Mr. Santley; wherein Mad. Rieder, inasmuch as she was recalled after singing the *Carnaval de Venise*, appeared to carry away the vocal honours of the evening. The *Carnaval* certainly, and the ballad "The Skipper and his Boy," by Mad. Sainton-Dolby, were the most effective performances in the vocal department. The hall was crowded with bonnets, and the male sex seemed in a decided minority. Herr Kuhe should congratulate himself on the patronage of the fair sex. No doubt the popular pianist reckoned upon such an audience, as the selection was of a kind to be addressed especially to the ladies.

Mlle. Caroline Valentin's Matinée.—The morning concert of Mlle. Caroline Valentin, an eminent professor of the pianoforte, took place on Wednesday afternoon under distinguished patronage. The entertainment was held in the Hanover Square Rooms, which were crowded to the walls with a fashionable audience, among whom the fair sex, as usual at morning concerts, considerably predominated. Mlle. Valentin has evidently not been idle since her last appearance in public (about a year since). Her own part in the performance was both trying and ambitious, including no less than five pieces—two in the classical style, one in the so-called "romantic," and two in the modern "brilliant," which taxes the mechanical rather than the intellectual capacity of the artist. To the first category belonged Haydn's charming trio in G, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in which Mlle. Valentin was associated with MM. Buziau and Paque, and Beethoven's well-known sonata to which the title of *Mondscheins* ("Moonlight") Sonata has been assigned by certain of its more enthusiastic admirers. The "brilliant-school" was represented by Kullak's showy and difficult *caprice* entitled *Les Arpèges*, and the late Fumagalli's clever imitation of Thalberg, in the shape of an improvisation on "A te o cara." M. Stephen Heller's second and best *Tarantella* vindicated the claims of the "romantic" style to the attention and applause of connoisseurs. In all these compositions Mlle. Valentin not only exhibited that manipulative talent and command of expression which have been praised on former occasions, but a very decided improvement. In the pieces of Haydn and Beethoven she displayed both thought and facility, and in Kullak's *Arpèges* achieved a marked and well-merited success. All her efforts were honoured with the most encouraging tokens of approval. M. Victor Buziau, who took the violin part in the trio, proved himself—in one of Ernst's most arduous *tours de force*—a solo player of more than common ability; and M. Paque performed a romance and *bolero* of his own (on the violoncello) to perfection. The vocal selection was excellent, and judiciously varied. M. Depret gave Hoel's romance in *Dinorah* with real feeling; Mlle. Kettler two German *lieder* in a pleasing and unaffected manner; and Mad. Rieder the variations on the

"Carnaval de Venice" with wonderful fluency of execution. Besides these, the new German singer, Herr Hermanns, whose magnificent bass voice produced so lively an impression at one of the recent Monday Popular Concerts, delighted the audience so much in a *lied*, called "Die Heimkehr," that he was unanimously encored, and, in response to the compliment, substituted Evers' spirited "Sturmwind," afterwards giving the "Song of Falstaff" (from the late Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*) with equal success. The voice of this gentleman has the depth and sonority of that of Herr Formes, together with much of Herr Formes's energetic force in declamation. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was the accompanist, and fulfilled his task with his accustomed ability. The concert was altogether attractive, and Mlle. Valentin's patrons had every reason to be gratified with the musical entertainment provided for them.

MENDELSSOHN'S hymn, "Ave Maria," from the posthumous opera of *Loreley*; Spohr's *Ode to St. Cecilia*; and Mr. Macfarren's *May Day*, will be the principal features of the great orchestral performance of the Vocal Association, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, on Friday evening, June 29th, at St. James's Hall, that being the last subscription concert of the season.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This day will be produced IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO. Characters by Mad. ALBONI, Mlle. VANERI, Mlle. LOTTI DELLA SANTA, Signor EVERARDI, Signor CIAMPI, and Signor GIUGLINI. In active preparation, and will shortly be produced, with new and extensive scenery, properties, and decorations, Weber's grand romantic Opera of OBERON. Principal characters by Mlle. TITIENS, Mlle. LEMAIRE, Mlle. VANERI, Mlle. BRUNETTI, Mad. ALBONI, Signor BELART, Signor EVERARDI, Signor ALDIGHIERI, and Signor MONGINI. NOTICE.—In consequence of the numerous applications at the Box-office of the Theatre, from the Gentry residing in the vicinity of the metropolis, the Lessee and Director has decided upon giving One Grand Morning Performance, which will take place on Wednesday, June 27, when will be performed Meyerbeer's grand Opera of LES HUGUENOTS. Raoul, Signor GIUGLINI; St. Bris, Signor GASSIER; Nevers, Signor EVERARDI; Maurevert, Signor FELLAR; Marcello, Signor VIALETTI; Urbano, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO; Margherita, Mlle. LOUISA MICHAL (her second appearance in this country); Dames d'Onore, Mlle. NARDI and DELL'ANESE; Valentina, Mlle. TITIENS. Conductor, Signor ARDITI. The Opera will commence at 2 o'clock. In order to secure places for this grand Morning Performance (positively the only one this season) early application should be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 10 until 6, and on the nights of performance until the end of the Opera

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — ALBONI, LOTTI DELLA SANTA, VANERI, EVERARDI, CIAMPI, and GIUGLINI. This Evening (Saturday, June 23) will be performed (for the first time this season) Cimarosa's celebrated chef-d'œuvre, IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO. Carolina, Mlle. LOTTI DELLA SANTA; Elisa, Mlle. VANERI; Fidalma, Mad. ALBONI; Il Conte, Signor EVERARDI; Geronimo, Signor GIUSEPPE CIAMPI; and Paolino, Signor GIUGLINI. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. The Opera commences at 8 o'clock. Pit Tickets, 8s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.; to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Second Night of MARTHA.—On Tuesday next, June the 26th, will be performed (for the second time this season), Flotow's Opera, MARTHA. Principal characters by Mad. PENCO, Mad. DIDIÉE, Signor GRAZIANI, Signor TAGLIAFICO, M. ZELGER, and Signor MARIO. Extra Night, Thursday next.—Combined Entertainment.—On Thursday next, June 28th, will be performed (for the first time this season) Bellini's Opera, NORMA. Norma, Mad. GRISI (being her last appearance but one in that character); Adalgisa, Mlle. CORBARI; Clotilde, Mad. TAGLIAFICO; Oroveso, M. ZELGER; Flavio, Signor Rossi; and Pollio, Signor GARDONI. After which the Second Act of Auber's Comic Opera, FRA DIAVOLO. Zerlina, Mad. MIOLAN-CARVALHO; Lady Allcash, Mlle. CORBARI; Il Marchese, Signor GARDONI; Lorenzo, Signor NERI-BARALDI; Beppo, Signor TAGLIAFICO; Giacomo, M. ZELGER; and Lord Allcash, Signor RONCONI. Grand Concert.—Production of ORFEO.—On Wednesday next, June 27, a Grand Evening Concert will take place. On this occasion the first part of the Concert will consist of a miscellaneous selection, in which the following artists will take part:—Mad. GRISI, Mlle. CORBARI; Mad. MIOLAN-CARVALHO; Signor GARDONI, M. ZELGER, Signor TAGLIAFICO, Signor POLONINI, Signor NERI-BARALDI, M. FAURE, Signor GRAZIANI, and Signor RONCONI. After which will be produced the celebrated work, by Glück, entitled ORFEO E EURIDICE, illustrated by costume, scenery, and decoration. Orfeo, Mlle. CSILLAG; Un Ombra, Mad. MIOLAN-CARVALHO; L'Amore, Mad. DIDIÉE; and Euridice, Mad. PENCO. Conductor, Mr. COSTA. The Subscribers to the Opera for the Saturdays of the season, as well as those for the second alternate weeks, will be presented with the entrée to the above performance. Box Subscribers will receive Boxes, and Stall Subscribers will receive Stalls. Doors open at half-past 7, to commence at 8. Prices of admission to the public:—Boxes, Grand and Pit Tiers, £4. 4s.; First Tier, £3. 3s. and £2. 2s.; Second Tier, £1. 11s. 6d.; Pit Stalls, 15s.; Pit, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Every Evening. Mlle. DUVERGER—M. LECLERC. Monday, UN VIEUX DE LA VIELLE ROCHE.—CONTENOR POLYPHENE.—L'INVITATION A LA VALSE. Orchestra Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 3s.; Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, from £2 2s. Commence at 8 o'clock. Box-Office open from 11 to 5 daily.

Notice.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

THE TESTIMONIAL TO MR. CIPRIANI POTTER on his retirement from the Royal Academy of Music, is to be presented to him at the Academy on Saturday next, the 30th inst., when Sir George Clerk will take the chair, and all the subscribers are invited to attend. These number between three and four hundred, and consist of former and present professors and students of the Academy, and many of the most distinguished musicians and amateurs of music in England, who have been eager thus to express their friendship and admiration for the man who has, in his official capacity as the head of our only public musical seminary, done more than any other towards the vast progress of music in this country during the thirty-seven years of the Academy's existence.

THE approaching "Great National Contest" of the Brass Bands at the Crystal Palace, to commence on Tuesday, July 10th, has excited unusual curiosity and interest in provincial circles. One hundred and fifteen brass bands, mostly belonging to the North and Midland Counties, have entered to compete for sundry valuable prizes to be awarded to the best players. The origin of these bands is easily accounted for, and their constitution very simple. In the large manufacturing establishments, the workmen of late years, from the early closing movement and other causes, having more time on their hands than they knew well what to do with, turned their attention to music as the most agreeable recreation, and the surest resource from weariness. They purchased a few cornets and trumpets by subscription, learned how to play, or taught themselves, and formed the nucleus of a brass band. The late improvements, and the introduction of the valves into brass instruments, which renders playing on them comparatively easy, decided their choice, and the difficulties of learning being readily surmounted, gave a new impetus to the associations, and tended greatly to their advancement and increase. Another reason why brass instruments only were selected was, that the players being compelled mostly to exhibit in the open air, the loudest and most sonorous instruments had the preference. Example, no doubt, had something to do with it. The cavalry regiments, always quartered in the large manufacturing towns, with their splendid brass bands, continually excited the emulation of the workmen. Generally speaking, while the clarionet, oboe, flute, or bassoon requires years of assiduous practice to master, a certain proficiency may be attained on the cornet-à-pistons, trombone, horn, ophicleide, and its various congeners, comparatively, in a few weeks. This was a great matter for men engaged all day in hard labour, and who could only devote a few minutes at a time to practice. Moreover, the

cheapness of brass instruments compared with wood, their greater durability, and the little care demanded for their preservation, were not without their influence. Not to seek for further causes, sufficient has been shown to explain why mechanics and artizans should have preferred a band of brass instruments entire to one constituted of wood and brass in combination. The men went to work with a good will; engaged competent teachers, and had music specially arranged for them. The facility of playing and facility of purchase thus afforded, together with instruction from without and application from within, soon displayed surprising results. Suddenly, throughout the length and breadth of Yorkshire, amateur bands started up as if by magic. All were composed of men attached to the factories or large "works." Other districts followed the example of the four Ridings, and the whole of the North of England resounded with tuneful brayings from myriads of brazen throats. Such music could not fail to speak loudly to authoritative ears. In a brief while some of these brass bands played so well as to obtain a certain amount of local reputation. Challenges were sent forth from county to county—from riding to riding—from parish to parish—nay, from factory to factory; contests took place; prizes were awarded. These meetings had their fine issues. Emulation and rivalry were established on a pacific footing, and much lusty wind was expended, not in vain, in the honourable struggle for executive superiority.

Mr. Enderby Jackson of Hull, a gentleman who has been for many years one of the most indefatigable and earnest promoters of popular music in the north of England, and who has done as much as any man of his day to introduce good music into village homes, was the first who thought he could employ these musical bodies to valuable purposes. He originated public contests between brass bands, which were given at Bristol, Wolverhampton, Leicester, and numerous small towns, such as Doncaster, &c. When first these prize meetings were held, amateur bands were a rarity. Now, however, there are few large manufactories or workshops in the north of England without having their "musicians" attached to the establishment. The "Grand National Contest" about to come off at the Crystal Palace is the natural result of these minor gatherings, and, with a desire natural to enthusiasts in art, each body is anxious to assert its title to excellence in presence of the best constituted authorities in the kingdom.

Of the one hundred and fifteen bands entered to contend for the various prizes on the 10th proximo, many have obtained such special excellence as to give rise among their several supporters to a vast deal of speculation as to who are likely to become the victors. We do not wish to appear invidious, but a few of these bands have been so strongly recommended to us, that we think we shall only be doing an act of justice in recording their names. These are:—Black Dyke Mills (Yorkshire) Band, Beaumont's Holmfirth, Dewsbury, Darlington Sax-horn, Meltham Mills (Yorkshire), Baldon (Yorkshire), Chesterfield, Morley, Staleybridge Old Temperance, Ossett Temperance, Clerkheaton Victoria, Huddersfield, Saltaire (Bradford—Titus Salt's), Sunderland V. R. Artillery, and Lowmoor Ironworks. These at present are the favourites among the better acquainted and the more speculative; and in all probability to them one or more of the prizes will be awarded. Nevertheless, it has been whispered that there are several non-favourites among the competitors who stand a capital chance of coming in first, and who are all the rage in the coal and mining districts, where their policy is to keep things dark.

The following are the prizes to be distributed:—

1. An Euphonion, by Messrs. Boosey & Sons, electro-plated, value 30 guineas.
2. A Contra-Basso, by Messrs. Distin, electro-plated, value 35 guineas.
3. A Cornet-à-Pistons, by Courtois, electro-plated, value 18 guineas.
4. A set of Boosey's *Brass Band Journal*, bound, value 12 guineas.

All music hath its intellectual uses, and even brass band performances, so far down in the scale of art, may exert an influence not to be disregarded by those who seek to make man better and wiser. Upon the poor labourer, sensitive to melody only, a simple home-tune, denuded of all but the barest harmony, may have an effect equal to that of one of the mighty symphonies of the giant of the orchestra upon an educated mind. "We gain a knowledge of heaven but by glimpses," and so the artless strain breathed through a few polished tubes, may convey to the untutored ear the first imaginings of that glorious art, the full enjoyment of which is a heaven to the proficient. The social effects of music upon illiterate minds are still more defined and beneficial. When the day's labour is past, the worker of iron or delver in the mine, instead of betaking himself to potations and boon-companions, seeks for recreation in the society of a chosen few, who with hearts at all events attuned to harmony, humbly strive for mastery in the gentlest and most refining of the arts. Can such a man be constituted for evil deeds, too often the consequence of a few hours hanging heavy on minds incapable of resource? Is not such a man rather befitting himself for the true purposes of life—honest fellowship with his kind, and a determination to better his mental condition?

Let the brass bands therefore prosper. Let them continue to exercise their influence far and wide, and, after their manner, proclaim the supremacy of music in accomplishing good. With their sounding interpreters let them speak aloud in high places and in low places—let them become oracles and preachers of social regeneration to the lowly and untaught; and let their motto be

SUONI LA TROMBA.

PRINCE GALITZIN'S Russian Concert was a great success, though, to our disappointment, we found that the Prince had not brought with him to England his celebrated corps of singers; nor had he even adopted our suggestion of telegraphing for them to Tamboff, their ordinary residence. But he found highly efficient substitutes, as far as the execution of solos and concerted pieces was concerned. In *Gaspaje*, Louisa Pyneova, Saintonova-Dolbiska, and Arabella Goddarda; and in *Gospodini*, Santley-off and Pateyski. The concert was conducted in excellent style by the Prince—whose ancestors, by the way, have long been in the habit of leading; and the programme (as we have mentioned elsewhere) included several of his highness's own compositions. Of the variety of these, some notion may be formed, when we mention that among those performed on Wednesday were a deeply impressive "Santa Maria" for the choir, an arrangement of a Russian melody for two voices, and a very original waltz for the orchestra. The other Russian composers represented were Bortniansky and Glinka; a chorus from one of the religious services of the former, and several pieces from the operatic work of the latter, being executed. As we believe Prince Galitzin intends to give several more concerts of Russian music—and it is rumoured that he moreover intends to produce one of Glinka's operas in its entirety—our readers will perhaps feel interested in hearing some details respecting

the lives and labours of the only two Russian composers, in addition to Prince Galitzin, with whose works the British public have yet made acquaintance.

In Russia, as in all other European countries, the earliest music is the music of the Church, and the most ancient musical document in Russia is a canticle composed in honour of two Russian princes who were canonised in the eleventh century. The manuscript of this canticle was discovered not very long since in the monastery of St. Sergius, near Moscow, and Count Dmitri Tolstoi, who has published a highly interesting work on the subject of early Russian music, argues with reason that it must have been written in Russia, inasmuch as no one out of Russia would have taken any interest in the canonisation of two Russian princes. In the course of time the music of the Russian Church, which had originally been borrowed from Byzantium, lost much of its oriental character; and towards the end of the seventeenth century, the adoption of the European scale, together with the imitation of Italian models, had so transformed it, that the Patriarch of Constantinople felt it necessary to send a choir to Moscow, with the view of restoring the ancient Greek chants, of which the tradition had been lost. But the Constantinople choir did not succeed in their mission, and, indeed, the Russian Church music needed a reform of a very different nature from that contemplated by the Patriarch and his vocalists. Without going back to the antiquated and unsuitable Greek style, it was highly desirable not to continue the imitation of the Italians, which involved a complete sacrifice of words to music; for, in addition to the natural differences between the Russian and Italian languages, it must be remembered that the service of the Roman Church is in verse, whereas that of the Russian is in prose. Bortniansky was the first Russian composer who went seriously to work to harmonise and re-arrange the ancient and disorganised church music of his country. "The *times* were out of joint;" but it was not Bortniansky, it was Lvoff, the composer of the Russian national hymn, who was "born to set them right," and who in his twelve volumes of church-music, has adapted the ancient chants to the rhythm of the Russian words, so that they are now pronounced correctly, in the order in which they occur in the service, and without repetition. Bortniansky, however, after his return from Italy, where he spent eleven years, wrote for the Russian Church the first music that it possesses; among other things a Mass in three parts, and forty-five Psalms, in four and in eight parts. During his residence in Italy, Bortniansky appears to have composed operas, symphonies, sonatas, but no music of a strictly religious character; this, however, was the style in which he excelled, and to which he exclusively devoted himself after his appointment as Director of the Imperial Choir—an office in which he was preceded by Salieri. Many who do not know the name of Bortniansky, are, nevertheless, familiar with some of his compositions, which have been adopted by the Roman Church, and may be heard in the churches of Paris, and, for all we know to the contrary, in those of Italy.

The name of Michael Glinka is not new to the constant and scrupulous readers of the *Musical World*. About a year ago we published an article from the pen of a highly esteemed contributor, on seventeen of his (Glinka's, not our contributor's) songs—being either detached compositions, or selections from the operas of *Rooslan and Loodmila* and *Tizne za Tzarya*. We also printed, a few months since, an article on the strange fortunes of the said *Rooslan and Loodmila*, of which the end was, that the scenery, costumes, score, and orchestral parts of the work were burned in the fire that destroyed the Tsirk theatre last year. The charming trio by Glinka, performed at Prince Galitzin's concert, is from *Tizne za Tzarya*, or *Life for the Tzar*—an opera founded on the story of the peasant Ivan Soussannin, who, when Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, was being pursued by the Poles (at that time the oppressors, not the oppressed, of Russia), misled the invaders, so that the Czar was able to escape, and refused, though put to the torture, to inform them of the route the Czar had taken.

Doubtless, at one or more of the other concerts which it is Prince Galitzin's intention to give, some of the compositions of the contemporary song-writers of Russia will be performed. Songs in the Russian national style, and in that of the Russian gipsies, would be equally novel and acceptable to an English audience.

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AS a specimen of the care with which M. Fétis has set about the task of remodelling his great work, *La Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, by incorporating with the new edition everything that struck him as worth appropriating, we may cite (*inter alia*) the paragraph relating to Beethoven's celibacy, and the causes generally assigned for that self-imposed privation on the part of the illustrious composer. In the first edition the matter is disposed of in a few brief sentences: "Beethoven"—it informs us—"never married; M. de Seyfried even asserts that he was never known to have had any tender attachment. The author of the present *Biography*, nevertheless, remembers being told by Joseph Woelfl (the pianist and composer—once a pupil of Beethoven's), of a certain lady to whose house Beethoven used frequently to go in his youth, and to whom he was very much attached, though he never confessed it. He appeared stung with jealousy whenever compliments were addressed by any other persons to the object of his attachment. In such cases the pianoforte was the depository of his thoughts, and was made to reflect the storm that raged within him. A single look from the lady, however, accompanied by a few kind words, brought back tranquillity to his heart, and caused sweet melodies to succeed the harsh discords of his impetuous and passionate soul."

In the second edition, this paragraph is enriched with a quantity of new and valuable matter. Dr. Wegeler, the friend of Beethoven's childhood and youth, never recollected him without some attachment, and generally one which exercised a great influence on his thoughts and actions. ("*Beethoven war nie ohne Liebe, und meistens von ihr im hohem Grade ergriffen.*") Schindler, "*Ami di Beethoven*," (also his Boswell and biographer), not only admits this assertion to be correct, but furnishes confirmatory details of considerable interest. The objects of Beethoven's regard were always, it seems, persons of high rank, a circumstance accounted for by the nobleness of his disposition, and his frequent intercourse with the upper classes of society. His love, however, was always Platonic; the heart and the imagination were chiefly concerned, the senses playing but a subordinate part in the drama. For several years, Beethoven was attached to Mlle. Julie de Guicciardi, who afterwards married the Count de Yallenberg, and to whom he dedicated his sonata in C sharp minor, (the well-known *Mondscheins*, or "Moonlight sonata.") Some letters written in the summer of 1806, from a watering-place in Hungary, whither the great composer had repaired in the hopes of finding a remedy for his deafness, and published in

Schindler's *Biography*, tend to shew that in this instance, at least, Beethoven's love was reciprocated. Schindler mentions also an *affaire de cœur* between Beethoven and the Countess Marie d'Erdâdy, to whom he dedicated the grand trios in E flat and D, Op. 70. Ferdinand Ries, too—Beethoven's favourite pupil, and who lived with him for a long time on the most intimate terms—says, that his master's love-fits were seldom of very long duration, and that the most lasting evidence of constancy he could cite did not outlive *seven months!* Beethoven's passion for Mlle. de Guicciardi, nevertheless—with deference to Ries and Wegeler—retained its hold on him for years. These additions to the chapter of love in Beethoven's "Life" greatly enhance its value. Not satisfied with these, however, M. Fétis touches on the subject of Beethoven's *friendships*, about which the first edition of the *Biographie Universelle* was altogether silent. The illustrious musician seems to have been no less sensible to friendship than to love, but was so extremely sensitive, even on the most trifling points, that his self-esteem was easily wounded, and he would quarrel with his best friends. His brothers, who frequently disturbed his tranquillity, and were the cause of his greatest annoyances, took delight in poisoning his mind with doubts about those for whom he entertained the sincerest affection, in order themselves to sway him the more completely to their purposes. Beethoven used to listen too readily to their insinuations, and instead of demanding a frank explanation, would sulk and repel by his coolness those against whom he fancied he had grounds of complaint. If, however, any one succeeded in persuading him of his error, he at once hastened to confess he had done wrong, implore forgiveness, and make every atonement in his power, with cheerfulness and alacrity. Although exceedingly attached to the friends of his youth, years sometimes elapsed without his even thinking of them.

One of his letters to M. Wegeler, the companion of his infancy, involves a confession that he had not written to that intimate friend even once during the space of seven years. Although almost as intimate with Schenk, the first who explained to him the defects of his musical education, he would appear to have forgotten his mentor altogether, when, one day, walking with Schindler on the *Boulevards* at Vienna, he met Schenk, of whom he had lost sight for nearly twenty years. Mad with joy at once more meeting so old and true a friend, who for aught he knew might have been already in the grave, Beethoven dragged him into a neighbouring wine-shop (at the sign of the *Hunter's Horn*), and, calling for wine, with a gushing outburst of feeling, as of youth, the generally taciturn and abstracted artist abandoned himself to uncontrollable gaiety, and narrated, in uninterrupted succession, an almost endless series of stories and anecdotes. After an hour thus spent in mutual unconstrained expansion, Schenk and Beethoven separated, never to meet again. This took place in 1824, in less than three years after which period the great "tone-poet" had ceased to exist.

The chapters on love and friendship are followed by one devoted to Beethoven's family relations. The characteristic anecdotes follow—of which, by the way, M. Fétis has made a most discreet and appropriate selection; and finally, we have a chronological catalogue of Beethoven's works, followed by an examination of the biographies, essays, appreciations, and other writings on the subject. If the rest of the new edition of *La Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* be on a par with the article "Beethoven," it will be no less a book of inestimable value than of unexampled labour and research.

SOME seven years ago every London play-goer was astonished by the marks of genius displayed by a comedian of small stature, named Robson, in a burlesque on the *Merchant of Venice* entitled *Shylock*. There was no lack of comic actors at the time, and the world had been completely surfeited with burlesque. Nevertheless, this same Robson displayed so much tragic earnestness in the midst of his grotesque whimsicalities that the critics were puzzled altogether, and began to ask themselves whether a first-rate tragedian, suspecting that the age for "legitimacy" was gone, was not impudently palming himself off as a low comedian.

The puzzle is now at an end. Most people are at present aware that Mr. Robson is *not* a tragedian, but a genius of a peculiar sort, who has carved out a path for himself. The merely comic is not his element, save when it consists in a strongly coloured representation of marked character; but in the art of infusing a drop of pathos into a goblet of fun, Mr. Robson is unrivalled. To make people check themselves in the midst of laughter, to wipe a tear from their eyes,—to startle them with a serious unction, when they are idly listening to a parody on some popular song,—this is the mission of Mr. Robson. Of modern actors, he is the real humorist, in the Thackeray sense of the word,—the man with an instinctive knowledge of human nature, of that strange region in which smiles and tears are contending for supremacy. Of modern actors, he is the one man who, undertaking a new part, awakens the curiosity of the whole metropolis.

On Tuesday next, Mr. Robson will revive the burlesque, *Shylock*, and also perform in the *Porter's Knot*. These two pieces are the respective types of the two departments to which he devotes his talent. In the burlesque he is a creature of conceits and oddities, through which a deep earnest nature is constantly apparent. In the diminutive drama he is the fond father, and the man of unblemished integrity, rendered comic by the results of a vulgar training, but pathetic in the extreme, when the intrinsic worth of the man rises above the effect of circumstances. Those who visit the Olympic Theatre, on Tuesday next, will witness two of the greatest histrionic creations of which the present day can boast.

MR. BENEDICT AS COMPOSER AND PIANIST.—"The most remarkable feature in the first part* was Mr. Benedict's masterly and beautiful execution of his own admirable concertino for piano, with orchestral accompaniment—one of the very best works *del genere* which the modern school can boast. The unaffected sympathy and genuine affinity of mind which connect Mr. Benedict unmistakably with his instructor and model, Carl Maria von Weber, are here (as in all Mr. Benedict's most important compositions) very strikingly exhibited. To resemble so great a writer as the author of *Der Freischütz*, without incurring the reproach of plagiarism, is praise indeed; for nothing less than a kindred genius could accomplish so much. Mr. Benedict's playing was worthy of his music. The delicate and beautiful touch, symmetrical phrasing, *chiaro-oscuro*, and perfectly neat and finished "execution" (taking this word in its special sense) which have ever characterised Mr. Benedict's performances on the pianoforte, were never more delightfully exemplified than in his rendering of the concertino, which was enthusiastically applauded,

* In allusion to Mr. Benedict's concert, on Monday last.

as it well deserved, not only at the termination, but whenever 'tutti' afforded a plausible excuse for doing honour to the soloist. Mr. Benedict, who, be it understood, plays the music of others as well (in every sense) as his own, also took part in an ingenious, brilliant, and immensely-difficult duet for two pianos (on themes from Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*), with its gifted author, the famous 'lion-pianist,' Herr Léopold de Meyer, with whom it is not too much, though a great deal, to say that he fairly shared the honours."—*Morning Post.*

HERR STRAUS AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The first appearance at these concerts of a violinist with such legitimate claims to notice as Herr Straus (from Frankfort) must not be passed over without a line to record that it was eminently and deservedly successful. All genuine amateurs are acquainted with the Tenth Quartet of Beethoven, and know that it is one of the most difficult to play, no less than one of the most profound and poetical, of the seventeen master-pieces which the greatest of instrumental composers has bequeathed to the world of art. In this piece (which had already twice been led with great ability by M. Wieniawski at the Monday Popular Concerts) Herr Straus made his *coup d'essai* before an audience become critical through the force of admirable examples, and so by no means easy to conciliate. Herr Straus, however, in the first part of the first movement had done enough to satisfy all present that he was no mere flashy pretender, but, on the contrary, an artist of the foremost rank; while all the rest, up to the final variation of the theme of the concluding movement, was to match. Thus the Frankfort violinist was not "plucked," but passed his examination triumphantly. The decision was most just, Herr Straus being not merely all that report had given out in his favour, but something more. Besides the Tenth Quartet, he played the Romance (No. 2), accompanied by Mr. Benedict on the pianoforte, and the Quartet in D major, the finest of the early set of six, numbered Op. 18, and the one which in certain places (instance the *minuetto* and *trio*) exercised an undoubted influence upon Mendelssohn.—*Times.*

CLEMENTI'S SONATA IN C MAJOR, OP. 39.*—(*From the Athenæum.*)—

"Mr. C. Hallé's Second 'Rehearsal' was excellently well 'recited' the day before yesterday. Nothing could be better than his playing. Of this, as interpreting Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, and Mr. Hallé, there is no need to speak; but we were especially grateful for the grace and vivacity thrown into the selections given from the works of Scarlatti (the second *piece* as fresh as though it had been but yesterday), and for another Clementi *sonata*, Op. 39, No. 1,—*numbered* 23 in André's new edition, which may be called another Clementi jewel from a mine, the opening of which is only beginning. The expressive, yet animated, dignity of the opening *Allegro di molto*, the life and originality of the last *finale* in ⅜ C major, of which we cannot but fancy Beethoven may have heard when busy with his first set of *Bagatelles*, establish the work as a master-piece,—thanks to the address and spirit of the player who established it on Thursday."

["The same sonata of Clementi," says the programme of the last Monday Popular Concert, "was performed on the third 'Italian Night,'—June 4th,—by Miss Arabella Goddard."]

THEODORE RITTER AT THE PHILHARMONIC.—"The solo instrumentalists were Herr Ritter, a pianist quite new to this country, and M. Paque, the well-known violoncellist. The former was triumphantly successful, as he well deserved to be. The numerous disappointments we have experienced of late years with respect to 'distinguished foreign pianists,' whose visits to our shores were heralded by magnificent 'puffs preliminary,' each player being set down for the nonce as the greatest of the great, rendered us, we must own, somewhat sceptical about the merits of Herr Ritter. We were thus surprised no less than delighted to find in this new performer a consummate master of his instrument—a pianist whose executancy presents a combination of manual agility with purity and elegance of style which not one player in a thousand attains to. Herr Ritter possesses, too, in its highest perfection, that gift of nature, a beautiful and sympathetic "touch." He handles his piano as though he loved it, and the piano seems to return his affection. The piece selected by Herr Ritter for his *début* at the Philharmonic was Hummell's fine and far too rarely heard concerto in A minor. Herr Ritter could not have chosen more wisely. Nothing more thoroughly 'pianistic' than this work exists; and perhaps there is none in which so much effect may be made in a natural and orthodox way by a legitimate pianist. We do not mean to say that Hummell's concerto in A minor is not 'difficult' to play, for it demands graces of style and expression which none but a great artist can supply; but the florid passages, truly brilliant though they be, are all what is termed 'grateful'—that is, they lie well under the fingers, and repay with interest whatever labour they may have exacted from the player. Herr Ritter was enthusiastically applauded, and recalled twice after his masterly performance."—*Morning Post.*

* Monday Popular Concert Library—No. 3 (in the press).

GLUCK'S "IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS," AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE triumphant success achieved by the revival of Gluck's *Orfeo* at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris last winter, suggested to Mr. Charles Hallé the production of another master-piece of the illustrious and too-forgotten composer, at the Gentlemen's Concerts in Manchester. Mr. Hallé had many *chefs-d'œuvre* to select from. He chose *Iphigenia in Tauris*, one of Gluck's latest dramatic works, and unquestionably one of his grandest. *Iphigenia in Tauris* was written expressly for the Grand Opera of Paris, and was produced in 1779. The subject forms a sequel to the opera *Iphigenia in Aulis*, written to an adaptation of Racine's tragedy of that name, and brought out at Vienna a year or two after Gluck had declared his new dramatic style in *Orfeo* and *Alceste*. *Iphigenia in Tauris* was not at first eminently successful; it grew, however, upon the Parisian public, and was held in high estimation for many years.

This is not the place to discuss the question why Gluck's operas have never awakened any sympathy in British audiences. We might suggest, as a reply, that British audiences have seldom had an opportunity of testing their likes or dislikes. It is certainly very questionable whether operas in which long recitatives constitute an integral and important part of the score would ever become popular in this country. To the musical thinker, these sublime dialogues and soliloquies have a meaning and a purpose beyond what they convey to the ear, and suggest thoughts that transcend even the most entrancing melodies. But mixed audiences must be pleased through the senses; and until the operatic public become homogeneous, we fear there is little hope for Gluck's lofty inspirations attaining a wide popularity.

Certainly nothing was left undone by Mr. Charles Hallé on Wednesday night to recommend *Iphigenia in Tauris* to the hearers. An admirable band and chorus were engaged, and the principal parts of Iphigenia, Pylades, and Orestes, were sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley, with Miss Susanna Cole and Miss Theresa Jefferys as Diana and the Priestess.

The performance was a decided success, so much so, that it is announced for repetition on the 4th of July. There were five encores, two being awarded to the chorus, "Chorus of Scythians" by the male choir, and "Hymn to Diana," by the female choir. Miss Pyne sang the long and arduous music of Iphigenia with untiring energy, and exhibited the beauty of her voice and perfect style throughout. Mr. Santley was extremely powerful in the grand declamatory music of Orestes,—more splendid singing indeed we have not heard for years, from native or foreign artist,—and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, as Pylades, was highly intelligent and effective, while Miss Susanna Cole and Miss Theresa Jefferys both acquitted themselves honourably in the small but important parts of Diana and the Priestess.

Mr. Charles Hallé was received with immense cheers, both on his entrance and retirement from the platform, in which the band and chorus joined heartily. His *début* in this metropolis as a conductor is an unprecedented success.

THE ORPHEONISTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*Communicated.*)

THE Orpheonists will arrive during the afternoon of the 24th. The western line of France has several special trains appointed to leave Paris between 9 and 11 p.m. on Saturday night, and five, or if needed six, large steamers will await the trains at Dieppe, arriving at London

Bridge station by several special trains in two relays from Newhaven, about one and eight o'clock. The northern line of France have appointed special trains to leave Paris at 11·30 p.m., and three extra steamers will await the arrival of the passengers at Calais and Boulogne, reaching the London Bridge station of the South Eastern Railway in the course of the following afternoon. It has not been found practicable to make use of the offer of the Peninsular and Oriental Company to send specially one of their steamers to Cherbourg, from the circumstance of that port being connected with Paris by only a single line of rails, and the government of France strictly prohibit excursion trains being run on lines thus circumstanced. The two new hotels in the Islington Cattle Market — buildings of enormous capacity — are being fitted up with beds for a large body of the Orpheonists, and it is probable that the North London Railway will afford the means of conveyance daily to Fenchurch Street, whence the distance is short to the London Bridge Station. To ensure the general arrangements being understood by the Orpheonists on their arrival, one hundred *commissionaires*, selected from the officers of each society, will precede them; these will arrive in London on Thursday night.

That the preparations for the decoration of the Great Orchestra may not be interrupted, it was closed to the public immediately after the great dinner of the Scots Fusilier Guards on Wednesday. Running round the back of the orchestra will be fixed the names of each department of France in which the members of the musical societies are resident. Between the names is a large gilt eagle, surmounted with tricoloured flags, the intermediate spaces being filled in with tricoloured escutcheons or shields. Wreaths of evergreens and flowers, and groups of palm trees and exotic shrubs occupy the lower portion of the back of the orchestra, interspersed with which are busts of celebrated men of France. In front of the organ emblematic devices are being prepared by Mr. E. T. Parris, whose labours in connection with the restoration of the interior of the dome of St. Paul's are well known. A matter of interest will be the exhibition of the banners and emblems of each society. These will be arranged along the rising front of the orchestra; many of them are magnificently embroidered and decorated. In the middle of the great orchestra will be ranged the Band of the Imperial Regiment of Guards. In front a number of harpists will be stationed, who are engaged to accompany the chorus written expressly for the occasion by M. Halevy, who it is anticipated will, with other members of the French Committee of Patronage, visit this country with the Orpheonists. Both the band and the harpists have been placed as near as possible to the front, because although the full choruses can be heard in any part of the vast locale in which the Festival will be held, the extreme delicacy of the wind instruments of the Guides Band will render the possession of reserved seats in the forward blocks desirable.

In addition to accompanying the vocal music in each day's selection, the Band of the Guides will perform selections from their extensive *répertoire*; and as the arrangements for the audience will be the same as at the Handel Festival, this celebrated band will be heard with the attention which was not possible on the occasion of the fête for the Patriotic Fund in October 1854.

As a conclusion to may be fitting to notice the formation of an influential committee of members of Parliament, selected irrespective of political views, who have kindly undertaken to render any assistance in their power to the Orpheonists, on production of their special passports, at such places of public exhibition or industrial character as are not usually open to visitors. A committee room for this purpose has been established at 4 Old Palace Yard.

The stay of the Orpheonists is limited to one week; they will leave England on the first of July, the three performances being fixed for Monday 25th, Tuesday 26th, and Thursday 28th June.

A MAN OF MARK.

(From the Midland and Northern Counties Herald).

THE week, which commenced with the festivities and sports of Whitsuntide, is to be further enriched, for the lovers of rational recreation in Newcastle, by a visit from Dr. Mark, and his famous band of juvenile musicians. The musical enterprise with which the name of this gentleman is so worthily associated is not a speculation, but a mission; and the doctor himself is not a speculator, but an apostle. It is important for the public to bear this distinction in mind, because by losing sight of it — and classing Dr. Mark with the thousand and one caterers for the amusement of the people who overrun the country, producing disappointment more frequently than satisfaction, and vitiating instead of elevating the popular taste by the character of their entertainments — the public runs the chance not only of losing the opportunity of enjoying a high musical treat, but of advancing the interests of a highly meritorious undertaking. Whitsuntide has for the time being put a period to political debate. The parliamentary mill is at rest; and although topics of vital interest to mankind are turning up with every new minute, in Italy and other quarters of Continental Europe, the discussion of these can at least wait the passage of our brief holiday. Dr. Mark comes with his music at an appropriate season, and as we believe his enterprise capable of producing no small amount of social benefit to the people of this country, and because the history of that enterprise is intrinsically an interesting one, we may do worse than lay a brief outline of it before our readers.

Dr. Mark is a native of Germany, but it is long since he adopted England as his home; and it is also long since he perceived that although the musical education of his adopted country had been sadly neglected, her sons and daughters had musical capabilities equal to the Germans, the Italians, or any other people popularly supposed to have been more highly gifted by Apollo. To a gentleman of musical tastes, and musical culture, this fact could not be long in revealing itself, for the national music — using the term national in its widest significance as comprehending the three kingdoms — furnishes sufficient evidence of the fact that the divine art has been successfully, if not universally, cultivated in these realms. The question which Dr. Mark proposed to himself, and which for twelve years he has been attempting to solve, was whether it was not possible, by a proper system of education, to inspire all classes of the community with a love of music, and bring its refining and elevating influences to bear more directly, and with greater force, upon the domestic life of the people? It is quite certain, as we learn from history, sometimes incidentally, and sometimes by more direct testimony, that centuries ago music was found more frequently among the household gods of all ranks than it is at our own time. Ellis, Gibbons, Morley, Wilbye, Wilks, Bennet, Boyd, Bull, Dowland, Ford, and Ravenscroft, keep the old centuries of English social and religious life vocal; and while musical performances on a scale of magnificence, considering the circumstances of the times, which might make Englishmen of the present age, familiar as they are with Handel commemoration concerts and other Sydenham miracles of a musical kind, open their eyes, were provided for the entertainment and at the expense of the great ones of the kingdom, the inmates of lowly cottages, both rural and urban, had sufficient culture in the musical art to enable them to lighten the labour of the day, and relieve the monotony of their unoccupied evenings with the charms of song. The madrigals of the Elizabethan era attest the skill of the English composers of the period, and must have required no mean performers to do them justice, and the masques which in that and the two succeeding reigns were so frequent in the houses of princes and nobles, entertainments which may be described as a combination of the drama and the opera, had a powerful influence in cultivating a taste for music among all classes. The object of Dr. Mark was, and is, to create a universal demand for music of a high order of excellence, and to cultivate a universal faculty of performing it. Why should it be confined exclusively to the Church, the theatre, the concert-room, or the houses of the wealthy? Might not the members of a working-man's family be trained so as to sing and play with intelligence and taste, and might not the humble abodes of these be rendered more cheerful, more happy, less pervious to the attacks of intemperance, rudeness, bad temper, and the other evil spirits which attack the ignorant and the unoccupied? "Stimulated by a love for music," says Dr. Mark, in an address to the Mayor and Corporation of Manchester, which we have before us, "stimulated by a love for music, which I have cherished since my childhood, and an ardent desire, to bring its heavenly influence within reach of all classes of society by disseminating a taste for music among the rising generation, I adopted music solely as a profession for carrying out my scheme. I began with composing and teaching music. I soon discovered that the method hitherto pursued was greatly defective, which prevented the genius of the pupil being properly developed. I then imposed upon myself the task of constructing an entirely new system upon a more simple and more effective basis." The new system was first tested at Bristol, upon little Bristol boys, in a musical conservatoire which the doctor established there for the purpose. The children attended in the evenings, and received gratuitous instruction, and by-and-bye a juvenile band was formed, and concerts given in Bristol and neighbourhood which surprised and delighted all hearers. It was something entirely new, and as wonderful as it was novel, to see mere children perform on instruments with a skill and effect which would have put many performers to the blush of six times their age, and ten times their training; and the success that attended these concerts, although not quite so great as their merit deserved, was sufficient to encourage Dr. Mark in his labours. In 1854 he recognised the Anglo-French alliance by dressing his corps of juvenile musicians in English and French military costume. Ultimately the Bristol institution was

given up as being too limited a field; and as the new enterprise was intended to be national in its dimensions, its originator betook himself to the manufacturing districts, organised a band of boys selected from all quarters of the three kingdoms, and proceeded in his work with an energy and enthusiasm which could have been sustained only in consequence of its basis being laid on an intense love of his art, and which could not be damped by professional jealousy upon the one hand, nor temporary failure on the other. The purpose of Dr. Mark was to establish musical conservatoires in every important town in the United Kingdom for little children, so that the study of music might become a branch of national education in the humblest schools. For years he has prosecuted his work, travelling through England, Scotland, and Ireland, explaining and illustrating his system by lectures and the performances of his juvenile band, and testing the sincerity of his professions by admitting to his entertainments crowds of the poorer children either gratis or at merely nominal prices. The establishment of the Royal College of Music and the Manchester Conservatoire of Music in the great metropolis of cotton are practical efforts, which have been crowned with a large measure of success. The Royal College is intended for pupils from all parts of the country; but none but pupils from Manchester, Salford, and neighbourhood are admitted to the Conservatoire. The pupils in the latter establishment receive instruction in vocal and instrumental music in evening classes, either on payment of a moderate subscription or on condition of their services being given if required by the head of the institution; or in evening classes, through the assistance of voluntary contributions. Orphans whose parents belonged to the musical profession, and poor children who have special musical talents, receive in the Royal College of Music a musical and general education, board, lodging, and clothing free of all expense, until they are fourteen years of age, when they are either apprenticed to a trade or remain in the college to be trained as musical professors. It will thus be seen, from the outline we have given of Dr. Mark's mission, and of the means he has adopted in carrying it out, that it is one which deserves in an eminent degree the support of the public. We hear that up to last year he had spent 50,000*l.* upon it, and so heavy are the expenses attending the management of the Manchester institutions, in consequence of many pupils being educated either partly or wholly free, that, were it not for the support the doctor meets with in his musical tours through the country, we do not see how the institutions could be kept up. This support, however, is not so liberal as it might be, and at his last visit here a few months since was by no means so liberal as it ought to have been. The series of concerts to be given to-day and to-morrow we trust to see well attended. The concerts themselves will, we have no doubt, be of great merit, for Dr. Mark and his "Little Men" never cause disappointment, and the mission in which he is engaged is one that ought to command the sympathy and the assistance of philanthropists of all orders.

COTTINGHAM.—The opening of the grand organ at Cottingham took place last week. Special trains were run from Hull and Beverley, and at the morning service there was a very good attendance. In order to give greater effect to the services, arrangements had been made for the choir of Beverley Minster to attend; and in the morning and evening full choral services were performed. Divine service commenced at eleven o'clock, A.M., being opened by a symphony from Haydn on the new organ, by J. Williamson, Esq. (Mayor of South Shields). The prayers and lessons were read by the Rev. C. Overton, vicar; the litany by the Rev. Mr. Birtwhistle. At the communion service, the Revs. T. M. Macdonald and Mr. Garwood officiated; and the sermon was preached by the Rev. T. M. Macdonald, incumbent of Trinity Church, Nottingham. The rev. gentleman took his text from Revelations, xxi., 3—5. The musical services consisted of two voluntaries by Mr. J. Rogers, of Doncaster, on themes by Sebastian Bach; the Venite; Psalms (Feeton and Corfe); Te Deum and Jubilate (Dr. Whitfield); anthem, "Give the Lord honour," Kent; Sanctus (Jomelli); Kyrie (Dr. Camidge); Gloria (Jackson); the Hundredth Psalm, and concluding extemporaneous voluntary, by Mr. Rogers. The powers of the instrument were fully tested by Mr. Rogers, who expressed himself of opinion that it is one of the finest in England, reflecting great credit on the builders, Messrs. Forster and Andrews. It would be invidious to particularise the quality of any portion, all being in such perfect condition. The mechanism, though tested to the utmost by Mr. Rogers, worked uniformly well. The congregation of Cottingham church have, therefore, abundant reason to be proud of this addition to their beautiful village edifice. Amongst the company present were the Rev. Canon Wray, the Rev. Messrs. Kinnear, Brown, and Monk (Holy Trinity Church, Hull); the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Driffield; the Rev. Mr. Escell, Beverley; the Rev. Mr. Sandars, incumbent of Skidby Church; Benjamin Haworth, Esq., and family; Mrs. Barkworth; Thomas Ringrose, Esq., and family; John Ringrose, Esq., and family; Thomas Voase, Esq., and family, Anlaby House; Mrs. Birtwhistle and family, &c. The collection at the conclusion of the morning service amounted to £75. 8*s.* 9*d.* Evening service commenced at half-past six o'clock, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Overton, vicar. The choral services consisted of Psalms (Beckwith and Purcell); Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Dr. Whitfield); anthem, "God is our hope and strength" (Dr. Greene); 33rd Hymn (York); the Hallelujah chorus performed in a style which electrified the congregation, and voluntaries by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Williamson. The Beverley choir were very effective. The total collection amounted to £106. The church was crowded in the evening, and Mr. Rogers played gloriously. Mr. Williamson is a good amateur organist; and being a large subscriber (he and his father give £500 towards the organ) was asked to play the *first* voluntary.

BELFAST.—(*From our correspondent.*)—An interesting selection of pieces from various masters was performed on Monday, the 11th inst, at Holywood Church, in a most masterly manner, by one of our resident organists—Mr. F. J. Robinson. It is a remarkable fact that, whereas but five or six years ago there was not one first-class organist in this modern Athens, now we have *several*: and it proves what rapid strides music is making amongst us, that people will now listen to Bach with attention; and, indeed, seem to perceive that there is a "fitness" in his music, which they can scarcely see in Rossini's prayer from *Mosè in Egitto*, "played on all the stops," alternately, for Divine Service. The following was the programme of Mr. Robinson:—Sonata (D minor), Bach; adagio (sextet, Op 81), Beethoven; fugue (C major), Bach; Jerusalem (St. Paul), Mendelssohn; toccata and fugue (D minor), Bach; Santa Maria, Marcia Religioso, and allegro animato, Meyerbeer; allegretto, (Hymn of Praise), Mendelssohn; fugue (E minor), Bach. Our new hall—to be called the Ulster Hall—is being built; and from the completeness of the plans prepared by the Company's architect, Mr. Barre, we have reason to believe that for convenience and comfort, especially to the *artistes*, it will equal, if not surpass, anything in the United Kingdom. In size, it will be within two feet of the Birmingham Town Hall. The directors were unfortunately not in a position to complete the long-impending purchase of the Panopticon Organ until too late; however, they are determined that its loss shall only be a pecuniary one, and that we shall really have a grand instrument, one that will be in keeping with the hall, and a credit to the town.

MR. WALLWORTH is in town for Pupils, and will be at liberty for Concerts, &c. until the opening of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, in the Autumn.—30 Edwards Street, Portman Square, W.

WHITBY, YORKSHIRE.—WANTED, an efficient BRASS BAND, of not less than Eight persons, who will be required to perform daily on West Cliff, Whitby, and to be otherwise at the disposal of the Committee for other engagements. Terms per week, with references, to be forwarded to the Honorary Secretary to the Subscription Band, Mr. James Wilkinson, Hanover Terrace, Whitby.

CHURCH ORGANS.—FORSTER and ANDREWS, Organ Builders, Hull, have a number of SECOND-HAND ORGANS for sale, which they have taken in exchange, built by Bevington, the late J. C. Bishop, Lincoln, Parsons, Bryceson, Holdich, &c.—For price and particulars, apply to Forster and Andrews, Organ Builders, Hull.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 39 King Street, Cheapside, E.C.—A.D. 1831.—The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT, Cash Account, Balance-Sheet, &c., are now ready, and may be had on written or personal application.—CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.

NEW SONGS by J. W. DAVISON, "Rough wind that moanest lond" (sung by Mr. Santley at the Monday Popular Concerts); "Swifter far than Summer's flight," (sung by Miss Palmer at the Monday Popular Concerts); "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep," Beatrice's song in the Cenci (sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall); are published by Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201 Regent Street.

The above Songs form Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Vocal Illustrations of Shelley.

"Mr. Santley was encored in one of the thoroughly picturesque and poetical settings of Shelley, by Mr. J. W. Davison, mentioned a week or two since. His song, 'Rough wind that moanest loud,' is a thoroughly good song."—*Athenæum.*

"Madame Sainton-Dolby's greatest efforts were called forth by Mendelssohn's 'Night' song, and Mr. J. W. Davison's 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep' (from Shelley's 'Cenci'), to both of which she did the amplest justice. The latter work is one of the most poetical and beautiful of the 'Vocal Illustrations of Shelley,' composed by Mr. Davison many years ago, and which, though rarely heard, possess far more sterling merit than nine-tenths of the most admired songs of the day. A more intellectual treatment of the words could not well be imagined. Mr. Davison has completely caught the spirit of the poetry, and heightened its beauty by the potent charms which belong only to the sister art. 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep,' sung to perfection by Madame Sainton-Dolby, was enthusiastically applauded."

Morning Post, April 26, 1860.

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MONDAY EVENING, June 25,

MOZART NIGHT.

MONDAY EVENING, July 2,

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On MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 25, 1860,

TWENTY-SIXTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,

MOZART NIGHT.

Part I.

Quintet, in A, for Clarinet and Stringed Instruments (by unanimous desire) ..... *Mozart*
Mr. LAZARUS, Herr BECKER, Herr RIES, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.
Song, "L'Addio" ..... *Mozart*
Mad. LAURA BAXTER.
Air, "Non temer" ..... *Mozart*
Mad. DE PAEZ.
Violin obligato, Herr BECKER.
Song, "Dalla sua pace" ..... *Mozart*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.
Sonata, in D major, Pianoforte alone (first time) ..... *Mozart*
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

Part II.

Sonata, in F, with Variations for Pianoforte and Violin ..... *Mozart*
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr BECKER.
Song, "Deh per questo" ..... *Mozart*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.
Air, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen" ..... (*Die Zauberflöte*) ..... *Mozart*
Herr HERRMANNS.
Song, "Voi che sapete" ..... *Mozart*
Mad. DE PAEZ.
Quartet, in G, No. 1 ..... *Mozart*
Herr BECKER, Herr RIES, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

On MONDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1860,

TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON, THE PROGRAMME WILL BE SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

ALL THE GREAT MASTERS.

Part I.

Quartet, in C major (first time) ..... *Spohr*
M. SAINTON, Herr GOFFRIE, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.
Song, "The Wanderer" ..... *Schubert*
Mr. SANTLEY.
Harpsichord Lessons (by desire) ..... *Scarlatti*
Mr. CHARLES HALLE.
Lieder Kreis (by desire) ..... *Beethoven*
Mr. SIMS REEVES, accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. CHAS. HALLE.
Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte (by desire) ..... *Bach*
Violoncello, Sig. PIATTI; accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. BENEDICT.

Part II.

Quartet, in E flat major, Op. 44 ..... *Mendelssohn*
M. SAINTON, Herr GOFFRIE, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.
Song, "May" ..... *Meyerbeer*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.
Suite de Pieces, in E major, Pianoforte alone, concluding with "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (by desire) ..... *Handel*
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.
Song, "Il pensier" ..... *Haydn*
Mr. SANTLEY.
Song, "La Gita in Gondola" ..... *Rossini*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.
Duet, for Two Pianofortes, in D major (first time) ..... *Mozart*
Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

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VOL. 38—No. 26 SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860 PRICE { 6d. Unstamped / 8d. Stamped

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT NATIONAL BRASS BAND CONTEST.—On Tuesday, 10th, and Wednesday, 11th July. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Monster Brass Band Contest on the above days, in which upwards of ONE HUNDRED BANDS from all parts of England are engaged to take part. Valuable Prizes, in money and cups, will be given by the Company; and, in addition, the principal Musical Instrument Makers in London have signified their intention to present several first-class instruments as special prizes. The contest will commence each day at Ten o'clock, and on both days the whole of the Bands will meet at Three o'clock precisely in the Handel Orchestra, and perform Mendelssohn's "Wedding March;" Haydn's Chorus, "The Heavens are Telling;" Handel's "Hallelujah," "Rule Britannia," and "God Save the Queen." A Monster Gong Drum, seven feet in diameter, manufactured expressly for the occasion, will accompany the combined bands.—Admission, Tuesday, 2s. 6d.; Wednesday, 1s.

NOTICE.—Excursion Trains will run from all the principal Towns on the Midland, London and North-Western, Great Northern, South-Western, and other Railways.—Further particulars will be duly announced.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Directors respectfully announce that the SIXTH and LAST CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday Evening next, July 2. Programme, Sinfonia in D, No. 1, Mozart; Concerto, pianoforte, in E flat, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Dussek; Overture, Naiades, Sterndale Bennett; Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5, Beethoven; Concertino, flute, in B minor (MS.), C. KOPPITZ, Kopplitz; Overture, Jubilee, Weber. Vocal performer, Miss LOUISA PYNE. Conductor, Professor STERNDALE BENNETT, Mus.D. To begin at Eight o'clock. Tickets, 15s. each, to be had of Messrs. Addison, Hollier, & Lucas, 210 Regent Street.

MISS STEELE begs to announce that her EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday next, July 3, to commence at half-past Eight o'clock. Artistes, Mads. PAREPA, STEELE, ANNIE ELLIOTT, and PALMER; Messrs. SIMS REEVES, DEPRET, SANTLEY, CHARLES SALAMAN, DEICHMANN, LIDEL, DREW DEAN, W. G. CUSINS, and CUNIO.—Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. each, to be had only of Miss Steele, 108 Marylebone Road; Tickets, 7s., of Messrs. Addison, Leader & Ollivier, and Miss Steele.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL has the honour to announce that he will give a SOIREE MUSICALE at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday next, July 4th, at half past Eight. Vocalists.—Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON, Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY, Mr WHIFFIN, and Mr. SANTLEY. Instrumentalists.—Pianoforte, Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL; Violin, Herr CARL DEICHMANN; Viola, Mr. RICHARD BLAGROVE; Violoncello, M. PAQUE; Concertina, Mr. RICHARD BLAGROVE; Harmonium, Mr. F. SCOTSON CLARK. Conductors, Mr. CUSINS and Mr. HAROLD THOMAS. Stalls, 10s. 6d., tickets, 7s., may be had at the principal Music-sellers'; and of Mr. George Russell, High Street, Croydon.

MAD. LOUISA VINNING'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, on Thursday, the 5th July, at half-past Two o'clock (by kind permission), at Messrs. Collard and Collard's, 16 Grosvenor Street, under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary. Vocalists, Mlles. PAREPA, AUGUSTA THOMPSON, Mesdames LAURA BAXTER and LOUISA VINNING. Messrs. WILBYE COOPER, PUREISS, DEPRET, and SANTLEY. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Mlle. REMAURY and W. G. CUSINS; Violin, H. BLAGROVE; Flute, R. S. PRATTEN; Violoncello, Signor PEZZE; Guitar, Mad. R. S. PRATTEN. Conductors, FRANCESCO BERGER and Signor CUNIO. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s. 6d.; to be obtained of Mr. R. Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street, and the Principal Music Sellers; and of Mad. Louisa Vinning, 13 Hanover Villas, Notting Hill, W.

MR. BLAGROVE'S FOURTH and LAST QUARTETT CONCERT (Professors' Concert Union), on Friday Evening, July 6th, at Beethoven Rooms. Performers. Mad. CATHERINE HAYES. Mlle. MARIE WIECK, Messrs. H. BLAGROVE, CLEMENTI, RENDLE, JOHN HILL, COLCHESTER, DAUBERT, and SIDNEY SMITH.—Double Quartett, Spohr; Sonata, Beethoven; Solos, Songs, &c.—Tickets at Leader's, New Bond Street.

MISS ELEANOR WARD has the honour to announce that her FIRST EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday, July 11th. Vocalists: Mesdames PAREPA, LASCELLES, and RAE; Messrs. WILBYE COOPER and SANTLEY. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte: Miss ELEANOR WARD. Violin: Mr. BLAGROVE. Conductor: Mr. BENEDICT. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s., to be had of Mr. Robt. W. Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, W., and at the principal Music Warehouses.

GLASGOW.—CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The SEVENTH SEASON of these Concerts, under the auspices of the "Glasgow Abstainers' Union," will commence on the 1st of September next.—Applications to be addressed to Mr. James Lawson, Secretary, "Glasgow Abstainers' Union," 118 Union Street, Glasgow.

DERBY.—T. A. JOHNSON'S SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, 1860-61. Touring Parties will oblige by sending Programmes and terms.

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL CHOIR.

A VACANCY has occurred in the TENOR Department of the above Choir, which it is proposed to fill up on Saturday, July 21st. Candidates are requested to forward their Testimonials as early as possible to the Rev. T. L. Wheeler, Bromwich House, Worcester, and to appear personally at the Cathedral at one o'clock on the above-named day. The stipend is £65 per annum.

There are also TWO VACANCIES amongst the CHORISTERS, which it is proposed to fill up at the same time. The Choristers in addition to their Musical Training, will receive a first-class Gratuitous Education at the College School.

ELY CATHEDRAL.—LAY-CLERKSHIP.

THERE is a VACANCY for an ALTO VOICE in the CHOIR of ELY CATHEDRAL. The emoluments average about £70 yearly. Attendance twice daily. The strictest testimonials as to character will be required, and must be forwarded to the Precentor, the Rev. W. E. DICKSON, College, Ely, on or before July 14th

The trial of voices will take place at Ely, on July 25th, when those candidates will be permitted to attend who receive an intimation to that effect from the Precentor.

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Morning Post, April 26, 1860.

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THE DEFINITION AND DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS MECHANISM.*

THE Organ is a wind instrument, with a key-board, the sounds of which are fixed, but capable of being sustained at the will of the player, especially consecrated to the service of the Church.

This definition makes the organ liable to all that may be expected of it by the laws both of art and religion.

On first looking at its case exteriorly, we are struck more especially with three things: with the immense size of its pipes in front, which we take to be the most powerful in the instrument, though they are, on the contrary, the least so; with the key-boards, which, though we should hardly have thought it perhaps, were we to put down the keys, would at once give utterance to those great pipes; and with a quantity of knobs or handles, which stand out from the case of the organ on two sides of the key-board, and carrying, each of them, the name of some instrument, such as the flute, the viol da gamba, the trumpet, and the like. But nothing of all this acts or speaks alone, for in order to this various parts of the organ must be joined together, and all these various parts do not at once meet the eye.

The organ has no voice, but by means of the wind inhaled by the bellows, and these are placed as near the main body of the instrument as possible, in order that they may send the wind the more directly into the pipes which rest upon it. Herein we may compare the instrument to a man, who would not be able to make himself understood without inhaling the air, which, after it has been equally distributed throughout his lungs, is driven out by them again through the vocal passages. The bellows, with its feeders, is as much the chest to the organ as the lungs are to the human frame. Put in motion by the blower, they fill themselves one after the other,† and are emptied into a common channel placed near their extremity, and this is called the main wind trunk.

From this main channel other wind trunks branch off, as branches from the same common root, and carry the source of its sound into all parts of the instrument, as the branches of the tree carry the sap, or rather, as we have taken the human frame for our analogy, these smaller wind trunks are as the arteries, which, by means of the heaven-sprung system of the circulation, carry on the blood, which is pumped forth by the heart, throughout the whole of the body. The wind thus conveyed by one or many channels, gathers itself together and is compressed in a sort of chest or large hollow table, on which the pipes of the organ are placed, and is called the *sound-board*. The interior of the sound-board is but little less complicated than the vocal organ of the human body. It is from them that the compressed air has to escape by the pallets, and so to be transformed into distinct and varied sounds in the hundreds of pipes which bristle on the surface of the sound-board. This wind box, this transformer of the compressed air into sound, is, as it were, the centre of all the mechanical parts of the instrument, which are necessary for the production of sound; the place where they all meet together, and to which they all tend, and hence, perhaps, its name of sound-board. Here it is that we find out if the bellows are weak or strong, if the hand of the organist touches the keys with or without effect, if the pallets on being opened cause an harmonious sound, or merely a disagreeable cyphering, and thus the sound-board becomes the centre of all that is good or bad in the organ; it is, to continue our analogy taken from the human frame, as the heart, to which all the system of the circulation of the blood flows as to a centre; and as the throat, from whence proceeds the word, expressive of the inward soul.

But how is this mechanical contrivance, this magic air-transformer, to be itself made to act, for though we should fill all the sound-boards imaginable with wind, this alone would not be sufficient to create a sound, still less an harmonious sound. The instrument just turned out from the hands of the builder, and supplied with wind by the action of the bellows, is still only a dumb instrument. The mysterious power of giving speech to the organ is to be found in the organist, who after a preliminary operation, of which we will speak presently, places his hands upon the clavier or key-board, the true *key* to his mysterious power, as its Latin root *clavis* indicates, and it is then only that the instrument ceases to be dumb, and sings in accents of joy or sadness according to the genius of the man, of whom it may be said to be both slave and master.

Three things then concur for making the organ speak; a bellows, which may be called the starting point; the pipes, which are placed upon the sound-board, and may be called the end; and thirdly, the hands of the organist, which may be called the means, for it is to them that all the mechanism of the organ from the clavier to the sound-board is subject, and it is by their means that the passages for the air, which supplies the pipes, are opened or shut as the organist pleases.

Since the most interesting details of all this mechanism meet in the sound-board, as in a centre, we will briefly analyse its form and action. In doing this, we do not intend to give a formal list of its many component parts, but simply to give such a general account of them as may be sufficient for our present purpose. In building, especially, we want to see a great deal, to know but little.

The sound-board then, as we have already said, may be described as a long, square-cornered chest, six or eight inches in depth, the upper-board of which is pierced with as many holes as there are pipes to be placed in order, as an harmonious forest of trees, upon its surface. All the pipes which emit the same quality of tone are planted together in a straight line in the same row, and each row of pipes of the same quality of tone is called a stop. The hole in the foot of each pipe is in communication with the interior of the sound-board, but is separated from the wind by two obstacles, viz., a *register* and a *pallet*.

The register is a rule of wood, placed within the sound-board, exactly under the feet of the pipes, and sliding horizontally backwards and forwards, in a groove, as completely air-tight as it is smooth and even. This rule, so-called because it rules or directs the action of the wind, is itself pierced with holes exactly corresponding with those in the upper-board of the sound-board for the feet of the pipes, in such way that, as the rule is moved, the holes in the feet of the pipes and those of the rules are perpendicular or set the one to the other. When they are perpendicular to one another, the ruler, far from being an obstacle to the entrance of the wind into the pipes, is, on the contrary, its conductor, for then the foot of the pipes, by which the wind enters, is in immediate communication with the interior of the sound-board.

We will suppose, then, that the organist wishes to make that quality of sound or that stop which represents the trumpet heard throughout the extent of the key-board. Before putting his hands on the key-board, he places it on one of those knobs, which stand out from the case of the organ, which serve as places for inscribing the names of the registers, and, in this instance, he places it on that one of them which is labelled trumpet, and draws it out. No sooner has he done so than the wind before shut up within the sound-board, so far as this obstacle is concerned, is at once enabled to be in direct communication with the pipes of the quality of tone required, and the preliminary operation is thus far completed. The organist repeats this action for all the registers of which he intends to compose his orchestra. Thus, if he wishes it to be composed of a bourdon and flute, as well as the trumpet, he draws the knobs which answer to those registers; if only two of those registers, he pushes in one of the three, and so of the rest.

But the second obstacle has still to be removed; the *pallet* must be made to open. The pallet may be described as a little door on a spring, occupying a lower region in the sound-board, a region which may be very properly called that of storms, inasmuch as a certain amount of force is required to overcome the resistance of the wind which rushes headlong from the action of the bellows into the space opened by the gaping of the pallet, and called a groove. The pallet is connected with the key by means of a tracker, which is sometimes of very considerable length, but however far removed the pallet may be from the key-board by the tracker, it is affected by the slightest action on the key, and that

* From *L'Orgue, sa connaissance, son administration, et son jeu*, by Joseph Regnier. Fourth Study.

† Note of Translator.—This refers to the more common way of making organ bellows in France, which is more old-fashioned than the English way.

with greater rapidity according to the greater perfection of the mechanism.

There are as many pallets as grooves, as many pallets and grooves as keys, and often more pallets and grooves than keys for the bass notes, which being composed of larger pipes, require more wind, and consequently more openings by which to inhale it.

The bellows then being filled, and the registers drawn, as many notes will speak on the sound-board as there are keys put down by the fingers of the organist, for the wind must then of necessity pass from the sound-board to the pipes of which the registers and pallets are open, and is thus transformed, or becomes sonorous in accordance with a law of accoustics, which we shall have to consider later on . . . . . Hence, before touching the key-board, the organist must always draw the registers, for if he did not do so, the keys would no doubt open a passage for the wind, but this wind would only strike against the roof formed by that part of the sound-board which is full of registers, without being able to transform itself into vibrating columns of air in the bodies of the pipes.

But in an instrument so vast as an organ, there is but one sound-board and but one key-board. The organ has but one soul, it is true, but this one soul animates several bodies. There are, in consequence, as many keyboards as there are principal separate parts in an organ, but experience and the requirements of art have for the most part limited them to three or four at most.

Often an organ limited in extent from want of means or space, has but one principal part, but one body: when this is not the case, and it has more than one such part, that part which is the most largely developed and speaks the loudest, is called the *great-organ*. Immediately below this, as regards its power and volume of sound, is placed the *choir-organ*; while the *swell-organ* takes up an intermediate position between these two principal parts, and is destined to give effect to those phrases of music which require a more delicate and special handling, and for which the choir-organ supplies the proper accompaniment. Last of all comes the *echo-organ**, emitting veiled and smothered sounds, as its name implies, though it must be confessed it does so more in name than in reality.

These different parts of the organ may be all enclosed within the case, including the choir-organ, though this is very commonly placed in a case apart by itself, and brought in front of the great-organ, so as, in appearance, to form an organ in miniature. It was so placed, almost without exception, in the older organs. All the keyboards, not excepting that of the choir, are placed in steps one above another, the first and lowest that of the choir, next above this that of the great-organ, above this again that of the swell, and at the top of all that of the echo-organ.

We have said nothing as yet of a key-board which is placed on the floor at the feet of the organist, and forms quite a peculiar feature in his art. This is the pedal-organ, the keys of which are long and short like those of the manual, and have under their control a special sound-board of their own, which carries the pipes which emit the gravest sounds of the instrument. Without the pedal the concert of the organ is incomplete; with it the organist is possessed of a powerful foundation bass, but such that he may even raise it to the dignity of a solo instrument, by causing it to take an independent and special part of its own, a part, however, which should be always more or less grave and dignified in its character, enriched with passages of energy and rapidity according to the skill of the organist.

Seated then in front of these different key-boards, between the organ and the altar, the organist may be compared to the helmsman placed between the rudder and the masts of the ship, attentive alike to the signals of the captain and the motions of the waves. In his case it is the mighty flood of the peoples' song that the organist sustains with the majesty of his chords, while his signals come to him from the sanctuary, the ceremonies of which he follows, and by means of a mirror placed obliquely, he may even turn his back on the altar, as in the ancient organs, see all that is done there as it were before his face, and join his intention with that of the priest who offers the divine mysteries.

* Note of Translator.—This last is not found in English organs as at present constructed. In its place is found now either a *solo*, or what Mr. Hill has called a *combination-organ* in the Birmingham Town Hall Organ.

Letter to the Editor.

THE THEORY OF HARMONICS.

SIR,—Preparatory to entering upon a consideration of other subjects connected with the Science of Music, permit me to offer the following remarks explanatory of the theory of harmonics,—an important branch of the science, but one, by musicians generally, but imperfectly understood, and has thus led to the most erroneous conclusions.

The harmonics of a sound are, theoretically, those whose vibrations in a given period are some integral number of times those of the given sound; thus, whilst the generating sound gives one vibration, its harmonics are those which give 2, 3, 4, &c. vibrations in the same time. As the number of vibrations of a musical string is inversely as its length, the above corresponds with, and is equivalent to, a division of the string into 2, 3, 4, or a greater number of equal parts, one of which parts gives the harmonic sound. Let then a musical string giving a certain sound, say C, be divided into any number of equal parts, as denoted by the following figures, then one of these parts will give the corresponding harmonic, the figures also representing the ratio of its vibrations as compared with the generating sound, or unity, the ratios of the other sounds, one with another, being similarly exhibited:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
C	C	G	C	E	G	*	C	D	E	*	G	*	*	B	C	&c.

Were the series extended further, it would be seen that every harmonic as it enters the series becomes the generator of another series of harmonics, following each other precisely in the same order and ratio as those of the original series, and these again of others, and so on to infinity, the whole of which are harmonics of the original generating sound; thus the series commencing with G is from C as above:—

	3	6	9	12	15	
	G	G	D	G	B	&c.
or from G	1	2	3	4	5	

These harmonic sounds are exactly similar in their order and ratios to those of the series commmencing with C. Comparing the magnitudes of the harmonic intervals, we perceive that they gradually become less, according to the following ratios, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{5}$, $\frac{1}{6}$, $\frac{1}{7}$, and so on; but as the smallest consonant interval is $\frac{1}{5}$, therefore $\frac{1}{6}$ and all following are dissonant intervals. Confining our attention for the present to the consonant ratios 1, 3, 5, considering the octave sounds as identical, we perceive that the generating sound produces firstly its 5th, and secondly its *major* 3d, and as these harmonics become the generators of other series similar to the first, the law is general; obeying this law we are enabled to exhibit the harmonics in a tabular form, thus disposing of the sounds as they enter by 5ths in vertical columns, and as they enter by major 3ds in horizontal columns; we have, formed from the consonant ratios, the following

Synopsis of Harmonic Sounds:—

RATIOS.	1	5	25	125	625	3125
1	B𝄫	D𝄫	F	A	C♯	E♯
3	F𝄫	A𝄫	C	E	G♯	B♯
9	C𝄫	E𝄫	G	B	D♯	F𝄪
27	G𝄫	B𝄫	D	F♯	A♯	C𝄪
81	d𝄫	f	a	c♯	e♯	g𝄪
243	a𝄫	c	e	g♯	b♯	d𝄪

which exhibits them in every relation and combination. The ratio of the vibrations of any sound as compared with the generator may be found by multiplying together the ratios at the heads of the two columns which intersect each other at the required sound. The table may be extended indefinitely in any or every direction; it may also be curtailed so as to commence with any sound as generator, taking care only that such portion is contained by four sides parallel with those of the table, the ratio, of course, commencing with that sound. It may also terminate upon any sound. Taking the first sound in the Table, B𝄫, we perceive that *all the sounds* contained in the table are harmonics of that sound, also, that they are *negative harmonics* of d𝄪, the last sound

in the table, that is, not one sound in the table is an harmonic of d × but it is an harmonic of *every sound* therein. B♭ b and d × may therefore be called the positive and negative harmonic bases of the table, that is, they are the *nearest* sounds which are harmonic bases of *all the sounds* in the table, other sounds more remote, and consequently not exhibited, being also harmonic bases of the same sounds. As we may curtail the table so as to commence or terminate with any sound, it is evident that the same sound has both its positive and negative harmonics, thus C is the positive harmonic base of all the sounds within the double lines, and is the negative harmonic base of those within the waved lines; the remaining sounds are not in any way harmonics of C. It follows also that as C is an harmonic of all the sounds within the waved lines, all the harmonics of C are also harmonics of these sounds, for as any of these sounds will produce C as a positive harmonic, so also will they produce all the harmonics of C.

It is evident from the construction of the table, that any two adjacent sounds in either the vertical or horizontal columns are consonant, and that they are also positively or negatively harmonics of each other; also that all sounds proceeding diagonally from the bases, or parallel with these diagonals, are harmonics, positively or negatively, of each other, but at the same time no two are consonant; thus C is a negative harmonic base of D♭, and a positive harmonic base of B, yet neither of these sounds are consonant with C or with each other, as denoted by their ratios, so that all major 7ths are positive harmonics, and their inversions the minor 2ds (or minor 9ths) are negative harmonics. The diagonals, or their parallels, proceeding in this direction may therefore be called *harmonic diagonals*. On the contrary, in the opposite diagonals, namely, those at right angles to the former, any two adjacent sounds are consonant, but are not harmonics in any way, of each other; thus in the diagonal passing through C, the sounds E♭ and A are both excluded from those portions having C for their base, but C is evidently consonant with either of these sounds, as in the chords F, A, C, and A♭, C, E♭, therefore all minor 3ds and their inversions, the major 6ths are not harmonics, these diagonals may be distinguished as the *consonant diagonals*. The reason of these facts is evident; from the slightest glance at the order of the sounds in the table it is seen that they proceed from the first sound, through all the keys gradually requiring a less number of flats in the scale, to C, and thence through the keys gradually requiring a greater number of sharps, so that from any given sound, no positive harmonic, distinct from the octaves of that sound, can be produced which shall also be a sound contained in any *primary chord*, the basis of which is the tonic of a key requiring a greater number of flats, or a less number of sharps in the scale than the key of which the given sound is the tonic, for all such sounds, as compared with the given sound, are either negative harmonics, or harmonics of these: for instance, the subdominant and the dominant 7th are not positive harmonics.

Having thus far glanced at the general principles of harmonics, we may now proceed to enquire whether the harmonic bases are identical, or how far they are so, with what are generally termed fundamental basses, a term, by the bye, not very appropriate, and has thus led to much confusion, but which we may retain, being careful to distinguish it from the harmonic base until we ascertain how far one is identical with the other. In pursuance of this object, let us examine the annexed diagram of harmonic sounds.

Positive Ratios.	1	5	
1	C	E	3
3	G	B	1
	5	1	Negative Ratios.

C and B are the positive and negative harmonic bases, but forming the harmonic diagonal are not consonant sounds; C, the generating sound, produces G and E consonant with each other, and both consonant with C, the positive harmonic base, known also as the *grave harmonic*, that is the nearest positive harmonic base formed by the coincident vibrations of the two sounds E and G, and is in this case also the fundamental bass or root of the perfect concord C, E, G. Now as a perfect concord, excluding octaves, does not consist of more than three different sounds, the fundamental bass must be one of these three; this is so self-evident, that it may at once be accepted as an axiom. It is also clear from the diagram that the sounds B, G, E, reckoning from the negative harmonic base B, have exactly the same ratios one with another as the sounds C, E, G, reckoning from the positive base C, and consequently as they form a perfect concord, the fundamental bass is one of the three sounds B, G, E, therefore C, the positive harmonic base, is in this case *not the fundamental bass* or root of the chord B, G, E. As in the chord C, E, G, we proceed in a direction *from the fundamental bass*, so in the negative chord, where the order of everything is reversed, we proceed in a direction *to the fundamental bass*, or E, as the root of the chord E, G, B, the sounds being arranged within the octave above the fundamental bass. E, G, being a minor 3rd, as seen in the diagram, the chord takes the name of the minor chord, hence a minor chord is always negative, and has the 5th of the scale, or dominant, for its harmonic base, a major chord is always positive and has the 1st of the scale, or tonic, for its harmonic base. To illustrate this still further, take the following sounds:—

D♭	F	A
A♭	C	E
E♭	G	B

C as before is the positive harmonic base of the sounds E, G, B, but D♭, F, A♭, and an infinity of other sounds to which C is the negative base, are also positive harmonic bases, but more remote than C, of the same sounds, as well as to the major chord C, E, G; hence to assume that D♭, F, A♭, &c. are also fundamental basses to the chords C, E, G and E, G, B is simply absurd. Indeed the harmonic bases, in a general sense, have not that influential character, nor play the important part, which some theorists are inclined to assign to them; in the last diagram the harmonic bases D♭ and B are the only two sounds not consonant with C (evident from the construction of the table), and if these two sounds be removed, those remaining are the "System of Sounds" of which C is the unit sound, and F the primary basis; by comparing these with the "System of Sounds" (*Musical World, Jan.* 28), it will be seen that the really important sounds are F, C and G, the primary or central bases; these, and not the harmonic bases D♭ and B, being the *true fundamental basses* of the primary chords, *whether major or minor*, the *general expression* for the ratio of the fundamental bass being $\frac{1}{3}$, that is, a 5th below the dominant, or unit sound. If we extend the diagram as follows, we have merely another view of the "Systems of Sounds" as derived from the theory of harmonics, from which all the results previously shown could have been deduced, though not with the same simplicity.

Comparative Ratios.	$\frac{80}{81}$	$\frac{80}{80}$	$\frac{81}{80}$
	f♭	A♭	e
	c♭	E♭	g
	g♭	B♭	d
	d♭	F	a
A Mode of Sounds. / Sounds of the Primary Chords. / System of Sounds.	a♭	C	e
	e♭	G	b
	b♭	D	f♯
	f	A	c♯
	c	E	g♯
	g	B	d♯

It were needless to give further explanation of these here, a comparison of them with the system of sounds, as explained in my previous letters, rendering such unnecessary; suffice it to say, that herein is exhibited in a very condensed form the true principles of major and minor chords, with their fundamental basses, progressions, &c., and the fallacies derived from harmonic bases, unit bases, &c., under whatever name they may be given, made apparent. I refer to a few late instances of these in the papers of Mr. D. C. Hewitt, in the *Musical World*, merely for illustration. He, assuming that the intervals in his equivocal chord B, D, F, A♭, are all minor 3ds, gives their harmonic bases under the name of unit sounds (which he evidently mistakes for fundamental

basses); these sounds as minor 3ds are represented in the "Synopsis of Harmonic Sounds" by the letters B, D, f, and ab, and if we find the smallest portion of the table containing these sounds, under the restriction that the 4 sides are parallel with those of the table, we find that its positive harmonic base is Cb, which is the nearest base of *all the sounds* of the given chord, the other bases which he gives, viz. Eb, Gb, G, Bb, and Db, being only harmonic bases of portions of the chord, as is evident from the table. In the same way, if we take the real sounds of the chord, represented in the table by the letters B, D, F, Ab, then the nearest positive harmonic base of *all these sounds* is Db, so that these harmonic bases, looked upon generally as being fundamental basses, or roots of chords, is an absurdity, and the basses, as such, would be ridiculous, a term in which Mr. Hewitt agrees with me as being very applicable. According to the principles developed in this and some preceding letters, G is the fundamental bass of this chord, to which are added the sounds F, Ab, having F for the fundamental bass; if to these two be added the negative base of F, Ab, or C, we have the sounds G, F, C, the primary bases, and the essential sounds of the Key of C.

In the series of harmonic sounds in the first portion of this letter, it will be perceived that to some harmonics, as 7, 11, 13, &c., there are not given any representative sounds; in explanation of this, then, we have seen that every harmonic, as it enters the series, gives out its harmonics in exactly the same order and ratios; consequently the series commencing with 7, would be, reckoned from C,

7, 14, 21, 28, 35, 42, 49, 56, &c.

Now whatever names we choose to give to the seven sounds of the scale commencing with the sound 7, as above, the sounds 49, 77, 91, &c. would still be unrepresented in the same manner as 7, 11, 13, &c. in the former series, and so on to infinity. So that not only the prime numbers, 7 and upwards, but also every integral power of these primes become the origin of other series of harmonics, into which enter all multiples of these primes, but none of which could appear in the first series, evident from the composition of the ratios; the sounds in the last series, if represented literally, would be in the ratio of 7:1 with the similar sounds of the first series, but as the multiplier 7 does not enter into the composition of consonant ratios, the last series would be always dissonant as compared with the first. In fact, if we take unity as a standard of pitch, every prime number is the origin of a series of harmonics similar but of a different pitch to that having unity as its origin, or of any sound derived from unity through the consonant intervals. In illustration of this, suppose a pianoforte or other musical instrument tuned so that the sound represented by C should give eight vibrations in a certain time, then, if we further suppose another instrument tuned so that the sound represented by the same C should give seven vibrations in the same time, we should have a representation of the two series of sounds, having 1 and 7, or 8 and 7 for their origin; if eight then be the standard pitch, the instrument tuned to C, seven vibrations would be, as a musician would term it, more than a tone flat, and the sounds of the two instruments would not combine in any harmonious relation whatever. So that these prime numbers, or the powers of these primes, are the originators of series of harmonics which do not combine in any way with those reckoned from unity, or with each other, and are practically considered merely as differences in pitch.

Apologizing for the length to which these remarks have extended,

I am, &c.

W. W. Parkinson.

Cheetham Hill, Manchester,
June 18th, 1860.

The Operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The first performance for eleven years of Cimarosa's best-known, if not best, opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which took place on Saturday, was a decided success; far greater, indeed, than we anticipated from the rather unfavourable reception it met with in 1849, when revived both at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. The little favour a work once so popular obtained then was the more unaccountable, as the cast at both theatres was extremely attractive; that at the elder house comprising the names of Mesdames Parodi, Giuliani, and Alboni, Signors Calzolari, Lablache, and F. Lablache; at the new house, Mesdames Persiani, Grisi, and Angri, Signors Marie, Tamburini, and Tagliafico. The opera, nevertheless, ran but a few nights at either place, and may be said thenceforward to have been entirely shelved, as no attempt has been made to reproduce it since. The principal cause of its revival at Her Majesty's Theatre is doubtless to exhibit Signor Ciampi in one of those parts in which he had earned his continental reputation. The character of Geronimo is beyond the grasp of ordinary artists; and, indeed, no singer since Lablache, excepting Tamburini, had attempted it at all. Signor Ciampi created a highly favourable impression in his new essay, proving himself an artist of rare intelligence and rare endowments. His comedy is a very happy combination of art and instinct; his humour is natural and entirely his own, so that originality may be added to his other qualifications. His make-up of the character is extremely skilful, and throughout the entire performance he never forgets that he is personating an old man. If we miss the oily humour of Lablache, which seemed to ooze out at every pore, or the consummate tact of Tamburini, which threw an intense reality about every thing he did, we must remember that Signor Ciampi is at an age when it is impossible, even by the aid of the highest genius, that art could reach maturity. Signor Ciampi is twenty-one years old, at which age, we have no doubt, both Lablache and Tamburini were serving their apprenticeship to singing and acting. Nevertheless, estimating the new buffo's performance irrespective of all such considerations, we must allow it to have very great merit. The audience, indeed, seemed strongly of our opinion, since they applauded Signor Ciampi to the echo in every scene. With so powerful and splendid an organ we shall look by-and-bye for finer vocal results. Signor Ciampi, in singing, should adhere more to the notes, and speak less. The frequent use of the *parlante*, however agreeable to Italian ears, is not liked by English audiences, more especially in good music. With this exception we can praise the new Geronimo's singing unreservedly. He possesses the true instinct for time and rhythm, and in that respect invariably satisfies the most scrupulous ear, and is always just in his intonation.

The Count Robinson of Signor Everardi is entitled to unqualified commendation. It is, indeed, the nearest approach in singing and acting to the masterly performance of Tamburini, which, in the olden time, was wont to divide the applause with Lablache's Geronimo. Signor Everardi looks the part, too, to perfection, and dresses it admirably, so that the illusion is complete.

Mad. Alboni's Fidalma was perhaps the best-acted part in the piece. There is certainly not much to do in the character, but what there was to do, or, more properly, what was suggested, was carried out with incomparable comic appreciation. The great artist, indeed, may be said to have created Fidalma. How Mad. Alboni sings the purely legitimate music of Cimarosa can best be conceived by remembering what she achieves in the *Barbière* and *Cenerentola*.

Signor Giuglini sings the sweet tender music of Paolino most admirably. The charming air "Pria che spunti in ciel"—one of Rubini's (and Sims Reeves's) most perfect achievements—was given on Saturday with so much grace and sensibility, and finished so exquisitely, as to elicit a warm encore. Signor Giuglini, however, merely reappeared and bowed. In the whole of the last scene, which takes place in the dark, and in which the voices are subdued to a *pianissimo*, his singing was inimitable, and made us think—we know not why—how wonderfully he would sing the music of Conte Ory in Rossini's opera—still more delicious music than that of Cimarosa.

The parts of Carolina and Elisetta, by Mlles. Lotti and Vaneri, should, we think, have been interchanged. Mlle. Lotti throws too much of the vixen, we fancy, into the character of Paolino's wife, who ought to be represented as the gentler of the two sisters; while Mlle. Vaneri hardly indicates sufficient boldness and vigour for Elisetta, the would-be countess, who browbeats her younger sister. Perhaps this effect is partly produced by the greater resonance of Mlle. Lotti's voice.

The band, conducted by Mr. Benedict, was admirable throughout; and the opera, in spite of its want of choruses, scenic effects, or any special interest in the plot, was a genuine success.

One thing is entitled to particular notice—the propriety of the dresses, for which Mr. E. T. Smith's *costumier* should be publicly thanked. The old custom was, to dress all the characters,

except Geronimo, after the modern fashion—an anachronism as well as absurdity—and to allow the old merchant to attire himself according to the period of Queen Anne, or the first George. Happily, now all is rectified at Her Majesty's Theatre; and the characters without exception appear costumed after the manner of the last century.

The *Matrimonio Segreto* has not been repeated, nor even re-announced; why, we cannot say. All we know is, that it is worth repetition.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Saturday, when Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were present.

On Tuesday *Martha* was given for the second time, and obtained a second triumph for Mario and Mad. Penco.

The performance of Gluck's *Orfeo é Eurydice*, on Wednesday evening, which had furnished a topic of conversation to musicians for weeks previously, did not attract a large attendance of the general public. Nevertheless, almost every connoisseur in London was present, and excitement and curiosity were carried to an unusually high pitch. It had been announced that *Orfeo é Eurydice* would be "illustrated by costume, scenery, and decoration," whence, naturally, it was inferred that Gluck's great lyric work would not be presented in a dramatic form, but as a pictorial concert entertainment. It turned out, however, that the announcement was supererogatory, since *Orfeo* was given as an opera proper, with all the accessories of stage effect and action. The advertisements, therefore, intimated more than was required. The director was determined that the old German master should not suffer for want of attention. The cast of the principal personages was perhaps as strong as it could be made in the present time. Mad. Csillag sustained the part of Orpheus, Mad. Penco that of Eurydice, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho that of the Happy Shade (*L'Ombra Felice*) and Mad. Nantier-Didiée L'Amore. Nearly the entire weight of the performance falls upon *Orfeo*, who is rarely absent from the scene. Mad. Csillag, however, to her other estimable qualities, adds that of great sustaining power, which enables her to go through the longest and most exciting opera unfatigued. In such a part as Orfeo this is absolutely requisite, and without it the best powers, natural and acquired, would be of little avail. Mad. Csillag, as she had already demonstrated in *Fidelio*, possesses amazing energy, and has the finest tragic instincts. Her intensity and passion in Beethoven's heroine could hardly be surpassed, and these qualifications were again exhibited in Gluck's opera. Her greatest effects were produced in the grand *bravura*, "La speme in sen ritorna," and in the scene with Eurydice, in which, after his wife is a second time snatched from him by death, just as he had recovered her from Hades — a scene of wondrous beauty, somewhat spun out, notwithstanding — Orpheus sings the well-known air, "Che farò senza Eurydice." On both occasions Mad. Csillag proved herself no less a consummate vocalist than *tragadienne*, and was overwhelmed with applause. We might cite many other points in her performance, but the above suffices to indicate in what estimation we hold Mad. Csillag, and what were the feelings entertained by the public of her very rare merits.

The other characters, comparatively subordinate, were most ably supported. Mad. Penco's Eurydice was thoroughly artistic. Even her death was remarkable for the natural manner in which it was accomplished. Her vocal displays were restricted to the long (somewhat too long) duet with Orpheus, when Eurydice issues with him from the infernal regions, of which she made the most. Mad. Carvalho gave the single air of The Happy Shade, "Questo prato sempre ameno"—a pastoral of infinite beauty — with great charm of voice; and Mad. Nantier-Didiée, by her singing, dress, and manner, gave due effect to the impersonation of the God Cupid, who, in the end, is the means of rendering the lovers happy, whereby the author of the *libretto* is at odds with Heathen Mythology.

The scenery, more especially the view of Elysium, is very beautiful. The ballet of the Happy Shades was received with unbounded applause. Of a very different character is that of the Furies in the opening of the second act; which, if not so attractive, is far more vigorous and picturesque. We may take another opportunity of speaking of the music. At present we must content ourselves with recording the entire success of the revival of an undoubted master-piece; and trust that the performances of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, at St. James's Hall, and *Orfeo é Eurydice* at the Royal Italian Opera, may be productive of genuine results. The success of *Orfeo*, as we have said, was decided. The chorus, band, and conductor, all contributed largely to the triumph. The opera is to be repeated this evening.

On Thursday, the first performance of *Norma* this season, and the last appearance but one of Mad. Grisi in the part she has made so peculiarly her own, with the additional attraction of the second act of *Fra Diavolo*, drew together one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences ever assembled in this theatre. Every part of the house was filled to overflowing, and scores of "La Diva's" admirers were disappointed in not being able to procure even standing room. The Queen and suite occupied the royal box, and the whole performances elicited a series of "ovations," for, evidently affected by the brilliancy of the audience and their enthusiastic reception of her, Mad. Grisi exerted herself with even more than her wonted fire, and "barring" the natural vocal deficiencies, the entire personation of the erring Druidess was one of the most effective we ever witnessed, even in the palmiest days of the great queen of Italian song. Mad. Corbari, as Adalgisa, her old and best part, was nothing inferior to the most graceful Adalgisa of her earlier days, while Signors Neri-Baraldi and Tagliafico, in place of Signor Gardoni and M. Zelger, were admirable as Pollio and Oroveso. In fact Pollio is decidedly Signor Neri-Baraldi's best performance, and Signor Tagliafico only wants weight to make a most impressive high priest of the Druids. As usual, the chorus, scenery, dresses, and appointments were perfect, and the brass band better in tune than usual. The applause during the performance was most enthusiastic and spontaneous, and both at the termination of the first act and of the opera, Grisi was recalled and applauded with that peculiarly hearty warmth which she seems to obtain more spontaneously than any other artiste before the public.

The second act of Auber's sparkling *chef d'œuvre*, with the brilliant vocalism of Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, the humours of Signor Ronconi, M. Zelger, and Signor Tagliafico, and the graceful singing of the serenade, "Young Agnes," by Signor Gardoni, brought the evening's entertainment to a most satisfactory conclusion.

The *Prophète*, long expected, is at last promised, and Signor Tamberlik is announced to make his first appearance this year as Jean of Leyden.

MOZART—CHILD AND MAN.

(*Continued from p.* 370, *Vol.* 38.)

116.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, Nov. 21, 1772.

We are, heaven be thanked, as well and lively as fishes in water; for during the last week it has rained frightfully. To day is the anniversary of our marriage. It is now, if I mistake not, five-and-twenty years ago since we had the happy idea of getting married, to say nothing of the years we thought about it beforehand; good things require time.

The "primo uomo" M. Rauzzini has arrived. The work goes on increasing. We shall have also our little comedies to go through, as is justly expected when theatrical affairs are in question; but such things are more trifles. The figs which Wolfgang carried away with him from Salzburg were as miraculous as the loaves and fishes in the Gospel; they have lasted until now.

Yes! yes! we have a mighty deal to do; when we are not working there are still all sorts of arrangements to see to.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—I thank you, dear sister, you know for what. I cannot write to M. de Heffner. If you see him make him read these lines; I beg him to remain content therewith for the present.

I bear no grudge against that rare friend for not having answered

me. As soon as he has more time, he will find a time, no doubt, although I doubt, to answer me punctually.

117.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, Dec. 5, 1772.

My bad pen does not prevent our being in good health. Yesterday only did the De Amicis arrive. The poor tenor, Cardoni, has fallen so sick that he cannot come. They have sent for some one to take his place to Turin and to Bologna. He must be not only a good singer, but a good actor, with an imposing appearance, to represent with honour the character of Sylla. These are the two principal causes which have retarded the composition of the opera. Now it will proceed at a sound pace.

P.S. from Wolfgang.—Fourteen pieces more to do, and I shall have finished. It is true that the duo and the trio may count for four pieces. Can't possibly write you at any length, for I know nothing—first reason; second reason, I don't know what I am writing, my head is so full of the opera; I am in danger of sending you an air instead of words. I have learned a new game here which is called *Mercante in fiera*. We will play it as soon as I come back. I have also learned of a lady a new tongue which is easy to speak, difficult to write, but useful nevertheless. But it is a little—childish, although excellent for Salzburg. My compliments to our pretty Nandl and to our canary, for those two creatures and yourself form the most innocent part of the household. Your chapel master Fischietti will, no doubt, soon begin working at his *opera buffa*—that is to say in Germany, at his foolish opera.

(*To be continued*).

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This Evening (Saturday, June 30), will be performed, with new and elegant scenery, dresses, machinery, and appointments, which will present features of special interest, Weber's grand romantic Opera of OBERON, with the following powerful cast:—Reiza, Mlle. TITIENS; Fatima, Mad. ALBONI; Puck, Mad. LEMAIRE; Mermaid, Mlle. VANERI; Sir Hugo, Signor MONGINI; Oberon, Signor BELART; Scherasmin, Signor EVERARDI; Babikin, Signor GASSIER. The whole produced under the superintendence of J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq., author of the libretto (to whom several changes and modifications have been made), and Mr. R. ROXBY. The Recitatives by Mr. BENNETT, pupil of the eminent composer of this great work, who will direct the Orchestra. Pit Tickets, 8s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.; to be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre (under the Portico), which is open daily from 10 to 6, and on the evenings of performance until the end of the Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Grand Volunteer Night.—Under the immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.—Grand REPRESENTATION in BEHALF of the FUNDS of the NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The Council of the National Rifle Association have the honour to announce that Mr. E. T. SMITH having most liberally placed the above Theatre, together with the whole of the Artistes engaged, gratuitously at the service of the Council of the National Rifle Association, a GRAND PERFORMANCE will take place on Monday next, July 2, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, when will be performed the First Act of NORMA: Pollione, Signor MONGINI; Flavio, Signor SOLDI; Oroveso, Signor VIALETTI; Adalgisa, Mlle. VANERI; and Norma, Mlle. TITIENS. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. After which a Grand Pas de Deux by Mlle. CLAUDINA CUCCHI and M. DUPARD (being their last appearance this season). To be followed by the Third Act of OTELLO. Otello, Signor MONGINI; Iago, Signor EVERARDI; and Desdemona, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO. After which the Third Act of LES HUGUENOTS. Raoul, Signor GIUGLINI; Il Conte St. Bris, Signor GASSIER; Il Conte di Nevers, Signor EVERARDI; and Valentina, Mlle. TITIENS. Conductor, Signor ARDITI. To conclude with Rossini's Opera of LE BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Conte Almaviva, Signor BELART; Dr. Bartolo, Signor CIAMPI; Figaro, Signor GASSIER; Don Basilio, Signor VIALETTI; Berta, Mlle. DELL'ANESE; and Rosina, Mad. ALBONI, who will sing in the lesson scene Rode's Air, with Variations. Conductor, Signor ARDITI. Pit Tickets, 8s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.; to be obtained at the Office of the National Rifle Association, 11 Pall Mall East; Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond Street; Sams's, Regent Street; Hammond's, Cramer and Beale's, Regent Street; and at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—LE PROPHETE.—Signor TAMBERLIK.—Meyerbeer's Grand Opera LE PROPHETE is in rehearsal, and will be produced in the course of a few days. Fides, Mlle. CHILLAG; Jean of Leyden, Signor TAMBERLIK (his first appearance this season). Floral Hall, Covent Garden.—An Exhibition of Roses, Fuchsias, Cactus, and Stove and Greenhouse Plants, will take place on Wednesday, July 18.—A List of Prizes, together with full particulars, will be published in the course of a few days.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Every Evening. Mlle. FIX, Sociétaire de la Comédie Française; Mlle. MARIE BAETA; M. PAUL DEVAUX. Orchestra Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, from £2 2s. Commence at 8 o'clock.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

IT does not fall to the lot of everybody to traverse the desert, still less to go to Corinth. Even the learned seldom visit that classic city; but, as Horace says, "those who do, return poets." Now, however, all Paris will be able at least to see Babylon in a week or two. Rossini's *Semiramide* (the book adapted to the French stage by M. Méry) is to be revived at the Opera.

The scenery will be a succession of *chefs-d'œuvre*, artistic and scientific. The scenic artists, under the direction of M. Flandin, who has visited all the countries of Ancient Assyria, Babylon, and Nineveh, and of Shaperer, who brought home most of the Assyrian collection in the Louvre, have reconstructed ancient Babylon. It is as though the Champollions, the De Sauleys, the Longpériers, who decipher with fluency the cuneiform characters and other hieroglyphics, had succeeded in restoring Babylon by the help of a handfull of stones, just as, through a sequence of analogies, suggested by the configuration of a dry bone, or a fissure in a rock, Cuvier used to reconstruct antediluvian monsters. It would almost seem that the most renowned artists had braved the fatigues and dangers of travelling through distant and unexplored countries, that the most fertile, industrious, and clear-sighted critics had unravelled the history and the arts of Asia, by the aid of Bactrian medals, &c., only to enable the management of the French Opera to offer the Parisian public a spectacle perfectly unique, the first, and probably the last, of its kind.

Everything, we are told, has been consulted, searched, read, analysed. Copies have been made of landscapes, views, monuments, and ruins brought over, first by M. Flandin, and then by Lottin: the superb ruins, the grand and free aspect of nature, which shines forth in solitude, and constitutes a series of magnificent spectacles, with no other witnesses than Heaven and the savage beasts.

The first act is to represent Babylon as that famous city was in the year 1916 B.C. The colossal canvasses of our English Martin are nothing in comparison. Piranesi, in his architectural dreams, alone has anticipated the unparalleled scene. Another scene, no less ambitious, is to revive the hanging gardens of Babylon.

That of the third act will present a crypt of immense depth, in which the painter, it is said, has realised the most vivid idea of unfathomable darkness. Here the sepulchres of the Assyrian Kings are erected. The Tomb of Ninus is also, if report speaks truth, a master-piece of pictorial art and mechanical contrivance. Those who have seen, at the Italian Opera, the ghost of Ninus, dressed in a sheet, issue from an ordinary gateway, just like an ordinary mortal, have naturally smiled at the absurdity. At the French Opera this apparition will be sombre and awful; the ghost of Ninus, illuminated by a strange light, will appear at the summit of a Babylonian flight of steps, and

vanish into space, with a boldness worthy of the architects who conceived the notion of constructing Babel.

The costumes are to be unexampled for accuracy and richness. With respect to accuracy, the artists possess authentic models at the Museum, in the statues of Assyrian kings and priests, with faces buried in heavy tresses, beards delicately plaited, falling in squares upon their breasts, enveloped in rich mantles, with hierarchal designs arranged in the shape of fans, with tiaras, radiated crowns and arms,—conveying, in a word, the most precious information concerning the dress, insignia, and weapons of the ancient Asiatics. Thus will old Babylon be resuscitated.

Great embarrassment was felt about the dance-music in *Semiramide*. The manager was naturally desirous not to interpolate any other music in the immortal master's work. At length, however, thanks to M. Bordeze, they succeeded in finding a *cantata* with dance-music, composed by Rossini himself for Mlle. Colbrand, his first wife, in 1818, on the occasion of a *fête* given at Naples, in honour of the restoration of the Bourbons, whose dynasty would appear at this very moment in such imminent peril.

Sig. Carafa (composer of *Le Valet de Chambre*, *Mazaniello*, and other operas, and an intimate friend of Rossini's) has added recitatives. It was impossible to procure a complete score of *Semiramide*. When Rossini wrote it, it was not the custom in Italy to engrave music, and the copyist of the theatre furnished scores to such theatres as required them. These, generally the handiwork of non-musicians, were exceedingly incorrect, and, moreover, almost invariably incomplete. Most of the theatres, possessing scanty orchestras, from motives of economy, gave orders for so many parts as they had instruments to play from. The quartet of string was more attentively copied than the wind, but all the rest was more or less defective. According to Rossini, even at the Théâtre-Italien they never possessed the score as he composed it. To obtain it for the Opera, it was necessary to engage in researches as long as they were beset with difficulty, and to consult the libraries of several theatres in Italy. At last, however, the management succeeded in obtaining a tolerably complete version of the master's work.

On the first representation of *Semiramide*, Galli, who played Assur, overcome by the emotion he experienced, sang persistently sharp. He was quite aware of his fault, but had not sufficient self-possession to correct it. Consequently, at the fall of the curtain, he endeavoured to evade the composer, who he knew to be on the stage. Rossini, however, catching sight of Galli, ran up to him with open arms, and exclaimed:—"*Vieni, porco*, let me embrace you! You have sung admirably out of tune all the evening."

About the well-known overture, a Belgian critic relates the following:—

> The first *allegro* of the overture is a master-piece of vigor, gaiety, and freshness. Rossini has selected the motive of this *allegro* for—what do you think, reader?—for the funeral march to be played at his own burial. This is highly philosophical. The master sees himself in his coffin, and yet remembers his brilliant youth; he takes one of the most sparkling inspirations of that happy period, veils it in the sombre crape of mourning, and turns it into a funeral dirge, as if he wished to charge youth itself with the task of bewailing his death. The funeral march thus manufactured exhibits a power, grandeur, and desolation of which nothing can convey an idea. It seems as though we heard the weeping and wailing of an immense city—of a modern Babylon; as though the souls of the illustrious composer's operas had come, with tears and groans, to lead him to his last home.

Credat Judæus! that is if Judæus pleases. For our own parts we *don't* believe the Belgian critic. But to return to *Semiramide*. The production of this master-piece at the Paris Opera will be an event in the artistic world. The management have bestowed the greatest care on all the details of *mise-en-scène*, costumes, orchestra, and general execution. Such perfection as a whole will, it is said, have rarely been witnessed. The difficulty seems to us to rest with the singers. If the sisters Marchisio have not been over-praised, they are first-class artists. At rehearsals they have won general and unreserved approval. The sequel remains to be seen.

SOME proofs have been forwarded to us of a forthcoming work, entitled "The Russians at Home; Sketches of Literature and Society in Moscow and St. Petersburgh." For what purpose they were sent to us we cannot say; probably for no purpose at all, but by mistake, and in lieu of certain *Musical World* proofs which have not reached us this week. But these misdirected sheets are welcome, inasmuch as they contain what an esteemed writer in the *Sunday Times* would call "informatory" remarks on modern Russian music, a subject which, between the Russian concert of last week and the Russian concert of the week to come, must certainly be considered *à l'ordre du jour*. We do not apologize for printing in the *Musical World* what the author of the "Russians at Home—Sketches, &c." doubtless intended should first meet the public eye in the pages of his book (of which, by the way, he can send us a copy when it is ready, accompanied by an advertisement); and we are of opinion that we have already sufficiently repaid him for the little we intend to borrow from his chapter on Russian music, by simply mentioning that his "Sketches, &c." contain such a chapter.

"Russia," says our unknown friend, "may be expected to produce some good operas." (So may Nova Zembla, if any one chooses to entertain such an expectation.) "The people," he adds, "are passionately fond of music, and the Government encourages it" (which we also knew). "The Russians," he continues, "appreciate good singing, and have produced some excellent vocalists" (why does he not mention, by way of instance, Ivanoff, late of Her Majesty's Theatre?); "while their national music, for character and true melody, is on the whole superior to that of any other nation in Europe." (Cries of "Oh!" from the author of "Popular English Music of the Olden Time.")

The writer (whom we will not interrupt again even for the sake of instructing him) goes on to give an account of the number of foreign musicians who at various times have visited Russia, and assures us that the music of the Russian Church has been praised by Paesiello, who lived for some years in St. Petersburgh. Boieldieu, who wrote several operas for the Russian stage (during the reign of Catherine), has also expressed his admiration of the Russian Church music, and especially of Bortniansky's contributions to it. Clementi, the pianist, is another of those eminent musicians who have always been welcomed in Russia. He was accompanied there by his pupil, John Field, who, when he was not playing the piano, was always drinking champagne, and who died of the latter in Moscow.

The modern Russian composers (according to the author of the misdirected proofs) write a great deal more vocal than instrumental music. Their songs are very beautiful, and the best of them have a decided national character. Several Russian airs have been appropriated by German composers, who have had German words written to them; for instance, the "Red Sarafan" (the first of the melodies

played so admirably by Wieniawski) and the "Troika," called in German "Die blaue augen." Count Vielgorski's, or Wielhorski's, "Buivala," which, though an original melody, has all the national characteristics, has been made the subject of a *fantasia* by Vieuxtemps. Every one knows the magnificent national hymn by Lvoff, the Director of the Imperial Choir, who has also written numbers of more familiar strains, and who has even supplied the gipsy companies of Moscow with some of their most popular airs. (Here let us be pardoned for breaking once more the thread of our friend's discourse to tell our readers, that after attending any number of Prince Galitzin's concerts—even if the Prince had his own choir to support him—they would still have a very incomplete notion of the popular music of Russia, as long as they had not heard the Moscow gipsy companies).

Varmaloff, one of the most graceful romance-writers of the day, has also composed or arranged music for the gipsies; and one of their favourite melodies, of which the burden is well-known in England, and which is also introduced in the *ballet* music of the Spanish dancers (itself full of gipsy characteristics) is signed by Glinka, who, however, can only have harmonised it, for the tune belongs certainly to the gipsies themselves. Various other Russian composers have written for the gipsy troops; and it appears to us that the modern Russian music may be divided into (1) melodies in the style of the old national airs, and (2) melodies founded on, or imitated from, the traditional airs of the gipsies, such as Alabieff's "Nightingale," "He loves me no more," and a dialogue-song, of which the name escapes us, but in which a young man makes all sorts of desperate promises and professions of love to a young girl who laughs at him and rejects him, because, in her character of gipsy, she values nothing so much as her own liberty. Both styles appear quaint to foreign ears; but the former is distinguished by great simplicity and sadness, the latter by wildness and passion, and by a certain oriental character. Naturally in some of the songs of the present day there is a union of the two styles; and, as in all European countries, a certain number of airs are published which are imitated more or less from the Italian. But in spite of the influence of the Italian Opera, and of the numerous Italian composers who have visited the country and written for its stage; in spite too of the number of German musical professors who have settled in St. Petersburgh and Moscow, the Russians have certainly a national school of music, as can be shown, not only from their songs, but from the operas of Glinka and Verstovsky.

Of Glinka we need not speak again at present, but as the name of Verstovsky will be new to the great majority of our readers, we may mention (on the authority of the same informant as before) that he is the director of the Moscow Opera, the composer of a great many songs (several of which are written for the gipsies), and of the music of two serious dramatic works, "Askoldova Mogila" (The Tomb of Askold), and "Gramoboi." *Askoldova Mogila* is not, and cannot be, esteemed by the Russians in a scientific point of view. The overture is miserably poor; there are no concerted pieces of any importance, nor is there even an attempt in either of the acts at a regularly constructed *finale*. By a musician, then, *Askoldova Mogila* would be at once set aside, that is to say, if judged only by the merits of its composer; but at the same time much of the music is interesting to a foreigner, because it is really national instead of being imitated from the Italian. As the composers for the gipsy troops write music in the gipsy style, so Verstovsky, in treating a national subject, has given a national colouring to his melodies, even if he has not in a direct manner laid old Russian airs under contribution, which he sometimes appears to have done. There is a tune in *polacca* measure for the hero which is quite in the style of those sung by the boatmen on the Volga (it must be remembered that *polacca* or *polonaise* is a misnomer, as that particular form of melody, like the mazurka, is in special favor with all the Sclavonian nations), and the *prima donna* has an "Air with Chorus" which is also strikingly national. A large proportion of the melodies in this opera are in a minor key, as are by far the greater part of the old national airs; and the opera also abounds in airs with choral refrains or responses, which is another characteristic of the Russian popular music, whether sung by the peasants, the gipsies, or the Cossack companies. *Askoldova Mogila*, then, is essentially a popular work, and we can understand that the *habitués* of the Italian Opera and of the St. Petersburgh Philharmonic Concerts have no great opinion of it, though we repeat that it is full of interest for a foreigner.

We cannot take leave of *Askoldova Mogila* without calling attention to a strange account given of it by Baron Haxthausen in his valuable work on Russia. This learned economist has the eccentricity to state that it reminded him of *La Sonnambula* and *Der Freyschütz*. We should have thought that if it recalled one of these operas it could not very well have suggested the other, for there are no points of resemblance between the two. Nor can we understand how the music of Verstovsky could remind any one either of Bellini or of Weber. Verstovsky's last opera of *Gramoboi* would doubtless appear to Baron Haxthausen a veritable *Der Freyschütz*, for it is founded on a legend (which forms the subject of one of Joukovsky's poems), and involves the sale of a soul to the evil one. The action, as in *Askoldova Mogila*, takes place at Kieff, and the sins of Ruric the Norman again appear. This piece, which was produced in Moscow in 1857, had no success as an opera, and attracted only as a spectacle.

Some of the very finest Russian music, however (as those of our readers who were present at Prince Galitzin's recent concert will readily believe), is that which is executed by the Russian chorus-singers, of which there are numerous companies, organised under Government direction or by private individuals. All the works of Bortnianski and Lvoff are admirably sung by the Imperial Choir at St. Petersburgh, which numbers one hundred and ten of the finest voices imaginable, the basses and tenors being especially remarkable. The most celebrated choirs at Moscow are those of Philaret the metropolitan, and of Prince Galitzin (not the Prince Galitzin of Tamboff, and of St. James's Hall), who has built one of the most beautiful chapels in the city. At the monastery of the Don, a few versts from Moscow, there is also an admirable choir, but composed only of men (and not of men and boys as elsewhere). In addition to the churches, each regiment has its choir, as well as the principal charitable and educational establishments; indeed, it would be difficult to hear choral music more perfectly executed than at the Foundling Hospital of Moscow.

REFERRING to the present competition between the managers of the two Italian Operas in London, and speaking of the advantages resulting from it to the public, as well as of the zeal manifested by the artists in seconding

the efforts of the particular managers with whom they are respectively connected, M. Achille Denis published, in a recent number of the *Revue et Gazette des Théâtres*, some very sensible observations, with which we entirely agree and which we think it useful to reprint.

"Singers of great talent and of European reputation, stars from our first lyrical theatres, artists who are difficult to manage and very susceptible, condescend to accept in London parts which, we are convinced, nothing in the world would induce them to play in Paris. By what miracle, by what piece of good fortune is it that the English are enabled to applaud Mad. Borghi-Mamo and Mad. Didiée singing, in the *Huguenots*, the part of the page, Urbain, and MM. Gassier and Faure that of Saint-Bris? The audience of our Opéra will never witness such a thing, which doubtless would surprise, but certainly delight them.

"Such a method of executing master-pieces must enhance the value of the latter, and afford the public a thousand otherwise unknown sources of delight. As far as we are concerned, we are at a loss to understand why the same thing cannot be done in Paris; we do not, above all, understand the reasons which induce a first-class singer to refuse in Paris a second-rate part, which he makes no difficulty of accepting in London. It is a question of money, we shall be told. This appears to us a mistake. Money does not always remove the obstacles raised by *amour-propre*. We would willingly make a bet that money considerations would not induce Mad. Borghi-Mamo to undertake, in the *Huguenots*, the part of Urbain, played by Mad. Dussy, nor prevail on M. Faure to supply the place of Coulon, in that of Saint-Bris.

"Competition may, we see, have its advantages, but the fact we have such pleasure in mentioning, must prove most irrefutably an opinion we have always maintained, namely, that there are no small parts in a master-piece; and that an artist does not lower himself by accepting, in a master-piece, a part which is somewhat subordinate to the others. On the day that *amour-propre* yields to the interests of the great cause of art, we shall have performances similar to those which the upper classes in England have the privilege of witnessing, and which must slightly humiliate Parisian pride. This brings us back to our thesis, which consists in placing the older repertory under the protection of our first-class artists, who, at present, disdain and abandon it, in order to devote themselves exclusively to the creation of original parts; who arrange just as they choose the parts they order for themselves, and who snap the chain of great traditions, which, if they did their duty, they would preserve unbroken."

A good deal of the foregoing homily might just as well apply to the artists of our London theatres, lyric and dramatic. The most difficult task in the world is to persuade a singer or actor of any standing to fill a subordinate part. Fifty years since the case was different.

THE *Patrie* announced, a few days ago, that preparations are being made for erecting a theatre on one side of the Square of the Arts et Métiers, and that it is proposed to introduce into the building all the improvements required by the public—who pay at the doors for the right of enjoying the performances comfortably—to be perfectly safe, to breathe pure air, to see without effort, and to hear easily and well. Thus, for the first time since edifices of this description have been constructed in Paris, this one, which, according to report, will be called the Théâtre du Prince Impérial, will be built in conformity with all the rules of good sense, and according to the plans best calculated to secure salubrity, ventilation, sonority, a good view of the performances, satisfactory lighting, and room. It is, if we are rightly informed, an English company who will build the theatre, on the plan of two French engineers, approved of by the Emperor. The *Presse* says:—

"We are assured that the future theatre of the Cirque-Impérial, now in course of construction on the Quai de la Mégisserie and the Place du Châtelet, and which is to be finished in a period of eighteen months, has just been let, by the City of Paris, to M. Hostein, at an annual rent of 210,000 francs. Although his patent as manager has only seven years longer to run, it is said that M. Hostein has consented to take the theatre on the above terms for twenty-one years, and be answerable for the rent during the entire period, whether he is allowed to retain his position as manager or not. As a set-off against his liabilities, he will receive the rents of four shops and suites of apartments, situate at the four angles of the theatre. The neighbouring theatre, intended for a lyrical theatre, has not yet got a tenant. M. Carvalho was inclined to bid for it, when he thought it incumbent on him to send in his resignation as manager."

M. Carvalho has, we think, had enough of theatres.

FESTIVAL OF THE ORPHÈONISTES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

LONDON had hardly recovered from the excitement caused by the magnificent display of the Volunteer forces before Her Majesty on Saturday when its inhabitants were called upon to welcome 3000 representatives of that nation against which our armed protest had been registered in so emphatic a manner. Never in the world's history had been so plainly expressed the determination of a country to be prepared for any emergency that might arise from the ambition of an armed despot; and yet in every respect as significant of an ardent desire for peace, and a wish to be on good terms with our vivacious neighbours on the other side of the channel, was the enthusiastic reception accorded by some thousands of our countrymen to the French Orphèonistes on Monday last. These great demonstrations, so utterly different in character, are the best possible exponents of the real sentiments of England.

La Société des Orphèonistes was established by Wilhem about fifteen years ago, but the undertaking languished, and season after season passed away without any great result being obtained. A few years back a man holding the post of organist in a small cathedral town became impressed with the notion that the failure arose, not from the system, but from the lack of energy in carrying out the system, and he immediately gave up his appointment to work out his ideas. With a knapsack on his back, and a stick in his hand, did this determined individual travel through the departments of France, instituting a branch society in one town, encouraging a lukewarmness in another, and organising wherever he went. Discouraged by no repulse he continued his exertion, and has been rewarded by an amount of success corresponding to the great sacrifices he made when he first charged himself with the crusade. This man is M. Delaporte, the able Director of the Society.

At present L'Orphèon consists of 800 branch societies, numbering about 40,000 performing members and above 200,000 subscribers and officers.

Early on Monday morning the members of the society began to assemble at Sydenham. Many of them had only just arrived, after having travelled throughout the night, and there appeared to have been a want of order that was not very creditable to those engaged in the direction of this great undertaking. Very curious was it to observe the French tricolor everywhere, and the occupation of the Crystal Palace was a *fait accompli*. Still more strange was the eagerness with which the visitors examined everything, purchasing more particularly knives, needles, razors, and such articles. Good humour prevailed throughout, an occasional fracas taking place with the waiters about charge, neither party understanding the other.

A few minutes after three the performance commenced with "God save the Queen," in which the greater part of

the harmonies were new to English ears. Then came the concert, the programme of which was as follows:—

FIRST PART.

1. God save the Queen . . Arranged by Camille de Vos
2. Overture to "Zampa," by the Band of Les Guides . . . . . Herold
3. Hymn—Veni Creator . . . . . Besozzi
4. Chant du Bivouac . . . . . Kücken
5. Fantasia on "Giralda," by the Band of Les Guides . . . . . Adolphe Adam
6. Depart du Chasseur . . . . . Mendelssohn
7. Scene from Les Huguenots,—the "Septuor du Duel" . . . . . Meyerbeer

SECOND PART.

1. Air with Variations, by the Band of Les Guides . . . . . Mohr
2. Chorus—Les Enfants de Paris . . . A. Adam
3. Chorus—O Isis! . . . . . Mozart
4. Part Song—La Retraite . . . . . Laurent de Rillé
5. Overture to "Oberon," by the Band of Les Guides . . . . . Weber
6. Part Song—Le Jour du Seigneur . . Kreutzer
7. "France! France!" . . . . . A. Thomas

Most agreeably were we surprised with the performance, it being far better than we had imagined it possibly could have been, and it clearly proved that the French have their speciality in unaccompanied music in almost as great a degree as have the German and the English. The pieces which made the greatest sensation were the "Hymn of Besozzi," "Le Chant du Bivouac," "Les Enfants de Paris," "La Retraite," "Le Jour du Seigneur," and "France, France." The first four were encored, but all were sung in most admirable style and with an amount of "go" which was very enlivening. "La Retraite" is the best specimen of unaccompanied singing with a large number of voices we have ever heard, the *crescendo* and the *diminuendo* being perfect.

The "Septuor" from *Les Huguenots*, about the execution of which so much has been said and written, did not go so well as had been anticipated.

The splendid and artistic band of the Guides gave some of their choicest pieces, and agreeably diversified the performance. Almost all the performers in this justly celebrated band are distinguished artistes, and an amount of refinement is consequently obtained that sets rivalry at defiance.

The programme having been duly gone through, a scene took place that almost baffles description. The whole audience rose *en masse*, cheering the performers. The latter returned the compliment with right good-will, and a succession of demonstrations followed, gaining rather than losing in strength, when the well-known strains of "God save the Queen" were pealed forth from the organ. This caused a cessation of the greeting, but the moment the National Anthem was concluded, "Partant pour la Syrie" was vociferously demanded, and the Guides gave it amidst the loudest applause from the whole audience.

Thus ended this eventful day. Success more unequivocal was never obtained, and we doubt not that from day to day the performances will become better and better as the performers become used to the accoustical proportions of the building.

The French vocalists met at the specified hour on Tuesday morning, and the performance was a decided improvement on that of the preceding day. Several of the pieces which produced a decided effect on Monday were repeated, and received by the audience with even greater favour than before. The director very judiciously withdrew from the programme "La Septuor," from *Les Huguenots*, and Mozart's priest chorus, "O Isis," and in place thereof substituted "Les Enfants de Paris," and "La Retraite." These were much better adapted for displaying the characteristics of the Orphéonistes than were the above-named operatic pieces, and the audience appeared to be of our opinion, judging from the tumultuous *encore* which was accorded to each.

The "Guides" again played some of their best selections, and fully sustained their great renown.

The Palace was not so full as might have been expected, the number of visitors being between 11,000 and 12,000.

Thursday plainly showed that the excitement to hear the Frenchmen was on the increase, as nearly the whole of the centre transept was filled with stalls which were occupied by crowds of fashionables. It is not necessary for us to give the programme in detail, as it is as nearly as possible a repetition of the performances of the previous days; but the great body of vocalists evinced greater steadiness, and consequently earned fresh laurels. The whole selection went off with the utmost *éclat*, and at the termination a scene similar to that which took place on Monday was enacted—the audience and the performers alternately saluting each other with ringing and hearty cheers.

"God save the Queen" and "Partant pour la Syrie," were played, sung, and shouted, and thus ended one of the great events of the season. The Orphéonistes have proved that France has a choral school of her own; for undoubtedly a greater success attended the French part-songs than did the performance of other pieces. This large body, though never having previously met, displayed a regard for discipline that was most creditable to them and to their indefatigable conductor.

There is to be a farewell performance given to-day (Saturday); and we hear of a dinner to be given, at which Sir Joseph Paxton has promised to preside.

RAPHAEL'S "APOLLO AND MARSYAS."—The writer of the subjoined letter, brother-in-law of Bendemann, the well-known historical painter, is professor of painting at the Royal Academy of Dresden. He passed many years in Italy, devoting much time to the study of the great masters, and he is known as a critic on art. He countersigned Director Schnorr's attestation of the authenticity of the "Apollo and Marsyas" in the *Dresden Journal* of the 30th of last December.—"I most gladly accept the pamphlet on your superb painting by Raphael, which you have had the kindness to send me, and I thank you very much for it. I will preserve it as a memorial of this work, so worthy of its great author, and which, I am convinced, cannot fail to be very soon classed among the number of those which are recognised and attested by all. Accept, sir, the expression of the high consideration with which I subscribe myself, Julius Hübner, Dresden, 1860. To Mr. Morris Moore."

THE ORPHEONISTES.—The increasing enthusiasm of the public has induced the directors of the Crystal Palace to give a farewell performance of the Orphéonistes and the Guides this afternoon at three o'clock; the programme to comprise all the pieces which have been most favourably received during the three concerts. To make the performance really popular, the usual Saturday admission of two shillings and sixpence only will be charged. Many of the rifle corps are expected to be present; also many of the competitors entered for the prize shooting at Wimbledon on Monday; among them, 150 Swiss riflemen in their picturesque dresses, who will arrive this day. Military bands in the grounds, and the display of the great fountains, will constitute an agreeable addition to the vocal performances. The general impression prevailed that the Queen would have been present at one of the concerts; but the secretary received a note, in reply to an application, from Sir Charles Phipps, stating that the engagements of Her Majesty and

of His Royal Highness would render it impossible for them to be present at the performances.

Concerts.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The admirers of Mozart mustered in great force at St. James's Hall on Monday last, when the entire programme was devoted to that great master, and ample was the gratification afforded by the very choice selection, both vocal and instrumental. To begin with the latter, we had the lovely and always acceptable quintet in A major, in which Mr. Lazarus sustained the clarinet part in such a manner as fully to confirm his position as the highest living professor of his instrument. The violins, tenor, and violoncello, in the hands of Herren Becker and Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, respectively one and all merit the highest praise; indeed, we may safely say that finer playing was never listened to. No less admirably rendered was the sonata in F (with variations) for pianoforte and violin, in which Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Becker showed themselves inspired with the genius of Mozart, and were applauded to the echo, the lady being also recalled after her absolutely perfect execution of the sonata in B flat major, given for the first time at these concerts. The final quartet in G, No. 1, held the majority of the audience in their places till the last, more than repaying them for their attention. Mad. de Paez made her first appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts with decided success, the applause after "Parto," the air from *Titus* (with clarionet obbligato superbly played by Mr. Lazarus), and "Voi che sapete" (*Figaro*), being both hearty and deserved. This lady has a very rich quality of voice, and we hope to hear her again shortly. Herr Hermanns displayed an organ of immense capability, singing two airs from *Il Seraglio*, in the latter of which he was encored. Mr. Sims Reeves, despite the slight hoarseness still remaining from his severe cold, sang as usual in a way that charmed his hearers beyond measure, and so exquisite was his delivery of that tender gem of melody, "Dalla sua pace," that nothing less than its repetition would satisfy the enthusiastic and delighted audience. The scheme for the Directors' benefit is before us, and comprises an excellent selection from the works of Beethoven, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Spohr, Schubert, Scarlatti, and Rossini. (By the way, where is the French right that was promised?—the visit of the Orphèonistes would have afforded an excellent opportunity). The executants next Monday (the last concert let it be borne in mind) will be Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Charles Hallé, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Sainton, Santley, Goffrie, Doyle, Piatti, &c.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S CONCERT.—What may be styled a *resumé* of the present musical metropolitan season, took place (if we may use such a phrase) at St. James's Hall, on the afternoon of Thursday, when, in spite of the counter attraction of the "last Orphèoniste day" at the Crystal Palace, one of the most numerous and fashionable audiences ever gathered together in St. James's Hall "assisted" at the monster concert of Mr. Howard Glover. All the principal concert *artistes* of the season, including several of the latest arrivals (unknown to the British public) were pressed into the programme, which contained a veritable musical *embarras de richesses*. The first part of the concert was devoted to a very interesting selection of Mr. Howard Glover's works, including a novelty, in the shape of a musical setting to Southey's "Old Woman of Berkeley," most admirably sung by Miss Palmer, who rendered ample justice to the ingenious fancies of the composer, whose distinguished musical ability is perhaps even still more advantageously displayed in his cantata *Tam O'Shanter*, which was, on the present occasion, sung for the first time in London, by Mr. Sims Reeves, for whom it was originally composed. Mr. Reeves' name is always a tower of strength to any composition, and on the present occasion he fairly surpassed himself, for not only did he sing the music with all his wonted power and sweetness, but he displayed a fund of genuine humour, for which even his warmest admirers would not have given him credit. He pronounced the Lowland Scotch dialect admirably, and in fact, so artistic in every respect was his performance of this remarkably clever and, in some cases, very difficult work, that it passed off with the utmost *éclat*, and with Mr. Reeves for its interpreter (independent of its own intrinsic merits), *Tam O'Shanter* is now a sure success, even without a pianoforte to represent the orchestra, at any concert. As to the other portion of the programme, it is impossible to mention them even in detail; suffice it to say that Mesdames Parepa, C. Hayes, Artôt, Lemmens-Sherrington, Rieder, Sainton-Dolby, Palmer, Stabbach, Rudersdorff, Goldberg-Strozzi, and Kapp Young, and Messrs. Belletti, Perren, and Thomas, sang a variety of well-known songs, and several new ones by Hatton and E. Aguilar, in French, English, and Italian, the majority of them being well received, though the audience wisely declined to encore anything; and it would be almost invidious to single any out for special eulogy. M. Sainton and Miss Arabella Goddard evoked marks of the heartiest approval by their irreproachable performance of the slow movement and *finale*, from Beethoven's famous Kreutzer sonata, as did also Herr Leopold de Meyer, in a fantasia of his own composition, and Herr Ritter, in some graphic and interesting solo pieces composed for the occasion by Mr. Howard Glover. Herr Molique also played some of his melodies for the violin with his truly classical purity of tone and expression, and, in addition to the talented *bénéficiaire*, there was a perfect brigade of musical generals to direct this vast *armée d'artistes*, gathered together for the delectation of his friends.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The great attendance a month ago at the performance of *Elijah*, induced the announcement of a repetition, which took place on Friday the 22nd inst., and demands a word or two on account of some new features. The severe illness of Miss Parepa prevented her appearance; and Mad. Rudersdorff sang the principal soprano in a manner that leaves room for little but approbation. She has the requisite dramatic capability; and this can be said of but few of her contemporaries. Her "Hear ye, Israel," was an unimpeachable performance. Mr. Santley's singing of the Prophet decidedly gains upon us. It was always sung well; never with sufficient histrionic effect. It is in the latter qualification that the improvement is visible. Mr. Patey should remember that when he joins in quartett with such artists as Mads. Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves, it is unpardonable to attempt to gain notice by singing too loudly. Among the numerous audience were numbers of the chiefs of the Orphèonistes, who were much delighted with the performance; and, with the characteristic impressionability of their race, were raised to rapturous wonder at Mr. Sims Reeves' marvellous singing of "Then shall the righteous," and were greatly moved at Mad. Sainton's "O rest in the Lord," which is the climax of pathetic expression.

EXETER HALL.—A performance of prize-glees, madrigals, and part-songs, by Mr. W. G. Martin, was given on Thursday the 21st, under the direction of the composer, the gentleman who so honourably officiated in the conductor's desk at the two recent juvenile choral exhibitions at the Crystal Palace. The chorus, we believe, was formed of Mr. Martin's classes, and numbered about one thousand voices. To vary the part-music, Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Adelaida," and a new song by Mr. Balfe, "I love you;" and Miss Arabella Goddard played two popular *morceaux* —Ascher's fantasia on airs from *Dinorah*, and Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Sims Reeves created a perfect *furore* in Mr. Balfe's new song, which was encored with thunders of applause. We have not for a long while heard a more charming song than "I love you," and never heard more exquisite singing than that of Mr. Reeves. How the great tenor sings "Adelaida," and how Miss Arabella Goddard accompanies him on the pianoforte, we need not say. The fair pianist created the accustomed sensation in both her pieces; the Irish *fantasia* exciting the audience to absolute enthusiasm, which compelled Miss Goddard to return to the platform and bow, although she declined (as usual) to repeat the performance. The execution of the glees, madrigals, and part-songs was for the most part excellent; of some, indeed, deserving of the highest praise. We may mention the part-song "The Evening Star," ditto "Our Saxon Fathers," both encored; prize-glee, "Meek Twilight," for eight male voices, and part-song, "The Hemlock Tree." These were all admirably sung, and elicited loud applause. In the prize-glee, "The Merry Month of June," for soli and chorus, the voices were occasionally unsteady

and not always in tune. The exceptions were, however, rare, and the general performance must be pronounced excellent. The attendance was immense.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The 109th and last of the series of these popular entertainments was given last week, in the Royal Gallery of Illustration, before a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The programme included many of the favourite and most successful pieces introduced this season. The encores were numerous. Mr. T. Oliphant (Literary Illustrator), delivered an appropriate farewell address which was received with acclamations. The following were among the observations made by that talented gentleman:—"Unaided by fashion, unheralded by any flourish of trumpets, with the very elements against us for no inconsiderable portion of the time, we have, through your kind and continued support, been enabled to carry out a series of entertainments for a duration almost unprecedented as regards music of the purely English school. We have wished to gain your attention by an appeal to your hearts, trusting to a natural and truthful expression of healthful poetry, combined with corresponding music, and that appeal, we are proud to find, has not been in vain. The programmes have contained upwards of 120 different compositions, and, with respect to their execution, although I may be supposed to be not an unbiassed critic, I can conscientiously say, that, after an experience of forty years in such matters, I have rarely, if ever, heard glees sung in greater perfection. With regard to my portion of the entertainment I will merely add that if in your estimation it has contributed in any way to its success, I am glad to have had it in my power to be of service to my friend Mr. Land, the director, and his talented associates, Miss Eyles, Miss Wells, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lawler."—We anticipate with pleasure the revival of these performances in due course.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The sixth and last Concert was given on Tuesday evening, when to the general company was added a number of the leading members of the Orphèonistes, who were invited to the performance by Mr. Henry Leslie. The programme comprised twenty-one pieces, of which no less than six were encored. These were—Mendelssohn's part-song, "Departure;" Goss's glee, "There is beauty on the mountain;" Pearsall's part-song, "O, who will o'er the downs so free;" Mendelssohn's "Forty-third Psalm;" Edwardes's madrigal, "In going to my lowly bed;" and Stevens's part-song, "The cloud-capt towers." The Orphèonistes, when they entered the hall, were received with tremendous cheers. At the end of the concert, the Choir sang for the Orphèonistes "Rule Britannia," and again repeated Mendelssohn's Psalm. The Frenchmen then drank Mr. Leslie's health, when Mr. Leslie returned thanks; and subsequently that of the ladies of the Choir was given, to which Miss Emily Gresham responded in a neat speech in French.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—Third Concert. On Wednesday last a new list from the *répertoire* of this accomplished "glee party" (whose talents individually are of too high an order for solo music to be neglected by them) was given at Messrs. Collards' Concert Room in Grosvenor Street, which is fast becoming a popular *venue*. The selection comprised well-known and always welcome glees and madrigals by Pearsall, Webbe, Horsley, Callcott, &c. The address to the capital of Ancient Mexico in Southey's *Madoc*, arranged by Callcott, is an elegant piece of concerted vocal music, and was sung to admiration. Two part-songs by Mr. J. L. Hatton, written for this Union, were also given; one of them, "The Sailor the deck is pacing," being vociferously encored. Mrs. Locke is still indisposed, and the lady sex is represented by Miss Banks alone; how capably and worthily the musical world is well aware.

MISS SUSANNA COLE'S CONCERT took place on Thursday evening, at St. James's Hall, and was a very spirited affair, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Miss Palmer, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union being among the vocalists, and Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Becker among the instrumentalists. Miss Cole was more than usually ambitious in selecting the grand scena from *Der Freischütz*, "Before my eyes beheld him," for one of her essays. The result, however, justified the attempt, for the young lady sang with so much power and brilliancy as to create an uproar of applause, which was only appeased by a repetition of the final movement. Miss Cole's other solo was Professor Bennett's "May-dew," a most exquisite song, and so perfectly sung, and so perfectly accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Charles Hallé, as to elicit a rapturous encore. The lady also took part in the following pieces:—Curschmann's trio "Ti prego," with Miss Palmer and Mr. Sims Reeves; Niedermeyer's quintet, "Pour les attraits," with Miss Angusta Thomson, Mlle. Behrens, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Santley; the duet "Quis est homo," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with Miss Palmer; and the prayer from *Mosé in Egitto* with all the principals. Mr. Sims Reeves sang Mr. Balfe's new song "I love you," and was tumultuously encored; as he was also in Mr. Hatton's song "Sweet love, good night to thee." Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Becker performed the *Duo Concertante* of Osborne and De Beriot, on *Guillaume Tell*, for pianoforte and violin, with brilliant success; Herr Becker, in addition, a fantasia by Paganini with immense effect; and Mr. Hallé played three solos—"Nocturne," by Chopin; Stephen Heller's "Wanderstuden;" and one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," to the intense enjoyment of the audience.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS gave its fifth Conversazione on the evening of the 21st inst., at the Architectural Gallery, Conduit Street. In addition to the large and splendid collection of drawings and plans forming the Architectural exhibition, several new and eminent works of art were contributed for the occasion. There was also, as usual, a concert of vocal and instrumental music, sustained by Mad. Gilbert, Miss Fosbroke, Mrs. Paget, Mrs. F. Reilly, Mlle. Elvira Behrens, Mr. F. Reilly, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Leonard, and M. Verzy, as singers; and Mr. Alfred Gilbert (piano) and Mr. W. H. Eayres (violin), instrumentalists. The capital performances were Mrs. Paget's "Rocked in the cradle of the deep;" Mad. Gilbert's "Deh, vieni non tardar;" Mr. Leonard's "Largo al factotum" and Wallace's "Bell-ringer"—each specially applauded; Mendelssohn's two-part song by Mad. Gilbert and Mlle. Behrens; and Mr. Hatton's song, "Sweet love, good night to thee," by Mr. Cunningham. Osborne and De Beriot's duet for piano and violin, on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, was admirably played by Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Mr. Eayres.

MISS MESSENT'S ANNUAL CONCERT, on Tuesday evening, at the Hanover Rooms, was a fair specimen of a mid-season benefit entertainment. The lady did not overlook the classical part of her audience, but presented them with Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello, executed by Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Deichmann, and Herr Lidel, a veritable *bon-bouche*, more particularly as it was so finely performed. Mr. Charles Hallé added Chopin's "Nocturne" and "Grand Valse," which he played superlatively. Miss Messent contributed three solos, Mercadante's "Ah! rammento a lui d'accanto," new ballad, "Ask not why," composed expressly for her by Herr Francesco Berger, and the Scotch song, "'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town." Miss Messent sings simple ballads so prettily, that it seems a pity she should not turn her attention more to them and less to Italian *bravuras*, which, although she masters with sufficient ease, do not exhibit her talents to so much advantage. Her reading and singing of the Scotch song were most charming. Vocal pieces were supplied by Mad. Catherine Hayes, Mlle. Von Kettler, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Santley, and Jules Lefort. Messrs. Francesco Berger, George Lake, and W. G. Cusins, were the conductors.

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON'S MATINÉE (Collards' Rooms, 28th inst.) provided a host of singers, and some excellent entertainment. The lady herself sang Spohr's "Bird and Maiden," the cavatina, "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, and, with Miss J. Palmer, Mendelssohn's duet, "O wert thou in the cauld blast." Mrs. Newton's brilliant voice and dramatic style were well displayed in Bellini's cavatina, which was received with loud marks of approbation. Among the remaining vocal contributions most worthy of notice were Kucken's song, "I watch each shadow floating," by Miss Palmer; and Balfe's new song, "I love you"—made so popular by Mr. Sims Reeves's singing—given with great effect by Mad. Laura Baxter. The Brousil family executed some pieces, of which Spohr's Concerto Dramatique, No. 8, Mlle. Bertha Brousil, first

violin, though curiously altered from the original, was most admired.

Herr Gustave Hölzel, the well-known basso of the Imperial Opera at Vienna, gave his private concert on Tuesday afternoon, at 88 St. James's Street. Some pleasing pieces of his own composition were sung with admirable expression. His comic lied, "Der lustage Postillon" was unanimously encored, as also was Mad. Rudersdorff's ballad of "Mein Liebster ist im Dorf der Schmidt." Mad. Tiefensée, and Messrs. Mayr, Kuhe, Eibenschutz, Oscar de la Cinna, and Steger (of the Imperial Opera, Vienna), were among the performers. The latter sang some characteristic Hungarian melodies with national feeling. Messrs. Kuhe and De la Cinna rivalled one another in their execution on the piano. The concert was highly successful.

Mad. Louisa Kapp Young, "Hof-Sangerinn" to the Court of Austria, gave her first concert in England, under distinguished patronage, on Monday last at Cambridge House, by permission of Viscountess Palmerston. Mad. Kapp Young possesses a rich and powerful voice, and much musical feeling. She was highly successful on the present occasion in Mozart's "Parto," from "*La Clemenza di Tito*," Mendelssohn's "*Auf Flugeln des Gesangs*," and Molique's "Gondolier's Song." The fair vocalist was ably assisted by Herr Molique and his accomplished daughter Mlle. Anna Molique, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Santley.

Provincial.

Dublin.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The twenty-third annual summer concert of the University Choral Society took place with considerable *éclat* on the 14th inst. Part I. Purcell's "Tempest Music;" romance (*Adrienne Lecouvreur*), Vera; duetto (*Marta*), Flotow; "The Boat Scene" from *Lurline*;" quartett, "Soldier's Farewell," Kucken; "The Tiger crouches," chorus, Bishop.—Part II. Polka chorus, Dr. Denning; song, "Land of my dearest," Keller; "The Wreath," part-song, Benedict; Beethoven's "Adelaida;" glee and chorus, "Come, fairest Nymph," Lord Mornington; valse (for the band), "Il Bacio," Arditi; quartett, "O Nanny, wilt thou;" trio and chorus, "Give me the Harp," Stevenson. The above, as a light and popular sort of concert, was considerably admired. It contrasted favourably with the former concerts given by the Society, which were during this season devoted to the great classical works of Mendelssohn, Spohr, Beethoven, &c. The University Amateurs are guided by the maxim "Non semper tendit arcum Apollo." Their society is in a very flourishing condition.

Advertisements.

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9	"Sancta Maria," Chorus (Dinorah)	Meyerbeer
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13	"The Three Wishes," Part Song	J. Pech
14	"O'er the calm and Sparkling Waters," Chorus (Les Vêpres) ...	Verdi
15	"Lowly we do bend before Thee," Quartet (Dinorah)	Meyerbeer
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Vocalists—Mr. SANTLEY and Mr. SIMS REEVES.

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Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

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Mr. SIMS REEVES, accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. CHAS. HALLE.

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Violoncello, Sig. PIATTI; accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. BENEDICT.

Part II.

Quartet, in E flat major, Op. 44 ..... *Mendelssohn*
M. SAINTON, Herr GOFFRIE, Mr. DOYLE, and Signor PIATTI.

Song, "May" ..... *Meyerbeer*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Suite de Pieces, in E major, Pianoforte alone, concluding with "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (by desire) ..... *Handel*
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

Song, "Il pensier" ..... *Haydn*
Mr. SANTLEY.

Song, "La Gita in Gondola" ..... *Rossini*
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

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CHOPIN'S "Etude," in F minor, with an additional Voice Part and Violino obbligato ..... *Prince G. Galitzin*
Mad. SAINTON DOLBY, Herr RIES, and Herr POLLITZER.
CHORUS, "Sanctus" ..... *Bortniansky*
LES ADIEUX DE SCHUBERT, arranged for Two Voices and Violino obbligato ..... *Prince G. Galitzin*
Mlle. PAREPA, Mad. SAINTON DOLBY. Violino obbligato, Herr POLLITZER.
MAZURKA, for Pianoforte ..... *Glinka*
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.
AIR with CHORUS, from the Russian Opera, "The Life of the Czar" .. *Glinka*
Signor MONGINI.
KOZLOW-POLKA, for Orchestra ..... *Prince G. Galitzin*

PART II.

OVERTURE, for Orchestra ..... *Glinka*
CHORUS, "Pater noster" ..... *Prince G. Galitzin*
ROMANCE, for Voice ..... *Prince G. Galitzin*
Mad. SAINTON DOLBY. Violoncello obbligato, M. RENE DOUAY.
CHORUS ..... *Bortniansky*
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The Musical World.

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VOL. 38—No. 27 SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GREATEST NATIONAL BRASS-BAND CONTEST ever held.—On Tuesday, 10th, and Wednesday, 11th July.

Arrangements have been made for a Grand Monster Brass-Band Contest on the above days, in which ONE HUNDRED BANDS from all parts of England are engaged to take part, comprising in all Two Thousand Brass Instrument Performers. Valuable Prizes, in money and cups, will be given by the Company; and, in addition, the principal Musical Instrument Makers in London have signified their intention to present several first-class instruments as special prizes. The contest will commence on the Grounds each day at Ten o'clock, and continue till dusk, and on both days the whole of the Bands will meet at Three o'clock precisely in the Handel Orchestra, and perform Mendelssohn's "Wedding March;" Haydn's Chorus, "The Heavens are telling;" Handel's "Hallelujah," "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen." A Monster Gong Drum, seven feet in diameter, manufactured expressly for the occasion, by Mr. Distin, will accompany the combined bands.—Admission, Tuesday, 2s. 6d.; Wednesday, 1s.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—BRASS-BAND CONTEST.—

In accordance with Regulation No. 5, the Leaders of the Brass Bands entered for the Great Contest are instructed to attend at EXETER HALL, on Monday next, July 9, at Seven o'clock in the evening, to draw lots for choice of Platforms, which will be Eight in number, situate in various parts of the Crystal Palace Grounds, during the two days' contest.

At this meeting Orchestra Tickets, including admission to the Palace, and Railway Passes, will be issued.

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Mr. M. W. BALFE will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT, on Wednesday, July 11th, when a selection of his most popular compositions will be performed by the following unrivalled artists:—Mlle. PAREPA, Mad. WEISS, Mad. LAURA BAXTER, and the Misses BROUGHAM; Mr. SIMS REEVES, Mr. M'KELLY, and Mr. WEISS. The Orchestra will be greatly increased for the occasion. Conductor, Mr. BALFE. Mlle. PAREPA will sing "The Power of Love," "The Three Fishers," by Balfe, the trio from the Opera, *Falstaff*, and the quartett from *The Siege of Rochelle*. Mr. SIMS REEVES will sing Mr. Balfe's newest and most successful ballad, "I love you," and the celebrated song, "When other lips;" also a new Volunteer song, composed expressly for the occasion by G. Alary, entitled "The British Volunteer." Mr. WEISS will sing Balfe's song, "The Two Locks of Hair." Mad. LAURA BAXTER will sing "The Green Trees Whispered." The Misses BROUGHAM will sing the two popular duets by Balfe, "The Shell," and "Trust her not." A Grand Selection from *Satanella*, and the overture to *Siege of Rochelle* will be performed by the Orchestra. Admission, as usual, One Shilling. Double Display of Fireworks—Comic and Fairy Ballet—Ohio Minstrels, Eight in number, and Dancing on the Colossal Circular Platform—Al Fresco Amusements, &c., &c.—Open at Three.—Concert at Seven.

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Vocalists: Mesdames PAREPA, LASCELLES, and RAM; Messrs. WILBYE COOPER and SANTLEY. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte: Miss ELEANOR WARD. Violin: Mr. BLAGROVE. Conductor: Mr. BENEDICT. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s., to be had of Mr. Bobt. W. Olivier, 19 Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, W., and at the principal Music Warehouses.

MISS LASCELLES begs to announce that her annual MATINEE MUSICALE will take place (by the kind permission of Messrs. Collard and Collard), at 16 Grosvenor Street, on Thursday next, July 12, at 3 o'clock.

Vocalists: Mad. CATHERINE HAYES, Mad. WEISS, and Miss LASCELLES, Mr. TENNANT, Signor OLIVA, Mr. PATEY, and Mr. WEISS. Concertina, Signor REGONDI. Harp: Mr. JOHN THOMAS. Pianofortes: Miss ANNIE ELLIOTT and Signor LE CAILA. Violoncello: M. PAQUE. Conductors: Messrs. FRANCESCO BERGER, HAROLD THOMAS, and GANZ. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be obtained of Miss Lascelles, 35 York Street, Portman Square, and Mr. Bobt. W. Olivier, 19 Old Bond Street.

MISS ELLEN LYON and MISS LEFFLER beg to announce that they will give a MATINEE MUSICALE (by kind permission of Messrs. Collard and Collard) at 16 Grosvenor Street, on Saturday next, July 14th, at half-past Two. Full particulars will be duly announced. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s.

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V. R.

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Morning Post, April 26, 1860.

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Dépôt Général de la Maison Brandus de Paris.

Review.

"Ramsgate Sands," Comic and Characteristic Quadrille on Popular Melodies, by BURCKHARDT. (Boosey and Sons).

IF excellence were to be measured by variety, the set of quadrilles before us would be perhaps the most admirable ever written. Generally speaking, a quadrille not original, but founded on known airs, is confined in each figure to one melody, with "settings" by the composer. Herr Burckhardt, however, has followed a plan of his own, whereby he takes separate "bits" from several popular tunes, and dovetails them together to make a single figure. Here he exhibits considerable ingenuity, not merely in selecting what is acceptable to the ear, but in avoiding what would be incongruous. We need not specify the different melodies employed, all of which are as familiar as household words, and will be welcomed as old friends, though stunted of their normal dimensions. The accompaniments are as simple as a hammer; so that the fair *demoiselles*, who usually at friendly parties supply the place of the orchestra, will not be deterred from attacking the quadrille even without the ordinary preparation. Moreover, to recommend the composition to another sense besides the ear, a picturesque illustration of "Ramsgate Sands" is furnished on the frontispiece, wherein are depicted in colours, brighter perhaps than reality, figures of all classes of visitors, varying from full-sided merchant and elegantly clad "lady," to Ethiopian serenader and itinerant mountebank; while the sketch is appropriately filled in by donkeys, children, show-booths, bathing-machines, and other paraphernalia of a watering-place in the season. A piece of music so quaintly addressed to the eye as well as the ear recommends itself, and cannot fail to find admirers.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent).

Wednesday, July 4.

FROM the absence of all important events in the musical or theatrical sphere, I am reduced to chronicle the smallest beer in the way of hap or forecast. Perhaps the most curious scrap of intelligence in my wallet is that the opening of a German theatre in Paris is very seriously talked about. Considering that notwithstanding the large admixture of the Teutonic race with the population of this city, to the extent of 180,000 it is said, no German company has ever created sufficient interest among their compatriots to secure itself from disastrous loss, there can be little doubt that this is no private adventure. It is in fact presumed to be a move of his Imperial Majesty, and intended to serve as an exponent of the sympathy of France with Germany—an *élan* which will carry it to the frontiers of the Rhine. *A propos* of this subject I have an account from Vienna of the number and nature of the performances at the Court theatre from the 17th of July, 1850, to the end of May this year. The total number of operas performed was 217, in which the share of Meyerbeer alone was thirty-five; that of Mozart twenty-five; Wagner twenty-three; Donizetti and Weber each twenty; Lortzing sixteen; Auber and Verdi eleven; Halevy ten; Flotow seven; Beethoven seven; Rossini six, and Gluck two. The Court opera receives a subvention of 240,000 florins, and the *Hofburg Theater*, where dramas, tragedies, and comedies are played, 80,000 florins.

The conjunction of Scribe and Auber has been so happy in the operatic region, that though both are now stricken in years, it is impossible to refrain from the liveliest anticipations when we hear once more of its recurrence. Two comic operas are said to be forthcoming, the result of this illustrious collaboration. One of them is already in a finished state; it is in three acts and on a Russian subject of modern date. Russia has unfortunately never proved very inspiring to art or literature; *mais nous verrons*. The title of this work is not yet decided; it bears at present the provisional one of *Le Serail en gaité*, which would seem to concern the followers of Mahomet rather than the faithful of the Greek Church. There was, by the way, an extraordinary performance (in official language) the other day at the Opéra-Comique, for some benevolent object or other which is unimportant, but which was the occasion of the assemblage of an unusually long list of artists. Among them the least known to the public was Mad. Trebelli, a pupil of M. Wartel, who made her *début* last year at Madrid with great success. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano* of light though resonant quality, her intonation is accurate, her face very pleasing, and she gives in every way fair promise. Mad. Ugalde has just accepted an engagement at this house, and will make her appearance in *Galathée*, of which she is the original creatress. M. Couderc returns about the middle of this month, and will appear in a new opera by M. Eugene Gautier, entitled *Crispin Médecin*. Boieldieu's opera *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* will be revived next week, and Mad. Faure is to play Rose d'Amour. I must not leave the subject of the Opéra-Comique without confessing with due humility that in one of my letters I was guilty of circulating a gross *canard*. The bird, I trust you will believe, was none of my hatching, but flew to me direct from Italy, whence many a bird of like feather and treacherous accent has winged its way to the news market. Foreign intelligence was wont to be wafted on the pinions of the trusty pigeon cogener of the faithful dove; now the *canard*, patron of quacks and emblem of fraud and folly, usurps the office and makes gulls of poor editors. But I forgot to correct my false intelligence. Mad. Pannetrat is to marry no German ambassador, nor has she contracted any alliance save with the public of the *Salle Favart*.

It is a coincidence that Levassor, the celebrated comic singer, and John Parry, equally celebrated, and not a little resembling him in style, though without the qualities of a thorough actor, both return to the world much about the same time after a long period of illness. Levassor was actually killed by, not a grey goose shaft, the dart was winged with a feather from our friend the *canard*.

I am informed by a correspondent at St. Petersburg that the Italian tragedian, Mad. Ristori, is engaged there for three months. I had heard of this before, but was not certain of the fact, especially as it was coupled with the absurd statement that her terms of remuneration were to be 4000*l*. On her return to Paris, Mad. Ristori will appear at the Odeon in a drama of M. Legouvé, and will play in French. From the same informant I hear also that an important decision, so far as music is concerned, has been taken by the Emperor, who has ordered that from the 1st of September next the orchestras of the Imperial theatres should adopt the diapason fixed by the French Commission. General Lwoff, whose interest in the art is known throughout Europe, has obtained from his Imperial Majesty a grant of 1760*l*. as an indemnity to the artists for the changes required in their instruments in order to carry out this measure. Another piece of foreign musical news is that the King of Holland has just conferred on M. Batta, the violoncello player, the order of the Crown of Oak. By the way, *à propos* of the *diapason-normal* just mentioned, your readers may not know that it is now in full use at the Grand Opéra. M. Cavaillé-Coll has had to substitute a new instrument to the organ formerly in use for the stage. It is not yet installed, but it is highly spoken of. Mad. Ferraris, the celebrated *danseuse* at this establishment, has just left for London, being engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre. *Semiramis* is being rehearsed, and is on the point of being produced.

The *Théâtre-Choiseul*, of which diminutive place of entertainment M. Offenbach is lessee, has just been sold by auction. It was knocked down to M. Lenoir, agent for M. Charles Comte, after a smart competition with M. Offenbach's agent, who ran the bidding up to 292,500 fr. The two new theatres in the *Place du Châtelet* are being rapidly proceeded with. The foundations of the new lyrical theatre have already reached the level of the ground, and the ground has been long cleared for the Impérial Théâtre. After a minute examination of the plans submitted for the reconstruction of the Opéra, the commission has finally adopted that presented by the Government, but with certain modifications.

The new house is still to have a frontage of fifty-six metres and a depth of seventy, but the site will be enlarged by the additional space originally to be devoted to the formation of two lateral streets. The suppression of these will allow sufficient space for two covered court-yards, one reserved exclusively as an entrance for the carriages of the Imperial Court, the other for the carriages of the public. The *Rue Lafayette* and the *Rue de Rouen*, carried out on a breadth of from fifteen to twenty *mètres*, will open out on the new *Place*, which will be connected by a *boulevard* thirty *mètres* wide, with the *carrefour* Gaillon, while two streets, twenty *mètres* wide, will open out, one on the eastern face of the Madeleine, the other on the *Place de la Bourse*, near the Vandeville Théâtre.

It was pleasantly rumoured here that a libretto, by the Italian poet, Melchiore Sacchero, entitled *Charlotte Corday*, was being set to music by Meyerbeer, and would be produced at the San Carlo, at Naples. There is not the least foundation for the statement, which, in the latter part of it, is manifestly absurd.

While you have had your Orphéoniste festivals at the Crystal Palace, the good city of Friburg have also had a great choral demonstration; eighty-two vocal societies assembled there, and two of them were also from France—one from Paris and another from Colmar. The Grand Duke of Baden, with his Grand Duchess, and the Minister of the Interior, honoured the performances with their presence. At Zuichan they have been celebrating the 50th anniversary of the birth of Robert Schumann. A concert was given on the 8th of June, and the next day the memorial tablet and sculptured medallion of Schumann were solemnly unveiled; both are affixed to the *façade* of the house in which the composer was born. Goethe too is to have another statue; it is to be erected in Berlin, and the celebrated philologist, Jacob Grimm, is at the head of the commission charged with carrying out the project. The Opéra at Berlin, by the way, has closed, the last representation being *La Muette de Portici*. It will not re-open for two months. Rather a curious musical event has just occurred in this city, namely, the 3000th concert given by Charles Eichelberg. The orchestra was on a colossal scale, 30 first violins, 20 second ditto, 20 basses, 16 violoncellos, 20 double basses; in all 150 artists.

I see you are bringing out *Oberon* at one of your Italian theatres. As a pendant to this revival I may tell you that at Breslau they have been playing *Der Freischütz* for the 250th time. Karl Maria von Weber was leader of the orchestra in this city in 1805, and it was here he wrote his opera of *Rubezahl*.

TESTIMONIAL TO CIPRIANI POTTER.

SEVERAL professors and students of the Royal Academy of Music, and other persons connected with music, and involved in its best interests, have subscribed to a Testimonial to Mr. Cipriani Potter, on his retirement from our only national musical seminary, in which he has been actively engaged since its foundation, thirty-seven years ago. The presentation of this took place at the Academy, on Saturday, the 30th of June, when a very numerous meeting of the subscribers assembled. Sir George Clerk, one of our leading musical amateurs, and Vice-President of the Academy, acted as chairman on the occasion; and he was supported by the Earl of Wilton, and the committee for conducting the testimonial, Mr. R. Barnett, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. Dorrell, Mr. Lucas (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. G. A. Macfarren (Hon. Secretary), Mr. Walter Macfarren, and Mr. Brinley Richards. The minutes of two former meetings of the subscribers were read, at the first of which the testimonial was proposed, and at the second the manner was decided upon in which it should be carried out. The Committee submitted the following Report of the proceedings:—

Report of the Committee to the Meeting of Subscribers on the 30th of June, 1860.

"Your Committee have the pleasure to report that several new subscriptions have been added to the list since you extended the time for receiving them, including some from New York, Calcutta, Naples, and Boston, besides some from admirers of Mr. Potter resident in England. One from Naples is from the former Superintendent of the Academy, the Rev. F. Hamilton, expressing not only the most cordial sympathy with this tribute to Mr. Potter, but desiring also the kindest greetings and remembrances to the many friends with whom he was associated during his connection with the institution. The subscription list contains 309 names, and the total sum at present subscribed amounts to £534 13s., of which £530 19s. 6d. has been already received by the Treasurer.

"Your Committee changed the date agreed upon at the last meeting for the Presentation, in accordance to the wish of several provincial subscribers, who were anxious to attend on this occasion, but whose engagements would prevent their being in London before the present time. It was impossible to make an arrangement that would suit the convenience of every subscriber, and it is to be regretted that some of those who have expressed the warmest interest in the proceedings, especially Mr. T. M. Mudie, are unable to be here to-day; but their good wishes are with you all, although they cannot personally express them. Sir John Campbell's absence to-day is occasioned by another cause, which he explains in a letter that will be read to you. Your Committee have to report that Dr. W. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Charles Lucas, and Mr. G. A. Macfarren, have accepted the office of first trustees of the Exhibition Fund, which you appointed them at your last meeting. The draft of a deed of trust—for the legal provision for successors to the trustees, whom you appointed at your last meeting, to take charge of the fund you appropriated to the Potter Exhibition—has been prepared by Mr. Bishop, and will be submitted to you for approval. Your authorising of this deed will be the virtual establishment of the Potter Exhibition, and thus it will be the erecting a monument to Mr. Potter's memory, which will endure as long as music is studied in England.

"A list of the Subscribers, with an account of the Testimonial, has been written on vellum. In this, according to the feeling generally expressed at your first meeting, the amount of each individual subscription is not stated, it being considered that the compliment to Mr. Potter is shown in the animus which has prompted us, one and all, to subscribe, and not in the sums which, according to our different means and circumstances, each of us has subscribed. As there is no distinction among the subscribers in respect of the feeling that has induced them to join in this testimonial—as they constitute a commonwealth of esteem and regard towards the late Principal of the Academy—the names in this list stand in alphabetical order, with the exception of a very few, which were received too late for insertion in their proper places.

"Your Committee have expended the sum of £100, voted at your last meeting for that purpose, in the purchase of a Silver Tea Service and Salver, of Messrs. Hunt and Roskill; and they have the pleasure to inform you that these gentlemen, in consideration of the occasion, and at the instigation of Mr. Sparrow (one of our subscribers), reduced the price of these articles from £126 to the sum you voted, and included the cost of engraving the inscriptions in this amount.

"The Secretary has received very many letters in reference to the Testimonial, all of which abound in the most cordial expressions of affection and admiration for Mr. Potter; and your Committee suggest to you that as these may probably be interesting to Mr. Potter, the whole of the correspondence, together with the books containing the minutes of the Committee's meetings, be handed to him.

"It is expected that one more meeting of the Committee, for the purpose of discharging the claims upon them for the various expenses connected with the Testimonial, of winding up the accounts, and of handing over the balance to the Trustees of the Exhibition Fund, will enable them to complete the agreeable duties you confided to them; and they will retire from office with feelings of the utmost gratification, if they can believe that they have fulfilled your wishes."

The draft of the deed of trust was read and approved, and signed by the Chairman on behalf of the meeting.

Sir George Clerk addressed Mr. Potter, stating how deeply the Directors of the Academy felt the importance of his services to the institution, how happy its professors had always been in co-operating with him, how gratified as much as benefited had been the students by his instructions, and how sensible was every one who felt interest in the progress of music in England, of the valuable influence his (Mr. Potter's) example and teaching had had upon it. He alluded to the fact that all the chief positions in our principal London orchestras are held by persons who have been educated in the Academy, to prove the beneficial effect this institution has had in furtherance of the art; and he attributed this effect mainly to Mr. Potter's able fulfilment of his office; and he concluded his speech, amidst loud acclamations, by presenting Mr.

Potter with the silver service and the list of subscribers, and declaring that the "Potter Exhibition" was now established.

Mr. Potter was greeted with enthusiastic applause when he rose to return thanks for the compliment that was paid him. He spoke, with very great emotion, of his interest in music, his interest in the Academy, and his interest in all those who had been educated there. Throughout his long and gratifying speech, he was greatly overcome by his feelings; but he showed himself in every word he said, as he has proved himself in his indefatigable artistic career, a true and zealous lover of the art he has done so much to foster.

The Earl of Wilton expressed the thanks of the meeting to Sir George Clerk for his efficient conduct in the chair, who acknowledged these with cordial earnestness, and then proposed three cheers for Cipriani Potter, which were given with pealing heartiness, being joined in as warmly by the many ladies as by the gentlemen who were present.

The meeting was one of great interest, since it brought together from remote parts of the country many old school associates, who had not shaken hands for years; and with these, many musicians quite unconnected with the Academy, and many amateurs of music, who all concurred in the feeling for which they were assembled—their wish to express their personal regard and professional admiration for the man who has had more influence than any other on the progress of music in this country. The time is now passed for statues and tablets; the merits of Wellington are commemorated in a college for the sons of soldiers; those of Miss Nightingale in an hospital for men who have suffered in the service of their country; and those of Cipriani Potter, not less appropriately, in the endowment of a fund to assist musical students in defraying the cost of their education.

MADAME CINTI-DAMOREAU TO HER PUPILS IN THE CONSERVATOIRE.*

IT is to you, my dear pupils, that I have resolved to dedicate this method, the fruit of my studies and my experience, and in which I think I have set forth the best principles and the best examples of the art of singing. Adhere firmly to these principles, and endeavour to reproduce faithfully the examples; this, in a word, is the great thing in a good system of instruction.

If I speak to you of my studies, it is because at the very apogee of my artistic career, I never ceased to study; it is only to assiduous labour, and the firm resolve of effecting every day fresh progress, that we owe the inestimable honour of obtaining and preserving the favour of the public. In order to prove to you all that may be gained by this determined application to study, I at first entertained the idea of prefixing my biography to this book, but I was afraid it would be too long, and I shall restrict myself to describing only that part of my career which is connected with my *débuts* at the Théâtre-Italien, the Opéra, and the Opéra-Comique. You must bear in mind, therefore, that, while speaking of myself, I shall not cease to think of you.

I was scarcely thirteen when I was introduced to M. C. Henri Plantade, a clever, talented, kind-hearted man, whose memory is still cherished by all those who have loved or cultivated musical art in France during the last thirty years. M. Plantade was assiduous in giving me lessons, with all the care of an excellent musical professor and all the tenderness of a father. My voice, which gave promise of becoming flexible, but which did not then possess much strength, struck him as completely adapted to the Italian style. I studied, therefore, under him, only the old repertory, beginning with Durante's *Psalms*. My masters allowed me to sing scarcely three or four French airs; among these latter were the airs of *Montano et Stéphanie*, and *Beniowski*, true models of a style that is at once simple, expressive, and graceful. I mention this to you, my dear pupils, in order that you may not suppose that you sing well only when you have succeeded in singing with ease what is difficult. It is not enough, recollect, merely to utter notes and execute passages more or less difficult; besides doing this, you must give them colour, you must animate and accentuate them, and for this purpose an artist must be impressed with the words, and with the spirit of the piece or scene he has to sing. His physiognomy, also, must, so to speak, reveal to the hearer the subject and character of what is sung. Is it necessary for me to add that his articulation and pronunciation must be irreproachable? Listen to Ponchard, and you will perceive how much charming effect is gained by not allowing a syllable to be lost by the auditors.

It is far more difficult to sing in French than in Italian. This is very easily explained. We French do not allow ourselves to take breath in the middle of a word, to repeat a syllable, to sing *forte* when the situation suggests that we should sing *piano*; lastly, we must not sacrifice the words to the notes, but, on the contrary, we must sacrifice the notes to the words. By working incessantly, by devoting yourselves exclusively to your art, you may succeed in identifying the former with the latter, and speaking in music.

Such is nearly all my method, my dear pupils. I worked always and constantly, listening to others and reasoning on what I heard.

When I had attained my fourteenth year, M. Plantade said to me, "My dear girl, you can now do without me. Mark my words: you possess taste; you will adopt what is good in some and reject what is bad in others." But do not suppose from this advice, that you are to imitate servilely the master or the model you select. You must, as I cannot too often repeat, explain to yourselves the means of success peculiar to the artist to whom you are listening, and clearly comprehend by what art he has acquired grace, by what secret he has been able to charm you. You thus avoid the shoal of parody, and advance rapidly on the road that leads to success.

Before I was fifteen, I made my *début* at the *Italiens*, as Lilla, in *La Cosa rara*, a character left open by the departure of Mad. Fodor. Thanks to my extreme youth, and, above all, to the advice of my dear master, my success was a genuine one. The day on which M. Plantade's unconditional approbation confirmed the applause of the public was the happiest day of my life. After my successful *début*, I had many annoyances and prejudices to overcome. I was French; this was almost a crime at the Théâtre-Italien!

I was not discouraged. I learned, in a very short time, nearly fifteen or twenty parts; I understudied (sometimes in a day) the parts of all the *prime donne*; in the ardour of my zeal, and with my incessant application, I was ready for every score. This, my dear pupils, is the proper place to inform you that, should you intend to go on the stage, you must not be contented with studying the part in which you propose to appear; you must comprehend and fully master all the other parts. By this plan, you seize better the purpose of a work, while engaging in a practice more calculated than any other to render your talent supple. My adoption of this system proved, one day, highly advantageous to me.

Mad. Catalani was to appear in an extraordinary performance at the Opéra. The grand rehearsal was already somewhat advanced, when it was remarked that the great vocalist had not arrived. At the moment the ritornello of her cavatina announced her entrance on the stage, Barilli, our stage-manager, taking my hand, boldly presented me to the orchestra, to sing in the place of our celebrated manageress. Though greatly agitated at first, I felt afterwards very happy, for the orchestra applauded me very much, and it was the first time such an honour had been paid me. When Mad. Catalani heard of what I had been bold enough, or, rather, what my devotion to art had prompted me to do, she thanked me by an embrace, for she was always kind.

A short time subsequently (I was then sixteen), Garcia entrusted me with a charming first-rate part in his opera, *Il Califo di Bagdad*. Yarat, who then heard me (alas! I was too young ever to have heard him), said, I sang *insolently in tune* (*insolemment juste*). This is, I think, the only defect on which I have had to congratulate myself in the whole course of my life; contrast this defect, my dear pupils; there can be no charm if you do not sing in tune. This quality is not one, I am aware, that is easily acquired, but, by working assiduously at the intervals of all kinds, slowly, and with the assistance of a master, you may sometimes succeed in singing in tune, even when you have not naturally a feeling for it.

When Rossini arrived in France, I received the valuable advice of Bordogni, whose colleague I afterwards became at the Conservatoire, and whose good taste is proved by the charming exercises of vocalisation he has given us.

A short time afterwards, an extraordinary performance afforded me an opportunity of appearing at the Opéra, in *Le Rossignol*. As I had never previously had a chance of singing in French before the public who treated me already so kindly, I was in a state of intense anxiety. It was, however, the very success which attended this attempt which made me resolve to remain on the grand stage of the Opéra, for which a new destiny seemed then about to open. But, before I separated from the Théâtre-Italien, which had become endeared to me for many reasons, I determined to subject myself to another ordeal, more serious than that of *Le Rossignol* could be. The Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld (then Duke de Doudeauville), whose name all artists should remember with

* Preface to the *Methode d'Artiste*, dedicated by Mad. Cinti-Damoreau to her pupils of the Paris Conservatory.

gratitude, was, at that time, entrusted with the direction of the Beaux Arts. I asked his permission to play Amazily, in *Fernand Cortez*, a delicious part, entirely dependent on expression, and, apparently, quite opposed to the nature of the style I had cultivated up to that period. The part does not contain a single roulade; it was impossible to succeed in it except by feeling and simplicity. This second bold attempt proved even more successful than the first. I became a member of the Opéra, therefore, exceedingly proud of having obtained the suffrage of so eminent a composer as Spontini, and of so dramatic a singer as Mad. Branchu, for whom he had composed this admirable part twenty years previously. Here begins the second, and not the least happy, period of my theatrical career.

CINTI-DAMOREAU.

(*To be continued.*)

The Operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The experiments now being made at both Italian houses to resuscitate the neglected works of acknowledged masters, are commendable as likely to lead to good results, if not to great successes. In all probability we shall hear little more this year of *Orfeo e Eurydice*, performed three times at the Royal Italian Opera, or of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, performed twice at Her Majesty's Theatre, both of which were worthily and carefully put upon the stage; but we must not therefore conclude that nothing has been accomplished. It is something at all events for composers of the present day to gain some notion of what sort of music is calculated to please the public for whom they intend writing, and by what means popularity may be most surely achieved. It is something, too, even for the informed, to be reminded how old composers, like Gluck and Cimarosa, wrote in the olden times, and to contrast their compositions with those of writers of the present day. When *Oberon* was announced at Her Majesty's Theatre, we entertained serious doubts as to its success; nor were these doubts entirely removed when told that the cast would include the names of Titiens, Alboni, Mongini, Belart, Everardi, Gassier, and others; that the spectacle would be dazzling and transcendent; and that the music would be enriched by additions from *Euryanthe*, and accompanied recitatives by Mr. Jules Benedict, the accomplished musician, and favourite pupil and friend of Weber. We could not help thinking that there must have been some powerful cause for the failure of the opera on its first production. *Oberon* was first performed on the eleventh of April, 1826, when Weber was in the height of his popularity, and when the public, enraptured with their new favourite, would have been but too eager to take advantage of any opportunity afforded them of exhibiting their enthusiasm. The opera, nevertheless, ran but a few nights, and achieved a moderate success only. No doubt a good deal was owing to the absurdity and unfathomable purpose of the *libretto*, of which the author, Mr. Planché, one of the most elegant and correct of our dramatic writers, appears now to be thoroughly ashamed, since he acknowledges, in his preface to the Italian version, that "nothing but the genius of Weber could have preserved it from total oblivion." If variety and locomotion constituted a good book, *Oberon* would be the best ever written. There are kings, knights, caliphs, princes, sheiks, Arabs, eunuchs, emirs, Saracens, Moors, soldiers, nobles, negroes, ladies of the harem, slaves, dancing girls, sultanas, pirates, fairies, spirits of the four elements, mermaids, genii, &c., &c. Fairy-land and romance-land are commingled in one incongruous mass. The age of chivalry is bound up with the heathen mythology, and both made subservient to the wildest flights of the imagination. Puck, Oberon, Titania, and the fairies shake hands with Charlemagne, and make their salaams at the foot of the throne of Caliph Haroun al Raschid, the Commander of the Faithful. The diversity of places is even more extraordinary than the variety of characters. The first scene takes place in Oberon's bower—in Fairy-land, we may presume. The next scene involves the translation, by Puck, of Sir Huon from the banks of the Seine to the banks of the Tigris. From Bagdad to Ascalon is soon achieved by supernatural means; and thence to Tunis is but a short flight by the same process. Finally, a single jump from Tunis to France brings all to an end in the presence of Charlemagne and his host of Paladins. Now, all these people appearing in quick rotation, and all these changes of locality taking place, create much entertainment; but the plot hangs together by a very slender thread, and astonishment is the natural feeling it inspires. The poetry, we may say, *par parenthese*, is admirable, better in fact than that of almost any operatic *libretto* with which we are acquainted; the story, however, is as extravagant, inconsistent, contradictory, and unaccountable, as is that of the *Zauberflöte*, or *Matilda di Shabran*, and yet Mozart composed music for the one and Rossini for the other.

Upon Mr. Benedict devolved the onerous and, however agreeable, not very grateful task of writing the accompanied recitatives and making such additions as were considered necessary to the success of the opera. This gentleman, perhaps more than any other living musician, was the most thoroughly competent to enter into Weber's notions and supply what was found wanting in the score. We cannot help thinking, however, that the interpolation of pieces from *Euryanthe* was a grave mistake, and by no means called for, notwithstanding the brilliant manner in which it enabled Mlle. Titiens to wind up the performance. *Oberon* is, or is not, a *chef-d'œuvre*. If it is, it was sacrilegious to meddle with it. If it is not, no excerpts from other works could make it so. Moreover, the public were desirous to hear *Oberon* in its integrity, and wanted nothing else—not even that Mlle. Titiens should be conciliated. With regard to the music, we are inclined to think that Weber composed the greater part of it under circumstances by no means favourable to inspiration; that he was unwell at the time, we may naturally infer, seeing that his death happened not long after. It is possible, too, that he was over anxious about his work, after the extraordinary and unprecedented sensation created by *Der Freischütz*, and did not give his inspiration fair play. Certainly, whatever may be the abstract merits of *Oberon*, no one will deny that it is inferior to *Der Freischütz*, not only as a work of imagination, but of art. That there are beautiful, nay, magnificent things in *Oberon*, everybody knows; but the music is not equal, and both the ear and the judgment are left unsatisfied at the end.

Of the performance we can speak highly, and shall, we have no doubt, be enabled to speak more highly after a few repetitions. On Tuesday night some of the artists were too nervous to do themselves anything like justice, and we may point especially to Signor Mongini (from whose grand voice and forcible style the greatest things were expected in Sir Huon) as being almost wholly incapacitated by anxiety to do too much. Moreover, he laboured under an ill-fitting helmet, from which he appeared to suffer as much as from the dread of attacking Weber's notes. An ill-fitting casque or headpiece, more particularly if worn on the head, is not, as may be imagined, conducive to the production of tone. Signor Mongini should have rehearsed with his helmet on. Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Alboni, and Signor Belart carried away the chief honors. Mad. Alboni (Fatima) obtained the only encore of the evening (except one) in the romance, "A lonely Arab maid," which she gave with incomparable grace, expression, and finish. Mlle. Titiens never sang more superbly, both in the air, "Haste, gallant knight!" and in the grand scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," creating a powerful sensation. Signor Belart sang the music of Oberon to perfection. The song "From boyhood trained in battle-field" in the original score belonged to Sir Huon, but was objected to by Braham, and "O, 'tis a glorious sight to see," substituted in its place. The original song is now restored, but assigned to Oberon in place of Sir Huon, by merely an alteration of the words from the first to the second person singular, whereby, as Mr. Planché observes, "the feeling of the composition is perfectly preserved, and the character of Oberon rendered of more musical importance without loss to that of Huon." To our thinking, this song is much more striking and beautiful than the bellicose *scena* written expressly for Braham, and which we have always considered to be so much overrated. Signor Belart sang it most admirably. We can hardly fancy Weber composing a regular bravura for the great English tenor. The part of Sherasmin was capitally acted and sung by Signor Everardi; and M. Gassier, by his energy and powerful vocalisation, did as much as the brief space of time he was before the public

permitted him to do in the character of the Saracen Prince Babekan. Mlle. Vaneri as Roshana, the jealous and infuriated *cara sposa* of Almanzor, and Mad. Lemaire as Puck, are entitled to honourable mention.

Since the production of Auber's *Il Prodigo*, some ten or twelve years since, no spectacle either in ballet or opera at Her Majesty's Theatre can be compared with *Oberon*. The eye indeed is dazzled by a series of pictorial illusions, changes, and transformations, such as we look for in our Christmas entertainments only. It would take more room than we can well spare, after all we have written, to describe the splendour and novelty of the *tableaux*, the richness and variety of the dresses, the magnificence of the appointments, and the brilliant assemblage of fairies, water-nymphs, dancing-girls, &c.—these and other things we may discuss by-and-bye.

We cannot close our remarks, however, without stating how admirably the band went under the direction of Mr. Benedict, and how well-deserved was the unanimous and loud encore accorded to the Overture.

Oberon was repeated on Thursday, and will be given for the third time, this evening.

Royal Italian Opera.—On Saturday *Orfeo e Eurydice*, and the first act of *Il Barbiere*, were repeated; and on Tuesday the same performances were given, for the third time, by desire of Her Majesty, who attended with the Prince Consort.

Perhaps of all the characters in which Mad. Grisi has obtained celebrity that of Lucrezia Borgia (Norma itself not excepted) is the one upon which the slow but infallible encroachments of time have been able to produce the least sensible effect. We allude, of course, to her vocal execution of the part; for, judged from a histrionic point of view, years have only served to perfect a conception which, noble and vigorous from the first, now assumes the proportions of the loftiest tragedy. A more transcendent exhibition of dramatic power than her performance on Thursday night, when Donizetti's finest serious opera was presented (for the first time this season at the Royal Italian Opera) with the scenic attractiveness of former years, has rarely been witnessed. Not to recapitulate incidents with which our readers must be already too familiar, we may say, in a word, that the prominent situations — the finale to the prologue, where Lucrezia, unmasked before Gennaro, is inspired with her terrible scene of retribution; the finale to the first act, where she forces the unwilling and incredulous Gennaro to swallow the antidote; and that to the second, where, to her utter dismay, she discovers that the one being she loves has been involved by her own wicked act in the fate of those whom she has injured, whom she hates, and by whom she has been insulted and reviled—were as grand, impressive, and forcible as ever; while the intervening details that help to develope and complete the portrayal were brought out with masterly skill, lighted up by flashes of genius that gave significance to many a subtle point which might not otherwise have arrested the sympathies of the spectator. Madame Grisi's singing, at times unequal (as in the cavatina, "Come è bello," the slow movement of which was irreproachable, the quick movement here and there unsatisfactory), was for the most part admirable, quite on a par, indeed, with her acting. The two great duets with Alphonso and Gennaro, and the powerfully dramatic trio ("Guai se ti sfugge un moto") which separates them, afforded instances of vocal excellence that even in her very best days this gifted lady has hardly surpassed. Worthy to stand side by side with such a Lucrezia were the Gennaro of Signor Mario and the Alphonso of Signor Ronconi — the first one of the most romantic and graceful, the last one of the most intellectual and wonderfully elaborated impersonations of the modern stage. Signor Mario's voice was in excellent order; he sang "Di pescatore ignobile" with a feeling no less exquisite for its unaffected simplicity than for its tenderness, and the interpolated air, "Io pur sentii le placide" to perfection. In a very critical moment of the final duet with Lucrezia, however, he seemed wholly at a loss; but the ready address of the orchestra (which Mr. Costa has trained to a state of discipline worthy of a musical Garibaldi) soon restored the equilibrium; and this temporary aberration was atoned for by a portrayal of the death-scene of Gennaro for picturesque beauty and abstract natural truthfulness worthy of the greatest actors. Signor Ronconi's voice was in neither worse nor better order than usual; but his entire delineation of the character of Duke Alphonso was such as no predecessor has equalled and no contemporary even approached. His feigned courtesy to Gennaro, in the dialogue previous to handing him the poisoned cup, was a masterpiece of subdued irony —the cloven foot, hidden from poor Gennaro, being just enough visible to the audience to perfect the dramatic verisimilitude. That with such elements the grand scene of the opera—the scene in which the poison and the antidote are successively administered to Gennaro, and Alphonso just rushes on the stage in time to see his intended victim escape unhurt—should create an extraordinary sensation was not surprising. The applause was deafening at the fall of the curtain, and one of the old triumphs revived. Mad. Nantier Didiée's Maffeo Orsini exhibited all those lively qualities for which it has been praised, and the *brindisi*, "Il segreto per esse felice," dashed off with her accustomed vigour, was followed by the accustomed "ovation." Signor Tagliafico's Gubetta, as the picture of a gloomy, unprincipled villain, is not less faultless and original than his Sparafucile; the poisoned cup to the one is evidently as genial and familiar as the assassin's knife to the other. No one can represent an unscrupulous bravo so thoroughly well as this versatile gentleman. Meyerbeer's *Prophète* is announced for Tuesday, with Mad. Csillag as Fides, Mad. Corbari as Bertha, and Signor Tamberlik (his first appearance) as Jean of Leyden.

STABAT-MATER, SEDEBAT-PATER.

(*Letter to Mr. Punch.*)

"Sir,—I was at Mr. Benedict's Concert, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and an admirable concert it was,—rich to excess with every soil of musical attraction that could justify a man in giving up four hours in the day to having his ears pleased; but that's not the question now.

"The question is, Mr. Punch, whether you think that, because a woman comes late to a place of the kind, she has a right to expect a man who has come early to give up his seat to her? and whether she is justified in standing near him, like a standing reproach, and every now and then looking at him as if he were a brute, because he does not get up and resign his place?

"Because that is the way many women behave. They, having nothing to do, can just as well be punctual as not, and if they were they would get a place; but they come in late, and with a sort of insolent notion that room is to be made for them, let them come when they like.

"Several women behaved in that way at Mr. Benedict's Concert; and as I happened to have an end seat, near the Stalls (did I say I went into the Pit, and never bestowed Seven Shillings better?), I was the butt for a good deal of this sort of thing. Sir, I stood upon principle, and sat upon my seat. I would not move, and regarded the singers with fixed attention, turning adders' ears to mutterings behind and beside me about 'no notion of Gentlemen permitting Ladies to stand.' And in the intervals I smiled very blandly (I have a bland smile, my friends say) upon the insolent and disappointed females. The *Stabat-Mater* was excellently sung by Alboni and Titiens, and I enjoyed myself much.

"Was I not right, Sir? Has a woman a right to use moral force to turn me out of a place which I paid for and came early to secure? Unless you say she has, I shall pursue the same line of conduct, and

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,
"No Cherub."

"P.S.—And it's so mean to attack us men. The women dared not attack other women. They knew better. There was really plenty of room for everybody, for Mr. B. issued no more tickets than the place would hold; but the Crinolines were immoveably obstinate, and contemptuously rejected the slightest suggestion to move ever so little closer. Upon my honour, Mr. Punch, I think women are awfully selfish."

Sig. Tamberlik has arrived from Spain, and will make his first appearance on Tuesday, at the Royal Italian Opera, as Jean of Leyden, in the *Prophète*.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Last Night but One of the Subscription.—Third Night of Oberon.—This evening, July 7, will be performed, with new and elegant scenery, dresses, machinery, and appointments, which will present features of special interest, Weber's grand romantic opera of OBERON, with the following powerful cast:—Reiza, Mlle. TITIENS; Fatima, Mad. ALBONI; Puck, Mad. LEMAIRE; Roshana, Mlle. VANERI; Sir Huon, Sig. MONGINI; Oberon, Sig. BELART; Sherasmin, Sig. EVERARDI; Babekan, Sig. GASSIER. The whole produced under the immediate superintendence of J. R. Planché, Esq., author of the libretto (by whom several changes and modifications have been made), and Mr. R. Roxby. The recitatives by Mr. BENEDICT, pupil of the composer of this great work, who will direct the orchestra. Pit tickets, 8s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.; to be obtained at the box-office of the theatre (under the portico), which is open daily from 10 to 6, and on the evenings of performance until the end of the opera.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—First appearance of Signor TAMBERLIK.—Production of LE PROPHETE. On Tuesday next, July 10, will be produced, with new scenery, costumes, and decorations, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, LE PROPHETE. Fides, Mlle. CRILLAG; Bertha, Mlle. CORBARI; Count Oberthal, Signor TAGLIAFICO; Zaccaria, M. ZELGER: Giona, Signor NERI-BARALDI; Mathisen, Signor POLONINI; Serjeant, Signor ROSSI; Peasant, Signor LUCCHESI; Burghers, Signor VAIRO and Signor PATRIOSSI; and Jean of Leyden, Signor TAMBERLIK (his first appearance this season). Conductor, Mr. COSTA. The incidental Divertissement and Skating Scene will be supported by Mlle. ZINA, Mlles. ESPER and MULOT, and M. DESPLACES, and comprise the celebrated Quadrille des Patineurs. The scenery by Mr. W. BEVERLEY; the costumes by M. HENNIER, of Paris, Mr. COOMBES, and Mrs. JAMES; the machinery by Mr. SLOMAN; the appointments by Mr. PRESCOTT; the dances arranged by M. DESPLACES; the Mise-en-Scène by Mr. A. HARRIS.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Every Evening. On Monday, Mlle. FIA will make her first appearance in the new Comedie, LES PATTES DES MOUCHES. Orchestra Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, from £2 2s. Commence at 8 o'clock.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

THE last three Monday Popular Concerts have taken place. The first was devoted to Beethoven, the second to Mozart, and the third, in the language of the advertisement, to "All the Great Masters"—although, in looking over the programme, we found the names of several "great masters" omitted. This, however, was inevitable, unless the concert was to last till sunrise; which, the judgment of the directors being (as experience has shown) in no way inferior to their enterprise, was not very likely to be intended, even at a performance instituted for their own benefit, into which they would naturally crowd all the good things possible.

The success of the Monday Popular Concerts is altogether without precedent. If anybody had maintained, some two years since, that, before two years more should have elapsed, nearly forty concerts would be held in the large music room of St. James's Hall, for the edification of audiences averaging between a maximum of 2500 persons and a minimum of 1500, with quintets, quartets, and pianoforte sonatas as the staple attractions, he would have been set down as a moon-struck enthusiast, if not as something still more forlorn and pitiable. Nevertheless, this has been brought about, and by those, too, whose previous undertakings had indicated no such staunch belief in the musical taste of the great public. The theory enforced (or endeavoured to be enforced) by a certain speculator (in whom bashfulness is not a predominating quality), that no one in the social scale beneath an earl, a countess, or a bishop, is capable of appreciating a stringed quartet, and that, on the other hand, a stringed quartet can only be heard to perfection at St. James's Hall on a summer morning, has been summarily upset by the Messrs. Chappell, who—under the very nostrils of the above-named theorist—have established the Monday Popular Concerts, the most legitimate and attractive entertainments of the kind ever offered to the public.

One commendable feature in this undertaking is the total absence of "puff." The directors neither administer preparatory feelers in the shape of fulsome laudatory paragraphs, nor angry recriminations when critical exception happens to be taken with regard to any of the artists or works they bring forward. This is good alike for the patrons of the concerts, because it is honest and straightforward, and for the artists, because it does not compromise their self-respect by placing them in an undignified and ridiculous position before the public. At the Monday Popular Concerts the music of which the programme is composed, and the artists who are selected to perform, are allowed to appeal modestly on the strength of their intrinsic merits, and not put forth in flatulent paragraphs, as monstrous and unexampled phenomena. Herr Lubeck, for example, was just as courteously received, and thrice as warmly applauded, at St. James's Hall by gas-light, as at St. James's Hall by day-light; and yet, in one instance, he was presented simply as "Herr Ernst Lubeck," while, in the other, he was ticketed, labelled, and paraded, as "this unrivalled" ——— &c.—stirred up, in short, with the long pole, like a drowsy "lion" prostrate and somnolent through overfeeding, or a "lion" of irritable temperament, made refractory by the imposition of tasks wholly uncongenial to his leonine idiosyncracy.

ALL could appreciate the extent of the gap in public amusement occasioned by the decease of the late lamented Albert Smith. But few comparatively will be aware of the loss that is implied in the announcement that Robert Brough has rested so soon from his arduous toils. Widely celebrated as one of the most brilliant burlesque writers of the day, he had an earnest poetical side, which was seldom presented to the public, and we may fairly surmise that if Robert Brough had lived and prospered for twenty years more he would have been visibly identified with something very different from a writer of trivial papers and dramatic *facetiæ*. Perhaps he was the best of the class to which he would have been assigned by the public—his *own best* was revealed to few.

Well do we remember one evening when, in the lecture room of the Marylebone Institution, Robert Brough read a collection of his poems to an audience so scanty, as to dispel all intentions of repeating the experiment. But singular were the beauty and force of the poems themselves—some of them wildly passionate and exquisitely pathetic;—some sportively fantastic;—some impregnated with the spirit which we style "Bulwerian." But all were marked by a thorough mastery of language and of metre, and by a stern earnestness of purpose, while here and there (as for instance, in an imitation of the *Raven* of Edgar Poe) feats of great technical difficulty were performed. If ever there was a genuine poet it was Robert Brough, as he stood before that scanty audience at the Marylebone Institution. He appeared in a new character, but that character was evidently his own.

Of the novel which he published shortly before his death we are not in a position to speak; but how remarkable are those dramatic works by which his name is most familiarised to the public, if we take into the account all the circumstances of their production. Twelve years or so have elapsed since the "Brothers Brough" (that is, Robert and William) were made known to the London world as two young writers fresh from one of the Northern provinces, who at once leaped to the summit of facetious celebrity, by means of a burlesque *Tempest*. This *Tempest*, written by Robert Brough when he was less than 20 years of age I. was a tremendous "hit," and from the time of its production at the Adelphi, the "Brothers Brough" have been in constant requisition to supply the London theatres with those entertainments that recreate the public at holiday seasons. So prolific did they become, and so large was the demand which they supplied, that at one time there seemed considerable danger that they would "write themselves out." In the latest burlesque, however, a new vigor is apparent, and the pieces which Robert Brough wrote for Mr. Robson may be esteemed the best of his dramatic works. In the last of all — *Alfred the Great* — there were indications of a new spirit. The dialogue was more than usually pointed, and was free from that slang of the fast school to which the author in his earlier life was somewhat too much addicted, and which it has ever been the merit of Messrs. Robson and Emden to discourage to the best of their power.

The "Savage Club" project an amateur performance for the benefit of the widow and children of Robert Brough. Might we suggest—in addition to this expedient—a publication by subscription of the select poems of the deceased, carefully and lovingly edited? A volume containing the pieces we heard at Marylebone, would not only be a vendible commodity, but it would show to the public what Robert Brough really was in his serious moments.

Concerts.

Philharmonic Concerts.—The last concert of the forty-eighth season—one of the most brilliant and successful since the Philharmonic Society was instituted—took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday evening, when the following selection was performed before a crowded assemblage of amateurs and professors of the musical art:—

Part I.

Sinfonia in D, Op. 7	Mozart
Recit. and Aria, "Tu m'abbandoni," Miss Louisa Pyne . . .	Spohr
Concerto, pianoforte, in G minor, Miss Arabella Goddard	Dussek
Overture, "Naiades"	Sterndale Bennett

Part II.

Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5 . .	Beethoven
Aria, "Quando lasciai la Normandia" (Robert le Diable), Miss Louisa Pyne.	Meyerbeer
Overture, "Jubilee"	Weber

Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

The admirable execution of Mozart's symphony—one of his finest, although one of his earliest, and written for a small band, without even clarionets—offered a fair specimen of the unsurpassed capabilities of the Philharmonic orchestra and the consummate talent of Professor Bennett as a conductor, in which capacity, where classical music has to be dealt with, he is at the present time without a superior. Calmly and unobtrusively, devoid of fuss, or show of any kind, thinking of the music he has to direct, and not at all of himself, Professor Bennett does his work to perfection, adding, moreover, to the qualities we have specified, the taste and experience of an accomplished musician, combined with an intimate knowledge of all that is set before him. His own poetical and masterly overture, the *Naiades*, always welcome, and always in place, no matter of what materials the rest of the programme may be composed, was, perhaps, never more superbly given—even at Leipsic or Berlin, where it forms a stock piece at the established musical institutions—and certainly never received with greater heartiness. Both the members of the orchestra, who played so well, and the audience, who applauded so warmly, seemed inclined to express, in a significant and unmistakeable manner, their sense of the sterling merits of Professor Bennett, under whose able and zealous superintendence these time-honoured performances have recovered all their ancient, and at one period slightly compromised, repute. The only novelty in the programme was the pianoforte concerto of Dussek—his sixth, in many respects his best, and one of those pieces which first elicited the attention of the ill-fated Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, who afterwards contracted such a close amity with the Bohemian musician that the two stood towards each other rather in the relationship of brothers than of patron and *protegé*. The attachment of any Prince, however, would have been requited by such a tribute as that which Dussek paid to Prince Ferdinand, in the *Harmonic Elegy* inscribed to his memory. The increasing vogue which the too-long neglected works of Dussek have been obtaining of recent years, and in which the lady who played the concerto in G minor on Monday night has had some hand, is a sure sign (among others) of the healthy progress our amateurs are making. To give to Cæsar, however, what is Cæsar's due, it was Dr. Wylde who, at one of his new Philharmonic Concerts (in 1858), first resuscitated this splendid concerto in G minor—as, the year following, he resuscitated another, its equal in merit (No. 12, in E flat), from the same hand. On both occasions the pianist was Miss Arabella Goddard, to whom the music of Dussek has always been sympathetic, and who now, as before, did her very best to impart her enthusiasm to her hearers. That her efforts were not unappreciated was shown by the genuine marks of approval bestowed upon each movement of the work. The honours belonged, of course, to the old master; but Miss Goddard was entitled to a modest share of them as a sincere and ardent votary. Miss Lousia Pyne gave the noble *scena* of Spohr with a refinement and expression beyond praise, and was rewarded at the conclusion with unanimous applause. Of the second part of the programme (which ended appropriately with "God save the Queen," used with fine effect by Weber, as a climax to his *Jubilee* overture) it is unnecessary to speak in detail. Every lover of good music will be pleased to learn that next season there are to be—in accordance with the practice of years gone by—*eight* Philharmonic concerts, instead of six. The return to the old constitutional figure will be hailed with universal satisfaction. In most cases it is admitted that adversity reads a lesson; but here we find the directors of the Philharmonic Society imbibing wisdom from success.

Monday Popular Concerts.—The Monday Popular Concerts, "The People's Philharmonic" as they have been not inaptly styled, came to a close on Monday night with a performance "for the benefit of the directors." It is well known that the managers of these entertainments are the Messrs. Chappell, who certainly need not be ashamed of the undertaking with which their names have for two years past been associated—for never was speculation, of which art was the medium, planned and carried out with more undeviating artistic worthiness. The first promise of the scheme has been verified to the letter; the public has been invariably dealt with in good faith; and it is now no more than the elucidation of a plain fact to state that an institution has been established, on the most legitimate principles and the firmest basis, alike honourable to its projectors and advantageous to those who support it. The programme of the final concert (the twenty-seventh of the second season), selected from the works of various masters, proved so attractive that St. James's Hall was hardly spacious enough to accommodate the crowd that besieged the doors. Those who take an interest in the musical progress of the masses (towards which poor Jullien effected so much, and with such untiring zeal) may not be displeased to learn that nearly

1600 paid 1*s.* at the doors. On the other hand, the area stalls and the three-shilling galleries were crammed to suffocation. What sort of music these worthy people came to hear may be seen by the subjoined programme:—

PART I.

Quartet in C major, stringed instruments	Spohr
Song—"The Wanderer"	Schubert
Harpsichord lessons, pianoforte	Scarlatti
Lieder Kreis, voice	Beethoven
Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte, violoncello	Bach

PART II.

Quartet, in E flat major, Op. 44, stringed instruments	Mendelssohn
Song—"Zuleika"	Meyerbeer
Suite de Pièces, in E major	Handel
Song—"Il Pensier"	Haydn
Song—"La Gita in Gondola"	Rossini
Duet, for two pianofortes, in D major	Mozart

Conductor—Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

The players in the quartets were M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, with whose respective merits our readers are well acquainted. Spohr's quartet was given for the first time at these concerts; that of Mendelssohn—one of the masterworks of his prime—has been a constant favourite, and on the present occasion, delivered to perfection by the great French violinist (an Orpheonist if there ever was one) and his associates, pleased more than ever. The pianist in the first part was Mr. Charles Hallé, the most thoroughly accomplished foreign musician who of late years has made this country his residence. To him was awarded a very interesting group of pieces from the exhaustless library of old Domenico Scarlatti, including the masterly fugue in D minor. In the second part it devolved upon Miss Arabella Goddard to preside at the piano, and a more grateful task could hardly have been assigned her than that of representing Handel (Scarlatti's contemporary and formidable rival as a clavecinist), by means of his admirable *suite de pièces* in E major, the last part of which consists of the variations on a theme traditionally styled the "Harmonious Blacksmith." This performance was enthusiastically applauded, and the pianist called back into the orchestra at the end. To Signor Piatti were allotted the *Prelude*, *Sarabande*, and *Gigue*, that bear the honoured name of John Sebastian Bach—Cantor of Leipsic and "Patriarch of Musicians"—which three pieces the incomparable violoncellist had more than once previously introduced with eminent success at the Monday Popular Concerts. The singers were Mr. Santley, to whom fell Schubert's familiar *lied* (after singing which he was recalled) and the almost unknown Italian *aria* of Haydn, and Mr. Sims Reeves, who has "identified himself"—to employ a conventional phrase—with Beethoven's enchanting *Lieder-kreis* (songs addressed to "the distant loved one"), and Rossini's melodious "Gita in Gondola," and now added a charming romance of Meyerbeer, heard for the first (it is to be hoped not for the last) time. In the *Lieder-kreis* Mr. Reeves was accompanied by Mr. Charles Hallé; and for the pieces of Bach, Signor Piatti was no less fortunate in obtaining the co-operation of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, a pianist, as all our readers are aware, of the very first rank, and who, during the unavoidable absence of Mr. Benedict, undertook the duties of accompanist. The last notes were struck by the united fingers of Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé, to listen to whose faultless performance of Mozart's sonata in D major, for two pianofortes, the great majority of the audience (who had welcomed every piece with more or less enthusiasm) remained to the very end of the concert. A more brilliant climax to the second season could hardly have been anticipated. The Monday Popular Concerts are to be renewed in November.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—A grand concert was given on Wednesday evening, June 27, by Her Majesty, to a select but illustrious party. The following was the programme:—Aria, "Avi un dio" (*Maria di Rohan*), Donizetti, Mad. De Paez; Fantasia, Flute (MS.), Koppitz, Herr Koppitz; Recit. and Aria, "Non più di fiori" (*La Clemenza di Tito*), Mozart, Mad. Kapp-Young; Air Hongrois, Violin, Ernst, Herr Becker; Air, "Vous pouvez soupirer" (*Marco Spada*), Auber, Mlle. Artot; Fantaisie Originale, Pianoforte, L. De Meyer, M. Leopold De Meyer; Thema und Variazionen, Proch, Mlle. Charlotte de Tiefensée. At the Pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cusins. At the end of the performance, Her Majesty, after exchanging a gracious word with each of the other artists, conversed with Herr Leopold de Meyer for nearly a quarter of an hour, and requested him, the celebrated pianist, if not too fatigued, to play another piece, with which august "command" M. Leopold de Meyer complied, to the infinite delight of the whole assembly, among whom were the King of the Belgians and divers "Grand Dukes."

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the Second Conversazione for the season, which attracted a very numerous audience of professors and connoisseurs to St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, the following pieces of music were performed by professional and non-professional members of the Society:—

Programme,—Madrigal, "Sweet honey sucking bees," Wilbye; Presto in F sharp minor (Mendelssohn Bartholdy), and La Harpe, pianoforte (Pacher), Mlle. Anna Mélique; air, "The Shadow Song," *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer), Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington; Canone, for female voices, "Bird of the Morning" (Henry Smart); gran studio, "Il Mandolino," harp (Parish Alvars), Mr. John Thomas; aria con variazoni, "La Biondina in Gondoletta" (Ferdinand Paer), Mlle. Parepa; choral part song, "Lullaby" (Henry Smart); Lieder, "Voglein in Lüften" (Lindblad), "Morgen Ständchen von Shakespeare" (F. Schubert), Miss Elvira Behrens; choral part song, "The Lark" (Mendelssohn Bartholdy). Director of the Chorus, Mr. Henry Smart; Accompanist, Mr. Charles Salaman.

The hall, superbly decorated, and crammed with interesting relics, was the admiration of the entire company.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The sixth and last Subscription Concert (Friday evening, June 29th) was one of the best, if not the very best, of the season, there being a full and efficient band in addition to the choral force, and a strong array of vocal talent, including the names of Mad. Catherine Hayes, Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Stabbach, Miss Messent, and Mr. Santley; while Mr. Charles Hallé gave his eminent services as solo instrumentalist. The specialties of the programme were Mr. Macfarren's cantata *May-Day*, and Spohr's *Ode to St. Cecilia*, given for the first time by the Association. In the former Miss Stabbach took the solos, in the latter Miss Susanna Cole, both effectively; the choruses being most at home—from practice, we may presume—in Mr. Macfarren's cantata. The "Ave Maria" from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*—first introduced to the public by Mr. Benedict at one of the concerts of the Vocal Association—constituted another special feature, and was, as usual, sung admirably and encored with acclamations, Mad. Catherine Hayes taking the soprano solo, as on the first occasion of its performance. The vocal solos were the aria "Ah! mon fils" from the *Prophète*, by Mad. Catherine Hayes; "Qui la voce" from the *Puritani*, by the same lady; the recitative and romance from *Guillaume Tell*, "Selva Opaca," by Miss Messent; and scena, "By him betrayed," from Mr. Benedict's opera *Diego di Lara*, by Mr. Santley—a fine composition finely sung. The choir gave a part-song by Mendelssohn, and the National Anthem at the end as a wind-up to the season. The band executed the overtures to *Euryanthe* and the *Tempest*. The last, the composition of Mr. Benedict, a vigorous and highly characteristic prelude to Shakspeare's comedy, was played with great fire, and received with a perfect "ovation." Mr. Charles Hallé performed Mendelssohn's Serenade with orchestral accompaniment in his most splendid manner, and was overwhelmed with applause at the end. In fine the season could not have terminated with more brilliant *éclat*, and Mr. Benedict may be said to have added another story to the temple he dedicated a few years since to music.

SIGNOR PIATTI'S MATINÉE MUSICALE on Saturday last was given under most distinguished patronage, and attracted a highly fashionable and elegant attendance to St. James's Hall. In addition to the excellent service rendered by the *bénéficiaire*, undoubtedly the finest master of the violoncello that has ever existed in our or indeed any other time, the accomplished *cara sposa* of Signor Piatti displayed her instrumental abilities to the highest advantage in Mendelssohn's trio in C minor for piano, violin, and violoncello, besides demonstrating her vocal capacity by joining in a duet from *La Gazza Ladra* with Mad. Sainton-Dolby;—the latter also

charming her hearers with Gluck's "Che faro," which no doubt will become as popular as ever now that *Orfeo* has resumed its place on the stage. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington never sang the *Dinorah* "Shadow Song" more brilliantly than on this occasion, when she was rewarded with applause much more hearty than is generally heard at morning concerts. Perhaps the audience were wakened into sensibility by Mr. Sims Reeves' capital rendering of Lady Clarence Paget's setting of Sir John Suckling's words, "Why so wan and pale," which absolutely commanded an encore—an occurrence most unheard-of at a fashionable matinée, and due to the admirable singing of Mr. Reeves, whose sudden infusion of energy in the last line, where the philosophic lover, despairing of his mistress, suggests that "the Devil take her," seemed both to startle and amuse his hearers. Mr. Reeves also gave two of Beethoven's exquisite little songs, "The Savoyard" and "Stolen Kiss," both of which he has familiarised to the Monday Popular Concert goers by his frequent introduction and admirable execution of these two playful emanations from the giant musician. A brilliant and masterly concerto, and a *fantasia* on Scotch airs (the former MS. and first time of performance), were contributed by Signor Piatti, who, we need hardly say, played his best. There was also a charming romanza, from the same pen, sung by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington for the first time, the *obbligato* violoncello part sustained by the composer; the concluding piece in the programme, coro, "Inno marziale d' Italia," being also announced as by Signor Piatti. The English Glee and Madrigal Union (minus Mr. and Mrs. Lockey prevented by indisposition), Signori Solieri and Belletti, and Mr. Santley, one and all gave great satisfaction; the latter gentleman especially distinguishing himself in Mr. Hatton's setting of Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer.

At M. DEPRET'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, on Saturday, at Collards' Pianoforte Rooms, a young lady, Miss Annie C***, aged ten years, made her first appearance as a singer, and astonished everybody by her vocal powers, and still more by her feeling and expression. She sang "The power of love;" a new comic ballad, "I've something to tell," and two French songs, accompanying herself on the pianoforte in all four, showing extraordinary self-possession no less than extraordinary talent. The performances created unusual excitement, and the auditors, mostly composed of ladies, were fairly beside themselves, hugging and kissing the child after each performance in the very ecstasy of delight. Such rare talent as Miss Annie C*** undoubtedly possesses should, we think, at present be exclusively cultivated in private. The tender plant should not be removed too soon from the green-house. The concert in other respects had many points of interest. M. Depret, who is a Belgian tenor of no mean ability, sang an "Ave Maria" of his own composition; a new song, or as it is called, Récit de Village, "Une histoire d'Enfant," written expressly for him by Signor Biletta; and took part in some concerted pieces. He has a good voice, with much vigour of style, and created a decided impression. His vocal assistants were Mad. Catherine Hayes, Mad. Rieder, Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Augusta Thomson, Mad. Louisa Vinning, Mlle. Parepa, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Patey. The instrumentalists were Herr Leopold de Meyer, Signor Giulio Regondi, M. Paque, and M. Poussard. The great "lion-pianist" (as Berlioz called him), or "sea-serpent pianist (as "Wedge" christened him), played his own *fantasia* on airs from *Dinorah*, and created a perfect *furore*, which was only appeased when he returned to the piano, and substituted his delicious improvisation on Meyerbeer's incomparable "Shadow Song" (*Dinorah*). Another encore was awarded to Mad. Rieder in the "Carnaval de Venise," in many instances a marvellous display of executive facility.

MR. AND MRS. TENNANT'S MATINEE (Friday, June 22nd) was given at Collards' Concert Rooms under the most distinguished patronage. The programme, unambitious in a classical sense, was interesting and well-varied. Mr. Tennant selected for his solos Felicien David's "Air de l'Exstase," from the opera of *Herculanum*, and Herr Blumenthal's song, "When we are parted;" the latter, an extremely well-written and attractive composition, and admirably sung by Mr. Tennant, who is fast rising into one of the celebrities of the concert-room, was unanimously encored. Mr. Tennant joined Miss Augusta Thomson, Mrs. Tennant, and Signor Ciabatta in the quartet from *Martha*, "Dormi pur;" Miss Augusta Thomson, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and Signor Ciabatta in Signor Schira's part-song, "La notte e bella;" and sang, with Mrs. Tennant, Blangini's duet, "Per valli per boschi." Mrs. Tennant confined herself to a single solo, "Voi che sapete," which she sang with irreproachable taste. Among the other noticeable performances were "The Skipper and his Boy," by Mad. Sainton-Dolby, to which very characteristic song the admirable singing of the artist imparted a new charm; Mr. Pratten's execution on the flute of a *fantasia* of his own composition; and Herr Blumenthal's pianoforte performance of two of his own pieces, "Le Rève Melodie" and "Chanson le Capri," both admirably played. M. Jules Lefort, Signor Ciabatta, and Miss Augusta Thomson also supplied vocal pieces; and Herr Engel (harmonium), Signor Regondi (concertina), and Mr. Boleyne Reeves (harp), contributed their instrumental quota. The conductors were Signors Campana and Bucalossi, and Mr. Cusins.

MADAME LOUISA VINNING gave a *Matinée* on Thursday, at Collards' New Concert Rooms, but unfortunately was herself prevented from assisting, at the last moment, by a severe domestic calamity. Under these circumstances, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mad. Badia, whose names were not announced in the programme, and Miss Augusta Thomson, whose name *was* announced, kindly volunteered their services in a printed placard. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington sang the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*; Mad. Badia a Neapolitan canzonet and a new song about Garibaldi, which was received with tremendous cheers; and Miss Augusta Thomson Signor Arditi's "Il Bacio" and Herr Francesco Berger's "Ave Maria." The original singers, in addition to Miss Louisa Vinning and Miss Augusta Thomson, were Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Laura Baxter, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, M. Depret, Mr. Pinkess, and Mr. Santley. Mendelssohn's trio in D, for piano, violin, and violoncello, was well executed by Messrs. Harold Thomas and H. Blagrove, and Sig. Pezze. In addition to solos on their respective instruments, by Messrs. H. Blagrove (violin) and S. Pratten (flute), and Mad. Pratten (guitar), Mlle. Caroline Remaury played two pieces on the piano with decided success. This lady, who made her first appeal to a British public, gained the first prize at the Conservatoire of Paris last year. Her performances on Thursday were one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and a *Tarantelle* by Stephen Heller, the latter eliciting a unanimous encore. Mlle. Remaury will be heard of again before the end of the season.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We learn on the best authority that Mr. Charles Hallé is engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre, as the conductor of the English operas about to be brought out at that establishment in the coming winter.—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS, our well-known English basso, has nearly completed a sacred cantata, entitled *A Day of Devotion*. It will occupy about one hour in performance, and will be brought out during the autumn.—*Ibid.*

M. LEOPOLD DE MEYER has departed for the baths of Kissingen. He will return in September, being engaged "at fabulous terms" to form part of a touring company, under the enterprising Mr. Willert Beale.

MLLE. AMALIA FERRARIS has arrived to fulfil her engagement with Mr. E. T. SMITH. The celebrated *danseuse* will make her *début* in the grand ballet of *Orfa*, and will subsequently appear as Fenella in *Masaniello*.

MAD. VIARDOT is in London. There is a rumour that this renowned singer is engaged by the Earl of Dudley to sing the part of Orfeo in Gluck's *Orfeo*.

MARIO'S "ECCO RIDENTE."—"A more legitimate and elegant piece of singing than Mario's 'Ecco Ridente' has never been surpassed."—*Critic.*

TITIENS AND ALBONI.—"In Titiens' Semiramide that intellectuality shines most from its contrasting with the part she impersonates, a part which, in itself, nowise assists her, but, as in a picture, shadow renders the light more striking. In the splendid aria, 'Bel raggio,' the chain of *solfeggi* and *fioriture* that she lavished on the audience were executed with such marvellous

force and precision that she electrified the house, and with Alboni in the grand duet, 'Giorno d'orrore,' so exquisite and so nobly impressive was the dramatic interpretation that their voices could only be considered as the vehicle to convey to a duller perception the high intellectuality which distinguishes their conception of scenic impersonation."—*Critic.*

ORGAN.—At Mr. A. H. Lowe's first private organ performance, Brunswick Chapel, Upper Berkeley Street, on Thursday evening, July 5, the following was the Programme:—

PART 1. "In native worth" (*Creation*), Haydn; "O thou that tellest" (*Messiah*), Handel; "Kyrie Eleison" (12*th Mass*), Mozart; March (*Eli*), Costa; "Total Eclipse" (*Samson*), Handel; "Gloria in excelsis" (12*th Mass*), Mozart.

PART 2. "Agnus Dei" (1*st Mass*), Mozart; War March (*Athalie*), Mendelssohn; "Be not afraid" (*Elijah*), Mendelssohn; "The marvellous works" (*Creation*), Haydn; March (*Prophète*), Meyerbeer.

The music and the playing afforded equal satisfaction to the hearers.

MOZART'S SONATA IN B FLAT and MISS ARABELLA GODDARD. In the selection from Mozart's works at last Monday's Popular Concert, the twenty-sixth concert and the last but one of the season, the new feature was the charmingly graceful sonata, in B flat, for pianoforte alone, played by Miss Arabella Goddard. It belongs to his later period, when he had gathered all his vast experience, which never, as in some smaller minds, shouldered his originality or his sense of beauty, out of its proper position. The *Andante cantabile* (second movement), in E flat, is a gem of quiet and refined melody; and the whole work is one of the many reproductions that have added lustre to this series of chamber concerts on a large scale. The playing of Miss Goddard in this and in the sonata in F, for pianoforte and violin, which had been previously performed but once, again exemplified the versatility of her great talents. The pianoforte writing of Mozart is so clear and distinct, so clear from conglomeration and fogginess, that none but the highest mechanical and musicianly ability can pass muster therein. The *pianiste* did more than this; she exhibited the Mozartean ideal (before an audience in this year of 1860), as it probably never has been since the death of the great composer. The quiet and refinement of Mozart, and the depth and sublimity of Beethoven, seem to live again under her hands, and struggle for her favour.—*From "The Salamander."*

CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*Communicated.*)

THE distribution of the prizes won at Wimbledon by the competitors at the National Rifle Association, will take place at the Crystal Palace on Monday next, at three o'clock. The successful candidates will receive their distinctions from the hands of the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., Minister of War, supported by the members of the Council of the Association. The Handel Orchestra will be decorated for the occasion with flags and trophies and the names of the competing corps, and a raised dais erected in front, along which the winners will proceed in turn to receive the prizes. Military bands will occupy the space round the great organ, the front rows of the orchestra being occupied by the members of the Rifle Association and their friends. On either side of the military bands, seats will be reserved for the members of the Rifle Corps. The ceremony of presentation will commence at three o'clock. At its conclusion a series of athletic sports and exercises, in which the volunteers take part, will commence in the grounds, and be continued until dusk. No alteration will take place in the usual Monday charge for admission, viz., one shilling.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the greatest meeting of brass instrument performers ever known will be held at the Crystal Palace. Ninety-nine brass bands have entered the lists as candidates for prizes. These are from all parts of the country, but mostly from the great manufacturing districts. The members of these bands—nearly two thousand in number—will, with their friends, be conveyed to London by excursion trains on Monday. All the great railway companies run trains specially for the occasion. The leaders of the bands meet at Exeter Hall the same evening, and draw lots for the order in which they are to play at the following two days' contest. Eight platforms will be erected in various parts of the Crystal Palace grounds, the judges for each platform stationing themselves in tents in the immediate vicinity. At three o'clock on each day the whole of the bands will assemble on the great Handel orchestra, and perform in union "The Heavens are telling" and the "Hallelujah" choruses, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen." After this performance the trials will be continued until dusk, the first day being devoted to the selected bands. The whole of the arrangements are under the direction of Mr. Enderby Jackson, of Hull, whose long experience is a guarantee for their efficiency. The judges will be chosen from the leading military bandmasters.

On Thursday the National Rose Show will be held.

ALBERT SMITH.

He is gone—and the Egyptian Hall,
Like an Egyptian tomb,
Stands desolate, while all
Within—without—is gloom.

He is gone—and every breast
Heaves, as the passer by
Gazes with grief oppress'd,
And mournful, moistened eye.

He is gone—that voice is now
Stilled that we loved to hear;
That intellectual brow
Will never re-appear.

He is gone—Mont Blanc is gone,
A shadow of the past,
The avalanche has fall'n,
Our guide, our friend is lost.

He is gone—and Galignani
Has ended with a tear;
China we never more shall see,
Dead is our Engineer.

He is gone—there's melancholy
Where all so late was gay,
Where humour lectured folly,
And bigots shrunk away.

He is gone—that patriot spirit,
That saririst acute,
By whose bold genius merit
Arose and vice lay mute.

He is gone—that pulpit vacant,
Well could our country spare
A thousand teachers absent,
Were his soul beaming there.

He is gone—but memory dwells
Still fondly o'er his tomb,
A thoughtful sigh the bosom swells,
Within—without—is gloom.

FRED. J. WALTHEW.

ELECTION OF ORGANIST AT THE LEEDS TOWN HALL.—After a severe contest for this honourable post, before Messrs. John Goss, George Cooper (London), and W. T. Best (Liverpool), these eminent judges have recommended Mr. Wm. Spark, of Leeds, as the person best qualified for the situation. There were twenty-two candidates, who were ultimately reduced to seven; and these were known to the judges only by an alphabetical letter, previously drawn by the players. The following three were returned in their order of merit: Mr. Wm. Spark, Leeds (G); Mr. W. Parratt, Huddersfield (E); and Mr. Taylor, Gloucester (C). In conjunction with Mr. Henry Smart, of London, Mr. Spark was the designer of the magnificent organ, the beauties of which he will now be enabled to display. The salary is 200*l.* per annum. On Wednesday last a special meeting of the Leeds Town Council was held, when Mr. Spark was appointed organist without a dissentient.

Letter to the Editor.

BEETHOVEN *v.* PAER.

SIR,—By the timely reprint of Herr Hiller's letter to the Editor of the *Niederrheinsche Musik-Zeitung*, and by the expression of your opinion thereupon, you have rendered an important service to the cause of the art over whose interests you so jealously watch, to artists generally, and to the memory of the immortal Beethoven in particular.

While fully agreeing with your forcible observation that "every trait which can contribute to an elucidation of Beethoven's character, and to the history of the origin of his works, is welcome,"—yet I cannot refrain from expressing my conviction, that the fashion of hunting up incidents—no matter of how trivial a character—in the lives of great men, is now-a-days carried to a pitch bordering on absurdity. The peculiar features you emphatically make mention of, are assuredly of the utmost value to the student, in aiding him to form a just conception and appreciation of the creations of a master mind. Still, however, it appears to me altogether a mistaken idea, to lay such immense value upon a few desultory words which such minds often (and often wrongly) have attributed to them. Geniuses have ever been, and probably ever will be, subject to the frailties, to the

—Thousand and one shocks
That flesh is heir to,

and are just as apt to make slips of the tongue as any one else. Those opinions, however, which, in their undisturbed moments of repose, they, after mutual reflection, have written down for the guidance and edification of posterity, these I maintain cannot be too highly valued, coming as they do from minds peculiarly endowed. This is pre-eminently true of those which are calculated to give us an insight into those exalted regions, where those mighty spirits which engendered them have lived, moved, and had their being. To this side of the picture, Sir, where we see reflected some (no matter how small an atom) of the inward life of the soul, the attention might be a little more earnestly directed, without the affairs relating to the "mortal coil" suffering any disadvantage, and with certain benefit to ourselves and to posterity.

I have been led into these reflections by the seeming importance which has been attached to certain expressions attributed—on M. Hiller's very reliable authority—to Signor Ferdinand Paer,* and who it appears proclaimed them as Beethoven's own words. What M. Paer's object may have been in originating, and M. Berlioz's in recently retailing them, I know not, but presume the former flattered himself that he was chosen by Beethoven as a model. Nothing could have been further from the Amphion's mind. The two operas directly concerned have nothing whatever in common. That of the great German tone-poet, being a thing of beauty, is a thing of joy for ever, while Signor Paer's, being written for the mode, died with the mode. The dazzling brightness of the one has completely obscured the other, or as M. Fétis,† in speaking of these two identical operas, says, the one has completely *fait oublier* the other. If, therefore, this was Paer's idea, he has been most miserably deceived. If it was not, perhaps M. Hiller can tell us what conclusions *he* supposes Paer intended his assertions to suggest. Whatever may have been his motives, his assurance has served at least one good purpose—that of provoking investigation for the truth.

Regardless of the axiom *Veritas odium parit*, I have taken the trouble to seek for some confirmation of Paer's statements. Having searched where it was most likely to be found, and having found nothing to strengthen, but everything to weaken them, I have come to the conclusion in my own mind, that the whole thing is a mere fabrication, a weak invention of Signor Paer. My faith in his veracity is, at any rate, by no means so strong as M. Ferdinand Hiller's. Before proceeding to lay before your readers the grounds on which my suppositions are based, I will, for safety's sake, cry out with Gretchen :—

"Gott verzeih' mir es, wenn ich ihm
Unrecht thue!"

And now to the facts of the case, to get at which I have had to wade through a mass of evidence,—some of it, I must confess, contradictory enough. In the first place, then, Beethoven's biographers (J. A. Schlosser,‡ Marx,§ Schindler‖) *take no notice whatever of any such circumstance*, a very unlikely proceeding if there were any truth in it. In the second place, Paer's *Leonore* was never performed at all till the end of 1824, in Dresden,* where he wrote it. At this time, according to Marx,† Beethoven was deeply engaged in the composition of his *Fidelio* (Leonore). If a Vienna correspondent of the *Leipziger Allegemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (1809, p. 383) is to be credited, Paer's opera was performed (with little success) *for the first time in Vienna, in January* 1809! Thirdly and lastly, Beethoven was *too deaf*, long before Paer composed *Leonore*, to be (orally) capable of judging either of its good or its bad points. *His own words are*, in a letter addressed to Wegeler, dated 29 Juni 1800‡:—"Mein Gehör ist seit *drei Yahren* immer Schächer geworden.....Ich kann sagen, I bringe mein Leben elend zu. Seit zwei Yahren fast *meide ich alle Zesellschaften*, weil mir nicht nügl ichist, den Leuten zu sagen: ich bin taub.§ Riess‖ relates, too, that two years later (1802), during a walk through the fields with Beethoven, he wished to call his attention to the songs of the feathered tribe, to the murmuring of the rippling brook, &c. and Beethoven listened, *and listened in vain!* He was living in a world where he heard no songs but those which his own highly-endowed imagination called forth, and where he heard the murmuring of no waters save those which he was destined to shed in tears of sorrow!

* * * * * *

This is the clear state of the case, so far as I have been able to make it out. The conflicting statements to which allusion has been made have reference more or less to the date of both operas. I have only space for one or two examples. Treitschke gives the close of 1804 as the time when Beethoven *commenced* composing *Fidelio* (Es war Ende, &c.)¶ Marx, on the contrary,** says Beethoven devoted himself almost exclusively to this his only opera, for two whole years (1804 and 1805). The *Leipziger* report above alluded to, and Schilling,†† both give 1804 as the year in which Paer's opera first came to light, whereas Fétis, who prefaces his list of Paer's compositions with the words—Je crois que la liste suivante des ouvrages de ce compositeur est complète—gives the year 1805. This, however, notwithstanding M. Fétis's assurance of perfection, is at variance with *all* the other authorities.

It is my good fortune to know one gentleman who could clear up all doubts in the matter, and that is M. Thayer, a literary gentleman of Boston (America), and one well known in musical circles. To my certain knowledge he is now engaged at Vienna, in collecting materials for a biography of Beethoven, to which "labour of love" he has devoted many years, and in which commendable undertaking the whole musical world must I am sure heartily wish him God speed!

It is to be hoped M. Thayer will give us the benefit of his research and experience, for I feel certain the subject will interest him, and that he is not less alive to the import of the great and glorious truism—

Magna est veritas, et prævalebit—

Than, Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN TOWERS.

16 *Grand Parade, Brighton.*

STRONG PREJUDICE AND WEAK JUDGMENT.

A certain author having written a poem on the attributes of the Deity, in which to assist his attempt, and make it as worthy of its great name as he could, he introduced sentences from the Scriptures to impart strength to his verses, making only such alterations as were necessary to fit the measure and rhyme with their preceding lines. Being desirous to have the judgment of a friend well up in languages and literature, he lent it to him, begging of him to give his candid opinion on its merits when they met again, observing, that he would not be offended if he cut it up "root and branch," providing he gave his real opinion on its good or bad qualities. The friend meeting him a few days after, to his astonishment praised his poem to an extent his own modesty would not allow him on any account to imagine it worth; and afterwards showing it to another friend, he not only found fault with it, but commenced reading to certain persons present the scripture quotations, in which he gave evident proofs by ridiculing the extracts that he understood them not, knowing little or nothing of "the oracles of God," but professing to be a writer of plays and poems of a secular character.

* Born 1771, died 1839.
† *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens.*
‡ Prag. 1828. § Berlin, 1859. ‖ München, 1860.

* *Leipzige Allegemeine* of 1805, p. 58. † Page 329.
‡ Vide Marx, p. 165.
§ My hearing has been getting weaker and weaker for *three years*..... I may say that I pass a miserable existence. For two years I have avoided all society, because it is impossible for me to tell the people I am deaf.
‖ Beethoven's clever pupil and biographer.
¶ Vide Schindler, vol. i, p. 118. ** Vol. 1, p. 329.
†† *Universal-Lexicon der Tonkunst.*

The author knowing the lines the other found fault with to be sublime quotations, could not at first understand how he could possibly speak disrespectfully of them, and suspecting the *self-wise* critic was more influenced by prejudice than a calm deliberate judgment, he resolved to ascertain by playing on his ignorance. Accordingly, he transcribed a fine poem by a poet and scholar, whose merits no one could call in question, and putting it into his hands, observed, "You cut up my poem on the attributes of the Deity, perhaps this will please you better." The critic, not knowing the work, and supposing it to be the other's production, glanced over it and found fault with some of the lines, asserting they were not in accordance with sound sense; when, on being asked who he supposed to be the author, he replied, "You." On being informed to the contrary, and fairly caught by his own censure, he twisted about, and glancing at the copy a second time, pretended not to have read it with sufficient attention in the first instance to enable him to discern its beauties, but *now* they began to unfold themselves to his perception, that escaped his discrimination when the poem was first put into his hands.

Application. — When a new candidate for public patronage appears on the list, should he introduce an original train of thoughts and style never before attempted, he has to contend with the ignorance and strong prejudice of the public besides that of the paid critics, who as often betray their own ignorance of its beauties as the public who look up to their supposed superior judgment as a guide to their own.

The first printed criticisms on *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* (Oxberry's dramatic and musical anecdotes) concluded their severe censures by advising "Mr. William Shakspeare not to attempt writing plays, but to return to his former occupation of holding the horses' reins at the theatre door, as he will never succeed."

Likewise, when the composer Beethoven's first work for the pianoforte — variations to a march — was reviewed in the first German musical journal of the day, *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, our *deep penetrating* critic would not allow that he possessed a talent for composing "even variations of any merit; that harshness of modulation with a constant struggle to be original were his besetting sins." The sequel has shown how much these two *would-be infallible judges* were wrong in their opinions, as both the poet and musician have proved to the world whether they possessed any talent or not in their respective arts. Were critics to allow a new candidate to chance his success with the public, his works would stand or fall by their own intrinsic worth. It is an unfortunate drawback to fresh authors, that if they beat out a new track no preceding one ever trod, they have to wait till a better acquaintance with their peculiarities enables the public to feel the power of their charms, and too often the poor author is censured while living, and pines in obscurity, when after his removal from the scene of his labours out of the reach of praise or abuse, they find out his merits, discovering beauties that when first offered to their notice appeared to be so many absurd attempts.—From *Forty-two Fables chiefly for Young Persons*, by Haydn Wilson.

THE CUCKOO.

THE notes of this peculiar member of the feathered tribe must be familiar to all whose pleasure it has ever been to know the delights of a fine Spring day spent in roaming through the bright green fields and along the quiet pathways of the verdant country, so fresh and beautiful at that time of the year. The cuckoo has ever been a favourite. Notwithstanding that his dealings with other birds have been often exposed as most dishonourable, poets (disregarding, as is their wont, the failings of private life) have apostrophised the bird in the most flattering manner, as "Sweet Harbinger of Spring," "Beauteous Stranger of the Wood," and what not. He is the most noticeable amongst the birds who announce the arrival of Spring, the advent of bright sunshine and flowers, after the cold and dreary time of Winter; and the herald of such a change could hardly fail to be heard with pleasure. As soon as the daisy and primrose deck the green fields and the brooksides, the woods echo his voice and sing his welcome:

"Delightful visitant! with thee
We hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is filled with music sweet
Of birds." * * *

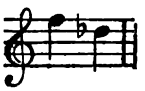
The almost comical peculiarity of his vocal performances (which—like those of some of our touring concert parties—are the same on every occasion) have in some measure, no doubt, contributed to gain him admirers; in fact, it would be difficult to find any one to whom the sound of the cuckoo is a positive grievance. The toiling husbandman or shepherd in the fields loves to hear him speak from the tree or bush; and, as he creeps unwillingly along,

"The schoolboy wandering in the wood,
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts — that curious voice to hear,
And imitates the lay."

The cuckoo is a bird of passage; and when he departs for the enjoyment of a second Spring in other climes, while we remain to experience the vicissitudes of our own ever-changing climate, we are fain to admit that his voice is missed in the daily concert of the feathered songsters, and that his reappearance amongst us would be no unwelcome event.

Musical composers have frequently introduced the cuckoo's song into compositions intended to represent pastoral scenery, and often with much effect. We may recall instances in Beethoven's great Pastoral Symphony; Atterbury's old glee, "Come let us all a maying go" (in which the ringing of bells and the singing of our bird are very prettily combined); and Haydn's comical "Toy Symphony." In the latter instance, however, the cuckoo is one of those curious toys which are often seen on the continent, and which are familiar to us as adjuncts to the little wooden clocks made by the Dutch, which never announce the hour except to the accompaniment of what is really a very fair imitation of the notes of the natural bird.

There is some difference of opinion as to what are the real pitch and interval of the notes of the cuckoo: some affirming them to be a major third (as E to C, downwards), others insisting on the minor third (as E flat to C). It has also been asserted that at the commencement of the season he chants his lay in the bright interval known to musicians as the "major third;" sinking, by degrees (from relaxation of the vocal organs), to the sombre and mellow harmony of the "minor third," as the season draws to its close.

Although it is possible that each particular cuckoo—like each particular human bird—may have his own peculiar vocal capabilities, and measure of musical talent (some being gifted with a greater exactitude of ear than others); and that they may range, perchance, in compass from high *soprano* to *contralto*, and even counter-tenor cuckoos, yet I must own that I have never heard their double "coo" except as a "major third;" and that at nearly one uniform pitch, viz. F and D flat; as I have proved by applying to it, on several occasions, the test of a tuning-fork of modern scale. On the other hand it must be remarked, that in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony the cuckoo's notes stand as a major third at the pitch D to B flat, whilst Atterbury, in his glee above-mentioned, appears particular in adhering to the minor third.

As a disproof to the supposition above-named, about the *sinking* of the voice towards the end of the season, I may remark, in conclusion, that I have found the *contrary* to be the case. A bird of some ability as a cuckoo, whom I heard at the *close* of the season, seemed to be at much trouble in disproving such a theory. He, with a determination worthy of a concert-singer, boldly sang his upper F *too sharp*, and thus formed a *tierce* so much like an "augmented third," and so much out of tune, that I was fain to presume that he had recently attended some concert or other—or to consider him a strong advocate, on principle, of that system of tuning (or, as some will have it, putting *out of tune*) known as "Equal Temperament."

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.—Of the Second Examination in the Conservatorio of Leipsig, the *Leipziger Journal* (May 26th) writes:—"To-day's examination was devoted partly to composition, partly to ensemble-playing. With regard to the former, we rejoiced in discovering in young Sullivan a talent to whom with earnest study one may promise a good future. His 'Ouverture,' although a little lengthened, was aiming with well-chosen means and full consciousness at a certain end, and mastering the expression. That he frequently consulted Mendelssohn, we will not lay to his charge, as it would be looking for impossibilities if we expected originality in such first attempts." The *General Anzeiger* (May 27th), adds the subjoined:—"Still more applause was given to the Ouverture composed by Mr. Arthur Seymour Sullivan, from London, to Moore's Rose-festival in 'Lalla Rookh,' which in the spirit of the present time carried us with all the charm of the poem to the fields of Persia, and justifies us to great hopes for the young composer. Mr. Sullivan conducted his own music." Mr. Sullivan is the Mendelssohn scholar sent by the Committee of the Mendelssohn Testimonial Fund to pursue his musical studies at Leipsic.

SIGNAL ACT OF BENEVOLENCE ON THE PART OF MR. COSTA.

The following is from the pen of the grateful recipient of the renowned maestro's charity: —

COSTA.

"Celsâ sedet Æolus arce
Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos, et temperat iras."—*Æneid.*

It is known to the original members that, until the third year after its birth, the Musical Union gave no decided promise of longevity, and the Director's Matinée was therefore an object of vital importance to its very existence. The prosperity that now crowns *my* labours, in having reared this once *fluctuating and precarious offspring* to robust health and maturity, does not make me unmindful of the past; and there is no act of professional sympathy which *I* recollect with more satisfaction and grateful remembrance than the personal attendance of *Costa* at the Director's Grand Matinée, with his golden tribute at the door in support of the institution, then in its infancy. Now that *I* am retired from orchestral service, *I* can mention this trait of *Costa's* generosity without being accused of servile adulation; and will also add, that by similar acts of kindly feeling towards those under his *bâton*, he has permanently and deservedly secured their affections.—*Musical Sketches.* J. ELLA.

If the Director of the Musical Union would be as "mindful" of others among his early benefactors, his "fluctuating and precarious offspring" would fare none the worse.

THE JACOBOURTCH FAMILY had the honour of performing at the Great Jesuit College, Stonyhurst, on Thursday, to upwards of 400 professors and students (Mad. Jacobourtch was the only lady present, and the first professional lady performer who ever appeared there). Owing to the approbation elicited by the performance, M. Jacobourtch has been honoured with a testimonial from the professors.

ANSWER OF THE ORPHÉONISTES OF FRANCE TO THE ADDRESS OF THE FRIENDS OF PEACE.*—Gentlemen and Brothers,—We are profoundly grateful for the cordial welcome we have received in England, and especially for the words of sympathy which our visit has elicited from yourselves. Before we set foot on English soil there was already between us a reciprocity of sentiment and a union of hearts; we understood each other on either side of the Channel; and the harmonious sounds which echoed through the Crystal Palace during our four concerts were little more than the brilliant epilogue of this intimate alliance between the two peoples. The essentially pacific mission of the Orphéon was, therefore, likely to be best appreciated by you, whose generous and persevering efforts must inevitably bear their fruits in the future. The cause which you advocate is too holy not to awaken a universal response; wherefore we esteemed ourselves happy to be the first to re-echo with you on British soil the cry of union and fraternity which is the device of your powerful and admirable institution. The French Orphéon is a work of recent creation; it derives its strength from liberty of association. Under the banners adorned with the emblems of harmony, concord, and peace, all classes of society are represented by some of their most honoured members. England will certainly know how to appreciate the good and noble influences of those fraternal sentiments which we leave behind us in England and take back with us into France—we three thousand singers, selected from that family which already numbers forty thousand performers, and which has associated with itself, in the work it is doing, the most celebrated artistes of our country, and has won the sympathies of the whole nation. Be assured, gentlemen, that we shall always cherish the remembrance of your fraternal reception; the record of this international demonstration will ever live in our hearts. In the midst of our countrymen, in the bosom of our families—in private as in public life—we shall in future be the sincere fellow-workers with the Committee of the Friends of Peace. Union and solidarity between France and England, and such henceforth shall be the rallying cry of the Orphéonistes. In the name of the Orphéons and Choral Societies of France.—Eugene Delaporte, Director of the Festival. London, July 2, 1860.

PORPORA, one of the most illustrious composers of Italy, entertained a great feeling of friendship for a young man, a pupil of his. He asked his youthful acquaintance whether he thought he possessed courage enough to follow constantly the road he, Porpora, traced out for him, however wearisome it might appear. On receiving an affirmative reply, Porpora wrote down, upon a piece of ruled paper, the diatonic and chromatic scales, both ascending and descending, skips of thirds, fourths, fifths, &c., to teach him to master the intervals, and sustain the sound, besides shakes, groups, *appogiaturi*, and other vocal exercises of various kinds. This one sheet of paper furnished both master and pupil occupation for a year; the following year also was devoted to it. The pupil began to murmur, but the master reminded him of his promise. The fourth year passed, the fifth year followed, and still there was the same eternal sheet of paper. Even during the sixth year it was not given up, though lessons in articulation, pronunciation, and declamation were added. At the end of the year, the pupil, who thought he was only engaged on the elements of his art, was surprised at hearing his master say, "There, my dear boy, you have nothing more to learn; you are the first singer in Italy." Porpora spoke the truth, for the singer was Caffarelli.

HANDEL was frequently subject to violent fits of rage, especially when his *amour-propre* was hurt. But this nervous excitement was almost instantly appeased. Mad. Cuzzoni one day informed him that she would not sing his air of Otton, "Falsa imagine." "Oh! you refuse to sing it, do you!" exclaimed the composer, "we will see!" With these words he suddenly seized hold of the *prima donna* round the body, and, opening the window, pretended he was going to throw her out, "I will sing it," cried the affrighted vocalist, "I will sing it!" "That is the best thing you can do," replied Handel, while his face resumed its former serenity, and thus speaking, he carefully put her down. On another occasion, when about to conduct the rehearsal of his admirable *Te Deum*, composed for the peace of Utrecht, Handel exclaimed with enthusiasm, before commencing, "Gentlemen, whoever makes a fault is a wretch!" The excellence of the performance and the beauty of his own work excited him so much, that he stopped entranced, and forgot to mark time. Some one directed his attention to the fact. Handel, greatly agitated, waited till the conclusion of the *Te Deum*, and then exclaimed, "Gentlemen, it is I myself who am a wretch!"

* Presented by a Deputation from the Friends of Peace, at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday morning, June 30.

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

July 11, 1860.

NOTHING of any commanding interest has occurred in the operatic world. At the Grand Opéra, *Les Huguenots* has been revived for M. Urcart, the Belgian tenor of whom I wrote a short time since. He still maintains the favourable impression he created in *William Tell*, and people seem to think he will be permanently engaged. By the way, the "normal diapason" now established at the Grand Opéra does not work over well, and is especially obnoxious to the bass singers. The "Pif-paf," for instance, is, with the new pitch, in some parts beyond the range of any but the most exceptional voices. The character of the music is also considerably modified by the change, and in some instances, as for example, the air of the "Couvre Feu," loses not a little of its original colour.

The manager of the Opéra-Comique has done a famous stroke of business for his establishment by the engagement of M. Roger, whose return to the scene of his early triumphs will no doubt be hailed with delight by the frequenters of this house. The round of characters he created here with such marked success, await his touch to revive with all their original freshness and charm, and after the Midsummer glories of the Grand Opéra, which some say he had better never have struggled for, he will glide calmly and gently into a sort of "latter spring." Mad. Faure (the wife of Faure now engaged at your Royal Italian Opera) and Mad. Ugalde are also re-engaged, but the presence of these ladies is too familiar, and their talents have been too exhaustively reconnoitred by the audiences of the Opéra-Comique, to cause the announcement to be received with much enthusiasm. Mad. Ugalde has already re-appeared in *Galathée*, and it is just to say that her reception was in the highest degree flattering. Mad. Faure will not make her *re-entrée* till next week, in Boieldieu's *Petit Chaperon Rouge*.

M. A. Dumas' (senior) new comedy, of which I gave you some account, *L'Envêrs d'une Conspiration*, produced at the Vandeville, has been withdrawn for the present, and three little comedies in one act by way of small change have been substituted. The first is *Le Trésor de Blaise*, by M. Eugéne Muller, a young author who has already distinguished himself. The subject is pastoral, not however of the conventional style of the Opéra-Comique, but a real and genuine picture of rustic life. The second is entitled *Toute Seule*, and is by MM. Plouvier and J. Adenis; and the third *La Femme doit suivre son mari*. They are both pleasant little pieces and well acted.

A grand military spectacle, called *Le Bataillon de la Moselle*, and distributed into *thirteen* tableaux (significant subject! ominous number!) has just been produced at the Théâtre-Imperial du Cirque. The vicissitudes of the band of republican heroes who fought in rags and wooden shoes under old Moreau was a good subject to flatter the patriotism and military ardour of the nation, and the time for such a production is artfully chosen when their Imperial chief is casting greedy glances towards the Rhenish frontier. The matter is not however very skilfully treated, and is encumbered with some hacknied plot in which a number of the exiled French nobility at Coblentz take part. The constant alternation from the tumult of battle to tedious conversations in gilded saloons is anything but artistic, and produces a most monotonous effect. Neither has much pains been taken in getting up the spectacle, in which old properties and costumes are worked up with sublime indifference to their adaptation to the subject or period. The enemy conquered at Valny, for instance, appears in the Austrian uniform. Nevertheless, the effect of the ragged soldiery in wooden clogs, "pursbuing of their shindies, upon Moselle shore" is very picturesque and inspiriting. Whether it will make the people in love with a Rhenish expedition is another matter.

At the Gaité there has been produced a new *drame*, in five acts, after the fashion of the *Bohemiens de Paris*. It is entitled *La Petite Pologne*, which is the designation of a locality inhabited by a population of petty hawkers, itinerant vendors, rag pickers, kennel rakers, and all who pursue those nameless avocations in the public street which form the social stratum immediately above absolute mendicity. Instead of making this mode of life, as in the first-named piece, however, the training-school of crime, the authors of the new drama attribute to the inhabitants of La Petite Pologne the candour, simplicity, and virtue of the golden age. The picture may not be drawn with photographic fidelity to nature, but at any rate it is not sickening and repulsive, as are the representations of low life sometimes produced by those who pique themselves on their realism, and as much good is no doubt done by seeing what these poor creatures might be, as what they really are. The story which is unwound in this locality, and amidst this phase of society, is a common-place-enough affair, in which there is a convict killed in the first act, and that convict's son, an amiable youth, extending a protecting arm over an innocent little flower girl, the daughter of one of his father's victims.

Among the small items of intelligence interesting to your musical readers, I may mention the engagement of M. Nilmann, the German tenor, for a short period, at the Grand Opéra. He is engaged expressly to sing in the *Tannhauser* of Richard Wagner. Mlle. Tedesco will return to the Opéra in September, and make her first appearance in *Le Prophète*. She is afterwards to play Olympia in *Herculanum*. I hear also that Meyerbeer is expected to arrive in Paris very shortly.

One or two letters which I have received from Italian correspondents enable me to furnish you with a few scraps of news as to what is going on at the principal theatres in the land of song. At Genoa there have been several performances for the benefit of the Fund in support of the Sicilian Insurrection. The last deserves especial notice as being signalised by the appearance of the celebrated Signor Tamburini. He sang the cavatina from *La Sonnambula*, the duo in *Il Barbière*, and the air of *Maometto*. His reception was enthusiastic; the applause which greeted him being no less addressed to the patriotic Italian citizen than to the celebrated singer. His vocalisation was marvellous, and took all by surprise, for the ear is no longer accustomed to such a deluge of trills and runs as was poured forth from the singer's throat with the most perfect ease. After the first effects of astonishment had subsided, bursts of applause followed one upon the other, and positively overwhelmed the last representative of the old florid school of Italian singing. Tamburini did not, however, exhaust the appreciative power of the audience, who in turn awarded to Signor Agrone and to Signora Parodi, and to all the other artists and dilettanti, who contributed their services on the occasion, their due meed of applause. Signor Bottesini has been engaged at La Scala, in Milan, where he is to produce his opera *L'Assedio di Firenza*, and Mad. Fiorentini is engaged to play the principal part. The San Carlo, at Naples, is not in a very satisfactory condition. *I Foscari*, lately produced there with Guicciardi, met with a cool reception from the inferiority of the execution, and a few days after *Don Pasquale* encountered a complete *fiasco*.

The sisters Ferni have been giving a concert at Parma, where their admirable talents have been duly appreciated. The programme for the autumnal season at the Opera of Bologna contains the names of the following artists: — Mesds. Borghi-Mamo and Luigia Gavetti-Regiani, and MM. Lodovico Graziani, Antonio Morelli, Mario Ghidi. M. Rota is the ballet master, and the principal *danseuse* Mlle. Adelina Plunkett. Signor Beneventano, the barytone, is engaged for the approaching season at Trieste. *A propos* of Italian singers, there is a paragraph in a French theatrical paper announcing the return to Paris of Mr. Lumley from a voyage of discovery in the Italian peninsula. The object of his search has been an artist of that peculiar transcendant class such as, according to the journalist, he has a special patent for unearthing and bringing to light. The amiable ex-manager is, in the complaisant imagination of the writer, represented as periodically taking dips in the Hadriatic of Italian lyrical art, and after a period of breathless suspense and fear lest he should never be seen or heard of again, triumphantly emerging with a pearl of price such as Cleopatra would not disdain to dissolve and drink off as in that draft of early purl recorded in history. This feat he has again accomplished; but the journalist, and perhaps the diver also (for diver's reasons) mysteriously say mum as to the name of the newly-discovered treasure who is to keep up the succession of prodigies of which Jenny Lind and Piccolomini have been such bright links. I have no reason, however, for concealing the fact that the newly fished-up *virtuosa* is Mlle. Galetti.

Mlle. Kenneth, whom your theatrical readers will better identify

as the daughter of "little Kenneth," erst the proprietor of the well-known "little shop" at the corner of Bow Street, where many dramatic wits and theatrical stars were once wont to lounge and exchange the newest coinage of the mint of mirth and fancy, has just returned from a successful engagement in Spain, notably at Madrid, where she sang with Tamberlik, and at Barcelona. Mlle. Kenneth has been trained in the traditions of the old Italian school of grand opera; her vocalisation is excellent, and she possesses the power of dramatic expression.

I hear from Pesth that the Italian Opera has commenced there. *Norma*, with Mlle. Lagrua as the Druid priestess, has produced quite a sensation. This lady is described as remarkably beautiful, and as possessing a voice of pure and rich quality, with a sympathetic character quite thrilling in its effect. Her presence is noble and graceful, and exactly suited to the heroines of the lyrical drama; and both by her acting and broad grand style of vocalising, exercises an extraordinary power over her audience. How is it neither Paris nor London have hitherto had the benefit of this artist's vaunted ability? How has she escaped Lumley the pearl-fisher? did he dive not deep enough, or too deep?

The Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg has secured Signor Graziani, the barytone, for two years, commencing next season. The contract was only signed last Thursday. Mad. Rita Bemardi Fabricca, the wife of the Maestro Fabricca, an admirable singer, and moreover a very pretty person, is also engaged at St. Petersburg, for the third time. She is now in London, having left Paris a short time since. Mlle. Lotti della Santa has just passed through Paris on her way back from London to her country house in the environs of Milan. There is some talk of Mad. Miolan-Carvalho taking an engagement at the Royal Lisbon Theatre. Signor Fabricca's visit to London gives some colour to this rumour, as he is charged with organising the operatic troupe for the San Carlos at Lisbon.

I have the melancholy intelligence to record of the death of the pianist and composer, Goria. It is reported that he has not left any money behind him. This is strange, for it is known that large sums were made by his compositions. One publisher confessed to realising 3000 francs a year by one piece alone, and his *nocturne* and *étude* in E flat produced a profit of 30,000 francs—that is to say, the publishers! Sic vos non vobis! oh luckless herd of scribblers, whether musical or literary.

MUSIC IN RUSSIA.

THERE was a certain Mongik named Ivan. Without consulting Ivan's inclination, his master placed him in the Conservatory, where the professors, according to custom, first taught him to "sol-fa." When he was considered sufficiently advanced in that branch of art, it was unanimously decided that, as there was a want of clarinet-players, he should study the clarinet, and he was consequently admitted into a special class. The hour fixed for the first lesson having arrived, he took his place among his comrades, all drawn up after the military fashion, like troops without their arms, their heels close together, their toes well turned out, and their thumbs touching the seams of their trousers. Ivan remained perfectly motionless, but his comrades stepped out, one after the other, from the ranks, to practise upon their clarinets, from which there issued a host of notes out of tune. The second lesson went off in exactly the same manner.

"What is the reason," enquired the Professor, "that you do not try like the rest?"

"Because they have not given me a clarinet," replied Ivan.

That same evening the Professor wrote to the proper authority, explaining the posture of affairs, and requesting the funds necessary for the acquisition of the coveted object. The funds were granted, but as in Russia the control exercised over the national expenditure is illusory, the result was that the money, having to pass from hand to hand, was lost on the road, and Ivan waited a very long time in the predicament already described. At last, one day, after the hours devoted to study, he said to his Professor—

"Is it not soon coming?"

"What?"

"The clarinet."

"I have asked for it and am expecting it every day."

"Suppose you renewed your request?"

"That is against the rules."

Ivan had, consequently, no clarinet during the eight years he stopped at the Conservatory. When his period of study had thus expired, and his certificate been obtained, he was immediately admitted, by right, into a theatre, as second-clarinet player. He had his place assigned him in the orchestra, where he found a stool, some music, and a desk, but not the slightest signs of an instrument. Under these circumstances, he went up to his conductor, and said,

"Where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"Why, the clarinet."

"That is no business of mine. They ought to have provided you with one."

Thus, every evening, Ivan seated himself on his stool, before his desk, and turned over the leaves of his part, though he never played a note. At the conclusion of the performance he packed up his things and retired, like those around him, wiping his forehead. At the expiration of six years of punctuality, according to the prescribed rules, he was raised to the rank of first clarinet, and for eight more continued to perform his new duties with all the zeal of assiduity, that is to say, without missing one performance, coming early and leaving late. Some curious amateurs used to remark, however, that this instrumentalist invariably forgot to bring his instrument. At last, the period for his retirement arrived. It was found, by reference to the books, that he had always done his duty punctually, without ever having subjected himself to a fine, and so his pension was fixed at 900 roubles a-year, a sum which he has received up to the present day. It is not necessary to test the truth of the foregoing, but we wish to defend the conduct of a country, which for ages has made enormous sacrifices for artists, without caring about their origin, and thus endeavouring to improve the natural taste for music.

In Russia, every one sings. The singing of the Russian infantry is especially deserving of notice. In each company, a selection is made of the soldiers possessing the greatest natural aptitude. These men are charged with the task of forming the choruses. When the commander of a battalion perceives his troops are exhausted, after a long march, he orders the singers to place themselves at the head of the column and strike up their national airs. Directly they hear them, the troops forget fatigue, hunger, and thirst. In instrumental music the Russians have obtained results equally worthy of notice. One evening, in 1751, Marshal Narischkin, Grand Intendant of Woods and Forests, after having been out hunting since the morning, was seated at the foot of a rock, listening to the uniform sounds the hunters produced from their brass horns. Near him was the first horn-player in the Imperial service, J. A. Maresch, born in Bohemia, in 1719.

"What are you thinking about?" inquired the Marshal, observing his companion's absent air.

"I was thinking," replied Maresch, "that, if I chose, I could vary those intonations."

"Try," said the Marshal.

The next day, Maresch gave orders for thirty-seven horns of different sizes, comprising a range of three octaves. He entrusted these instruments to certain musicians whom he caused to rehearse on them for a long time, far from any habitation, so that he might be sure of the result, previously to letting them perform in public. When he thought his musicians sufficiently advanced, he solicited permission for them to play before the Court. His prayer was granted, and the Ismailow hunting lodge, near Moscow, was placed at his disposal for the experiment. At the appointed time, the audience enjoyed an extraordinary treat. The horns, perfectly tuned, were so arranged as to furnish, like the pipes of an organ, all the notes necessary for executing any piece with accompaniment. One performer played C, the next D, and so on, their precision being such that all the sounds seemed to proceed from one instrument. The performance was both characteristic and vigorous, and the inventor had not to wait long for reward. Since that time, this branch of the art has made great progress. Tubes twelve feet long have been made for the lowest notes, while

others of only a few inches have been manufactured for the highest. There are some chapels, which, instead of an organ, possess an orchestra of this description. The effect is very striking. The performers, drawn up in line, await the moment for playing their particular note, their principal merit consisting in exerting the exact degree of power necessary, so as to produce the effect of only one artist's playing. The system has been adopted for certain choruses. All this, we are perfectly aware, is not art, but we must conclude from it that the Russians are well organised in a musical sense. Their conservatories turn out some remarkable musicians every year. These musicians are subject to the same rules and receive the same instruction as our own. Our methods are also theirs. As for their professors, they are recruited from all parts, provided they possess that grand certificate of merit which Europe assigns to its favourites.

As early as the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, regular choirs executed complicated airs with precision. The musicians of the Imperial Chapel, comprising fifteen sopranos, thirteen contraltos, fourteen tenors, and twelve basses, excited the admiration of all who heard them. Russia was, however, deficient in composers, but instead of being jealous of more favoured nations than herself, she spent her gold by handfuls for the purpose of procuring the services of the greatest masters. At the period in question, Galuppi resided at Venice. He was offered a salary of 4000 roubles, magnificent apartments, and an imperial carriage. Thus solicited, he went to St. Petersburg, where, shortly afterwards, he produced *Didone abbandonata*, which brought him in a thousand ducats. Duke Charles Ulric, of Holstein-Gottorp, had just arrived with his German chamber musicians. Peter the Great regularly attended his concerts, and even took lessons on the violoncello from one of the performers who pleased him, and whom he presented with a snuff-box mounted with brilliants.

The Empress Anne sent at a great expense for François Araja, a highly-esteemed Neapolitan dramatic composer. Araja produced *Abijazare Semiramide*, and subsequently, for Elizabeth's coronation, *La Clemenza di Tito*, by Hasse, as well as *La Russia afflita e riconsolata*, a dialogue set to music by Dominic Dall' Oglio. For a considerable period he brought out every year some work of his own. For the fêtes given in celebration of the peace with Sweden, he produced *Bellerefonte*, and, in obedience to the desire of the Empress to have something in Russian, he set actively to work, in collaboration with Sumarkoff, who supplied the book, and was soon enabled to bring out *Cephalus and Procris*, with the principal national singers, Belgradiski, Gawrila, Marzenkowitz, and Giariluska, as its interpreters. After composing his last lyrical drama for the marriage of the Grand Duke, Peter Federowitz, he set out, loaded with roubles and honours, for Bologna. On entering his native town, he was accosted by two strangers, who, not being able to deprive him of his honours, hoped to rob him, at least, of his roubles. One of them, falling round his neck, said, "Ah! good day, Araja." The other employed the same tactics; and when the composer remarked, "I do not recollect you," they both replied, as if vexed, "Confound it, it appears that a residence in Russia cools the memory as well as the heart. We are Maretto and Palfieri." Araja fancying he was in the presence of old friends, offered them his hand with a smile. Hereupon the two confederates, easing him of the casket, which he was carrying carefully in his arms, fostered, as they went along, his mistake. On turning the corner of a very crowded street, Araja was about to reply to those who had been speaking to him a few minutes previously, when he perceived they had taken to flight. He gave information of the robbery, for the casket contained a large sum, but he never succeeded in discovering the two thieves. Fortunately, some time afterwards, he received from Russia a sum equal to that of which he had been robbed.

The new theatre at Moscow held five thousand spectators. Ranpach, a German composer, had taken the place left vacant by Araja. The Grand-Duke, afterwards Czar, Peter Federowitz, who was passionately fond of music, contributed greatly to its advancement. He took his place among his performers as first violin.

One manager had just introduced to the public a new company of singers. He produced the first *opera buffo*, with immense success. Another company, which followed his, brought French comic operas, also, into favour. A taste for music was penetrating more and more among the masses. The art soon acquired great popularity after the representation of Manfredini's *Olympiade*. Italian interludes, with Russian and French comedies, alternated with operas. Starger, of Vienna, conducted the concerts, at which the works of Holzabauer, Stagenseil, Banda, Gluck, Gasmann, &c. were performed. The first attempts of Paësiello had created a sensation throughout Italy. Modena had summoned him to write *La Madama umorista*, *Demetrio*, and *Artaserse*. Parma was indebted to him for *Le Virtuose ridicole*, *Il Negligente*, and *I Baqui di Abano*. Venice had applauded *Il Ciarlone*, *L'Amore in Ballo*, and *La Pescatrice*. Rome, then the dispenser of fame, had proclaimed his genius after the representation of *Il Marchese di Tulipano*, the translation of which, twenty years afterwards, formed the beginning of the reputation acquired by Martin as a singer. Naples had just paid its homage to the *Idolo Cinese*, played, by special favour, at the Court theatre, inside the palace itself. *Le due Contesse* and *La Disfatta di Dario* had given the finishing touch to the composer's brilliant reputation; and the time had come for Russia to secure him. Advantageous offers were made successively from Vienna, London, and St. Petersburg. Paësiello accepted the offers from the last. He had 9,000 rubles, which then represented the sum of about 30,000 francs. Never had an artist obtained such terms. During the eight years of his stay in Russia, he composed *La Serva Padrona*, *Il Matrimonio inespettato*, *Il Barbière di Siviglia*, *I Filosofi imaginari*, *La Finta amante*, written expressly for the interview of Catherine with Joseph II., *Il Mondo della Luna*, *La Ninetta*, *Lucinda ed Artemidoro*, *Alcide al Bivio*, and *Achille in Sciro*, without counting cantatas for Prince Potemkin, farces for Prince Orloff, and pianoforte pieces for the Grand-Duchess Maria Federowna. At Warsaw he composed his oratorio, *Le Passione*, on the poem of Metastasio, for King Poniatowski. Presents poured in on him from all sides.

From 1785 to 1801, Sarti was musical director at the Russian Court. One of his first works at St. Petersburg, was a psalm in the language of the country, in which he hit upon the ingenious notion of adding to the principal band a second band of Russian horns. Subsequently, he composed a *Te Deum*, on the capture of Ocsakow, introducing among the instruments those famous cannons which still exist, and endeavouring to give to the concerted pieces a character of savage grandeur. His *Armide e Rinaldo* was enthusiastically received. Sarti considered himself secure from every attack. The great caressed him, and inferior persons never approached him but with the greatest respect. In this state of things he engaged a Portuguese lady for the part of Amida. Mad. Todi, for such was her name, met with so encouraging a reception, even on the night of her first appearance, that the Empress made her a present of a diamond necklace, and an intimacy soon sprang up between the two. Mad. Todi, however, took advantage of her influence to injure the composer, to whom she owed her position. She spoke so strongly and so effectually against him, that the Empress dismissed him. Sarti complained to Potemkin, whom he had succeeded in securing as his patron. As a recompense for his reverse, Potemkin gave him a certain village in Ukraine, famous for the number of its inhabitants with fine voices. In this village, Sarti laid the foundation of a school of singing, of which he was appointed director, with the title of lieutenant-major in the Imperial army. Potemkin died in 1791. Sarti then returned to St. Petersburg, and justified his conduct to the Empress, who presented him with fifteen thousand roubles, as a recompense for an accusation which she owned was unmerited. She restored him to his position, with a large salary, and gave him apartments in her own palace. She charged him, moreover, with the task of establishing a Conservatory of Music, at Katarinaslow, on the model of the schools in Italy. When his pupils had made some progress, Catherine II. showed her gratitude for one who had endowed her country with such an institution by raising him to the first rank of nobility, and bestowing on him considerable estates.

Sarti invented an instrument capable of determining the number of vibrations produced by a sound in one second. His remarkable labours in acoustics procured his admission to the Academy of Science at St. Petersburg. According to Fétis, "this machine, founded upon an experiment previously made by Sauveur, con-

sisted of two closed organ pipes, five feet long, one of which had a moveable plug, a monocord, and a second-pendulum. When, according to a graduated scale, the plug of the one pipe was driven in, so as to raise the intonation, a beat, resulting from the dissonance, and allowing the vibrations to be counted, was established between the two pipes. The monocord served to find the required intonation on the pipe and the moveable plug, and by the second-pendulum the time in which the vibrations were produced was known. It was by this process that the author succeed in discovering the number of 436 vibrations in the A of the diapason of the St. Petersburg orchestra.

In 1802, Haydn's *Creation* was performed at the St. Petersburg theatre. Mozart, Grétry, Beethoven, and Boïeldieu obtained, respectively, their share of roubles and admiration.

We now enter upon the period of our contemporaries. As we all know, the Emperor Nicholas made great sacrifices for musicians. He sent for singers from all points of the compass. On the evening of their first appearance the Emperor used familiarly to offer his hand to the artists behind the scenes. The nobility did not fail to follow their sovereign's example. As the Emperor gave largely, the nobility gave enormously. The most celebrated instrumentalists gain their reputation in Paris and London, but their fortune in Russia. Every one is acquainted with the story of the singer who was under the necessity of accepting a portrait of herself drawn by a boyard. The drawing was not worth a doit, the frame was a somewhat rude wooden one, and the glass was not free from blemishes, which disfigured it. But — at the back, to prevent the dust from getting under the glass, there were pasted two bank notes, each for a hundred thousand francs.

Thus we perceive that if Russia has not yet sent her composers into the lists to contend with those of other nations, she, at least, does what she can to encourage all persons of talent, without any false spirit of nationality. Music is her favourite source of enjoyment. She has her conservatories properly organised, her various theatres, her choruses, of irreproachable correctness, and splendid voices everywhere, just as Italy has; while, to continue the impulse given by past ages, she sows a great deal of gold to reap a moderate harvest.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.

(*Concluded.*)

We all remember the political disturbances that convulsed Europe in 1848; we have all had more or less opportunity of personally observing how every class of society, from the crown to the foot — from kings and emperors and the Pope himself to lazzaroni and chartists — was affected by them. Art was not uninfluenced, nor those who minister to its progress, by these terrible social distractions, and Mad. Novello, like her co-labourer in the cause of beauty, Mad. Sontag, experienced their effects to such an extent as induced her to retrace her steps from the honoured retirement of the privacy in which she had been living to the equally honourable activity of her public career. She re-appeared in Italy, Germany, Spain, and England, renewing everywhere her former success, and refreshing the memory which had never faded of her former merit. Her powers were in every respect improved by the maturity which her few years of absence from her profession had wrought upon her physical and moral nature, and all Europe has acknowledged her voice to surpass every other in power, purity, and brightness.

Mad. Novello is now about to secede, for a second time, from the exercise of her artistic functions, and her retirement from the public will now be positively final, as the circumstances of the noble house of which marriage has made her a member, having withstood the shock of the most recent and greatest troubles in Italy, are no longer dependent on the vicissitudes of political fortune, and could even her affairs be again involved in the troubles of the time, she has bound herself under a heavy penalty never to sing again in public after her coming farewell.

Mad. Novello is best known in the south of Europe as a dramatic singer,— best in the north for her excellence in the concert-room,—best here, her native home, for her interpretation of the works of the great sacred masters; but, were it not for her all-surpassing reputation in this highest branch of her art, the admiration she has won in England alone on the stage and in the concert room would be sufficient to prove her one of the most distinguished vocalists that have ever sung our language. The speciality of English vocal music consists in our ballads, which require certain peculiarities in the singer, and these of a refined, poetical, and truly exalted character that have scarcely, if ever, been displayed by foreigners; our English pride, then, in our English songstress must not be unmindful of her interpretation of such ditties as "John Anderson," "Auld Robin Gray," and "The beating of my own heart," which last she was the first person who sung?

To give due resplendency to the setting of this sun of song, a party comprising the most attractive and most various talent of the day is engaged to accompany her on her farewell tour, and serve as clouds to catch and reflect the golden glory of her brightness. We are fortunately able to enumerate the purposed partners of her last adieu, and we cannot more appropriately nor more interestingly conclude this account of her career than by giving the names of those who are to share the lustre of its close.

The cloud of first importance may be regarded as an electric cloud, in respect of its overpowering force, and of the brilliancy and the rapidity which are equally associated with our ideas of it. We need but to name Herr Leopold de Meyer, the thunder-and-lightning characteristics of whose pianism have been proved and acknowledged throughout both hemispheres, to establish the verity of our metaphor. Albeit his thunder, though it astounds, never shocks us,—his lightning, though it dazzles, never consumes. An esteemed cotemporary,—whose fiat, whether it condemn an emperor, approve a prizefighter, oppose a ministry, or applaud a pianist, is revered as an oracle no less at the antipodes than here,—has recently asserted the following judgment on this artist, "The instrumental selection comprised a grand *fantasia* for pianoforte alone, composed and performed by Herr Leopold de Meyer, pianist to the Emperor of Austria, and in his particular walk the most extraordinary 'manipulator' now before the public. This gentleman combines a force and vigour of hand which few have equalled with a delicate lightness of touch and liquid softness of tone that have never been surpassed. He brings these opposite qualities into play with marvellous address, blending or alternating them as the humour seizes him, and with such consistency that while the ear is always satisfied the taste is never offended. M. de Meyer's *fantasia*-playing, moreover—like his music — is quite as original as it is astonishing. He has a vein exclusively his own, and is indebted to no other source than that of his invention, whether for ideas or for the method of handling them. Making no pretence to be an exponent of what is conventionally termed the 'classical' school, he does not provoke criticism by an imperfect conception and execution of acknowledged masterpieces. He moves within the sphere most congenial to his artistic nature, and he does wisely, for in that sphere he stands aloof from competition. It is not intended by this to insinuate that M. de Meyer would fail if he ventured on higher and more intellectual ground; but at the same time, as sincere appreciators of his really exceptional talent, we should counsel him to leave the 'great masters' (and especially the '*old* masters') to themselves; for, in order to ride comfortably over their domain, he would have to invent a new and peculiar bridle to restrain his Pegasus within bounds." Herr Leopold de Meyer has not played in the English provinces since 1845, and thus, since his reputation has been constantly on the increase, his novelty will be no less an attraction throughout the tour than his talent.

A rain cloud of a chequered April in respect of its tears interwoven with smiles, may be considered the favourite interpretress of gaiety and pathos, Miss Eyles, who, when Mad. Novello had stamped success upon "The beating of my own heart" as a soprano song, sang it a third lower, as a contralto, and was encored in it at every concert during a far-spread tour which lasted for ten weeks, and so universally proved her infallible power of pleasing the very various tastes that distinguish the different districts through which she passed.

We may regard as fleecy clouds the congregated members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union, each adding a share of beauty to the scene, and all combining in a general effect of harmonious softness; to wit, Miss J. Wells, a rising soprano, rising in esteem as much as in voice and in merit; Mr. Baxter, an alto, who does all that can be done to render his happily rare register of voice effective; Mr. W. Cummings, a tenor, who has been as successful in singing alone as in blending his voice with those of his companions; Mr. Lawler, a bass, whose broad declamatory style and fine sonorous voice have been too often heard to advantage at the concerts of our most important institutions to need any bush to recommend them; and Mr. Land, the organiser of the Union, who may therefore be regarded as the fatherland of the party,—whose sweetness of voice and mildness of manner prove him to be a Land flowing with milk and honey,—whose proverbial punctuality makes every one rejoice when he is a Land of promise,—who, were there a peerage of pianoforte accompanists, might well be created a Land lord, —whose merits make those who engage him well off when they become Land owners,—whose certainty is such that he nullifies the idea of the geological phenomenon of a Land slip,—who bears so urbanely the

blame due to others, that he may be not inaptly called a Land-scape of his friends,—whose ever-smiling aspect teaches us to regard him as a personification of the "Happy Land" celebrated in Dr. Rimbault's ballad,—and whom, having all these qualifications, we may be well satisfied to regard as our own native Land.

It is high time, however, to descend from the clouds, and contemplate the stern reality of Mad. Novello's departure. The country folks will not entirely have the advantage of us Londoners in hearing the last of this favorite vocalist; for it appears that the swan song of her professional life will be uttered here in town, or at furthest at Sydenham, which, as has been proved at the Handel festivals, is accessible to tens of thousands at a time who wish to hear her. Let us hope, too, that before her last adieu, the Sacred Harmonic Society may have the benefit of her singing, at least once, in *Messiah*, in *Elijah*, and in Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*—the unique beauty of her voice is in no instance heard to such infinite advantage as in the brief solo that sublimely heralds the words and the musical subject of the great chorus in this last-named work, "The night is departing," and it is only if we can preserve in our memory the gleaming brightness with which she sings this phrase, that we shall be able to avoid supposing the watchman's warning is fulfilled in her retirement; "The morning will come, but the night will come also."

THE LATE MR. DRECHSLER.

(*From the Edinburgh "Daily Courant," June* 30.)

THE announcement of the death of this talented musician calls for more than an ordinary expression of regret, in which we shall have the sympathy of many readers, to whom the event was equally sad and unexpected. During late years, partly from ill health, and partly from a retiring and sensitive disposition, which made him shrink from display, Mr. Drechsler seldom appeared in public, and we daresay many of the younger generation are ignorant of the loss which Edinburgh and the musical world have to deplore. There must, however, be a large circle who retain the liveliest recollections of musical attainments, unfortunately too seldom exhibited, but which, once witnessed, could not be forgotten. We have been favoured with some particulars of Mr. Drechsler's early life, which we gladly incorporate with those that came within our own knowledge.

Louis Drechsler was a native of Dessau, where he received his chief musical education under Frederick Schneider. In the summer of 1841, when eighteen years of age, Drechsler came to Edinburgh with our townsman Mr. Adam Hamilton (his fellow-pupil under Schneider, and afterwards his brother-in-law), and produced an immense sensation by his violoncello playing. In 1843 he went to London, and in 1845 to Paris, where he cultivated the acquaintance of Franchomme, with whom he became a great favourite. In 1846, while in London, Mr. Drechsler received a command to play at Buckingham Palace before Her Majesty, who, after the concert, conversed with him in his native tongue, and highly complimented him on his performance. From this time he made frequent visits to London, France, and Germany, playing and singing with great success at Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, Munich, Paris, and his native town.

In 1848, with a view to perfect himself both as a singer and a teacher of singing, Mr. Drechsler commenced studying under the first masters of France and Italy, and lastly under Sig. Manuel Garcia in London, whose system of instruction he adopted. At the institution of the "Society of Musical Amateurs" in this city he was nominated to the office of conductor, at which he continued to labour with unwearied zeal, until the meetings of the Society were discontinued. We cannot refrain from mentioning, as a fact strongly illustrative of Mr. Drechsler's character, that he declined to receive any remuneration for his services, being ever willing to advance the cause of music, without regard to personal advantage, and conceiving that he would thereby preserve greater independence of position. Music was to him an art to be loved and cultivated for its own sake, not a trade at which to seek subsistence or aggrandisement. As a violoncello player he was unsurpassed, at least as regards purity and sweetness of tone, combined with intense feeling, and an expression *almost vocal*. He was scarcely less remarkable for his pianoforte playing. His power of extemporising both on the pianoforte and on the organ was such as to afford the greatest delight to the few who were fortunate enough to hear him, while his musical knowledge enabled him to read from score with facility. As a teacher of singing (to which he latterly devoted his time), Mr. Drechsler was able and conscientious, following the true Italian method of forming correct and pure tones before allowing the pupil to attempt songs and mechanical difficulties. He was generous and charitable, in the most unostentatious way. Many young professionals, and even amateurs with musical aspirations, received gratuitous instruction and kind sympathy from him, unknown to any besides. In this city of musical *sets*, and rival interests, it is not unlikely that some may think our notice too much based on the principle of *nil de mortuis nisi bonum*; to them we would say, perhaps *you* only knew the surface, perhaps we knew what was beneath. Although for some time past in failing health, Mr. Drechsler's immediate decease was unexpected. We trust we are not lifting too far the veil of private life, when we add, that his end was calm and peaceful, and that, although sudden, it was not *too* sudden for him who was taken away.

Letter to the Editor.

THE ORPHEONISTES.

SIR,—The English press has rendered the Orphéonistes of France a signal service. Its co-operation in their pacific mission has been most sympathetic and unreserved. Thanks to its powerful influence, and especially to its early exercise, our purely artistic demonstration acquired a significance calculated to produce the happiest results on the friendly relations of the two peoples, and I am proud to take this opportunity of expressing, in the name of the Orphéonistes of France, our profound gratitude for its kind, its invaluable aid. Our deep sense of the obligations we are under for the sympathy which has greeted and encouraged us has, however, been subjected to a very trying ordeal, in consequence of the treatment which some of us have received at the hands of certain parties. I will confine my narrative to my own case, leaving the public to qualify the conduct of the two individuals of whom, I think, I have a right to complain.

I have, perhaps, no right to complain if the proprietor of the El Dorado Rooms, Leicester Square, compelled me to pay for a repast for 1500 persons, at the rate of 1*s.* 6*d.* a head, although only half that number partook of the very modest cheer provided for them. I made a bargain beforehand, and it turned out a very bad one for me. Upon the same principle, I presume, it would not be fair of me take exception to the yet dearer hospitality sold to the members of the French press by the proprietor of the Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, Strand, and for whose entertainment I made myself responsible. It is true I agreed for fifteen persons, and only eleven came; that the price embraced board and lodging; and that the majority of the party were unable to take their meals at the hotel. The loss was mine; the gain was the landlord's. I imagine he has far more reason to be satisfied than I am with the result of our arrangement. Understand me, therefore, that I do not complain of having been kept to my bargain. But I do complain that these individuals took—as you shall judge—most unfair advantage of me, and did not treat me with that degree of consideration I had a right to expect in the difficult and delicate position in which I was placed.

Though an obscure individual, it was my great privilege, on the occasion of the Orphéonist Festival, to represent some 200,000 of my countrymen associates in the great work of the Orphéon. Any engagements I made on their behalf were sacred. If I did not fulfil them to the hour some slight indulgence might have been extended to me without any excessive stretch of generosity. It fell out that, owing to my presence being unexpectedly required elsewhere at the time I had appointed for the settlement of claims I had never disputed, suspicion took the place of confidence in the minds of the parties in question, who forthwith made me unpleasantly familiar with the sharpest of sharp practice under English law; and this without any kind of warning. Not only was the debt thus considerably increased by heavy costs, but Mr. Williams, the proprietor of the Arundel Hotel, actually went the length of incarcerating me in a lock-up house on Saturday, although I had offered to discharge his claim at the very moment my personal liberty was placed under restraint. Surely, Sir, a few hours' delay in the payment of Mr. Williams's by no means moderate account did not merit the infliction of such an indignity. Mr. Williams's proceeding is the more ungracious, because he had not even furnished me with the particulars of his bill, and I am ignorant of them to this hour. I have paid him, it is true, but under protest.

Happily, Sir, if on the one hand it has been my misfortune to fall in with one or two cases of this kind, it affords me sincere pleasure, on the other hand, to record that in most of the establishments in London, the Orphéonistes have been treated with true British frankness and fairness. Madame Granara, of the Hotel de l'Europe, has been especially considerate. Her house has been open to us at all hours, and was placed at our disposal from the first with the best grace and the greatest possible courtesy.

The press, generally, has shown us so much kindness, that I feel I may confidently solicit the favour of your publishing this episode of our

visit to England; though believe me, Sir, we shall retain only a grateful remembrance of the cordial reception and treatment which — with the above exceptions — we have met with at the hands of your great nation.

I am, Sir, yours very obediently,

EUGENIE DELAPORTE.

Hotel de l'Europe, Leicester Square, July 9.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — First Night of La Figlia del Reggimento. CABEL, CIAMPI, CASTELLI, and BELART. Second Appearance of Mad. MARIE CABEL. This evening, July 14, will be performed (for the first time this season), LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. Tonio, Signor BELART; Sulpizio, Signor CIAMPI (his first appearance in that character); Ortensio, Signor CASTELLI; Paesano, Signor MERCURIALI; and Maria, Mad. MARIE CABEL (first appearance in that character). Conductor: Signor ARDITI. After which the new ballet of ORFA will be produced, in which Mlle. FERRARIS and M. CHAPPUY will appear. Gallery, 2s.; Seats, Half-Circle, 2s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 3s.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Seats, Second Circle, 3s.; Seats, First Circle, 5s.; Pit Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Private Boxes, from 10s 6d. to £2. 2s. — to be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6. and on the nights of performance until the end of the opera, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Second Appearance of Mad. MARIE CABEL. This evening (Saturday, July 14), will be performed (for the first time this season) Donizetti's favourite opera of LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. Tonio, Signor BELART; Sulpizio, Signor CIAMPI (his first appearance in that character); and Maria, Mad. MARIE CABEL (her first appearance in that character). Conductor: Signor ARDITI. After which the new ballet of ORFA will be produced, in which Mlle. FERRARIS and M. CHAPPUY will appear. On Monday, July 16, will be repeated LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. On Tuesday, July 17 (positively for the last time this season), Meyerbeer's grand opera of LES HUGUENOTS, with the following powerful cast:—Raoul, Signor GIUGLINI; Marcel, Signor VIALETTI; Il Conte Nevers, Signor EVERARDI; St. Bris, Signor GASSIER (his last appearance this season); Urbano, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO; Margherita, Mlle. MICHAL; and Valentina, Mlle. TITIENS. Conductor: Signor ARDITI. Gallery, 2s.; Seats, Half-Circle, 2s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 3s.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Seats, Second Circle, 4s.; Seats, First Circle, 5s.; Pit Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Third Tier, Private Boxes, to hold Four, 10s. 6d.; ditto, Two Pair, £1. 1s.; ditto, One Pair, £1. 11s. 6d.; Pit Tier. £1. 11s. 6d.; Grand Tier, £2. 2s. Early application to secure places is earnestly recommended, as being the only means of preventing disappointment. The Box-office of the Theatre is open daily from 10 to 6, and on the evenings of performance until the end of the opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Mr. E. T. SMITH respectfully acquaints the subscribers and the public that his BENEFIT will take place on Thursday, July 19, when will be presented a favourite Opera and Ballet. Gallery, 3s.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 8s. 6d. Applications to be made to Mr. Nugent, Box-office of the Theatre, from 10 till 6 o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Called upon at a moment when Her Majesty's Theatre appeared to be perpetually closed, when a new rival had closed the doors of the legitimate Italian Theatre, to come forward and rescue a fane so long honoured by the *élite* of this country, I accepted the charge, and at once sacrificing every other feeling, every other interest, I became the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, which in an incredibly short time I cleaned out, embellished, and opened. Thus compelled to carry out arrangements of the most difficult and intricate kind, already a second in the field, forestalled by a talented and powerful empressario, I at once devoted myself to the task, and now appeal to my kind patrons, friends, and the public at large, how far I have carried out their views—how far I have redeemed my promise, and how far I have done honour or discredit to Her Majesty's Theatre. It is acknowledged that there are spots on the sun, and I do not hesitate to confess that some portion of my corps may be less perfect than I could have desired; to obtain the services of a superior chorus, to secure at a late period the impossible advantages of an orchestra, beyond reproach, was a work I found to be impracticable; I have, however, in these departments done my best; next year I will pledge myself to do better. The talented phalanx of opera singers (I believe I may, without arrogance assert) stands unequalled, unrivalled; while the artists engaged in the ballet department will fairly demonstrate that I have not neglected the time-honoured charms of terpsichorean art. Out of the *repertoire* announced at the commencement of the season, I have produced the following operas:—*La Favorita, Otello, Il Trovatore, Ernani, La Traviata, Norma, Il Barbière di Siviglia, Gli Ugonotti, Lucia di Lammermoor, Don Giovanni, Rigoletto*, and *Marta*. From the several new operas promised, these have already been presented:—*Almina, Semiramide*, and *Oberon; Le Nozze di Figaro* being in course of rehearsal, and Cimarosa's celebrated buffo opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, though not previously announced, has been most successfully performed. To remind the patrons and subscribers of Her Majesty's Theatre of such *artistes* as Mlle. TITIENS, Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, Mad. LEMAIRE, Mlle. VANERI, Signor GIUGLINI, Signor BELART, Signor VIALETTI, and Signor MONGINI, would be a work of supererogation; but in addition to these well-known favourites, Mad. ALBONI, Mlle. LOTTI DELLA SANTA, Mlle. MARIA BRUNETTI, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO, Mlle. MICHAL, and Mad. MARIE CABEL, together with Signor EVERARDI, Signor GASSIER, Signor FELLAR, Herr STEGER, and the celebrated buffo singer, Signor CIAMPI, besides many other *artistes* unnecessary here to mention, have appeared for the first time this season. In the ballet department, Mlles. SALVIONI, MORLACCHI, POCCHINI, CLAVERLI, MONCELET, and Mlle. CLAUDINA CUCCHI have brilliantly sustained the *prestige* that has invariably belonged to Her Majesty's Theatre, appended to which names those of Mlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, and M. CHAPPUY (who appear this evening), crown the completeness of this section of entertainment. It may not, perhaps, be considered out of place, having thus far given an account of my past conduct, to state succinctly my future programme of the coming season, and I have great pleasure in notifying thus early to my patrons, subscribers, and the public generally, that I have just completed engagements with Mlles. TITIENS and PAREPA, together with Mr. SIMS REEVES and Mr. SANTLEY, who will appear in several English operas, in addition to MACFARREN'S *Robin Hood*, and W. V. WALLACE'S *Amber Witch*, which I succeeded in securing, and which will be produced early in the ensuing season, —October next. If any available talent has ever sought an engagement in this country and has been rejected by me, if any composer of merit has found his works declined, if any novelty has been overlooked, then, indeed, I am unworthy of your patronage; but if my constant and unremitting exertions have tended to carry out your views, if I have done all a manager or a lessee could do, if my present and my past afford a fair guarantee for my future conduct, then, indeed, I shall feel proudly conscious that in thus parting with you for a season, it will only be to renew those ties which you can so honestly again, I hope, bestow, and I can so gratefully receive.

E. T. SMITH, Lessee.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. Grand Concert.—On Wednesday next, July 18, a GRAND CONCERT will take place in the Theatre. The first part will consist of a Miscellaneous Selection, in which the following artists will take part—Mad. GRISI, Mlle. CORBARI, Mad. MIOLAN-CARVALHO, Signor TAMBERLIK, Signor GARDONI, M. ZELGER, Signor NERI-BARALDI, Signor POLONINI, Signor TAGLIAFICO, M. FAURE, Signor GRAZIANI, Signor RONCONI. After which will be performed (for the fourth and last time but one), Glück's opera, *Orfeo e Euridice*, Orfeo, Mlle. CSILLAG; Un Ombra, Mad. MIOLAN-CARVALHO; L'Amore, Mad. DIDIÉE; Euridice, Mad. PENCO. Conductor, Mr. COSTA. The subscribers to the Opera for the Tuesdays of the season, as well as those for the first alternate weeks, will be presented with the *entrée* to the above performance. Box subscribers will receive boxes, and stall subscribers will receive stalls. FLOWER SHOW.—All the subscribers to the Opera present on the above occasion, as well as visitors to the Boxes, Pit Stalls, or Pit, will be admitted to the Flower Show in the Floral Hall, which will be illuminated, at the conclusion of the Opera. Prices of admission to the public:—Boxes—Grand and Pit Tiers, £4 4s.; First Tier, £3 3s. and £2 2s.; Second Tier, £1 11s. 6d.; Pit Stalls, 15s.; Pit, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d. Doors open at half-past Seven, to commence at Eight.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, LE PROPHETE, will be repeated on Monday next, July 16, being an extra night. On Tuesday next, July 17, will be performed Flotow's Opera, MARTHA. Principal characters by Mad. PENCO, Mad. DIDIER, Sig. GRAZIANI, Sig. TAGLIAFICO, M. ZELGER, and Sig. MARIO.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Every Evening. Positively the Last Week but two. M. PAUL DEVAUX. Mlle. DELPHINE FIX will appear in *Les Pattes de Mouche, La fin de Roman, La Bonhomme Jadis*. Orchestra Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, from £2 2s. Commence at 8 o'clock.

Marriage.

On the 12th inst., ADOLPHE SCHLOESSER, Esq., of 2 Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, to MARIAN, daughter of M. M. Salomons, Esq., 6 Leinster Terrace, Hyde Park.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

DEATH has been busy with our public men in this year of grace, 1860. Not to glance at the high priests of science and philosophy, nor to quit the sphere of those who come under the category of artists-proper, and artists-exhibitant,—Jullien, Albert Smith, Robert Brough, have successively past away within a short interval. In the strictly musical line three distinguished performers—strange to say, all players on the violoncello—have been taken from us within as brief a space. The death of William Lovell Phillips was speedily followed by that of George Hausmann; and, upon the death of Hausmann, still more speedily came that of Louis Drechsler, who, first known in this country as a violoncellist, had long settled in Edinburgh as a teacher of singing. Of Herr Drechsler, a sensible and well-written notice, from the pages of the *Edinburgh Daily Courant*, will be found, slightly abridged, in another column of this day's impression. A more amiable foreigner has perhaps never resided habitually among us, and with most of the praise bestowed upon his talent by our contemporary we can conscientiously agree. We have seen no such tribute, however, to the merits of the late Herr Hausmann in any of the Edinburgh or Glasgow papers; but may safely presume that something of the kind has appeared in one or all of them. He too had periodically established himself in the Scottish capital; and though perhaps not the most musical of cities, "Auld Reekie" has never been insensible to the preference awarded it by men of eminence in whatever branch of human acquirement. Herr Hausmann,

it is true, died at Hanover, and the fact of his demise may not be generally known; in which case the Scottish amateurs must be acquitted of any intentional neglect towards one who lived amidst them, respected alike as an artist and a man.

Herr Hausmann came to England more than twenty years ago, and since then has never left it for any lengthened period. He won a very honourable position by his talents, and was rated highly both as a solo and orchestral performer. Add to this, by his kindly disposition, upright character, and gentlemanly manners, he gained the unanimous esteem of his brother-artists, among whom he counted several attached and affectionate friends. The death of many a man of greater note might leave fewer to regret it earnestly than that of George Hausmann, at the unripe age of 43.

AFTER such a season as this, who would not like to pass a quiet month at Baden-Baden? A quiet month! That is not so easy in the midst of *fêtes* projected and set in motion by the indefatigable M. Benazet—M. Edouard Benazet, a worthy son of his father — fêtes patronized, bodily and spiritually, by the Grand Duke, and divers of the court of Russia, with other notable personages hereditary and mediatised. No! a quiet month is out of the question at Baden-Baden, unless in the winter, when its superfluous population has dispersed, and the number of its inhabitants is reduced to something like half-a-dozen thousand.

After such a season as this, however, who would not like to spend a month at Baden-Baden, the prettiest, the sunniest, the hilliest of Spas? The present season, thanks to the exertion of M. Benazet—architect, embellisher, and sole director of that splendid palace, the *Maison de Conversation*—is more than usually brilliant. Baden-Baden was never fuller, never gayer. A *parterre* of laughing villas, and sparkling fountains, and many-coloured gardens, whether by day, when the sky is as gold, or by night, when the sky is as silver—when the sunbeams dance or the moonbeams play, upon the tops of the trees that cast their grateful shadows over the swardy environs — Baden is equally a little paradise. The women are butterflies, glad in fine weather; at night their eyes are glow-worms in mid air; at noon they stroll to the *Trinkhalle*, luxuriously listless—

> "gorgeous insects, floating motionless,
> Unconscious of the day."

People from all climes and in all costumes—of all habits and of all tastes—of all idiosyncracies and of all followings —assemble at Baden-Baden in the summer months. From this large swarm of pleasure-flies it is not easy to discover the preponderance of any one race — though, perhaps, the English and French are just now in the majority, while there are also of Yankees "greater manyer" than customary.

Music is always a special feature in the fêtes of Baden-Baden. In this most popular and humanizing of recreations M. Benazet has afforded his patrons many a delightful treat. A few years ago he got up a famous concert for the celebrated horn-player, Vivier, when that most inimitable of humourists was aided by the magnificent and munificent Jenny Lind, and the audience was composed of one-third crowned heads, one-third scions of royalty, and one-third opulent visitors; and Vivier left Baden-Baden crowned with laurels and laden with five hundred guineas worth of specie. This year, if we are to credit rumour, the attractions will be more than usually novel and brilliant. The superb and incomparable Alboni, it is said, will appear, and —*Lumleo volente*—the grand and magnificent Titiens, the bruit of whose Valentine and Donna Anna has sounded in every hill and valley, in every city, town, and village of the continent.

To reach Baden-Baden from London involves the easiest and pleasantest, and dœdalest of tours. Once at Ostend, and all the disagreeable part of the route is accomplished. You then visit Old Bruges and its towers, Malines and its laces, Louvain and its Hotel de Ville, Ghent and its churches, Liege and its quays. You shoot through the hills to Verviers by the many-tunnelled railway, passing Claude Fontaine, Pepinster, and many a charming spot. You sleep at Aix-la-Chapelle, with Carolus Magnus, not stopping to drink water at the Cathedral. You spend a night at Cologne, and pay homage to the supreme *Dome* by the light of the moon. You pass immediately to Bonn, dine at the "Golden Star," with a real bottle of Geisenheimer; walk to the *Minster-platz;* glance at the frowning effigy of Beethoven, a giant in stone, and pass through the vines to Godesberg, where, if the weather be hot, you may repose under the hoary ruins of the Castle. A little boat now takes you over the Rhine to Konigswinter, and, having climbed the Drachenfels, you row across to Nennenwerth, where Liszt did *not* come to dinner. Here you get at once into the *dampschif*, pass the Roman Andernach, Coblentz, and Ehrenbreitstein, the "fort of forts" Stolzenfelz, and the Loreley-beg, that inspired poor Mendelssohn with ideas for the stage; sweep by Mainz, with a sneer for its garrison; disdain the clean and straight streets of Mannheim, not even tarrying to pay homage to the statue of Goethe at Frankfort-Maine—until you find yourself at last safely sheltered under the crumbling walls of the magnificent *Chateau* of the Counts-Palatine. Here you confide yourself to Morpheus's embraces; and the next morning, after a good breakfast and a bottle of Hockheimer, you proceed on your course, and in a brief interval find yourself at Baden-Baden, the goal of your desires. At the best hotel you call for a bottle of Johannisberg, which will be brought to you in the guise of some first-rate Rudesheimer—note that Johannisberg is purely a myth—which well-flavoured beverage you quaff while ruminating retrospectively on the scenes and objects you have encountered on your journey.

THE introduction to this country—by Prince George Galitzin, at his interesting concerts in St. James's Hall—of some of the operatic music of Glinka, has materially elevated Russia as a musical nation in the eyes of amateurs and professors who previously knew nothing whatever about it. The following extract from a private letter—dated, "St. Petersburg"—will show, moreover, that the death of Glinka (1857) has not left Russia destitute of composers for the theatre:—

"The Cirque, at present the theatre of Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Marié, is nearly completed. The internal fittings are in a style of unusual magnificence. Rich gilding, comfortable boxes, broad flights of stairs, and vast corridors, connecting the different stories with each other, render this theatre one of the most magnificent edifices of the kind in Europe. According to report, it is intended principally for the performance of Russian operas, of which, it is said, there are several new ones ready. An opera called *The Prisoner of the Caucasus* is in preparation. The subject is taken from Pouschkin's poem, while the music is the first effort of M. Kui, an officer in the Guards. It is rumoured, also, that another opera, under the title of *Natacha*, by the Russian composer, Villebois, has been put in rehearsal. Those connoisseurs who have heard fragments from this work, at various private

parties in St. Petersburg, have spoken of them in terms of high praise."

These are good tidings, inasmuch as the character of the Russian national melody is such as to present a world of fresh resources to composers worthy of the name; while Russian history and Russian legend offer inexhaustible materials to the ingenious and experienced dramatist.

The Operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Tuesday evening, the last night of the subscription, there was a performance, in length and variety recalling those memorable "long Thursdays" in which Mr. Lumley, dating from as early a period as 1844, used once a week to crowd together all his attractions, operatic and choregraphic. The entertainments began with *Lucrezia Borgia*—Lucrezia, Mlle. Titiens; Maffeo Orsini, Mad. Lemaire; Alphonso, Signor Gassier; and Gennaro, Signor Mongini. It was the last appearance of Signor Mongini. The professional services of this gentleman being required at Milan, he is unable to remain for the extra nights, which (in accordance with a custom perhaps "more honoured in the breach than the observance") are to follow the regular season, and to keep the house open for an indefinite period. The opera was very favourably received, and Signor Mongini—who sang so admirably, especially in the death scene, as to make the necessity of finding a substitute for him in future representations of *Oberon* a matter of regret—was more than once recalled, with Mlle. Titiens and M. Gassier.

Between the last two acts a scene from the ballet of *Orfa* introduced Mlle. Amalia Ferraris—who, since her last appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, a good many years ago, when a mere beginner, has risen to the highest eminence among European dancers. This lady, now a consummate mistress of her art, combines a marked originality with all the best qualities that constitute the perfection of Terpsichorean display. At present, however, we can merely add that she achieved a success as unequivocal as it was well merited, and that she was twice summoned before the curtain at the end of her performance in an elaborate *pas de deux* with M. Chapuy (also a new importation).

The last act of *Lucrezia* was succeeded by a further novelty, in the shape of Meyerbeer's celebrated "Shadow Song," given by Mad. Marie Cabel with such fluency, neatness, grace, and brilliancy of execution as to raise the enthusiasm of the house and elicit a unanimous recall, although it was nearly midnight when she made her appearance. Mad. Cabel (whom all our musical readers must remember) has apparently lost none of those attractions which made her so distinguished a favourite when "Opera Comique" reigned paramount at the St. James's Theatre; but this she will have a better opportunity of showing in the *Figlia del Reggimento* to-night.

"It is some years," says a contemporary, "since we have seen Mad. Marie Cabel in London, and we are glad to find that time, so far from exercising any deteriorating influence upon her, has not merely improved the quality of her voice, but has also given the final perfecting touch to the vocalisation that was already above reproach. Although Mad. Cabel did not make her appearance till considerably more than half-past eleven o'clock, and then only sang the 'Air de l'ombre,' from *Le Pardon*, she was enthusiastically applauded, and more than justified the choice of the not easily satisfied composer, who entrusted her with the original impersonation of the heroine of his last opera. Mad. Cabel's voice is singularly even and equal in quality throughout its entire compass; and nothing can exceed her brilliant and absolutely perfect execution of the difficult cadences in the Shadow song, nor can anything surpass in delicacy the deliciously-modulated shake with which she concludes the air."

To conclude, the entertainments of this (very) "long" Tuesday wound up with "God save the Queen," in which all the principal singers (except Mlle. Titiens) took part.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Meyerbeer's grand opera, *Le Prophète*, was produced on Thursday night for the first time in the new theatre, with a splendour and magnificence that we believe has never yet been equalled. We must, for the present, be satisfied with announcing that Signor Tamberlik made his first appearance this season in the character of Jean of Leyden, that his singing was as much distinguished as formerly for correctness, vigor, and energy, and his impersonation of the mock prophet characterised by a manliness which invested the character of the impostor-prophet throughout with wonderfully sustained interest. "Tamberlik's John of Leyden"—says the *Morning Post*—"is well known to our public, who have long justly regarded it as one of his very greatest efforts; and never did he play the very arduous character more finely than on the present occasion. All the great 'points' of the part were 'taken,' as formerly, with an unquestionable appreciation of their merit; and the 'Re del cielo,' in which the marvellous voice of Tamberlik, animated by truly heroic ecstacy, gives out those famous B and C naturals *di petto*, with a force which makes the 'vaulted roof rebound,' again created what the Italians would call a *furore*, quelled only by the reappearance of the singer twice before the curtain at the end of the act to which the air in question forms the finale." Mlle. Csillag gives evidence of additional powers in every part she undertakes, and her delineation of Fides will place her in a higher position than she has yet occupied. To appear in a character which some of the most consummate singers of the day have stamped with their individuality, indicates no small ambition; but Mlle. Csillag has proved herself capable of grappling with the extraordinary difficulties of a very arduous task, and of grasping the salient characteristics of the most original and masterly creation of the lyric drama. Berta was carefully performed by Mlle. Corbari. Signor Tagliafico looked as if he had stepped out of a picture by Velasquez, and sang unexceptionably the music allotted to Count Oberthal; and the three Anabaptists were admirably represented by Signors Neri-Baraldi and Polonini, and M. Zelger. The scenery, costumes, and *mise-en-scène* are even more splendid and complete now than when the original production of *Le Prophète*, eleven years ago, was the town-talk of the season. From the Cuyp-like beauty of the opening view to the massive grandeur of the cathedral interior—cleverly taken at the junction of the south transept and the choir, thus giving the effect of unlimited extent—each scene was exquisite in itself, and gained an effect by the constant changes of the crowd of auxiliaries, who always—and as if by instinct, so thoroughly were they drilled—formed into harmoniously-balanced groupings. The skating scene, of course, was the main feature of the scenic display, and the "Quadrille des Patineurs" was so exceedingly well managed that it was enthusiastically encored. The dancing of Mad. Zina in the *pas de deux* was absolute perfection. We have no doubt that, placed on the stage with such profuse magnificence, *Le Prophète* will now, after its five years' banishment, be a great and continued success.

THE BRASS BANDS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"THE Great Brass Band Contest," "The Great National Contest," "The Sydenham Contest," and "The People's National Festival," as it has been indifferently called, came off on Tuesday and Wednesday, and was a decided success. On the first day, when half-a-crown was the charge for admission, nearly 7000 persons assembled; and on the second, a shilling day, over 22,000. The preliminary contest on each day commenced in the grounds, from ten until half-past two, when the whole of the competing force congregated in the Great Handel Orchestra, and played the following selection, under the direction of Mr. Enderby Jackson:—"Rule Britannia;" "Hallelujah" (Handel); "Wedding March" (Mendelssohn); "The heavens are telling" (Haydn); "God save the Queen." The forty-four bands included about 1200 players, and the effect of their united powers was literally deafening. The precision and correctness of the immense body of instrumentalists was remarkable, considering how few opportunities they could have had of rehearsing together. Mr. Enderby Jackson directed, and proved a most admirable and energetic general. The new monster-gong-drum, seventeen feet in diameter, manufactured expressly for the Bands Festival, and played in furious reverberations by Messrs. Charles Thomson, of

the Crystal Palace Band, and Middleditch, of the London Rifle Brigade, constituted a most worthy accompaniment to the brass thunders. On the Tuesday, the "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the National Anthem, were encored; and on the Wednesday both these pieces, with "Rule Britannia." After this grand ensemble, the twelve best bands selected from those who had exhibited in the grounds had to contend for the prizes in rotation in the Great Orchestra, before the judges, who pronounced their decision accordingly. On the first day forty-four bands appeared on the platforms, terraces, and various parts of the grounds. They were divided into sections of seven or eight bands, each section having three qualified judges to decide as to their fitness to compete for the prizes. The twelve candidates on the first day were — "The Saltaire" band (maintained by Mr. Titus Salt, of Bradford), who played a selection from *Lucrezia Borgia;* "The Cyfarthfa" band (from Messrs. Crawshay's Ironworks, South Wales, and from the ranks of which came the celebrated ophicleide player, Mr. Hughes, introduced to the public by the late M. Jullien, and other good performers), who executed a selection from Mr. Balfe's *Bondman;* "The Deighton Mills" band, who gave a selection from *Ernani;* "The Witney" band, who essayed their powers in a selection from *Trovatore;* "The Stanhope" band, a selection from *Preciosa;* "The Chesterfield" band (in the costume of the Chesterfield Rifles — Sir Joseph Paxton's regiment), selection from the *Trovatore*; "The Staley-Bridge" band, the overture to *Guillaume Tell*; "The Dewsbury" band (the crack band of Yorkshire), selection from *Preciosa;* "The Blackdyke Mills" band (a subscription band, supported by the wealthy proprietor of the mills), selection from *Preciosa*; "The Ackrington" band (the champion band of Lancashire, which has carried off all the county prizes), the overture to *Nabucco;* "The Holmfirth Temperance" band, selection from *Trovatore;* and "The Darlington Saxhorn" band (generally known as the Catholic Band, and which plays sacred music exclusively), the "Kyrie Eleison" and "Gloria" from Haydn's Mass, No. 2. The prizes were:— 1st, £40, in money, together with a splendid cup for the bandmaster, also a magnificent champion contre bass in E flat, value thirty-five guineas, presented by Mr. Henry Distin, of Great Newport Street; 2nd prize — £25, in money; 3rd prize — £15; 4th prize — £10; 5th prize — £5. These were awarded to the following bands in the order in which we name them:—"The Blackdyke Mills," conductor, Mr. S. Longbottom, leader, Mr. T. Galloway. "The Saltaire," conductor, Mr. Richard Smith, leader, Mr. W. Turner. "The Cyfarthfa," conductor, Mr. R. Livesey. "The Darlington Saxhorn," conductor, Mr. Henry Hoggett; and "The Dewsbury," Mr. John Peel.

On Wednesday seventy-two bands entered the lists, and, as on the former day, underwent a preliminary examination by the judges. The twelve bands qualified to contend for the prizes were as follows: — "The Brighouse," "The Chesterfield," "The Haywood Amateurs," "The Goldshill Sax-Horn," "The Keighley," "The Huddersfield," "The Darwen Temperance," "The Dawley Green," "The Cyfarthfa," "The Dewsbury," "The Mossley," and "The Meltham Mills." The prizes were: — 1st, £30, in money, together with a silver cup for bandmaster, also a complete set of "Boosey's Brass-Band Journal," sixteen volumes, bound, value twelve guineas, presented by Messrs. Boosey and Sons; 2nd, £20, in money; 3rd, £15; 4th, £10; 5th, £5. These were severally adjudged to "The Cyfarthfa" band, conductor, Mr. R. Livesey; "The Dewsbury," conductor, Mr. John Peel; "The Goldshill Sax-Horn" band, (from Mr. James Bagnall's iron-works, Staffordshire,) conductor, Mr. J. Blandford; "The Chesterfield" band, (who, in the costume of the Derbyshire Rifles, gave a selection from *Lucrezia Borgia*) conductor, Mr. H. Slack; and "The Meltham Mills" band (who played the "Hallelujah Chorus"), conductor, Mr. H. Hartley, leader, Mr. Cyrus Mills.

In addition, two special prizes were given: a beautiful electro-plated cornet-à-pistons, by Antoine Courtois, presented by Messrs. Chappell and Hammond to the best soprano cornet player of the two days' contest; and one of Boosey's best B flat euphoniums, electro-plated, presented to the best bass player of the two days' contest, by Messrs. Boosey and Sons. The judges had some difficulty in coming to a decision on these two points; and in the case of the bass prize were compelled to have a separate contest on the platform of the great orchestra, and ultimately awarded Messrs. Boosey's splendid gift to John Walker of the "Cyfarthfa" band. The judges were unanimous in awarding the cornet-à-pistons to Mr. W. Blandford of the "Goldshill" band.

When the final award was made, Mr. Bowley, the general manager, proceeded in a few brief but appropriate words to hand the prizes to the victors, and in doing so expressed the pleasure the Directors of the Company and himself, in common with the visitors, had felt in the complete success of this novel and interesting gathering, from which he augured most satisfactory results to the progress of music among the humbler classes. He tendered the thanks of the Company to the performers generally, who, though nearly all connected with our large manufacturing establishments, had devoted so much time to the cultivation of music. Mr. Bowley further acknowledged the liberal gifts of prizes by Messrs. Chappell and Hammond, Messrs. Boosey, and Mr. Distin, and especially commended the energy and ability with which Mr. Enderby Jackson, of Hull, had organised and conducted the undertaking. The proceedings, which were of a most animated character, did not terminate till half-past eight o'clock.

DR. MARK'S COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE annual examination of the pupils resident within, and attending at, the Royal College of Music, took place on the 28th of June in the large Lecture Hall of the College. As a more certain test of their abilities, it was considered desirable to have a *written paper* instead of a *viva voce* examination as formerly. The Rev. J. S. Sidebotham, M.A. chaplain of New College, and city lecturer at St. Martin's, Carfax, Oxford, and the Rev. J. B. Wilkinson, M.A., curate of St. John's, Manchester, very kindly undertook the preparation of questions and inspection of papers. The result was made known on Thursday at the institution.

The Rev. J. B. Wilkinson, addressing the boys, said, that although the first time they had been put to so severe a test as a written examination, he had much pleasure in the perusal of their papers; many showed very considerable intelligence; all were highly satisfactory, while some (which he should preserve), were drawn up with such care, and showed such good sense, that he was quite surprised and delighted. The rev. gentleman in the kindest manner pointed out any faults he had discovered, in order that the boys might avoid them in future; and concluded by bearing testimony to their uniformly good conduct, and to the marked attention they paid to the religious instruction he had given them on his weekly visits to the institution.

The Rev. J. S. Sidebotham said it gave him very great pleasure on the invitation of Dr. Mark to examine the school, and he was happy to say that the inspection of the papers, although numerous and necessarily involving considerable trouble, had afforded him much satisfaction. It was to be expected that among the papers of boys so very young (the average age being ten years) would be found many erroneous answers. A few, however, were very amusing; and on the whole they were very sensible, and indicated that the boys had profited by the sound instruction they had received. As thus early evincing such intelligence, he felt a deep interest in them, and would be delighted, with Dr. Mark's permission, to have an opportunity at the next examination of witnessing their further progress. The rev. gentleman then read over the names of the boys who had distinguished themselves in the examination, and stated the number of marks each had obtained.

The Rev. W. Huntington said it always afforded him great pleasure to come among them, and he was delighted to hear from the rev. gentleman who had examined the papers that they had so well acquitted themselves. Of their manners in general he could not speak too highly, especially of their conduct at church, which was always most exemplary. He assured Dr. Mark that he took such interest in the institution that he hoped to visit it even more frequently than hitherto.

Dr. Mark desired to express his best thanks to the reverend gentlemen for the great patience they had exercised in the examination, which for many days had occupied their valuable time. He assured them it had afforded him the highest satisfaction to learn that his "Little Men" had paid so much attention to their religious training, convinced that no education could be complete or effectual unless accompanied by tutoring the heart in the moral and religious duties of life. Dr. Mark then proposed three hearty cheers for the examiners, which was warmly responded to by his "Little Men."

At the close of the examination the masters and pupils presented to Dr. Mark a silver cup, bearing the following inscription:—"*Presented to Dr. Mark, by the masters and pupils of the Royal College of Music, as*

an affectionate token of regard. June 18, 1860." Also the following address :—"*Dear Sir,—Will you kindly accept this present from the masters and pupils of the Royal College of Music, in testimony of their affectionate regard and esteem, and on this, the anniversary of your birthday, permit us to express our wishes for your future happiness, and for the prosperity of your great National Institution, in which we have derived so much benefit, both from your care and instruction, and spent so many happy days.*" Signed by 200 of the masters and pupils of the institution. Dr. Mark, returning thanks, said he felt very deeply this token of affection ; the expression of confidence was most cheering to him. He would spare no effort to add to the comfort and happiness of his young charges, and trusted they would zealously co-operate with his endeavours to raise the institution to the highest state of efficiency.

The examination in the musical department was, as usual, highly successful; the ability of the "Little Men" was well sustained by the performance of a selection from *Lurline*, and other favourite pieces, including solos both by the least and most advanced pupils; all rendered with such precision and good effect as to call forth warm commendation. These interesting proceedings ended, the "Little Men" were regaled with plum pudding, cakes, &c., in commemoration of Dr. Mark's birthday; and after terminating a happy day with games and pastimes the boys repaired to their several homes to spend the holidays. The names of the boys who distinguished themselves in the examination are T. J. Ireland, J. Jones, Colbeck, Sibbit, King, Gribbin, Marsden, Field, Hawley, Green, Taylor, Wood, Fairbrother, Higginson, Wheatley, Brunner, Guest, and Shrive. The reports of the Examiners are subjoined:—"To Dr. Mark,—I have great pleasure in forwarding my report of the examination of your 'Little Men.' Their information was tested in the five *Books of Moses*, the *Gospel of St. Luke*, and the *Church Catechism*—doctrinally and practically, and I have very great satisfaction in saying that my expectations have been exceeded by the result. The papers evince very careful teaching on the part of the master, Mr. Powell, and attention and perseverance on the part of your pupils; and from this, the first public test of their examination in general knowledge, I hopefully look forward to the next as calculated to afford you every encouragement to prosecute your great and laudable efforts for the more effectual development of the system you have at heart. I feel thankful that the community possesses an institution such as the Royal College of Music, where, to a sound education in general knowledge, and the study and practice of music, a high moral training is joined, while the social comfort and well-being of the pupils is affectionately considered. I heartily wish you success in the great and good cause, and trust your efforts may meet with the return they so fully deserve.—Believe me, Dr. Mark, very faithfully yours, J. B. Wilkinson, Curate of St. John's, Manchester."

"Having been requested by Dr. Mark to undertake, in conjunction with the Rev. J. B. Wilkinson, the examination of the boys under his care, I have great satisfaction in bearing testimony, both to the general intelligence of the school, and to the soundness of the instruction imparted. The subjects which came more immediately under my notice were Arithmetic, Geography, and English Grammar. I consider the papers generally creditable to the boys, with whose efforts I had every reason to be satisfied, especially that it is a formidable test even for men, much more for boys, to have placed before them a paper of questions unknown to them, with nothing but their memory to help them to the answers. I am decidedly of opinion that Dr. Mark's idea of combining instruction in music with the elements of general education, is not only a reasonable one, but one which, in the present instance, has been eminently successful, and which, I believe, if nationalised, would prove not only attractive, but of the highest service to the lower classes, as tending to rescue many a boy from vice, and, at the same time, to impart to many now without it, a sound, practical, and religious education, at a singularly inexpensive rate. Any benevolent person who may feel disposed to assist Dr. Mark in establishing similar institutions, in other parts of the United Kingdom, and so extend to other boys the benefits now enjoyed by a very limited number, which does not exceed two hundred, would benefit not only the poorer classes, but, as the system has a tendency to raise the boys from a low position to one of respectability and usefulness, society at large. — John Samuel Sidebotham, M.A., Chaplain of New College, Oxford, and Preacher at St. Martin's, Carfax."

THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S CATCH CLUB.—One of the oldest musical clubs of the Metropolis closed its 99th season on the 6th instant, at the Thatched House, St. James's Street. The professional members present included Mr. Francis, Mr. Benson, Mr. Land, Mr. Cummings, Mr. M. Smith, Mr. Lawler, and the secretary, Mr. Orlando Bradbury. It is proposed to celebrate the centenary of this celebrated club next year.

Concerts.

PRINCE GALITZIN'S SECOND RUSSIAN CONCERT at the St. James's Hall achieved an extraordinary success, the audience not only trebling in number that of the first, but comprising the *élite* of the musical connoisseurs of the metropolis, who are so rarely seen in a concert-room, except upon some very special occasion. Applause under any circumstances is gratifying, but the genuine enthusiasm with which every piece was received, emanating, as it did, from such very critical hearers, must have been in the highest degree satisfactory to the illustrious chief, whose noble bearing and classical head would at once command attention and make him "the observed of all observers." As a proof of the warm appreciation manifested, there were no less than half-a-dozen encores in a programme numbering fifteen pieces. Two choruses of Bortniansky, "Sanctus" and "Te ergo;" an air of Glinka, sung by Mlle. Parepa; Prince Galitzin's "Pater noster" and "Kozlow" Polka, the latter a delicious musical "sell," which would have made the fortune of poor Jullien; and Glinka's "Mazurka," charmingly played by Miss Arabella Goddard (who modestly contented herself by bowing in lieu of accepting the "bis"), were the *morceaux* thus honoured. The least effective portions of the selection (no fault of the executants, however,) were the arrangement of Chopin's *étude* in F minor and "*Les adieux* de Schubert" (which, by the way, is not "de Schubert") both of which fell somewhat flatly, despite the best efforts of Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Herren Ries and Pollitzen, and Mr. Patey. In addition to the pieces already named, Prince Galitzin contributed the following of his own compositions: Chorus, "Sancta Maria;" Romance for voice, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, with violoncello obbligato, Mons. René Douay; and the Herzen Valse, all of which showed that the Prince was as thoroughly at home in writing for, as he is in conducting an orchestra. Signor Mongini gave a solo of Glinka, from the Russian opera, *Life of the Czar*, and also joined Mlle. Parepa and Mr. Patey in a trio, from the same pen. A Polacca for orchestra and chorus (Glinka again) brought this most interesting concert to a brilliant termination, and we are glad to learn that a third concert will take place on the 27th inst.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT (June 27) took place at St. James's Hall, and was one of the most attractive of the season. With Mr. Sloper were joined, in the instrumental department, M. Sainton and M. Paque, and in the vocal, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mlle. Artôt, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and the English Glee and Madrigal Union. Mr. Sloper played Beethoven's Twenty-four Variations in D major; with Mad. Sherrington and Mr. H. Goodban, Gounod's Serenade for voice, pianoforte, and harmonium; with M. Sainton and M. Paque, Dussek's Trio in F major, for piano, violin, and violoncello; with M. Sainton, Spohr's *Rondeau Brillant*, in E major, for piano and violin; three mazurkas, by Chopin; and some very original, piquant, and charming pieces of his own composition. The incomparable ease and finish of Mr. Lindsay Sloper's playing were displayed to eminent advantage in Dussek's splendid trio, which on the whole was a grand performance on the part of the three executants. The trio was rescued from almost total oblivion by Miss Arabella Goddard, who introduced it for the first time in public in this country, at her matinée in St. James's Hall (Jan. 1859), and recommended it at once and for ever to all lovers of genuine music and seekers of good music for the pianoforte. The trio excited the greatest attention, and made a real impression. A more faultless performance of Beethoven's fanciful variations we do not remember. If Mr. Sloper possesses one qualification more than another, it is that perfect fluency in which he has no superior. Moreover, his taste and refinement are remarkable, and the musical thinker invariably distinguishes his performance no less than the accomplished executant. The other *morceaux* played by him, besides those we have mentioned, were not less interesting. The *Rondeau* of Spohr, in which the playing of M. Sainton was faultless, was entitled to unreserved commendation. A solo on the violoncello, by M. Paque, made up the sum total of the instrumental selection. The vocal music presented nothing novel or particular. Every artist chose a well-

known piece, as is the custom at London concerts in the "season." Mr. Sims Reeves sang Mendelssohn's "Hunter's Song;" also the new ballad "I love you," which, both through its own merits, and by virtue of the great tenor's inimitable singing, has become one of the most popular songs of the day, and on this occasion, as on every other, was tumultuously encored. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington displayed her brilliant vocalisation in Adolphe Adam's "Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman," and Mlle. Artôt exhibited her admirable talent in Handel's "Verdi Prati" and Rossini's "Non piu mesta." Mad. Sainton-Dolby, moreover, showed her artistic versatility in Gluck's "Che farò," and the very pretty ballad "The Skipper and his Boy." The English Glee and Madrigal Union sang Elliott's glee, "Come see what pleasure," and Mr. J. L. Hatton's four-part song, "The homeward watch." The hall was attended by an elegant and fashionable assembly.

Apsley House. — The Duke of Wellington entertained at dinner on the 29th ult., officers of the "Victoria Rifles," of which volunteer regiment His Grace is Colonel. In the course of the evening a selection of vocal music was performed in the Waterloo Gallery, under the direction of Mr. Land, by the members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union, Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler.

Royal Surrey Gardens.—The first of Mr. Balfe's series of three concerts attracted an audience that filled the enormous music hall of the Surrey Gardens in every part, and overflowed into the surrounding grounds. The attractions were sufficient to justify this large attendance, for the programme was, with one exception, devoted exclusively to Mr. Balfe's own music; and the vocal part was supported by Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Weiss, Mad. Laura Baxter, the Misses Brougham, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Mlle. Parepa, in the melodious song from *Satanella*, "The Power of Love," was encored, and the effect was much enhanced by her distinct articulation. The clever trio, "Vorrei parlar," from *Falstaff;* the laughing trio from *The Rose of Castille*, sung by the Misses Brougham and Mr. Perren, and encored; the ballad, "In this old chair my father sat," *Maid of Honour*, sung by Mr. Perren, and also encored; and the song called "The Two Locks of Hair," given by Mr. Weiss with true dramatic expression, were all more or less worthy of notice. Mr. Sims Reeves was, of course, the "lion" of the evening, and on his appearance received the lion's share of applause. He sang the new ballad "I love you" — Mr. Balfe's latest production, and which promises to be as popular as any of his former compositions— with such expression that an enthusiastic encore was the result. Mr. Reeves instantly complied. His next piece, a new song, entitled "The British Volunteer," composed by Signor Alary expressly for this occasion, was also redemanded; but no sooner had Mr. Reeves commenced the song a second time than a scene took place, alike disgraceful to the audience and creditable to the vocalist. After Mr. Reeves had for some time vainly endeavoured to make himself heard, he bowed and retired. The Misses Brougham then appeared, but were also compelled to retire. The disturbance continued some minutes, when Mr. Reeves again ascended the platform, and was received with deafening applause. No sooner, however, were the first notes uttered of Signor Alary's "Volunteer" than the tumult again began, and the singer was again compelled to retreat. Mr. Balfe, after some time, succeeded in obtaining a hearing, and asked the audience what they wanted. Amid the indiscriminate shouts that followed, disjointed words were at times audible, supposed to have reference to certain songs which our great tenor has made popular, and the audience wished to hear, although they had not come to a decision as to which of them was to be sung. Mr. Balfe now said that Signor Alary, whose song they had encored, was in the hall; but all to no purpose. Mr. Reeves again appeared, and was again received enthusiastically, but had no sooner, for the third time, recited the opening lines,

"Let others long for sleek repose,
I'm never happy when at rest —"

than the disgraceful scene was resumed. To cut the Gordian knot, Mr. Balfe then announced that Mr. Sims Reeves would sing his last song, and, as if to shew his superiority to his audience, the great tenor gave "Then you'll remember me," with infinite pathos and effect. The audience were unconscionable enough to raise another cry of "encore," and Mr. Sims Reeves, with the utmost good humour, unhesitatingly acceded to the unreasonable demand, and repeated the last verse. We cannot contrast too strongly the extreme forbearance, the imperturbable good nature, and the willingness of Mr. Sims Reeves to make any concession, short of offering an insult to a brother musician, by singing another song as an encore to his composition; in other words, the thoroughly gentlemanlike behaviour of the vocalist, and the obstinate, deliberate, selfish cruelty —the intense vulgarity, in fact — that distinguishes a portion of the Surrey Gardens audience. The only reproach that could possibly be made to Mr. Reeves is that he showed almost too great solicitude to flatter the caprices of a turbulent minority. It is really time that such disturbances should cease. It is scandalous that Mr. Sims Reeves can never sing on the other side of the river without subjecting himself to persecution of this kind; and in the interest of art we protest against our greatest English singer injuring his voice for the mere purpose of gratifying unreasoning selfishness. We trust that for the future Mr. Reeves will not submit to such dictation, but refuse to sing more than the number of times that his name is mentioned in the programme. We feel sure that he will be supported by all well-judging persons.

Signor Billetta's Matinée took place at Campden House, Kensington, on Tuesday week. Fortunately the day was fine, and the aristocratic visitors were afforded an opportunity of varying the *agremens* of the concert by a promenade in the beautiful pleasure grounds. Mesds. Borghi-Mamo, Lemmens-Sherrington, Rieder, and Lemaire; M. Depret, Signors Neri-Baraldi, Solieri, Cimino, Dragone, and Mr. Patey, were the singers. The special features in the performances were a romanza by Broga, sung to perfection by Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and unanimously encored; the "Shadow song," from *Dinorah*, by Mad. Sherrington; and a very pleasing duet of Signor Billetta's composition, sung by the same lady and Signor Solieri; the "Pappataci" trio from the *Italiana in Algeri*, by Signors Solieri and Cimino, and Mr. Patey; and Signor Billetta's song, "Lettre au bon Dieu," by M. Depret.

Herr Louis Engel's Annual Matinée, which was given at 13 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, on the 29th ult., was a brilliant affair, highly patronised, fashionably attended, with a capital selection, performed by unexceptionable artists. Herr Engel, one of the most admirable players ever heard in this or any other country on the harmonium, an instrument fast rising into fashion and repute, chose for his solos a fantasia on *Don Pasquale*, a fantasia on Irish and Scotch airs, and *Garibaldi's March*, all his own composition, the last a "palpable hit." The ease and finish of his playing on an instrument almost as refractory as an organ are indeed remarkable, and none but a performer on the harmonium can estimate such talent at its true value. Herr Becker on the violin, and Messrs. Blumenthal and Ritter on the piano, gave pieces of their own composition. A new song, "Comment est ce arrivé," written by Herr Engel, was given by that admirable artist, M. Jules Lefort, with great effect, and is likely, from the graceful character of the melody, to become very popular. Three of the choruses from the repertory of the Orphéonistes, which produced the most effect at the Crystal Palace, were performed, viz., "Les Enfants de Paris," "La Retraite," and "The Recruit." Vocal pieces were also contributed by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mlle. Parepa, and Signor Solieri.

Mr. John Thomas's Concert was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, the 2nd inst. It opened with the "Meditation on a prelude of Sebastian Bach," by Gounod, a piece well adapted to exhibit the thorough mastery which Mr. Thomas has acquired over the harp. He was ably supported by Herr Becker on the violin, and Herr Engel on the harmonium. A descriptive piece composed by himself, entitled "Winter, ending with a Hymn," is extremely ingenious, and was received with loud applause. Two pieces, the first his own composition, entitled "La Meditation," and described as a "Rapsodie," followed by Alver's "Danse des Fées," were eminently successful. His other contributions were "L'Esperance," designated as a Mazurka; a "Grand Studio," entitled "Imitazione del Mandolino"; "March of the Men of Harlech," his own composition; and Handel's

"Harmonious Blacksmith." Herr Ernst Lubeck executed two pieces of his own on the pianoforte. The singers were Mlle. Artôt, Miss Augusta Thomson, M. Depret, and M. Jules Lefort.

MLLE. FINOLI'S MATINÉE MUSICALE was given on Monday, the 2nd inst. Mesdames C. Hayes and Rieder, Signori Oliva, Fortuna, Delle Sedie, and Solieri, assisted as vocalists, and Signor Pezze and Signor Regondi as instrumentalists. Mlle. Finoli possesses great talent, which has been improved and refined by education. Her fine, real *mezzo voce* was heard to perfection in one of Rossini's brilliant airs. Mad. Rieder astonished all with her flute-like variations, and was encored unanimously. The matinée was held in Messrs. Collards' new rooms, and was well attended. Mlle. Finoli, who is a person of superior birth, has many friends among the upper classes of English society, and is largely patronised by amateurs and connoisseurs of rank.

MR. AND MAD. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, given under the most distinguished patronage, on Thursday, June 21, at Messrs. Collards' new concert room, was a very elegant affair, and attracted a large crowd of fashionables. The vocalists were Mad. Rieder, Miss Augusta Thomson, Mad. Louisa Vinning, Miss Palmer, M. Depret, and Mr. Santley; the instrumentalists—Mr. W. G. Cusins (pianoforte), Mad. Pratten (guitar), and Messrs. Pratten and Rockstro (flutes). The concert commenced with a novelty in the shape of a quintet for flute, violin, two altos, and violoncello, by Kuhlau, which received every justice at the hands of Messrs. Pratten, Willy, Webb, Hann, and Pettit. The remaining instrumental performances consisted of solos on the flute and guitar by Mr. and Mad. Pratten, and on the pianoforte by Mr. W. G. Cusins. Mr. Pratten—one of our most eminent professors of the instrument, and, as we need scarcely inform our readers, first flute of the Royal Italian Opera band—played two fantasias of his own composition, one on *Marie Stuart*, the other on the *Trovatore*, both with the greatest success, using his New Perfected Flute with the old system of fingering. Mr. Pratten's splendid tone and brilliant execution excited universal admiration. Mad. Pratten—one of the most accomplished guitar players in the country—having sprained her left hand a few days previously, could only introduce one piece in consequence, and that with so much distress as to make it painful to look at the fair artist playing. In her performance, nevertheless, of a "serenade" and "Lord Raglan's March," both by C. J. Pratten, she exhibited those admirable qualities of execution and style which place her in the very foremost rank of legitimate guitarists. Of the vocal music the most effective performances were the grand air from the *Etoile du Nord*, for soprano and two flutes, sung by Mad. Rieder, with Messrs. Pratten and Rockstro as accompanists, and the trio from Spohr's *Zemira ed Azor*, "Senn' fugge l'ombra intorno," by Mad. Rieder, Misses Augusta Thomson and Palmer. We may mention, too, a new Italian canzone, "O tu'l più bel sospir," written by Mr. Sidney Pratten—a graceful and melodious composition—given by Miss Augusta Thomson. Mr. Santley introduced the romance from *Dinorah*, "O live, or let me die;" and M. Depret—who although he is not a Duprez, is, nevertheless, a good tenor—sang some couplets by Clapisson, and a romanza by Schubert; and, to conclude, Miss Palmer gave Mr. Hatton's song, "The Sailor's Wife;" and Mad. Louisa Vinning sang "Vedrai carino," and the Scotch ballad, "Within a mile of Edinbro'."

THE ORPHEONISTES IN THE CATTLE MARKET.—On Thursday a Court of Common Council was held in the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor presiding. There was a large attendance of members. Mr. J. Stewart moved "that it be referred to the Markets Improvement Committee to consider whether it is expedient to return the sum of £350, which has been paid into the Chamber for the occupation, during a fortnight, of the two hotels at the Metropolitan Cattle Market by the Orphéonistes of France." He did not, he said, attach any blame to the committee in any way, as they had never treated with the Orphéonistes direct in any way; but, under all the circumstances, he thought it would be a graceful compliment to return the money. Mr. Deputy Holt seconded the motion, which gave rise to a desultory discussion, in the course of which it was explained, on the part of the committee, that they had treated the whole affair as one of speculation, between M. Delaporte and his agents, on the one hand, and the Crystal Palace Company on the other; and it was represented that the money, even if returned, would not reach the hands of the ill-treated Orphéonistes themselves. It was also stated that in addition to the rent of £350, it had been agreed that the Orphéonistes, or their managers, should insure the hotels, and pay any taxes that might be demanded owing to their occupation, and it appeared further that the entire expense connected with that occupation exceeded £1,300, no less a sum than £500 having been paid to various army contractors for the hire of the wretched straw beds, &c., with which they lately were supplied. It was further stated that the Crystal Palace Company had guaranteed a sum of £5,000 towards the expenses incurred by the Orphéonistes, and ultimately an amendment in favour of the "previous question" was carried by a large majority. So the motion was lost.

BADEN-BADEN.—The season has been inaugurated this year by a *political prelude*, which, it is said, is merely the precursor of a European Concert, the programme of which was determined here. Let us hope that, in the performance, there will be no discords or unexpected modulations, and that the future which is in store for us does not resemble the "Music of the Future," but that of Palestrina, pure and serene, and, despite all its richness, never overstepping the bounds of perfect harmony. The musical season began with a concert, to be followed by a great many more, at which, as during all preceding seasons, we shall have the most celebrated artists of Paris. It is very true that the programme of a musical concert is not to be compared to the peculiar concert we mentioned above; still it is attended by difficulties of its own, which the public, and, unfortunately, even the artists themselves, do not sufficiently take into consideration. What would you say of an opera *libretto*, in which several airs or several duets followed each other? You would say, and very justly, that it was badly arranged; for one of the first conditions of a good book is variety. Again, the composer who should write several pieces of an opera in the same key, in the same tune, and of the same character, would run the risk of your accusing him of a want of discernment and an ignorance of effect! Well, the very same thing holds good of a programme; several slow pieces in succession; two *bravura* airs, one after the other, or three pieces in the same key, may render a concert monotonous, not to say an absolute bore, though all this has nothing to do with the first concert given here. A fragment of Hummel's celebrated Septet opened the proceedings, and was capitally played by MM. Alexander Billet, Rucquoy, Doerschel, Stenebrüggen, Grodvolle, Cosmann, and Hartmann. M. Cosmann gave some pieces on the violoncello; Gleichauf, a violinist of the school of Vieuxtemps, whom he resembles especially in quality of tone, played a "*rêverie*" and a *fantasia* by his master. Alexander Billet, the favourite pianist of the Nice public, besides executing with remarkable vigour and correctness his part in the septet, made quite a sensation in a brilliant and sparkling *rondo* of Weber. Mlle. Sanchioli introduced "Una voce" and a *cavatina* from *La Donna del Lago*. This lady might be reminded, however, of the maxim of Buffon—"*Style makes the man*," or at least of the golden truth, that *style makes the artist*.

The third and fourth concerts were superb, thanks more particularly to M. Laub, the violinist, who shines especially as an interpreter of classical music, though this in no way prevents his playing with equal success such difficult pieces as Ernst's *Otello*, &c. Herr Laub performed, with Mlle. Caussemille and M. Cosmann, fragments from one of Beethoven's trios, for piano, violin, and violoncello, and Mlle. Caussemille the variations and *finale* from Beethoven's sonata dedicated to Kreutzer. Mlle. Caussemille has made great progress during the last two years; neatness, elegance, and feeling being among the valuable qualities she has attained. A violinist of the name of Didio, previously unknown to us, did not meet with a very flattering reception. His play is monotonous, and, moreover, he chose pieces ill suited to his talent. In the vocal department we have not been lucky. Up to this moment, the only singer worth naming has been a young Hungarian, Mlle. Litschner, who, in 1859, carried off the first prize at the Paris Conservatory, and sang last winter at Marseilles.

ARNHEIM.—A grand music festival is to take place at Arnheim (Holland), on the 9th, 10th, and 11th August, the more interesting from the fact of its being given by the famous society *Maatscheppi*, which, on such occasions (happening once every six

or seven years) invariably distinguishes itself. The programme looks very promising. In addition to Handel's *Samson*, we find Ferdinand Hiller's *Lorelei*, Caenen's *Elie*, the overture and choruses of Van Eijken's *Lucifer*, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, a new symphony by Verhulst, and Beethoven's No. 7 (in A major). The last day is set apart for a concert, in which many renowned artists will take part.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The new concert-hall in Regent Street (St. James's Hall) is magnificent; we have nothing like it in Paris. Situated in the finest quarter of London, in the midst of amusements and business, it is capable of accommodating more than 2000 persons, comfortably seated in sofa-stalls (a luxurious refinement previously unknown), or in spacious, well-ventilated galleries. In the evening it is splendidly lighted by a system of stars which hang from the ceiling, like comets with flaming tresses, and appear to glisten in a firmament of gold and azure. This superb edifice is the result of the intelligent and bold spirit of enterprise which distinguishes Mr. Chappell, one of the first music-publishers in England, or rather in Europe, to whom the arts are already deeply indebted. There is a grand concert of religious and classical music every Monday at St. James's Hall. The works of Handel, Mendelssohn, and S. Bach, as well as the last inspirations of Beethoven, and all the great masterpieces of the German school, are played to perfection by the first artists of the day: Miss Goddard, the classical pianist, *par excellence*; Sainton, the admirable violinist; Piatti; and the most famous *virtuosi* who reside in London, or merely visit it during the season. The hall is never empty. Twenty-seven of these Monday Concerts have already been given, and yet it is no easy matter to obtain seats. Attached to the Hall is a large *restaurant* (for it would not do to forget the material and substantial part of the business), and the rent of it is 50,000 francs a year.—F. A. FIORENTINO.

SCARBOROUGH.—Tuesday evening's concert at the Music Hall was rendered interesting by the engagement of Miss Susanna Cole, a much and deservedly admired metropolitan vocalist, occasionally one of the musical attractions at the Crystal Palace. This young lady possesses a most charming voice of good compass, with perfect intonation, and she has moreover the happy auxiliary of a graceful and appropriate manner. She sang the "Di Piacer" of Rossini with a fluency and taste that made the old song new again; and in her selection from the opera of *Lurline*, she was equally at home. Her rendering of Meyerbeer's "Robert, toi que j'aime," shewed her ability in another line; and the pretty ballad by Macfarren, "The beating of my own heart," was given with a simplicity of feeling combined with expression that rivetted the attention of her audience. Every song was re-demanded."—*Scarborough Gazette.*

MR. BUCKSTONE'S BENEFIT ADDRESS, delivered at the Haymarket Theatre, on Wednesday evening, July 11th:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—According to custom on these occasions, I appear before you, not only to give an account of my stewardship, but to touch upon various topics connected with this theatre, and which I think may interest you; but when I begin to consider my various topics, I find that I have very few to touch upon, and therefore feel like the celebrated needy knife-grinder who had no story to tell, or his cousin the well-known New Zealander, but with no dramatic ruins to contemplate. The volunteer movement has already been well and deservedly expatiated on by the press; the exploits of Garibaldi are not exactly suitable themes for the address of a theatrical manager; and although the recent state of the weather might afford me a very fruitful subject, yet we only talk about the weather when we have really nothing else to say; and I do not think you would be particularly interested if I were to discuss the question of church rates. Still, there is one gratifying subject that I can dwell upon, and that is the constant success which attends this theatre. Whatever may be the cause of such success—whether it may be the skill and enterprise of the management, the good character of the house, the popularity of the actors, or the talent of the authors, it will not become me to assert. I can only say that we are always successful here, and I am quite satisfied with knowing that pleasant fact; while to prove this, ladies and gentlemen, I have but to inform you that our last long season, which we brought to a close in July, 1858, extended to one thousand four hundred and twenty-eight nights; that after a short recess for repairs we commenced the present season on the 7th of September in the same year, and have continued open ever since, this being its five hundred and sixtieth night. During this time we have produced some of the most popular comedies of the day—*The Contested Election* and *The Overland Route* by Tom Taylor; *Everybody's Friend* by Sterling Coyne; *The Family Secret* and *Does he Love Me?* by Mr. Falconer; all of whom are again at work for the Haymarket. Other comedies, by well-tried authors, have also been produced; and these, with many representations of the standard drama, of new and old farces, with Christmas pantomimes, Easter pieces, and ballets, and all supported by an unrivalled company of performers, and received with approbation by you, have achieved that genuine success of which I hope I may be allowed to boast. And now, ladies and gentlemen, for want of any particular topic on which to discourse, I will endeavour to explain one thing to you, and that is a manager's benefit. The question has often been put to me, some saying, 'What do you mean by taking a benefit—isn't it your benefit every night?' I believe there are a few managers in town and country who would say, 'Decidedly not.' But a manager's benefit may be thus explained:—He pays throughout the year large sums of money to his tradespeople, to his gas company, timber merchant, ropemaker, draper, ironmonger, basket-worker, upholsterer, cabinet-maker, stationer, printer, modeller, tailor, milliner, dyer, hairdresser, and many other tradespeople that I cannot just now remember—though I shall recollect them when their bills come in. These tradespeople make the manager some return by patronising his night. Then there are his personal friends, to whom he occasionally gives an order or a private box; they think it but right and proper to be paying parties on such an occasion:—then there are the manager's unknown friends amongst the public, and I am happy to see, by the attendance of to-night, that this manager numbers many such. They also flock on these occasions to prove their regard, and to hear what the manager has to say for himself. Sometimes members of the dramatic profession will show their unanimity by patronising a brother or a sister performer, and I feel much gratified by informing you that to-night a celebrated brother actor—attached to this theatre—has not only taken a box, but has paid for it handsomely. This combination secures a good house and a good sum for the manager's pocket. Then why should he refuse to take it? Who ever refuses to take money? I am sure you will believe me when I tell you in confidence, that from the politician to the player, it is an objection that I never knew insisted on. With respect to the future, ladies and gentlemen, every exertion will be made to sustain the high character of this theatre. New comedies and many other novelties are in preparation. There will again be a pantomime at Christmas—a fairy tale at Easter; recruits will be enlisted to strengthen our corps, and as I am now making arrangements extending to this time next year, there is every probability of the doors of this establishment remaining open for many a merry month to come; while, with the one hundred and thirty thousand volunteers belonging to the country, added to the thousands of volunteers who throughout the year march in here at pit, box, and gallery, I think I may feel assured that not only England, but the Haymarket Theatre, is quite safe. Now, ladies and gentlemen, in thanking you for the brilliant assembly of this evening, I bid you farewell, but only until to-morrow, and beg to say that, during our recess of twenty hours, we shall be diligently occupied in sleeping, dining, and reading the newspapers. We shall be quite ready to face our audience again at the "ringing in" of the overture at seven o'clock to-morrow night.

The most telling points of the speech were received with vehement expressions of approval, and Mr. Buckstone retired in the midst of a perfect ovation. The performances concluded with the amusing farce of *The Happiest Day of My Life.*

THE ACTRESS AND THE DRESSMAKER.—The director of the Ambigu Theatre, M. de Chilly, recently engaged Mlle. Suzanne Lagier, the actress, at 20f. a night, to play the part of the Reine Bacchanale, in the drama of *Le Juif-Errant*, which drama is now being performed at his house. A few days back a dressmaker, named Bayol, put in an opposition to the payment of the salary to the extent of 500f. due to her from the actress for goods supplied. But Mlle. Lagier notified in due legal form to the director that if he did not pay her every night 20f. before the curtain rose, she would not go on the stage. Under these circumstances, he cited both the claimants before the Civil Tribunal, to have it decided what he was to do, and the case was heard on Saturday. The actress represented that she absolutely needed the 20f. a day to maintain herself, while the dressmaker insisted that her debt should be paid, but she offered to take it in instalments of 5f. a day; the director, on his side, prayed that the actress should be made to execute her engagement with him. The Tribunal decided that of the 20f. a day, the dressmaker should have 5f., and the actress 15f.; also that the latter should continue to perform under pain of paying the director 20f. a day for the space of one month, after which time the Court would give a further decision.

V. R.

UNDER THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT,
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The Most Worshipful the Grand Master of Ireland,
His Grace the DUKE of LEINSTER,
And several other Distinguished Freemasons;
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EARL of EGLINTON and WINTON,
The LORD BISHOP OF MANCHESTER,
The Right Worshipful the Mayor of Manchester, IVIE MACKIE, Esq.
His Worship the Mayor of Salford, W. HARVEY, Esq.
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SCHUBERT'S IMPROMPTU in B FLAT, played by Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, is published by Ashdown and Parry (successors to Wessel and Co.) 18 Hanover Square, London.

GLASGOW.—CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The SEVENTH SEASON of these Concerts, under the auspices of the "Glasgow Abstainers' Union," will commence on the 1st of September next.—Applications to be addressed to Mr. James Lawson, Secretary, "Glasgow Abstainers' Union," 118 Union Street, Glasgow.

CHURCH ORGANS.—FORSTER and ANDREWS, Organ Builders, Hull, have a number of SECOND-HAND ORGANS for sale, which they have taken in exchange, built by Bevington, the late J. C. Bishop, Lincoln, Parsons, Bryceson, Holdich, &c.—For price and particulars, apply to Forster and Andrews, Organ Builders, Hull.

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FOR THE BENEFIT OF

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Madame Louisa Vinning,

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Miss Palmer, Miss Laura Baxter,

the Misses Brougham, Miss Kate Rance, and

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Morning Post, April 26, 1860.

Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201 Regent Street.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

July 18, 1860.

THE most remarkable feature in my this week's not over rich budget of news, is the extraordinary success which has attended the return of M. Roger to the Opéra Comique, the birthplace of his two-fold fame as a singer and an actor. It was not necessary to sit on the tripod at Delphi in order to foretell that his welcome back to his artistic home would be a warm one, but it would have been a bold venture for the prophets' mantle to predict that he would draw a succession of overflowing houses in the height of the summer season. Yet such is the fact, and money is, on his nights of performance, refused at the doors. He made his re-appearance in *La Dame Blanche*, which he continues to play on alternate nights. Mad. Ugalde, whose return has been almost equally successful, appearing in the intervals in *Galatée* and *l'Ambassadrice*. The consequenc of this prosperous condition of things is that *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* and Mad. Faure's début therein are postponed *sine die*. A. M. Laget, late of the Toulouse Theatre, has presented himself for approval to the patrons of the Opéra Comique. He made his first appearance in the character of Tracolin, in *Le Toseador*, and showed himself possessed of certain sterling qualities, but with a certain outward crust of provincialism, of which he must rid himself without delay. M. Roger will be shorly off for Baden; but before he goes he is to sing in the *Domino Noir* with Mad. Ugalde.

At the Grand Opéra they have been giving *Semiramis* three times a week. The *Prophète* is being rehearsed, and will be shortly produced with Mad. Tedesco and Gueymard. Michot, I understand, is shortly to try his strength in the part of Raoul in *Les Huguenots*.

The much praised *prima donna*, Mlle. Emy Lagrua, of whom I gave you some intelligence last week in mentioning her recent appearance at Pesth, where in the character of Norma, and in that of Leonora in the *Trovatore*, she displayed her fine dramatic power, splendid voice, and broad noble style, to the intense gratification of M. Salvi's subscribers,—Mlle. Lagrua—I must repeat her name after the long-winded parenthesis its mention has imposed upon me, which if there be any truth in fame will often enough have to repeat it—Mlle. Lagrua—I say once more—is shortly expected in Paris, where she is to make a sojourn of some six weeks, until it be time to return to St. Petersburg, where she has an engagement on the most brilliant terms for the next two years. Now is the time, therefore, for one of your London *impresarii* to persuade the great Emy to emigrate at some future day towards your shores.

Mad. Charton Demeur has, I am informed, just entered into a contract to perform next season at the opera in Madrid. There is also a good time coming for the dilettante of Bologna, where Mad. Borghi-Mamo is engaged for the autumn season, to whom have just been added M. and Mad. Barbot. The manager is mounting *Le Prophète* for them, in which Mad. Borghi-Mamo will sing the part of *Fidès*, Mad. Barbot that of Bertha, and M. Barbot will personate John of Leyden. I hear nothing more of Mad. Miolan-Carvalho's Spanish engagement. In the meantime, it is settled that she is to sing in September at Berlin, where the director of the Royal Theatres has engaged her for twelve performances. I have just said that *Le Prophète* was being got up at Bologna; it is also to be one of the operas produced in the course of the ensuing season at the Carcano in Milan. It is evident, therefore, that Meyerbeer is at last making a rapid conquest of the Italians, and that at the moment they are proudly throwing off the yoke of German arms, they are about to yield a long deferred submission to the dominion of Teutonic art. Is there not some mysterious connection between liberty and the æsthetic genius of the north which would account for their simultaneous change of taste and of political condition? Some such musical metaphysician as Wagner might write a pretty disquisition on this theme, only I shouldn't like to read it.

Having worked round to Germany and German musicians, the occasion is opportune to tell you that the veteran Moscheles is at present in Paris, where he intends to remain a fortnight. In exchange we have despatched Litolff to Wiesbaden, to organise a musical festival, to take place there on the 24th of August. The operatic season has commenced at Vienna. Among the remarkable features of the programme, I may mention the production of the *Pardon de Ploermel*; of *L'Enfant des Landes*, an opera in four acts, by M. Rubinstein; of *Wanda*, by M. Doppler; of *Alma*, by M. Thomas Loewe; and lastly of *The Phantom Ship*, by Richard Wagner. Mlle. Trassini is to sing the part of Dinorah, and MM. Bech and Walter will be the Hoel and the Corentin. M. Forst, the manager of the Josephstadt Theatre, has just obtained the privilege of building a new theatre, the site of which is to be at Fünfhaus. It should have been, were there such a place, at Siebenhaus, for it will be the seventh theatrical edifice possessed by the Austrian capital.

You will rejoice to hear a fact I have to inform you of about Joachim the celebrated violinist and director of the Court music at Hanover. The emoluments of his post have been doubled. From what you (Ed. *M. W.*) and I know of his character and his complete absorption in his art, to the exclusion of all worldly considerations, it is very certain that his good fortune will affect him far less than it does his friends. At Stockholm MM. Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull have been giving a series of concerts, not conjointly be it understood. The first-named artist chose the inopportune period when the coronation festivals were going on, and was consequently less successful than his fellow artist. He has been compensated, however, by the honour of being elected a member of the Musical Academy of Sweden, and being decorated with the order of Vasa. The violinist in question being a Belgian, I may without too violent a transition introduce a little musical gossip concerning that part of the world, cruelly designated by Charlotte Bronte *le royaume de Labasse court*. M. de Beriot, the celebrated violinist, has been gratifying a select circle of friends with several fragments of a comic opera composed by him while in Russia, the orchestral parts of which were scored by M. Gevaert. The work is said to contain a number of light, fresh, and original melodies; but as it is to be produced next winter at the Opéra Comique in Paris, we shall have an opportunity of revising the judgment of the composer's perhaps too partial friends.

The *Société Godefroid* of *Namur* has been getting up a grand festival after the German fashion, to come off on the 22nd. Haydn's *Seasons*, the words translated by Roger, will be executed by a large number of artists and amateurs, under the direction of M. Haussens. The orchestra will consist of two hundred instrumentalists, selected from among the best performers of Belgium and other countries. The *Conservatoire* of Brussels will take part in the festival, and the chief performers of the Brussels Opera, viz. MM. Wicart, Carman, de Poitier, and Mesds. H. and A. Haynsa and P. Ranés. The season at Spa is said to have commenced somewhat languidly, notwithstanding the excellent intentions of the director of the establishment there. Herr Laub the German violinist will perform at the earliest concerts given, and Mad. Miolan-Carvalho is expected on the 27th.

Having, in gathering scraps of fact, gossip, and rumour, for the edification of your readers, made the grand tour of Europe, I return whence I started, to gay Paris, but not to a gay subject. Poor Goria, whose death I announced in my last, has been laid in his last resting-place. The funeral ceremony was performed in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, and was attended by almost every musical artist of distinction now in Paris, and by a great number of ladies, pupils of the deceased composer. Bataille sang the adagio from the *Sonate Pathétique* of Beethoven, for which poor Goria had a special affection, in a voice betraying the deep emotion of the singer. His remains were followed to the cemetery by a numerous concourse of friends and fellow labourers, among whom he has left the sincerest regret.

On Saturday last the section of Beaux Arts at the Imperial Institute pronounced their decision on the competition for the *prix de Rome*, awarded to the best musical composition. The successful competitor was M. Emile Paladilhé, who has scarcely attained his sixteenth year. He is a pupil of M. F. Halévy, and Auber is reported to have said of him, with prophetic discernment as far back as five years ago, "*ce sera un compositeur*." The second grand prize was carried off by M. A. Deslaudres, a pupil of M. Leborne; and M. Isidore Edouard Legouix was honorably mentioned. The latter is a pupil of Ambroise Thomas and Reber.

As you have got the International Statistical Congress sitting

in London, it may gratify them to know that the receipts by theatres, concerts, balls, and spectacles of all kinds, during the month of June, amounted to 1,029,170 fr. 22 centimes.

JOSEPH HARTMANN STUNTZ.

(From a Foreign Contributor.)

Munich, July 20, 1859.—A rare man and artist departed this life within these few days, and thousands, deeply grieved, stood at a tomb that conceals a man whose fame after death will—as Providence often wills it—by far outshine the acknowledgment paid to the deceased in his lifetime.

Joseph Hartmann Stuntz was the son of Johannes Stuntz, who descended from small tillers of vines in Ichtingen, in Brisgow.

Let us first speak of the father, in whom we find a strong and energetic nature, full of the then germinating idea of the fulfilment of the rights of human nature, and we find a man, having made his own education, who merely by his energy arrived to get attainments in all the branches of science and of art.

Johannes Stuntz lived in Paris in the years of 187– –, where he studied the art of landscape painting, and by studying the works of Gluck and other authentical composers, devoted himself at the same time to the study of classical music After various changes he went through, partly as landscape painter, partly, in the first years of the Revolution, as a zealous officer in the Garde Nationale, and afterwards as officer in the Corps du Génie, in Strassburgh, and later as Commissaire Civil in the then called Département du Jura, we meet him in the summer, 1793,—in consequence of his eager part he took in the political troubles in France,—at Arlesheim, in Switzerland, in the present Canton Basil; his having lived there quite retired, he now was at leisure to give up himself with zeal to his vocation as gouache painter, and as such he is on the same level with Philip Hackert.

In the splendid and far-famed park and gardens near Arlesheim, the possessor of the same at that time, Baron d'Andlaw, offered to Johannes Stuntz a small house, in which Joseph Hartmann was born on the 23d of July, 1793.

During the time of the Directoire the family Stuntz returned to France, first to Chaumont and then to Strassburgh. In Strassburgh it was that the eminent musical talent of Joseph Hartmann, then scarcely seven years old, captivated the attention of his father and of some of his friends in a high degree. Almost exclusively, the father occupied himself with the musical cultivation of his young son, who, after the battle of Austerlitz, composed a reception march for the return of the Garde Artillerie, and soon after, when a Te Deum of his was performed at the Minster in Strassburgh, the dilettanti there crowned the young composer, now fourteen years old, on the choir of the Minster with a wreath of laurel. As the father saw in the perpetual summons to the army of the Napoleonisme at that time no welfare for his gifted and talented sons (a younger son, who died early, showed an extraordinary talent for sculpture), he made up his mind to leave Strassburgh, and relying upon the circumstance that—from that time he was in the army—he was known to his colonel the Duke Max., afterwards King Max. I. of Bavaria, he went to live in that country.

Scarcely arrived in Munich with his family, King Max. I. ordered at once that Joseph Hartmann is to be admitted in the Royal Chapel, and fixed at the same time that the Maître de Chapelle at that time, Von Winter, is to be his master.

Soon after, Joseph Hartmann Stuntz left for Vienna with a royal stipend, in order to profit of the instruction of the clever and spirited Salieri, but it only lasted a short time, because then the Bavarian and Viennese Courts were not on good terms, and therefore Stuntz was obliged to leave Vienna, and only was able to return again to this capital in the year 1815 to continue his studies with Salieri, and there it was, no doubt, that Stuntz at the side of a master like Salieri, and by the impression of the then new works of Beethoven, appropriated himself, his technical attainments, and the severeness, profoundness, and solidity of his musical judgment, which so very much distinguished him.

In the year 1816 he returned to Munich, where he at once was appointed Maestro at the New Italian Opera.

In the year 1818 he was given in marriage to Fräulein Marie Appenburg von Schaden, a lady who, besides her intellect and high education, also was a thorough musician, and as such an able alto, having been taught by Tersechini's method. In the same year Stuntz got leave to go to Italy, where, having been commissioned by the Scala, he composed in 1819 an opera, *La Rapresaglia*, which was received with so much approbation that it was performed sixty times running, and Stuntz got the title of Maestro di Cartello; in 1820 he was called to Venice, where he composed for the Fenice, the opera *Costantino*, which was received with great acclamations.

Returned home in the meantime, he composed in Munich the operette *Charlot, or the Foster Brothers*, a work distinguished by the sweetness of its melodies. Soon after, he again was called to Italy, to Turin this time, where he composed for the Royal Opera in the Carnevale of 1821–22 the opera *Dalmiro ed Argone*, and immediately after he had to go to Milan, where he composed in the Carnevale 1823 the comic opera *Elvira e Lucindo*. On account of his having not been well he was obliged to refuse a calling to Rome to the Argentina.

Returned to Munich in 1823, he was made Vice-maître de Chapelle, and Director of the Vocal Music at the Royal Opera, and in 1825, after Winter's death, King Louis appointed him as First Maître de Chapelle.

Now begins his more local activity, partly by his compositions of masses and psalms, both in the strict and free style, of cantatas and overtures, and partly by instrumentations. The profoundness of his knowing he imbibed in Italy by the study of the works of the old classical composers, he first showed in a splendid cantata which he composed for the obsequies of Clara Vesperman, a celebrated German singer. At this time he wrote over again the opera *Das Donauweibchen* (the Nymph of the Danube), and composed a cantata for the inauguration of the synagogue in Munich. In 1828 the first vocal society was established in Munich, which was very considerable, then called the "Liederkranz," and which Stuntz accepted to conduct. Now Stuntz entered a new phasis for his activity, namely, as a German liedersänger (minstrel, or composer of lays as quartetts, choruses, &c. &c.), and as such he created works which alone secure him the duration of his fame.

Some of the poems of King Louis were among the first ones he was glad to accept, as "Sonnet to my Wife," and the "Bavarian Schützenmarch."

In 1833, when King Louis returned from Greece, Stuntz received him with the "Heldengesang in Walhalla," the real type of the German pithy and energetic strain, since then spread over the world, and adapted in many languages, with different patriotic words put to it. A sequence of "Gesänge" may perhaps be translated by national songs for more than one voice; though "Gesänge" are a style of songs peculiar to Germany, as "Deutcher Gruss" (German Greeting); "An mein Vaterland" (To my Fatherland); "The Banquetlied," composed for the Artists' Festival in 1840; a Chorus for the laying of the foundation stone of the Befreiungshalle in 1842, a chorus which long since outrun the frontiers of Bavaria; then the "Landsquenet-Lieder," and several occasional compositions; further, some smaller quartetts and arrangements of classical composers, &c. &c.

But also on other fields Stuntz never has been inactive. For several of the festivities at the Bavarian Court he composed; for instance, in 1811, at the birth of the present King, Maximilian II., a "Lobgesang an die Gottheit;" in 1823, at the marriage of Princess Elizabeth, present Queen of Prussia, a "Te Deum;" in 1832, at the marriage of Princess Mathilde, present Grand Duchess of Hesse, a Festspiel "Ahnen and Enkel" (Ancestors and Grandchildren), and so on. Stuntz also presided at the concerts at court, and at the musical academy; and besides all that he never neglected his compositions for the Roman Church.

In consequence of new regulations in the *directoire* of the Royal Opera, Stuntz was pensioned from this establishment, and now began his almost exclusive and never-ending productive activity for the Chapelle Royale.

Then the vocal music without orchestra was introduced in the Chapelle Royale, after type of the Capella Sestina in Rome, and there is it that Stuntz again earned the palm of fame. His compositions for the Roman Church are in the strictest style. He is quite master of the *Cantus firmus*. But besides the profoundness and earnestness in these compositions, there is throughout so euphonical and harmonious a strain, which touches and appeases not only the heart of the connoisseur, but also that of every layman. His church compositions are partly for mixed chorus, partly for men's or women's voices, either with or without accompaniment of the organ. His last Mass is only for women's voices, with accompaniment of violas and violoncellos; and he indeed crowned himself with his last work produced during his illness, a Requiem for five voices, and which was performed with a most touching awe at the mass for his soul.

Stuntz not only confined his zeal to compositions, but it extended to the historical study of works of the most ancient composers; and when quite familiar with Palestrina, Leonardo da Leo, Orlando, and others, he, with his clever and finished pen, brought to light the works of a Tosquin da Press, Cypriano da Rosa, Pierre de la Rue, and others.

Also in the varied and ornamented music he accomplished a master piece in a Missa solemnis, composed for full orchestra. Besides this, he did not neglect the other musical territories: Canone (Catches);

Madrigals; charming songs for one voice, and with accompaniment of the piano; a vocal quartett, in the style of the old music camern, are speaking proofs of his multilateral operations.

In the year 1846 he composed an opera *Maria Rosa*, which, as we are sorry to say, wrecked, because of the awkwardly and not well-written words, whilst the music is of a high value, though of course lost. A great Symphony of his was performed six years ago, with loud acclamations, in the concerts of the Hofcapelle, and also a Concert Overture in 1857. Stuntz knew how to apply the instruments in his compositions with great effect and elegance, and resembles Auber in the technical parts of his Instrumentations.

In consequence of an order of the King, he composed, in 1858, a Bavarian National Hymn (the words by Dr. L. Wohlmuth), for mixed chorus and full orchestra. We, who heard it, say that it is a masterpiece of grandeur and simpleness, but till now it could not be performed for want of a suitable occasion. In 1853 Stuntz composed for the celebration of the King's return from Italy a Cantata, written by the first burgomaster. At the performance in the open air, Stuntz caught a severe cold, which turned in an inflammation on the chest, so that he was confined to a sick room for several months; after his recovery he went to spend a winter in Italy, where he anew was the object of ovations of his many friends there.

Returned from Italy, he again began to suffer from his chest. Repeated travels to the milder climates had perhaps been fit to procure him mitigation, but Stuntz would not hear of it, for nowhere he felt comfortable when far from his habitual sphere of activity; restless, thinking and working was his unremitting striving, and to the last breath his head was full of music.

A chronical disease of the heart increased his illness. Nevertheless he did not intermit his activity; he ordered to be driven in the Chapelle Royale, where he did his duty for the last time six weeks before his death. On the 18th of June in the early morning, on the 41st anniversary of his wedding-day, he gently slept away, having maintained his amiability and tranquillity of mind, both issuing from the purest of hearts, up to the last moment. Stuntz was a finished man—a good man; he sided with the liberal party, and indeed carried many a grief in his heart for the sake of his country; but he bore it calmly, and bore it as a man firm in his self-consciousness. Stuntz was a genuine, a genial artist; modest, and free of all boasting. After-ages will say of him, that he took up one of the first places among the musical composers and authorities of his time.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. HENRY SMART'S CHORAL BOOK.

SIR,—In one of your papers last year, August 2nd, I see a long advertisement setting forth the peculiar merits of Mr. Henry Smart's "Choral Book." Without disparaging that gentleman's efforts in what he believes the best mode of advancing Church Psalmody, I would only call his attention to the terms in which he mentions the Hymnal noted. Doubtless, not having it before him, he has greatly altered the advertisement of that publication in his reference to it; the words he quotes *should* be "the ordinary metrical VERSIONS of the Psalms" (NOT Metrical Psalmody, as quoted in Mr. Smart's advertisement) "are no longer found, &c. &c." I would also inform Mr. Smart that many persons whose musical taste is by no means at the lowest ebb, do not consider the plain song of the Church either meaningless or uncouth. Hoping you will insert this as a justification of a publication fully intended by its compilers as an effective adjunct to the service of the Church,

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
VERITAS.

THE CHEADLE ASSOCIATION.

MR. EDITOR,—Sometime ago the "Cheadle Association for promoting Church Music" offered two prizes of five guineas each, for the best music adapted to the Christmas and Easter Hymns, stating "any violation of the rules of harmony will at once disqualify the tune in which it occurs." After some months of consideration they awarded the prize for the Easter Hymn, but, strange to say, the "Association" overlooked *consecutive fifths* in this composition. This could not have been a mere oversight of the composer, as it occurs not only in the score, but in the organ part. I send a copy of the tune and the Cheadle prospectus, that you may judge for yourself. Perhaps the "Association" can enlighten your readers on this subject, which has caused some surprise in musical circles.

Yours very truly,
OXONIAN.

THE CHEADLE PROSPECTUS.

"A prize of five guineas will be given to the composer of the best psalm tune to suit the words:—

'Jesus Christ is risen to day. Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holiday. Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the cross. Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah!'

the 'Hallelujah' to be sung at the end of each line.

"CONDITIONS:—

"The tunes to be strictly *original, full throughout*, of a *simple, solid*, and *ecclesiastical character*, and *within the compass of an ordinary parish choir*.

"Many inquiries have been made as to the meaning attached by the committee to the words 'simple, solid, and ecclesiastical.' The committee beg, therefore, to refer to the tunes numbered 5, 12, 23, 36, 55, in the *Cheadle Hand-book of Psalm Tunes*, published (price 9d.) by Mr. T. Harrison, 59 Pall Mall, London, as specimens.

"It is intended to publish the successful tunes as substitutes for the Easter and Christmas Hymns now in common use. The copyright will be the property of the association.

"*Any violation of the rules of harmony will at once disqualify the tune in which it occurs.*

"The tunes must be *distinctly* written *in compressed score*, on music-paper of the quarto size, each tune accompanied by separate voice parts, on paper of the same size, with the words written under the notes. Each composition must be distinguished by two mottoes (the *name* of the composer not to be sent), and forwarded before March 25th to the Rev. George Mather, Huntly Hall, Cheadle, Staffordshire. The postage must be paid or they cannot be received."

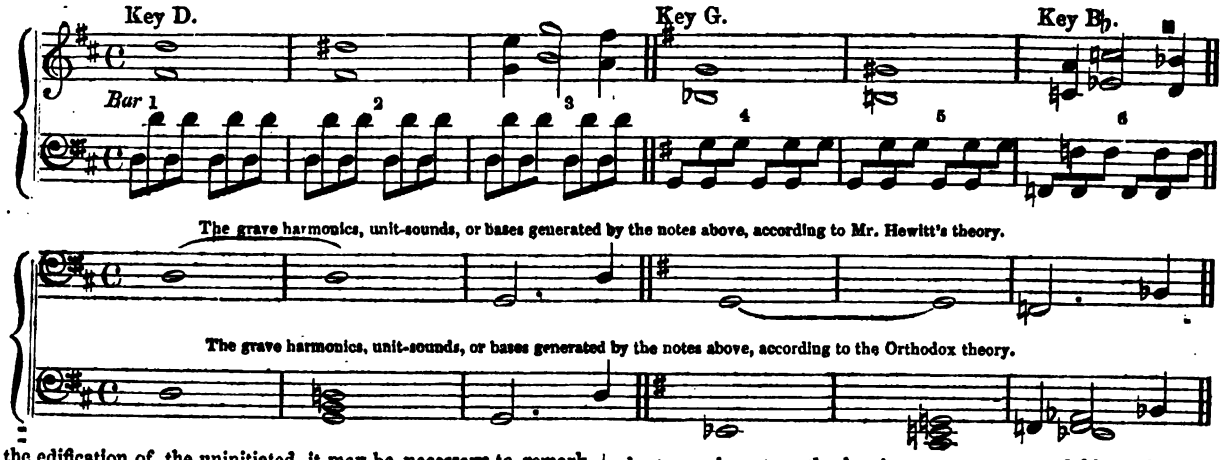
[The copy of the "tune" has not reached us.—ED.]

SIR,—When I affirm that the ratio of the *basal* minor 3rd is 16 to 19, I either state what is true or false. In neither case is it a speculation, as your correspondent A. G. Henderson is pleased to represent it. His very first sentence, in your last number, is therefore disingenuous. Then, as to whether his or my "conclusions are in opposition to nature," let the examples which terminate this article settle that point. After this Mr. H. very properly observes, "What everybody *feels* to be true must be true," and so I say; and since everybody *feels* that the sharp 1st of the key is above the flat 2nd, the sharp 2nd above the flat 3rd, &c., as this is in perfect agreement with my *discoveries* (not inventions, nor speculations), and confessedly in direct opposition to the fictions resulting from the fanciful *speculations* which turn all this topsyturvy, it follows that these facts verify *my* theory and not the theories to which they stand opposed. Then follows, "and we shall go on our own way," which is very likely to be the case, seeing that long-cherished notions are disposed to stick to us, however false they may be; nevertheless, if a tree can be fairly judged by its fruits, the examples which follow, to which innumerable others may be added, will again lend their aid, and save us much trouble. Mr. A. G. H. goes on to remark, "This was, in fact, the language used by the Aristoxenians of Ancient Greece towards the mathematicians of the day who would lay down laws for tuning of the lyre. And the Aristoxenians were right, because their antagonists were not in a position to lay down any absolute laws on the subject. *They knew nothing of the physical condition of sound, nor of the true relation of the intervals, with the exception of the 4th, 5th, and octave.*" Now this is really splendid; an open confession, for which I feel extremely obliged; for this, in short, is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Immediately after this, however, we have: "The case is different now. Thanks to modern physical experimenters and mathematicians these relations are now in the clear light of day." For this turn in the evidence, I confess, I was not at all prepared, nor can I comprehend it, knowing, as I do, that all the moderns have done, by way of improvement in this matter, is to add the prime 5 to 1, 2, 3, the only primes admitted by the Greeks into the composition of their musical ratios. It follows, however, that consistently with this statement, "the clear light of day" is an influx proceeding entirely from this solitary candle! Moreover, Mr. H. himself objects to 7 and all the higher primes. I am really obliged to Mr. H. for his efforts to enlighten me on the subject of musical ratios, that is the orthodox ratios, but to save him trouble, I beg to inform him that, somehow or other, I scraped acquaintance with them, without the formality

of an introduction, soon after completing my studies respecting the alphabet. Moreover, many years ago, I wrote a small work entitled "An Essay on Acoustics," built entirely upon the orthodox foundation respecting the ratios of the primative intervals, the truth of which I had not then been led to call in question. But when, some time after, I was induced to experiment upon these matters, instead of deriving pleasure from the so-called perfect ratios, I was disgusted with their effects. Having thus been led to perceive that the assumed orthodox doctrine, in regard to the ratio of intervals is radically false; the arguments by which it is attempted to prop it up, illogical and inconclusive; and its fruits (meaning thereby its real fruits, that is, those which appertain to it, and emanate from it, and not those falsely and cunningly ascribed to it,) most detestable, I set to work with the view to cleanse and purify this Augean stable, and having at length accomplished the task, I wait the opportunity to present the fruit of my labours to the public.

As it so happens that what I intended as my concluding article upon this subject is placed next to Mr. Henderson's, what is therein observed will render it unnecessary for me to follow Mr. H. in detail through his long "tangled skein." I shall, therefore, merely observe with respect to logarithms, that however useful as *artificial* numbers they may be in matters relating to *artificial* sounds or temperaments, they are of no use whatever when perfect ratios are concerned. And, furthermore, that even in respect to fractions, as in my case the denominator is always the unit (to the simplicity of which I beg to call attention), it follows that in the arithmetical operations relating to my theory, the numerator only is concerned. That on the key-board of the piano the interval of a major and minor 3rd make a 5th is of course true. It is also true that $\frac{4}{3} \times \frac{5}{4} = \frac{5}{3}$ the ratio of the 5th: but in respect to these matters Mr. H., as well as many others, have to be informed that no primary ratio and interval can ever be the product of other primary ratios and intervals, simply because primes are not products. For example, the ratio of the major 3rd, represented by the prime 5, x 19 the representative of the minor 3rd = 95; but the prime representing the 5th is 3, the octaves to which are 6, 12, 24, 48, 96, &c. As I am not here writing a treatise upon harmony, it is impossible to go into this subject except in a very cursory manner. I may here inform Mr. H. that the foundation of my theory rests upon the inherent and abstract qualities of numbers, as primes, products, &c., and also upon certain laws relating to order, unity, and position. It is therefore in no otherwise connected with the generation of acute or grave harmonics than as it were collaterally; or as effects with effects, but not as cause and effect. Furthermore it is important to observe that in speaking of music as a science, temperament must be entirely put aside, and not even thought of. Science, according to my views, is not a "beautiful *scheme* of the Almighty architect," but *truth* within but not above the sphere of nature; which truths, nevertheless, like those of a higher degree, exist by derivation from the Source of all truth, according to the laws of His own order, but not by arbitrary appointment or preconcerted scheme. Moreover, with respect to Him, simplicity has reference to the unity and subordination of principles, rather than to paucity of materials. It may suit the inventors of artificial systems to rid themselves of all but a few of the lower primes, but it does not thence follow that the higher primes fulfil no part in the divine economy, or that because no one is gifted with the power to invent, that is *to create* a real system, we are therefore debarred from searching into the mysteries and wonders appertaining to that which, as proceeding from the Creator, is alone real. Being convinced that a quarter of an hour spent in the study of my Ratiometer will do more to disabuse the mind from the quagmires of false principles, than whole volumes of argumentative writings, and especially where matters relating to the ordinary operations of arithmetic are not ignorantly scoffed at, because unknown, or confusedly perceived; if Mr. H. is really in search of truth, and should be coming to London, I shall be happy to exhibit it to him.

EXAMPLES FROM MOZART.


Key D.
Key G.
Key B♭.
Bar 1
2
3
4
5
6
The grave harmonics, unit-sounds, or bases generated by the notes above, according to Mr. Hewitt's theory.
The grave harmonics, unit-sounds, or bases generated by the notes above, according to the Orthodox theory.

For the edification of the uninitiated, it may be necessary to remark that, according to my theory, the note F♯ in bar 2 is considerably sharper than the F♯ in bar 1, yet without producing any change in the basis or unit-sound. In respect to the bases in the lowest part of bar 2, it is to be observed that the basis G is generated by the notes D, D♯; the basis D♯ by the notes D, F♯; and the basis B by the notes F♯ D♯. In bar 5 the basis C is generated by the notes G, G♯; the basis G by the notes G, B; the basis E♮ by the notes G♯, B. In bar 6 the basis E♭ is generated by the notes E♭, F; the basis F by the notes F, C; and the basis A♭ by the notes C, E♭!

There are, doubtless, some who will call this a *strange* and *curious* mode of criticism; and so it is, for being new and unknown, it is therefore not only strange, but somewhat ominous withal: and it is curious from its singular agreement with my theory of musical harmony, and opposition to every other.

I am, Sir, yours &c.,

10 *King Street, Holborn*, W.C., *2nd August*, 1859. D. C. HEWITT.

THE STAGE; FEMALE PLAYERS; AND TOM D'URFEY.—From the first establishment of the stage till after the Restoration the female characters were played by boys; there may, however, have been some exceptions to the general rule. *The Court Beggar* was acted at the cockpit in 1632; in the last act Lady Strangelove says, "If you have a short speech or two, the boy 's a pretty actor, and his mother can play her part." Women actors now grew in request. Prynne says, 1663, "They have now their female players in Italy and other foreign parts," and in Michaelmas, 1629, they had French women actors in a play personated at Blackfriars, to which there was a great resort. Pepys says he saw *The Beggar's Bush* on the 20th of November, 1660, at which time the play was acted entirely by male performers. He was at the same play again on the 3rd of January, 1661, and then, for the first time, he saw women come upon the stage. In Davenant's patent there was a clause to this effect—"Whereas the women's parts in plays have hitherto been acted by men, in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave for the time to come that all women's parts shall be acted by women." Tom D'Urfey was the delight of the most polite companies from the beginning of Charles II.'s reign till 1710, yet, towards the close of his life, he stood in need of assistance to prevent his passing the remainder of it in a cage, like a singing bird, for, after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he found himself reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not be paid with a song; Addison said this in No. 67 of the *Guardian*, and recommends him to the public notice, observing that he remembered King Charles leaning on Tom D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him, and that many an honest gentleman had gotten a reputation in the country by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey.

RETROSPECT.

Gorgeous with artful lustre
Sparkles the fairy scene,
Fanciful beings cluster
Round one that seems their queen:
Queen-like she moves alone.

Bounding with airy lightness,
Tripping with nimble grace,
Smiles all content and brightness
Light up her youthful face:
Mortal she seemeth none.

Mortal!—Lo now before ye,
On that poor mimic fay,
Quenching her dream of glory,
Death his gaunt hand shall lay:
Ere yet the mask be done.

Paint not that scene of horror,
Shriek not those shrieks again;
Tell only how they bore her,
Racking with martyr's pain,
Home, gentle dying one.

Swiftly some gay bird speeding,
Pinions thus bright expand,
Earthward then falls a-bleeding,
'Neath thy relentless hand,
Hunter with heart of stone.

C. L. K.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE HAUSMANN.

(From the Edinburgh Daily Courant.)

DEATH has been busy of late among our musicians. It is just a fortnight to-day since we had to deplore the loss of one of the most talented of their number, Mr. Louis Drechsler, and now a similar sad duty devolves on us owing to the sudden decease of Mr. Hausmann. Both of these events have occurred within a year of the death of the lamented Mr. Dürrner, and in the case of all three the anxious question may well arise—who shall supply the place? For many years Mr. Hausmann had been so constantly and so prominently before the Edinburgh public as to cause him to be looked upon as a resident musician, which, indeed, he was during the whole *musical* season. Knowing with what a sudden and severe shock the announcement of his death has fallen upon a large portion of the inhabitants of this city, we were anxious, before paying our tribute to his memory, to obtain, for the information of our readers, some particulars as to the cause of his death. Owing however, to its having taken place in his native town of Hanover, we have as yet been able to learn nothing further than that his death was sudden and attributable to heart complaint. It had been evident for some months that he was not in robust health, but we believe that so sudden a seizure was quite unexpected.

Mr. Hausmann held a high place among violoncello players, as a proof of which we may refer to his honourable position in Mr. Costa's unrivalled band. As an *orchestral* player, he displayed a vigour in attack, and a correctness in execution, which few could surpass, and the influence of which imparted steadiness and spirit to the performers around him. As a *solo* player, it must be admitted that he was less successful, his tone being frequently harsh and his manner somewhat spasmodic, yet he always obtained the welcome of a favourite, and even as a soloist his familiar form and tones will be much missed in our concert-rooms.

Two years ago Mr. Hausmann, with much diffidence, undertook the post of conductor of the Edinburgh Musical Association, and both the executant members and the subscribers will bear us out when we say, that two more successful seasons have seldom, if ever, occurred during its existence. As a conductor, Mr. Hausmann showed a correct and reverential appreciation of the works which were performed, the various degrees of time and shades of expression being most carefully attended to; while in the adjustment of the programmes there was the evidence of a refined and classical taste. This work, carried on with unflagging energy and zeal, was purely a labour of love, to which, however, the Association responded by cordial assistance at his benefit concerts. At the last of these he appeared in the further capacity of an orchestral composer, and if he did not exhibit any striking originality of invention, he at least showed a creditable knowledge of orchestral effects, and of the uses of the various component instruments. To him, too, belonged the credit of carrying on, what never was done so successfully before, a series of classical chamber concerts, which—in general only appealing to a few select *dilettanti*—became, under his management, both fashionable and popular.

In private, Mr. Hausmann's loss will be severely felt, for there his obliging nature, amiable disposition, and musical enthusiasm, made him a universal favourite; and by his death many a musical *côterie* will feel a blank which, while reminding of past enjoyment of his company, will produce a feeling most fitly expressed by the words of our laureate—

"Oh! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

HOGARTH AND HIS CARRIAGE.—By "carriage" is meant carriage.—Hogarth was a remarkably "absent man." On setting up his carriage, he paid a visit to the Lord Mayor, and having protracted his stay until a heavy shower came on, he was led out by a different door to that by which he entered, and, unmindful of his carriage, he set off on foot, and reached home dripping wet. When Mrs. Hogarth asked him where he had left his carriage, he said he had forgotten it.—*Not* from the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Notice.—In consequence of the numerous applications from non-subscribers and the public at the Box-office to witness the performance of Weber's grand romantic Opera of OBERON, with its entirely new and magnificent scenery, its costly appointments and mechanical effects and transformations, splendid dresses, &c., proving it to be one of the most elaborate and georgeous spectacles ever produced in Her Majesty's Theatre, the Lessee and Director has consented, notwithstanding the enormous expense consequent upon its reproduction (as it embraces nearly the whole of the artistes and personnel of the establishment), to give two more grand representations of Oberon on the following dates:—To-night, July 21; and Monday, July 23, for which purpose he has entered into a fresh engagement with Mad. ALBONI, and has recalled by telegraph Signor MONGINI, who had taken his departure for Italy.—This Evening, July 21, will be performed Weber's grand romantic Opera of OBERON, with the following great cast:—Reiza, Mlle. TITIENS; Fatima, Mad. ALBONI; Puck, Mad. LEMAIRE; Roshana, Mlle. VANERI; Oberon, Signor BELART; Babiken, Signor GASSIER; Scherisman, Signor EVERARDI; and Sir Hugo, Signor MONGINI (who has returned from the Continent expressly for the occasion). Conductor: Mr. BENEDICT. Gallery, 2s.; Seats, Half-circle, 2s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Seats, Second Circle, 4s.; Seats, First Circle, 5s.; Pitt Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Third Tier Private Boxes, to hold four, 10s. 6d.; ditto, Two Pair, £1 1s.; ditto, One Pair, £1 11s. 6d.; Pit Tier, £1 11s. 6d.; Grand Tier, £2 2s. Early application to secure places is earnestly recommended, as being the only means of preventing disappointment. The Box-office of the Theatre is open daily from 10 to 6, and on the Evenings of Performance until the end of the Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—TITIENS, ALBONI, LEMAIRE, VANERI, BELART, GASSIER, EVERARDI, and MONGINI. This evening, July 21, will be repeated Weber's Grand Romantic Opera, OBERON, with the following cast: Reiza, Mlle. TITIENS; Fatima, Mad. ALBONI; Puck, Mad. LEMAIRE; Roshana, Mlle. VANERI; Oberon, Signor BELART; Babiken, Signor GASSIER; Scherisman, Signor EVERARDI; and Sir Hugo, Signor MONGINI (who has returned from the Continent expressly for the occasion). Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. Between the acts of the Opera, a Ballet Divertissement, in which Mad. FERRARIS and M. CHAPPUY will dance a grand Pas de Deux. The opera will commence at Eight o'clock. Gallery, 2s.; Seats, Half-Circle, 2s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Seats, Second Circle, 4s; Seats, First Circle, 5s.; Pit Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Third Tier Private Boxes, to hold four, 10s. 6d.; ditto, Two Pair, £1 1s.; ditto, One Pair, £1 11s. 6d.; Grand Tier, £2 2s. The Box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Six, and on the Evenings of Performance until the end of the Opera.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Extra Night.—On Monday next, July 23, will be performed (for the fourth time these five years) Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, LE PROPHETE. Fides, Mlle. CSILLAG; Bertha, Mlle. CORBARI; Count Oberthal, Signor TAGLIAFICO; Zaccaria, M. ZELGER; Giona, Signor NERI-BARALDI; Mathisen, Signor POLONINI; Sergeant, Signor ROSSI; Peasant, Signor LUCCHESI; Burghers, Signor VAIRO, Signor PATRIOSSI; and Jean of Leyden, Signor TAMBERLIK. The Incidental Divertissement and Skating Scene will be supported by Mlle. ZINA, Mlle. ESPER, and M. DESPLACES, and comprise the celebrated Quadrille des Patineurs.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. On Tuesday next, July 24, will be performed (for the last time this season) Donisetti's Opera, LUCREZIA BORGIA. Principal characters by Mad. GRISI (her last appearance in that character), Mad. DIDIÉE, Signori RONCONI, ZELGER, POLONINI, TAGLIAFICO, LUCCHESI, ROSSI, and MARIO. To conclude with LES AMOURS DE DIANE. Extra Night, Thursday next.—Combined Entertainment.—On Thursday next, July 26, will be performed the First Act of Beethoven's Opera, FIDELIO. Leonora, Mlle. CSILLAG. After which (for the last time this season), Bellini's Opera, NORMA. Norma, Mad. GRISI (her last appearance in that character).

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Every Evening (the Last Week) Mlle. FIX. M. TALEXY begs to announce his Benefit for Wednesday next, 25th inst. Orchestra Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes from £2 2s. Commence at 8 o'clock.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

THIS is the age of "revivals." Not to glance at the Operas, where Gluck and Weber are being resuscitated, but to confine ourselves to the pianoforte and instrumental chamber music, simultaneously with a revival of the works of Jean Louis Dussek (more leisurely but as surely) is being effected a revival of the works of Franz Schubert. By means of these "revivals,"—unlike some others of the present day that might be named,—we are returning to a purer worship than has for some time prevailed. Of Dussek we have lately said enough; but a word or two about Schubert, and especially about Schubert as an instrumental composer, may not be without interest.

The pianoforte writings of Franz Schubert possess much of the romantic character that distinguishes more or less every one of his well-known songs. They are numerous, of all varieties of form, and, though they have achieved a far less degree of popularity than his vocal compositions, are scarcely inferior to them in genius and originality.

We may perhaps shock the prejudices of many in avowing our opinion that Schubert, from a certain point of view, was a somewhat overrated man. That he has "a spark of the divine fire" is not to be questioned. The concession, wrung from the haughty, and occasionally prejudiced, Beethoven, may be accepted as rather an epigrammatic than a strictly just expression of the truth. "A *spark* of the divine fire" was in Schubert, no doubt—nay, more, a flame. He was, however, neither a universal nor a commanding genius; nor was he a musician of very profound acquirement. He belonged to that order of composers and poets, so numerous in Germany, of which Carl Maria von Weber is the most illustrious representative. From peculiarity of intellect and temperament these musicians would probably have reached eminence in any pursuit to which the circumstances of early life and education might have conducted them. Their organisation was not, as in the instances of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and the greater composers, so happily attuned to music that it were absurd to deny their being chosen instruments of Heaven to delight the world with melody. Thorough enthusiasts, with quasi-morbid natures, they seem ever lamenting their incapacity to set forth in plain and convincing language the thoughts that struggle for utterance within them. The antipodes of common-place, they are, notwithstanding, all more or less in trammels. Such men can hardly fail to meet with ardent worshippers—natures like their own, yearning for the impossible, disdaining self-evident truths, with minds attuned to their own in sympathetic discord. These proclaim Schubert and the rest the only true prophets, and advocate their pre-eminence over every rival.

What has been denominated the "Romantic School" is clearly traceable to Weber, Schubert, and their imitators and disciples, who in eager quest of a new and more striking language, have unconsciously given circulation to endless mannerisms, upon which the more ordinary sort of music-makers have laid hold to make their own emptiness pass current. But Schubert must be carefully separated from the impostors who make art subservient to the double-end of show and traffic. He neither held out wares for sale in a bazaar, nor exhibited them as a picture-monger, still less as a polichinello, to the vacant gaze of the illiterate mob. Schubert was a man of strong convictions, besides being a man of truly imaginative genius. That he did not succeed in becoming a thoroughly practised musician was partly due to an incomplete education, partly to a stubborn organic deficiency. As painter, poet, or novelist—anything indeed but arithmetician, mathematician, logician—Schubert would have attained an equal celebrity, and have displayed quite as powerful an individuality as distinguished his career as a musical inventor.

But to leave mere speculation; in various symphonies, overtures, quartets, &c., Schubert evinced a strong desire to excel in the sonata form. Disdaining, however, or failing to understand entirely its indispensable conditions—

clearness, consistency, symmetrical arrangement of themes, keys, and episodic matter—he was by no means as successful as he could have wished. Though gifted with an abundant flow of ideas, Schubert was wanting in the faculty of condensation and methodical disposition of parts. He accepted all that presented itself to his fancy, rejecting nothing as inappropriate or superfluous; and then, while rarely insipid, nay almost invariably interesting, he is too often diffuse, obscure, and exaggerated. Occasionally, in place of developing the principle subject of a movement, he conducts an accidental phrase, a simple figure of ornament, a fragment of *remplissage*, through a labyrinth of progression and modulation, until the ear becomes fatigued, and satiety gives way to revulsion. In six grand sonatas for the pianoforte *solus*—which if length, vastness of proportion, and ambitious endeavour were enough to constitute perfection, might rank with the finest of Beethoven, or the most impassioned of Dussek—exuberance of detail, want of connection, excessive modulation, redundant episode, strange and unnatural harmonies, and other glaring defects, lessen the impression that would otherwise be produced by many exquisite and undeniable beauties. A grand duet in A minor, also for the pianoforte, exhibits the same inconsistencies, amidst merits that are not to be contested. The minor works of Schubert for the same instrument—especially some marches and short characteristic pieces—are remarkably attractive; but in these, not being limited to set forms, his ideas are presented in their primitive simplicity, without any attempt at development. Here, for the reasons thus briefly stated, Schubert is quite as happy as in his best compositions for the voice.

For all who have a touch of romance in their dispositions, the pianoforte works of Schubert, like everything else that came from his pen, must possess a strong measure of interest. There is something fascinating in the tone of *melancholy* that marks even his smallest effusions, while the unquestionable originality of his ideas places him altogether beyond the pale of ordinary thinkers, and extorts forgiveness for the absence of those qualities which have conferred durability as well as charm on the faultless models bequeathed us by the great masters. We have said enough to explain why Schubert—like Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c.—should be assigned a place apart from his contemporaries; but the peculiarities that have won him this distinction have, in another sense, prevented him from exercising any decided influence on the progress of the art, of which he was a gifted, if incomplete, disciple.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Norwich Festival has written to *The Times*, communicating the extraordinary fact, that for singing at two concerts last year at Bradford, Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini received no less than £600, which, as any one with the slightest arithmetical genius will at once perceive, is at the rate of £150 each for a single concert. People who have voices like ravens are amazed to hear of those large sums being paid to those whose privilege it is to delight the public with their singing, and ask how it is that mere histrions and cantors receive such exorbitant wages to what are given to ministers, judges, and the wisest of the land. Wisdom, however, has always been what the writers of Money-Market and City Intelligence articles call "a drug in the market." We have surely plenty of barristers, and it is notorious that even an unsuccessful counsel will make a capital judge; while, as for ministers, is it not easier to form a cabinet—aye, half-a-dozen cabinets—than to get up one really good opera company? Besides, there is nothing new in singers and actors being remunerated at these high rates, and therefore nothing at which any one need be astonished. Great artists have always been regarded as luxuries, and as luxuries which must be paid for so dearly that it is only in the very richest countries they can ever be secured. In Italy we no more expect to find the most renowned vocalists than to find the finest fish at the seaside, or the best growths of claret at Bordeaux; they are forwarded and exported without delay to those places in which there are the most profitable markets for such commodities—that is to say to Paris, to London, or to St. Petersburg.

We make a remarkable fuss about a few great artists being paid such enormous salaries that if, by a lucky chance, they retain their powers and their reputations for a dozen years, they may perhaps be able to lay by enough to enable them to live for the rest of their lives at the rate of a thousand a year. Why in ancient Rome nearly all the popular players reckoned their fortunes by thousands and millions. Œsopus, who was not only the most famous tragic actor, but also the most prodigal spendthrift of his time, is said to have left twenty millions of sestertii to his son—something like one hundred and sixty thousand pounds of our money, and this the mere wreck of a fortune. Roscius, by the admission of his illustrious advocate, gained one year with another an annual income of half a million *sestertii*, and yet he often performed for nothing, as a means (said the malicious critics of the day) of currying favour with the public. Why then should Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini not have now and then their hundred and fifty pounds a night? Vegetating on our hundred and fifty pounds a year, we say coolly and deliberately that we do not regret the large sums that are paid to great artists, but only that there are not more great artists to command, if possible, even larger sums.

The Operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The last night of the "Subscription" has come off, but by no means the *last night*. The *bonâ fide* public, who take places on the eve of performance, or pay their money at the doors, are virtually just as much subscribers as those who hire boxes and stalls in advance, for what is conventionally termed "the season," and for these numerous and not inconstant patrons, the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre continuing to provide entertainments, the attractions of which are enhanced by the co-operation of new singers and dancers of eminence, it is as well to postpone our accustomed "review" until everything has been brought forward originally announced in the prospectus, or which the restless activity of Mr. E. T. Smith may still have in store, to multiply the incidents of this his very remarkable "first campaign." On Saturday one of the pleasantest of comic operas, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, was produced, with the celebrated French (or Belgian?) singer, Mad. Marie Cabel, as the heroine; Signor Belart, the capital Spanish tenor, as Tonio; and Signor Ciampi, the new Italian "*buffo*," as Sulpizio. The impression created by Mad. Marie Cabel in 1854, when an Opéra Comique troop (principally from the Théâtre Lyrique) gave a series of representations at the St. James's Theatre, can hardly have been forgotten. Among the parts then essayed by this admirable lyric comedian was Maria (in the French, and original, version of Donizetti's sparkling work), her impersonation of which was justly eulogised for its spirit and vivacity. But little, if at all, inconvenienced by

the trammels of a foreign language, Mad. Cabel, in the Italian adaptation of *La Figlia*, exhibits, with signal felicity, the very same qualities that won the admiration of good judges when, her own native tongue being the medium of communication, her task—taking into account the genuine accomplishments she possesses, both as singer and actress—was comparatively easy. Mad. Cabel's voice has lost none of its intrinsic charm, her vocalisation none of its "*finesse*" and bird-like volubility, her demeanour none of its indefinable grace—artfully studied, though to all appearances unstudied (a stereoscopic illustration of the "*simplex munditiis*"), her bye-play none of its piquancy and animation. Coming immediately after Mlle. Piccolomini, who offered a portraiture of the *Vivandière*, amid its uncommon sprightliness, a little too saucy and "theatrical," the Maria of Mad. Cabel may at first sight appear somewhat wanting in sentiment, vigour, force, and even spontaneity; but a closer acquaintance will possibly lead to the conviction that, if less theatrically striking, it is truer to the nature of "things in general," and *vivandières* of gentle blood in particular. In her execution of the music, the thoroughly practised mistress of the French style of singing is everywhere evident; and if her farewell to the regiment (Act I—"Convien partir") lies open to the reproach of being less pathetic than the situation demands, all the rest—from the duet with Tonio to the final air—is irreproachable. The *cadenza* to the air of Caffariello, which Maria humours the old marchioness by trying over at the pianoforte, was set off, on the present occasion, by a variety of embellishments and *tours de force*—including an endless succession of shakes in the higher register, achieved with invariable perfection—which gratified and astonished the ear in an equal measure; and while Mad. Cabel's whole performance was an uninterrupted success, this was perhaps her most brilliant display, and brought down "thunders of applause." Signor Belart has rarely, perhaps never, more honourably maintained his claim to be regarded as one of the best tenor singers now before the public, than by his uniformly correct and effective execution of the music of Tonio, to which, by the way, he adds, for the first time in England, an air (in the second act) always introduced at the Opéra Comique, but invariably omitted from the Italian versions, at Her Majesty's Theatre and elsewhere. This air (too genuine to be neglected) he sang to such perfection on Saturday night, that it was impossible to decline the unanimous encore it elicited. Signor Ciampi fell somewhat short of what had been expected of him in Sulpizio. His "make up" was extravagant; while in his performance there were too many traits his frequent use of which encourages a belief that they are little better than "mannerisms." It is to be hoped this gentleman—who produced so marked an impression on the occasion of his *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre—may not turn out, in emulation of the man who was only well acquainted with one book, a singer who can only excel in one part; but certainly, there are strong touches of "Dr. Bartolo" in whatever he attempts. Signor Arditi presided in the orchestra, and the chorus-singers exhibited so much more precision than we have been accustomed to, as to warrant a conclusion that if those operas in which they have to take part, were brought out with less indiscriminate haste, a far more flattering account might be given of them. True, the choruses in *La Figlia* are not nearly so elaborate as those in the *Huguenots* and other operas; but this merely proves that the *Huguenots*, &c., require more careful preparation.

A word must record the enthusiastic reception awarded to Mad. Amalia Ferraris, who, since her last appearance in this country (nine or ten years ago), has obtained a European reputation as a dancer of the foremost rank in the highest school of art, and who now takes the place, at the grand opera in Paris, successively occupied by such favoured daughters of Terpsichore as Carlotta Grisi, Cerito, and Rosati. In a *pas de deux* with M. Chappuy (also a new comer), from the ballet of *Orfa*, originally produced for Cerito, Mad. Ferraris more than justified all that had been reported of her very exceptional talent, accomplishing feats that, one after the other, raised the admiration of the house. Does the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre intend bringing forward any more "stars" before the termination of the present season? It is to be hoped not. His "cheap prices" have commenced, and the second and third tiers of his private boxes are thrown open (as at Jullien's concerts, and the Drury Lane Italian Opera) to the general public; so that, now the rumour that the engagements of Mad. Alboni and Signor Mongini were terminated proves false, and that future representations of *Oberon*—the most genuine and solid success of the season—no more depend upon the readiness and ability of Mad. Borghi-Mamo and Signor Giuglini, to get up the part of Fatima and Huon, there are still, with Mlle. Titiens and the rest, attractions enough to all intents and purposes. It might be ungracious to add that those whose duty it is to report (to say nothing of their readers) would be none the worse for a brief interval of repose, more especially as the temporary secession of the Italian artists is to be shortly followed, if we are well-informed, by the advent of another troop of singers from all climes, expressly engaged for the performance of English opera.

Although in reality Signor Mongini was allowed to take his flight homewards, his engagement having concluded, and had even, we learn, reached the northern capital of Italy, so great was the disappointment expressed by the public at the withdrawal of *Oberon*, so many the enquiries about its next repetition, that Mr. Smith had no alternative but to recall him, and he at once telegraphed to Milan for the great *tenore robusto*, and had him back to London by the wires; whereupon *Oberon* was given on Thursday, for Mr. Smith's benefit, and will be repeated to-night and on Monday, and no doubt some few nights more, before the rere-season be brought to a termination. It was ill-advised to allow Signor Mongini to depart in the midst of the triumphant sucess of *Oberon*, especially as no one could be found to substitute for him in the part of Sir Huon; but it was good policy and quick work to have him back again, and thus knock down grumbling and disappointment. "A good beginning," observes a first-rate authority, "is the half of all." A good ending is better, say we; and *Oberon* promises to wind up Mr. Smith's first season at Her Majesty's Theatre with astonishing brilliancy and *éclat*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — The second performance of the *Prophète*, on Saturday, was a great improvement on the first; and the third on Monday — an extra night — a still greater improvement on the second. This was no more than what might have been expected from music so elaborate and difficult, and from the working of such complicated machinery as is involved in the scene department. Such an opera, indeed, would necessitate at least a dozen full rehearsals at the Grand Opéra in Paris, in the place of the solitary ONE which Mr. Costa thinks himself fortunate in obtaining at Covent Garden. They manage these things better in France. Some people, however, are inclined to think that our English system works better in the end. If the public really knew how little dependance is to be placed on first performances of operas — at least of French grand operas and the larger works of the great Italian and German masters — they would be in no hurry to take their places the first night, but rather wait until such time as the members of the orchestra would feel more at their ease, the singers would get rid of their timidity, and the carpenters be enabled to work the scenes more smoothly. That the performance of the *Prophète* on the first night was not unexceptionable is not to be wondered at. The surprise indeed is that it was so admirable, taking all things into consideration. Mad. Csillag has added a new leaf to her already fairly-won laurel wreath by her impersonation of Fides, which proves her, if proof were wanting, to be a tragedian of the first order. If the music does not invariably adapt itself to her means, it is not her fault, but that of M. Meyerbeer, who wrote it for one of the most exceptional voices of modern times. The Jean of Signor Tamberlik is every way masterly — not only one of *his* finest performances, but one of the most striking on the lyric stage. Mlle. Corbari, too, sensibly improves, although the music is in parts too high for her. A more charmingly-acted and more graceful looking Bertha, however, we have not seen. Had the *Prophète* been brought out at the height of the season instead of a period when London is decimated, it would have filled the theatre cram-full for a dozen nights in succession. Mr. Gye will now have to wait until next year for the virtual success of the *Prophète*, which, with such a cast and such unparalleled magnificence in the costumes and decorations, it requires no prophet to foretell, will be triumphant.

On Tuesday, *Rigoletto* was announced, but was postponed until this evening, and *Martha* given instead. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho will make her first appearance to-night as Gilda in *Martha*, and Signori Mario and Ronconi sustain their favourite parts of the Duke and the Jester.

A Grand Concert was given on Wednesday evening, consisting of a miscellaneous selection, and Gluck's Opera, *Orfeo e Eurydice*. In this miscellany the most noticeable points were the overture to *Oberon*, executed superbly by the band, and the "Oath of Liberty," from *Guillaume Tell*, given with great effect by Signors Tamberlik, Lucchesi, Polonini, Tagliafico, Patriossi, M. Faure, orchestra, and chorus. The music of Gluck makes its way slowly, but steadily and surely. The fourth performance of *Orfeo*, on Wednesday, was by far the most interesting. The execution was better in every respect, and deeper and more earnest attention was paid by the audience to every piece. This is a good sign, and shows that art is progressing in the right direction. After the Opera, the Floral Hall was thrown open to the lovers of gas-lights, roses, fuchsias, cactuses, stove plants, green-house plants, and brilliant *tournures*.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Thursday.

Concerts.

MR. AGUILAR'S SOIREES MUSICALE.—The last of this gentleman's *Soirees* for the present season took place at his residence before a distinguished audience. Among the most important pieces in the programme was Mr. Aguilar's sestett for piano, flute, oboe, horn, clarionet, and bassoon, capitally executed by the composer, assisted by Messrs. Pratten, Lazarus, Nicholson, Hausser, and Harper. Miss Lindo gave with great expression the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's *Stabat mater*, and Mr. Aguilar's charming song, "On a windy day." Mad. Rieder, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Wilkinson, and Mr. Tennant were the other vocalists. Among the distinguished company present were Viscountess Hawarden, Lady John Somerset, Lady Smith, the Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, and Mr. White (M.P. for Brighton) and family. Mr. Aguilar accompanied the vocal music; and, in addition to his sestett, played two fantasias of his own composition, on Weber's Last Waltz, and on airs from *La Traviata*. Mr. Aguilar and Herr Oberthur, in addition, played the *Trovatore* duet for harp and piano, the composition of the last-named gentleman, and Mad. Pratten a solo on the guitar, in which she was encored.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The sixth and last *conversazione* for the season of this society took place on Thursday evening, at the French Gallery, Pall-Mall, and was most fully attended, the company extending into the vestibule. Mr. J. Edmiston was in the chair. The chief point of interest in the evening's proceedings was the announcement of the prize awards (silver medals) for the season, the report of which was read by the honorary secretary, Mr. H. Ottley. The prizes were—in historical painting to Mr. S. Solomon, for his picture of *Moses*, in the Royal Academy; in landscape to Mr. Vicat Cole, for his *Harvest Time*, in the exhibition of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street; in *genre* to Mr. H. Tidey, for his *Queen Mab*, in the exhibition of the New Water Colour Society; in sculpture to Mr. Durham, for his statue of *Chastity*, in the Royal Academy; in architecture to Mr. S. J. Nicholl, for his designs for the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Cork, in the Architectural Exhibition; and in poetry to Miss Power, for her poem of *Virginia's Hand*. In music and engraving awards have not as yet been made, but will probably be announced on the re-assembling of the society in October. The announcement of the awards seemed to give general satisfaction. A concert followed, conducted by Mr. A. Gilbert, which presented some features of more than usual interest and novelty. One of the objects of the Society being the "encouragement" of practitioners, it was gratifying to find this agreeable *réunion* of Thursday the means of introducing some new and rising talent which we have no doubt will one day achieve considerable distinction. Amongst the vocalists Miss Kenny and Miss Rae appeared for the first time in the duet "Trabe, Trabe," by Kucken, and acquitted themselves in a manner to call for the warmest applause. The former young lady afterwards sang a German lied by the same composer; and, though evidently labouring under considerable nervousness, confirmed the good opinion she had already excited by the purity of her voice and the correctness of her style. Miss Rae was enthusiastically encored in Wallace's "The Bellringer," which she gave with charming effect. Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, a young lady, a pupil of Garcia's, who has we believe not as yet made her regular public appearance, made a complete *succès* in the polacca "La Placida Campagna," which was encored. Later in the evening she was equally happy in Mendelssohn's beautiful song "Through the Wood." Mad. Andrea, Mr. George Tedder, and Mr. Montgomery also contributed their aid in the vocal department. Herr Ganz played on the piano a serenade Italian and mazurka (Jaell and Ganz) in masterly style; and upon the same instrument Herr Semler (his first appearance in England we understand) gave a solo on airs from *William Tell* with brilliant effect. Nor must we pass over without the praise to which it was entitled the grand duet on Weber's *Preciosa*, most satisfactorily rendered by Miss Lindley and Miss Conaron. Altogether the evening passed off admirably, and all agreed that it was one of the most agreeable *réunions* of the season.

MLLE. VANERI OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, and M. Samary, violoncellist of the Imperial Chapel of Napoleon III., gave a *matinée musicale* on Monday last at Collards' New Rooms. They were assisted by some of the artists from Her Majesty's Theatre, comprising Mad. Borghi-Mamo, Signor Belart, Signor Everardi, and M. Remusat, first flute in the orchestra. Mad. Everardi, wife to the barytone, and M. Jules Lefort, were also amongst the singers; and Mlle. Laure Colmache, and Mr. G. A. Osborne, pianists, added their services in the instrumental department. Mlle. Vaneri sang the cavatina, "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, and some French romances, displaying undeniable talent in both styles of composition, and delighting the entire audience by her ease and facility, and the fine quality of her voice; Mad. Borghi-Mamo introduced the grand air of Malcolm Græme, from the *Donna del Lago*, which she sang superbly, and a serenata by Braza with violoncello *obbligato*, which was almost equally effective. Mlle. Laure Colmache, in her two pianoforte solos—caprice by Mendelssohn, and Stephen Heller's "La Truite"—exhibited a sound free style, and much dexterity of execution. Solos were also furnished by Mr. G. A. Osborne on the piano, M. Remusat on the flute, Herr Engel on the harmonium, and M. Samary on the violoncello, all with masterly skill.

HERR WILHELM GANZ' ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT (June 29th) took place at St. James's Hall under royal and distinguished patronage; Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge and Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary heading the list of patrons. For such grand guests—patronesses are sometimes expected to attend performances to which they lend the glitter of their names—Herr Ganz provided a good bill of fare, comprising selections from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Hummel, Meyerbeer, &c., for the true devotees of music, and less *recherché* viands for the more homely disposed. It was in fact a well-varied programme and fitted to many tastes. Herr Ganz himself—a nimble-fingered and sound pianist—selected for his displays Hummel's grand quintet in E flat minor (Op. 87), for pianoforte, violin, viola, and basso—in which he was assisted by M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, M. Paque, and Mr. F. S. Pratten; Beethoven's Sonata Pathètique; Thalberg and De Beriot's grand duo for pianoforte and violin, performed with M. Sainton; and Prudent's Caprice on airs from *La Sonnambula*, with all of which—more particularly Beethoven's sonata—the distinguished visitors appeared mightily pleased. Solos were executed by M. Sainton and M. Paque on their respective instruments. The vocal music was contributed by Mesdames Catherine Hayes, Lemmens-Sherrington, and Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley, and Herr Hermanns, nothing of which being novel stands in need of communication. Messrs. Benedict, W. G. Cusins, and Wilhelm Ganz officiated as conductors.

THE MATINÉE MUSICALE OF MADAME DE VAUCHERAN attracted a large and fashionable audience to the Beethoven Rooms, Harley

Street, on Monday, the 9th instant. Mad. de Vaucheran is a pianist with a good deal of talent; but unfortunately she was so nervous the evening of her concert as almost to incapacitate her entirely from playing at first. She began with a duo for two pianos, whch she played with Mr. Walter Sangster, followed by an *étude* of Theodore Kulla.'s, and a duet for piano and violin by Stephen Heller, with Herr Goffrie. This would have been enough for the most experienced performer; but when we have to add Mozart's quatuor in G minor, and Beethoven's in E flat (Op. 16), for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, it will be readily acknowledged that too much was asked of the fair artist, whose talent is by no means inconsiderable, and who will be appreciated yet at her full value. The vocal music was distributed among the following singers: — Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Rowcroft, Mlle. Vaneri, Miss Kate Ranoe, Mr. Leonard, Mr. W. Graeff Nicholls, Mr. P. E. Van Noorden, and Herr Eibenschutz. Mrs. Alexander Newton gave Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark," and the bolero from the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, with great brilliancy; Mlle. Vaneri sang the "Couplets de Mariée," from the *Etoile du Nord*, with remarkable skill; and Miss Kate Ranoe's pleasing voice and style were manifested in Mr. Balfe's song, "Oh! take me to thy heart again."

MISS ELEONORA WILKINSON'S MORNING CONCERT was given at the residence of Lady Bisshopp, 29 Hill Street, Berkeley Square, on Tuesday, July 3rd. Miss Wilkinson has not been long before the public, scarcely long enough, indeed, to warrant her giving a benefit concert. Young ladies, however, now-a-days, are by no means prone to backwardness. On the contrary, directly they have finished learning they begin to teach; and no sooner have they sung their first song or played their first piece than they begin to think about giving their first concert. This is another proof of the new spirit of the times, a sign that the properties of the "fast school" are not confined to the male sex. However, as Miss Wilkinson's concert was given in a private residence, it can hardly come within the category of public exhibitions, although no doubt any body might have secured the right of *entrée* by paying the asked-for fee. The fair *beneficiaire* was assisted in the vocal department by Mlle. Elvira Behrens, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and M. Jules Lefort; and in the instrumental by Herr Lehmeyer and Herr W. Ganz (piano), Herr Ries (violin), Signor Regondi (concertina), Herr Oberthur (harp), M. Paque (violoncello), and Master Drew Dean (flute). Miss Wilkinson sang "Perche non ho" from *Lucia*; the song "Sweet Bird," from Handel's *Penseroso*; besides taking part in a duet with Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and in two quartets with Mlle. Behrens, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and M. Jules Lefort.

MR. BALFE'S SECOND CONCERT AT THE SURREY GARDENS.—The music hall of these favourite gardens was so crowded on the occasion of Mr. Balfe's first concert, that we imagined the number of the audience had attained its maximum. There seems, however, to be no numerical limit to the lovers of music in the metropolis; and the attraction being greater last Wednesday, when the second of the popular composer's so-called "festivals" took place, the assemblage was proportionately increased. Every corner in the body of the hall was occupied—and there were no seats in this part of the building to take up valuable space, while all the galleries, including the topmost one, were completely filled by anxious listeners. To the thoroughly *popular* character of the programme the enormous audience is doubtless, in some measure, to be attributed. The pieces were not in this case all selected from the works of Mr. Balfe, but were mostly chosen rather on account of their tuneful then classical merits. Thus Mlle. Parepa selected from her extensive *répertoire* the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, in which she was encored, and the spirited laughing song from *Manon Lescaut*. Miss Poole gave "The Young Recruit," which the Orphéonistes seem to have again brought into vogue, and, when encored, she sang "Wapping Old Stairs" unaccompanied, the droll pathos of which she brought out with exquisite taste. Mad. Louisa Vining gave Mendelssohn's "First Violet," and Berger's song, "'Tis best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," for which, when encored, she substituted "Comin' thro' the rye;" and Mad. Laura Baxter rendered admirably the ballad, "I cannot change as others change." Miss Kate Ranoe, whose name will probably not be long unfamiliar to the public, sang Balfe's pretty ballad, "Oh, take me to thy heart again," with unusual expression and feeling. As this was virtually the first public appearance of Miss Ranoe, it is not surprising that traces of nervousness were perceptible; but it was nevertheless evident that the *débutante* possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of sympathetic and pleasing quality, that her articulation is remarkably distinct, and that her method does great credit to the celebrated Duprez, under whose guidance she has been pursuing her studies. Mr. Sims Reeves is the very Jupiter among singers with the audiences of the Surrey Gardens. and when he opens his mouth it is as though the King of Gods spoke in thunder. Two of his songs were set down in the programme in immediate succession, so that when Mr. Sims Reeves was honoured with the inevitable recall in "Come into the garden, Maud," he re-appeared and sang his second song, the very graceful ballad, "Margaretta," as the encore, and thus the insatiable instincts of the audience were appeased, with no injustice to the vocalist. "My Pretty Jane" was also redemanded, and Mr. Reeves instantly acceded to the call by repeating the second verse. Mr. George Perren gave the tenor air from the *Trovatore*, "Ah! si, ben mio!" but was more successful in the English ballad, "When other lips;" and Mr. Kelly, in the absence of Mr. Patey, sang the air, "Though forture darkly o'er me frown," from the *Rose of Castille*. The instrumentalists were Mr. Viotti Collins, who played the two Carnivals of Venice and of Cuba; and Miss Arabella Goddard, whose splendid performances of Thalberg's fantaisie on "The last rose of summer," and "Home, sweet, home," are too well known to require comment. The audience, although so numerous, evidently fully appreciated good playing, for they encored both pieces. After the first piece, however, Miss Goddard contented herself with bowing her acknowledgments, but the fair performer was compelled to repeat the second. Mr. Balfe's overtures to the *Rose of Castille* and to *Falstaff* were well performed by a small but efficient orchestra. Mad. Alboni is to be added to the attractions of the next concert.

MISS SUSAN GODDARD gave a *Matinée Musicale* at Collard's Rooms, on Tuesday, the 3rd instant. This young lady, one of our most promising pianists, performed Beethoven's grand sonata, in D minor; Moscheles' duet for two pianofortes, "Homage à Handel," with Mr. Benedict; and with Messrs. Buziau and Douay, a trio by Beethoven, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. Mlle. Artôt, Mad. Everardi, Signors Corsi, Delle Sedie, and Everardi were the singers; Messrs. Benedict and Harold Thomas conducted.

MISS MADELENA CRONIN'S SOIREE (June 14th) is entitled to notice, were it for nothing else, in respect of the admirable selection of music offered by the *beneficiaire*, who is a pianist of no ordinary pretensions. The pianoforte pieces included the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven, played with Herr Becker; Hummel's sonata in F minor; Bach's fugue in C minor; Scarlatti's sonata in A major; Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith"; Mendelssohn's caprice, No. 3; Liszt's "La Regata Veneziana"; and Chopin's "Impromptu in A flat." Mad. Louisa Vinning and Herr Eibenschütz supplied vocal pieces. The concert, which was held at 6 Harewood Square, Regent's Park, was attended by a brilliant and numerous assembly.

MR. JOHN NICKINSON, Organist of St. Mary's, Battersea, gave a concert at Lammas Hall, on the 3rd instant, under distinguished patronage. The concert was of a singular character, inasmuch as four blind artists assisted in it. They were—Mr. Lea Summers, pianist; Mr. W. Bishop, tenor; Miss Scott, soprano; and Mr. J. Reed, barytone. With these were engaged as vocalists—Miss Banks, Miss Bradshaw, Miss Eliza Travers, and Mr. Stanley Mayo. The performance was given under the immediate direction of Mr. W. H. Monk, of King's College, London, and the School for the Blind, St. George's Fields; who, with Mr. Nickinson, acted as conductors.

PROFESSORS' CONCERT UNION.—The third performance of the series of concerts given by the above Union was devoted to Miss Summerhayes, the young pianist, whom we have more than once noted as of provincial celebrity. The programme was first-rate, and comprised, for the special pieces, Spohr's trio in B flat, for

pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and Beethoven's quartet in D major, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello. In the trio Miss Summerhayes was assisted by Mr. H. Blagrove and Mr. Daubert; the quartet was executed by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and Daubert. In addition to Spohr's trio, Miss Summerhayes played Mendelssohn's *Rondo Cappriccioso* and joined Mr. Blagrove in Benedict and David's duet on *Oberon*. The young lady's execution is neat and finished, and her style unpretending in the extreme. The singers were Mad. Louisa Vinning and Miss Lascelles. The last-named lady sang Mercadante's "Un Sogno," with violoncello *obbligato* by Mr. Daubert, as well as a new ballad called "In that happy time." Mad. Vinning gave Rossini's barcarole "Voli, voli," and both ladies united their voices in Mendelssohn's charming duets "The Greeting," and "Maybells."

MR. EDMUND J. CHIPP, one of our most accomplished organists and efficient members of the orchestra, has recently (June 21) taken his degree as Doctor of Music at the University of Cambridge. The exercise performed for the occasion was a sacred oratorio, entitled *Job*, the words entirely selected from the Holy Scriptures. Mr. Sims Reeves, with his usual generous feeling for a brother artist, most kindly volunteered (unsolicited) to sing the tenor part, but was unavoidably prevented from carrying out his intention by a previous engagement requiring his services on the day fixed by the authorities. Mr. Reeves, however, sent down the best possible substitute that could be found, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who gave great satisfaction in the principal part. This is the first musical degree that has been taken under the present professor, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, and the only one with the exception of the "Professor," that has been conferred for eight years past.

MUSIC *v.* DEVOTION.

STRANGE as it may appear to many minds, Music has been characterised by some superficial thinkers as an art opposed to the true spirit of devotion. That nothing could be said more antagonistic to truth I need not go far to prove. For almost every great mind, whether scientific, philosophic, or poetic, has affirmed the contrary, and volumes of quotations might be easily collected to show that in the opinions of the best informed of our race, melody and harmony are the essence and soul of devotion. But space will not admit of many quotations, nor indeed are they here necessary, scattered broadcast as they are throughout our literature, and springing up in every direction. By one writer music has been beautifully defined as "an universal language, which harmoniously relates the reminiscences of the heart;" and Carlyle finely says,—"Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a few moments gaze into that." In similar strains speak all who have made the inner life of our species their study. They declare that music is an essential spiritual requirement of humanity. There is no grade of society, whether in civilised or uncivilised communities, but manifests in some degree the universality of this great gift of the Creator. And whilst freely granting that "he whose soul does not sing need not try to do it with his throat," I would as strongly avow that few indeed are they whose souls do never sing, or, at least, were not intended by the Great Father of Spirits to sing. The savage chieftain and his painted men-at-arms sing joyous songs in commemoration of victories won in the field, and ease their burdened hearts of sorrow in requiems to the manes of fallen heroes. Emperors and kings, ages before the "sweet singer of Israel" tuned his majestic harp, down to the present day, bowed and are bowing to the all-powerful spirit of song; whilst captives in their dungeons lighten their fetters, and transform their clanking harshness into melody by the aid of the same eternal beneficent endowment.

Whilst I would not for a moment seek to disparage the great and good results which have come down to us through the Reformation, whilst I admit to the full how much our present glorious liberty is due to the stern patriotism of the men who figured so nobly in that great struggle with priestcraft and mental tyranny consequent thereon, I still think a great error was committed in depriving the church ritual so entirely of its musical element, and one from which it has suffered, and is suffering at the present day. To this cause I think we may fairly attribute the rise of the High Church party. But time alone will show whether the effects that party shall ultimately produce are to be beneficial or disastrous to the Establishment. That some weak-minded or designing men have been met with in their ranks it would be folly to deny, having proved themselves such by eventually going over to Rome. But to say that all who are known as belonging to that party are men of the same stamp, would exemplify a most invidious spirit, and merit nothing short of contempt. Can it be supposed that a large body of men, high in natural endowments and educational acquirements, and having, many of them, a great stake in the varied interests and well-being of their country, are yet so blinded (as some affirm) to its welfare as to desire to hand over to a foreign power the consciences and spiritual liberty of a free and great people, as we are proud to entitle the dwellers in these our island homes? Surely not! Could such, indeed, be proved to be the fact, Bedlam could alone provide a proper "living" for such, and it would be the duty of the nation to place them there at once. Undoubtedly the scenes lately enacted at St. George's-in-the-East were disgraceful to a degree I care not to denominate, and are a scandal to the Church, which appears possessed of no power to put an end to them. But it can hardly be admitted that the persons who have figured in those shameful demonstrations are actuated by religious convictions of one kind or another. They were simply a lawless mob, who would not have been tolerated in any Ranter's conventicle, but who, in the Church as established by law, cannot be molested.

I am firmly persuaded in my own mind that for very many years past there has existed a deeply-felt craving in the soul of intellectual humanity for a higher mode of expressing its praises to the Almighty than the customary mode of reading the liturgy of the Church affords. Therefore I conclude it to be very probable that this much-maligned party in the Church may have prevented very many from going over to Rome who otherwise might have done so. It has been too much the fashion of the Establishment almost totally to ignore man's musical nature for generations past, and it cannot be matter for surprise, when a law of nature is violated, that she should seek to assert her eternal supremacy.

Let it not be supposed I am here advocating the bowings, crossings—and, above all, the confessional—of Rome. Far from it. I denounce them all, and believe them to be the very sands and shoals which have hitherto impeded the progress of that party who have sought the introduction of a musical service into the Church's ritual. I believe one of the most crying wants of our age is a pure and authorised musical liturgy, without the adjuncts of the puerilities of Rome, which at best tend only to mar the solemnity, beauty, and dignity of their otherwise noble service. The *music* of Rome is certainly an unobjectionable feature in the service of that church—unobjectionable because founded in nature and truth, and hallowed by the seal and sanctity of the ancient servants of God. "David appointed for the service of the tabernacle four thousand Levites, divided into twenty-four courses, and marshalled under several leaders, whose sole business it was to sing hymns, and to perform the instrumental music in the public worship. . . . . In chap. xxv. first book of Chronicles, an account is given of David's institutions, relating to the sacred music and poetry; which were certainly more costly, more splendid and magnificent, than ever obtained in the public service of any other nation." A time came when the Jews introduced within the temple walls cattle and merchandise, and the money-changers were busy there improving their temporal condition. The spirit of Mammon had usurped the seat of divine harmony, and "Ichabod" was written on Israel's glory. It is a bad sign of the times when the temples of Mammon outvie in splendour those dedicated to the Supreme Being. Who could suppose—did he not know it to be the fact—that that is Mr. Gingham, who "keeps" the shop in Spruce Street, marvellous for its breadth of plate glass and costly fittings, complacently, so to speak, worshipping the Creator in this incongruous eye-sore of a place, inferior in most points to a London cow shed? Yet so it is. Is there no music in his soul—has Mammon absorbed it all—that he can sit and listen unnerved to that horrible agology for "singing to the praise and glory of God?" True, the sight before us is one of the evidences of our freedom as a people—its only pleasing trait—and it is also true that God needs no temple made with hands of one kind or another. Man, however, needs a temple wherein reverently to worship God; and surely, if there is one building which more than another demands of him that he shall bestow upon it his best gifts, whether in its construction or internal conduct, it is the temple man rears in honour of the Creator of the universe. Who has not, on some lovely summer Sunday morning, gone into a place of worship with a heart leaping with love and thankfulness towards his heavenly Father, and has not there found those same feelings damped and well-nigh expunged by the cold, listless, unhearty tone of all and every thing around him? Few, I venture to answer, who take any interest in observing the age and manners in which his own lot is cast. On the other hand, let a man saunter in a listless careless mode into some Catholic place of worship, and, in spite of the priestly artifices,

which tend to shock the mind — in spite of the service being performed in an unknown tongue — the music will lift his soul out of himself, and carry it even to the foot of the throne of the Eternal, and the man *must* worship and adore his Maker. And if such results are attained here in spite of many a drawback, what might we not confidently expect from the beautiful ritual of the Church of England (amended in some few points) set to fitting music, and performed in a manner equal to that of the Romish Church? I humbly believe nothing (under God) would so tend to increase in the land a spirit of true and genuine devotion. I believe that Romish chapels, now so much on the increase in this country, would henceforth increase but slowly, or probably suffer declension, and that secession chapels of all denominations would halt in their onward march, encouraged as they now are by that party in the Church which affects to ignore in public worship all that can prove from man to man he really does value his soul more than his body.

Let us then urge on our gracious Queen and the Parliament no longer to allow the present disorganised state of the Church to continue. Let the objectionable passages in its liturgy be expunged, the rubrics revised, and all matters relating to its conduct fixed, and placed beyond the possibility of dispute. Let the amended liturgy be then placed in able hands for the purpose of wedding it to music fitting the grandeur of the words, and the Church will attain her due position in the land, and we shall cease to hear that the most intellectual portion of the community are never to be seen in a place of public worship; for the Church will then have ceased to be a bye-word and a reproach, and will be loved, honoured, and maintained as a sure guide through the wilderness of this world to that far higher, holier, and happier one to which we all trust our God and Father will bring us hereafter.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—We have now had a sight of the complete musical scheme for the forthcoming meeting of the Three Choirs in this city, in the second week of September, and we can promise our musical friends that there is a rich treat in store for them. We announced some weeks ago that it was intended to have four oratorio mornings instead of three as heretofore, the full cathedral service on the Tuesday morning being dispensed with, and the usual sermon in aid of the charity for the relief of clergymen's widows and orphans being preached after the early morning service on that day. By this change in the ancient order of things at our festivals (which we believe has been brought about chiefly at the suggestion of the invaluable honorary secretary to the Festival, the Rev. R. Sarjeant,) something more of novelty will be imparted to the selection of sacred music than has been possible hitherto. For a number of years two of the three oratorio mornings have been regularly and systematically devoted to that greatest of oratorios, Handel's *Messiah*, and to the more modern *Elijah* of Mendelssohn, leaving but one morning for any other selection. By the change which will be inaugurated this year we shall have two spare mornings, and thus on the approaching occasion there will be given, besides the two standard works already mentioned, another of Mendelssohn's—his *St. Paul*, and Spohr's great work *The Last Judgment*, besides selections from Haydn's *Creation* and Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. In the selection from *The Creation* the public will have an opportunity of hearing, for *the last time*, the delicious soul-entrancing voice of Clara Novello—after this year to assume her proper married title —in the lovely air "With verdure clad." This song will, we have no doubt, itself draw to our cathedral at the very opening of the Festival a full attendance, and perhaps on that account it was good policy to place this selection and the rarely heard *St. Paul* in the first morning's scheme, so that visitors may have no desire to defer their journey to Worcester to the middle of the week. Mad. Novello will also sing several of the recitatives and songs in *St. Paul*; Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Sims Reeves, and Belletti, also taking parts. The selection from *Judas Maccabæus*, on Wednesday morning, is admirably chosen, and includes some of the most beautiful pieces in the oratorio. Mad. Novello is set down for the airs "Pious orgies," and "From mighty Kings." Belletti sings the glorious war song "Arm, arm, ye brave"; to Sims Reeves is given the "Sound an alarm," and the beautiful trio and chorus "See the conquering hero comes," which was so wonderfully effective at the Handelian Commemoration, at the Crystal Palace, is included in the selection, together with the very pick of the choruses. The "cast" for the *Elijah*, on Thursday morning, is the best that could possibly be made. First and foremost we rejoice to see the principal part—the Prophet—given to an Englishman, for with all Belletti's acknowledged ability we have never listened to his enunciation of the beautiful bass solos in this oratorio with half the pleasure that Weiss' rendering of them has given us. Mr. Weiss, however, has a Herculean task in undertaking the whole of the principal bass music of the *Elijah*. Mad. Novello sings the glorious song introductory of the second part of the oratorio, "Hear ye Israel," and also assists in the beautiful concerted pieces—the double quartet, the trio "Lift thine eyes," the delicious quartet "Cast thy burden," and the "Holy, holy." Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Sims Reeves sing in the *Elijah*, and also in the *Messiah* on the Friday morning. In the latter, Novello will sing the divine air "I know that my Reedemer," and also take other parts in the oratorio. Of the evening concerts we shall take an opportunity to speak hereafter. We may briefly observe that the scheme contains more than one novelty, chiefest of which, however, is a new cantata, *The Erl King's Daughter*, which has never yet been performed in England. Sterndale Bennett's Pastoral, *The May Queen*, and a selection from Wallace's *Lurline*, are also included in the programme for the evening concerts. We may mention that the hon. secretary is in treaty with the Railway companies, and there can be no doubt that the most convenient arrangement for visitors will be made. It is also intended to issue serial tickets for the whole of the performances at a most reasonable rate, which we think will be largely taken advantage of when the conditions are made public.—*Worcester Journal.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT SYDNEY.—In the past month there has not been much to chronicle, beyond a well-attended concert at Balmain on the 9th inst. The entertainments known as the People's Concerts continue to give satisfaction, and to be sufficiently well supported. It is still anticipated that there will be a revival of the Opera, under the management of Mr. S. Colville, at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Signora and Signor Bianchi are hourly expected, and will appear at the Prince of Wales Theatre shortly after their arrival. It seems, however, to be not yet quite a settled thing whether the Opera is to be re-established for any length of time upon its former basis. It is nevertheless probable that Signora and Signor Bianchi will appear in the new opera of *Lurline*, composed by our former fellow-townsman, Mr. Vincent Wallace, and recently produced at Covent Garden with complete success. *Lurline* will doubtless be well received as Wallace's *chef d'œuvre*. A great hit has been made in the production of *Jessie Brown, or the Relief of Lucknow*, which has drawn crowded houses for the last fortnight, and seems likely to run for some time. It is a spirited drama written by Dion Bourcicault, on the great historical event suggested by its title. The principal character is the Highland Jessie of Miss Provost, who is effectively supported by Messrs. Rayner, Burford, Fitzgerald, and other members of the company. The piece is placed upon the stage in a creditable manner, with new costumes, and effective scenery. A number of clever minor pieces have been well received. Amongst the plays brought out this month must be mentioned the three-act tragedy of *Phædra*, in which the character of the Athenian Queen was vividly sustained by Mary Provost. Unfortunately the weather was so inclement, and the down-pour so incessant, that there was but a thin house. In spite of discouragement, however, and the disadvantage of a very imperfect Œnone, *Phædra* was, to those who ventured out to see it, an intellectual treat. It will probably be reproduced shortly, and it is to be hoped under less adverse circumstances. The Royal Victoria Theatre is again open—the British and American Circus Company playing to tolerably numerous houses, attracted nightly by gymnastic, equestrian, and other performances.

ANECDOTE OF CHERUBINI.—Every musician has heard of Cherubini's rebuffs and discourtesies to other musicians, which, after their kind, were almost as numerous as the incivilities of our Abernethy. But, like other habitually rude persons, Cherubini could sometimes pay a compliment, and when he did so it was with a considerate grace as remarkable as his habitual bluntness. M. Halévy's notice of Onslow, lately read at the *Institute*, includes the following anecdote. — In a symphony by Onslow, which was performed at one of the *Conservatoire* concerts, a passage

occurred, the contrivance and detail of which pleased the difficult Italian *maestro* mightily. When the concert was over, Cherubini borrowed Onslow's score from Habeneck, the conductor, — tore out the leaf containing the passage in question, and replaced it by a copy of the same in his own writing, — returning the MS. with a note in which he apologised for the liberty taken, adding "that he had long wished to possess Onslow's autograph."

ENGLISH ACTORS IN AMERICA.—A Philadelphia paper once had an interesting notice of the appearance of our countryman, Mr. Macready, at the Arch Theatre, in that city. We regret to find, however, that he was not treated with the courtesy which, apart from all differences of opinion respecting his merits as an actor, was surely due to him as a stranger to the country, and an artist enjoying a high reputation in his native land. His appearance at the "Arch," however, was the signal for a disgraceful "row"—for such it was—between the rival partisans of Mr. Macready and Mr. Forrest, the well-known tragedian of New York. During the progress of the play the efforts of the blackguard portion of the audience to get up a "scene" were defeated by the respectable majority of the spectators. They made sufficient noise, however, to drown the finest passages of the drama, and their more overt acts were outrageous. Pennypieces were flung upon the stage amidst outcries that would have shamed the fishfags of Billingsgate; and in the last act, a rotten egg was hurled at the person of Mr. Macready, but it missed the mark, and fell broken at his feet. This and several other gross insults were encountered with the most gentlemanly forbearance. At the fall of the curtain, he was "called for," and appeared amid an almost universal waving of hats, and the most tumultuous applause ever heard in a theatre. It was several minutes before he attempted to speak, so loud and general was the noise of friends and foes. He at length said he had understood, at New York and Boston, that he was to be met by an organised opposition, but he had an abiding confidence in the justice of the American people. (Here the noise and confusion completely drowned his voice, and three cheers were attempted for Forrest, and three hearty ones were given for Macready.) He resumed by saying, it was the custom in his country never to condemn a man unheard. (Cheers and calls, in which Forrest's name was heard.) Mr. Macready went on to observe that it had been said that he entertained hostile feelings towards an actor in this country, and that he had evinced a feeling of opposition towards him—all, which statements, severally and in the aggregate, he declared wholly and entirely unfounded. The actor alluded to had done that towards him which he was sure no English actor would do—and what he believed no other American actor would do—he had openly hissed him. (Great noise and confusion, hisses, and hurras.) Up to the time of that act he had never entertained towards that actor a feeling of unkindness, nor had he ever shown any since. When opposition in his country had been organised against a French company, he actively interested himself to allay it. He said he fully appreciated the character and feelings of the audience, and as to his engagement, if it was their will, he was willing to give it up at once ("No, no!" cheers, and hisses); but that he should retain in his memory the liveliest recollection of the warm and general sentiments of regard shown him, and should speak of the American people, whom he had known and studied for the last 20 years, with the same kind feelings that he had ever done. Throughout the closing scene—as, indeed, he did throughout the entire play—Mr. Macready bore up under the many vexatious annoyances of a small part of the audience with great apparent good humour, but once showing any warmth of feeling, and then but for a moment. "The movement of the whole evening," remarked the reporter of a Philadelphia paper, "was the most disgraceful that we ever saw in a theatre, and it was gratifying to hear the object of an assault so brutal and uncalled-for, attributed to the proper source—to a few ill-bred riotous persons, to be found in every community, in every nation." The same paper had a notice of Mr. Maurice Power, who had just closed an engagement at the same theatre. It appears that whilst he had been the delight of the New York public, the audiences of Philadelphia were not so well pleased. They went to the theatre expecting to see old Power *redivivus*, and of course went away partially disappointed. The American critic thus spake of his merits:—"There is much in Mr. Power's acting, and more in his appearance, that reminds us of his gifted parent. In the good-humoured twinkle of his eye, and that true Milesian jollity of countenance, no one for a moment could mistake his father's own son. His nice discriminating taste, and gentlemanly bearing on the stage, show him to be particularly fitted for the higher walks of genteel comedy. His speech about honour, in *St. Patrick's Eve*, was made just so much of, and no more, as a brave soldier would be likely to make of such a subject, and thus a fine opportunity for melodramatic rant was lost; and though he failed to bring down the galleries, he did not offend the good taste of the more judicious part of his audience. His brogue, without being caricatured, was rich and unaffected. The fault most obvious in Mr. Power's acting, is a want of sufficient flexibility of voice—that agreeable modulation of tone which is so pleasant to the ear, and which could easily be acquired by practice; his voice is pitched to a certain key, and kept too much upon a continual strain. But even during his short engagement here there was a sensible improvement in this particular. Should he appear before us again, we hope we may bespeak for him a more cordial reception."

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Review.

Erin—fantasia on Irish Melodies; *Caledonia*—fantasia on Scotch Melodies. Composed expressly for Miss Arabella Goddard, by JULES BENEDICT. New Edition. (Boosey and Sons).

THAT these brilliant *morceaux de bravoure* should have attained almost unexampled popularity is not to be wondered at. Though not enthusiastic advocates *quand même* of the *fantasia* (according to the modern acceptation of the term) we cannot refrain from expressing our entire approval of the manner, at once clever and congenial, in which Mr. Benedict has treated the beautiful melodies that form the ground-work of the above-named pieces. For *Erin* he has selected two of the most racy of the Irish national tunes, which will be easiest recognised under the comparatively recent titles of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," and "The Minstrel Boy." For *Caledonia* he has had recourse to "Auld Robin Gray," and one of the liveliest, most piquant, and characteristic of the Scottish reels. In both instances the wisdom of his choice is borne out by the complete success of his workmanship. The airs are admirably harmonised; the passages are, without exception, grateful, showy, and effective (at the same time not superfluously difficult). The plan of each *fantasia* is clear, well defined, and masterly; and in the Irish as in the Scotch essay the character of the *national tune* is imitated throughout with the utmost felicity. In short, *Erin* and *Caledonia*, while just as brilliant, just as ingenious in contrivance, and just as fitted for the advantageous display of "virtuosity" as any of the celebrated show-pieces of Thalberg, Döhler, Herz, or Léopold de Meyer, are more pleasing and far more *entertaining* than the majority of such effusions; perhaps because more unconstrained and in many respects more genuinely *artistic*. But in composing for Miss Arabella Goddard it was not surprising that Mr. Benedict should be happily inspired.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

July 25, 1860.

PITY the sorrows of a poor correspondent, afflicted with an entire dearth of news. I have nibbed my pen with minute dexterity. I have squared the spotless quire before me with convenient symmetry. In my best round hand I have turned off a heading with the date appended, which is a perfect caligraphic model. Then comes a pause. I gaze wistfully at the blank beneath. The cream-laid desert spreads its virgin bosom before me and invites me to people it with a swarthy swarm of eloquent vocables. Alas! the blank without does but answer with melancholy fidelity to the blank within. Meanwhile, the ticking clock warns me of passing, precious, inexorable moments, drawing on with an invisible cord the steadily advancing post hour. I observe the ink is dry upon the neatly amputated nib of my pen. I dip again, shake off the superfluous liquid back into its Acherontic reservoir with a sanguine flourish, and make as I would commence without more ado. Again the stylus halts paralysed in mid air; again with vacant stare I watch its shiny black muzzle grow feverishly dry as though with nervous impatience at the long suspense. Memory peruses her tablets of the past week in vain for some incident worthy to be recorded in the columns of the *M. W.* She brings me instead a story of poor D. J., who had once in a moment of fatal good nature promised his friend Hammond, then managing the little theatre in the Strand, to dramatize the *Pickwick Papers*, just completed, and enjoying that gigantic burst of popularity which made Dickens' fame commence like a polar day without crepusculum. D. J. had with intelligible procrastination—for he abhorred dealing with material that was not all furnished from the mine of his own fancy—put off the task till matters were growing desperate, and the manager feared to be last in the field with his version; for they were springing up everywhere like mushrooms after a shower. At last the kind-hearted little author, seeing Hammond's distress, determined to overcome his reluctance to the work by one decisive resolute effort, and knowing his own powers of work, promised there and then that he would sit up all night and finish the piece off at once. H. in high delight took him at his word, provided quires of paper, a bundle of quills, a fresh bottle of ink, and, to prevent the devoted labourer flagging at his task, or cooling over his resolution, the best part of a bottle of excellent "Old Tom." With this little arsenal of materials before him, and a pair of fresh-lit long sixes, Hammond left his friend seated at the table wearing a fresh, sparkling, resolute air, and with a keen intelligent glance turning over the leaves of a bound copy of the *Pickwick Papers*, and with an easy mind retired to bed. In the morning, at the grey of dawn, down came Hammond in slippers and dressing-gown to inspect D. J.'s progress, and offer him some refreshment after his night's toil. Fearing to disturb him in some happy moment of inspiration, and perhaps spoiling the neat turn he might probably be giving to the tag of the last act, he crept cautiously into the chamber where he had left D. J. As he advanced, a touching spectacle presented itself to the exacting manager. There lay the weary head of the intellectual artificer sunk in the heavy sleep of exhaustion upon the table, and only saved from immediate contact with its hard pillow by the folded arms of the worn-out watcher, while the instrument of his toil, still clutched in the cramped fingers, thrust its feathery tip through the author's dishevelled hair, triumphant evidence of the tenacity with which he had wrestled with sleep, as a strong man wrestles with death. "Poor fellow," thought Hammond—gratitude at his friend's devotion giving an extra tenderness to his pity—"he has evidently struggled with painful staunchness till the last syllable of his work was finished, and then, no longer supported by his giant spirit, has sunk suddenly and heavily over his accomplished task, as a well-matched gladiator, after a long protracted contest, faints over his vanquished enemy." As he glanced at the gin-bottle, drained to the last goutlet of its stimulating contents, his impression of the intensity of D. J.'s application was deepened by the evidence of the eagerness with which he had availed himself of any artificial support to the strength and endurance of nature. Softly and tenderly he raised that poor weary precious head—the casket whence so many priceless gems had been drawn—some showered forth carelessly to glance in the sunlight of genial conversation—some carefully set in the lasting incorruptible gold of pure noble English, to be stored for ever in the jewel house of English literature. Softly, tenderly he raised that head hot and feverish with the reaction of overspent powers, and as he did so, the lips muttered forth under the influence of busy dreams the sublime incoherencies of genius, "All right! old fellow;" "All right! my boy;" "Getting on capitally." Hammond placed his friend for a moment in another recumbent position, as easy a one as he could, and hastily snatched up the much-desired MS., the fruit of so courageous and generous an effort. Eagerly he read ACT THE FIRST, *Scene the first. Enter* Sam Weller. The rest *carebat*. Six blank quires beneath anxiously awaited the conclusion.

On this occasion I enact the character of Sam Weller. Enter Paris Correspondent. P. C. loquitur: Nichts. Niente. Nada. Nihil. Nothing.

If my legitimate helpmate, Memory, be barren or coy, may I not, as many venerable patriarchs of the confraternity of chroniclers have done before me, take unto myself the hand-maiden Imagination, to the end that a progeny may be born unto me, if only of *canards*? But no! the *canard* is a base bird, with the incubation of which I will have nothing to do. Rather will I arm me with the far-sighted rifle of authority and slaughter them wherever they appear, as enemies to the true dignity of the journalist. Yet amidst the famine that has visited the purveyors of musical and dramatic intelligence here, I must dish up, if not a banquet, some sort of repast that shall be palatable, if not substantial. The culinary genius of France inspire me, thou that makest savoury salmis of cast-off shoon and dressest eggs in as

many divers fashions as there are days in the year! What have I to offer for my first course?

At the Grand Opera *Semiramis* still retains its position in the bills, and with good reason, for the receipts grow higher with each performance. The Opera Comique presents a more varied series of entertainments but with as little approach to novelty. The *Songe d'une nuit d'Eté* has been done, and the *Fille du Regiment*, and the *Dame Blanche*, and the *Domino Noir*, but what sauce, however *piquante*, can disguise the staleness of such fare. Roger, by the way, after playing Horace in the last-named opera, has taken his departure for Baden. Having intended for a remove to entertain you with a little theatrical intelligence, and that article being entirely deficient in the market, we must pass on to the *entrées*. First, as an agreeable *hors-d'œuvre*, I have two little facts to record which you will receive with equal relish. M. Delaporte, who received such high honours for leading the Orpheonists into a string of bungling disasters and inconveniences, has very properly resigned his presidency of the *Commission des Societés Chorales*, having proved his total incapacity for any kind of business whatever. Secondly, Adolphus Sax, the much injured brass instrument maker and inventor, and a very excellent fellow into the bargain, has obtained an extension of his patents for saxhorns and saxotrombas for another five years.

For one of my *entreés* I have sent to Vienna, and beg to present it in the shape of a new theatre, to be built forthwith, between the Carinthian gate and a new street not yet formed. It will form a quadrangle 114 yards long by 100 wide. The design is to be thrown open to competition, and the prizes will be 3,000, 2,000 and 1,000 thalers, to be awarded to the authors of the three best designs. Foreign architects will be admitted to compete, and the last day for receiving plans is fixed for January 10, 1861. Wiesbaden next supplies a few scraps of gossip. The Italian troop there under Morelli has been playing *Il Barbiere* to a thronging audience, and there has been a capital concert at the Kursaal, where Mad. Sanchioli sang, as also did M. Bazzini. The orchestra belonging to the theatre officiated, and played, among other things, an overture by M. Schindelmeister, called Loreley, for the first time; it was much applauded. M. Niemann, the tenor, is expected at Wiesbaden, to fulfil an engagement at the theatre for six nights' performance. He is to appear at the French Opera in *Tannhauser*. Northern Germany has given its song-festival this year at Bielfeld, an appropriate locality for such a celebration, being the birthplace of the brilliant star, Sophia Cruwell (Cruvelli), whose brightness has deserted the firmament of art to set in the ocean of matrimony. (The bath was taken under the auspices of le Chevalier Vigier.) The festival in question extended over three days, the 20th, 21st, and 22nd of July, and was attended by 29 liedertafeln. At Darmstadt the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the Court Theatre was solemnised by the performance of Mozart's *Titus*. From the 4th of September, 1859, to the 23rd of May, there have been seventy-six operatic performances. The works which were most frequently played are *Rienzi*, *Gustavus*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Sicilian Vespers*. Those played for the first time were *Rienzi*, *Dinorah*, and *Linda di Chamouni*. Among the other works produced were *Norma*, the *Etoile du Nord*, *Cinderella*, *Tannhauser*, &c.

At Giessen, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, there has been a solemn commemoration of Ludwig Spohr. One of his pupils, J. F. Bott, a violinist, and chapel master at Sax Meiningen, directed the concert; and the overtures to *Jessonda*, that to the *Berg-geist*, and the Hymn to Music (*Die Weihe der Töne*), were executed by the orchestra.

As an apology for a dessert let me invite you to the knowledge that at Milan a new opera has been brought out, and duly approved of by the critics of that ilk. Its composer is Maestro Gibelli, and it is entitled *I Parenti apparenti*. There is to be a concert at La Scala for the benefit of the wounded patriots of Sicily, wherein Bottesini, Cavallini, newly returned from St. Petersburgh, Mad. Moro, and Mad. Lesniewska, will take part.

I am reminded by the unpronounceable name last written, that the two brothers Wieniawski are now in Paris. The long talked of marriage between the violinist and Miss Hampton, a niece of Osborne, is to come off in a fortnight.

I have now brought my, I am afraid, barmicide repast to the benediction, and it not being the custom in this country to sit after dinner, I beg leave humbly to *lever la séance*.

ROSSINI'S SEMIRAMIDE.

By MERY.

IN the universal parterre of lyric art, there is a very numerous class of persons whom we must take into consideration.

They possess an instinct for the beautiful without a knowledge of it; they understand the language admirably, but are not acquainted with its syntax; they are ignorant of the process of composition, but annotate, as they pass on, a musical solecism; they form a refined phalanx, absolutely considering themselves happy from their ignorance, for their attention is never diverted, in their naïf fits of ecstacy, by involuntary recollections of *post-mortem* examinations and dissections. These adepts, scattered through all the regions of art where the orchestra accompanies the voice, belong to no school, to no theory; they are acquainted neither with preferences nor systematic exclusion; they apply to music the eclecticisms of M. Cousin; for them the Alps and the frontiers of the Rhine have no existence; they are passionately devoted to all great things in musical art, whether coming from the Bridge of Kehl or the Apennines. In our grand and glorious age, when the illustrious poets of music have imparted to their language the vocabulary of the Infinite, these adepts among the audience have heard everything, understood everything, and retained everything, even during epochs of public deafness; yet, though able to reserve to themselves the benefits of their initiation, and indulge in egotistical enjoyment, they have constituted themselves the missionaries of art, and their enlightened enthusiasm has at length succeeded in bestowing hearing on the deaf, and baptism on pagans.

These amateurs entertain a repugnance for parallels and comparisons; in their opinion one masterpiece is worth another, and they do not take the trouble of analysing two scores, in order to know whether they ought to go into greater ecstacies of delight with the German fairy than with the Italian muse? Such cold dissecting-like calculations suit only the Harpagons of enthusiasm, those avaricious individuals who are stingy in their admiration towards the living, while they are frantic idolators of the dead. The amateurs of whom I am speaking possess the prodigality of the heart, and are not chary of their genuflections, whether it be at Mecca or Medina, at Babylon or Jerusalem. Now, in the majority of instances, these men have not a preference but a predilection for one work; a work which they place not above, not beneath, and not on a level with, such and such another work; a work which, right or wrong, is coupled in their minds with a certain incomparable charm, a mysterious fascination, and an exceptional charm; that work is Rossini's *Semiramide*. I have seen this masterpiece performed at Marseilles, in the month of July, when the heat of the theatre was forty degrees of Réaumur; and at Paris, in the month of January, with the temperature in the streets fifteen degrees below zero, and not a single adept was absent from his post. In the one place and the other, and under the same conditions of summer and winter, there would have been, for any other masterpiece, numerous instances of prudent defection. Why?—I cannot say. I state a fact; I do not account for it. I have applied for information on the subject to the oldest "Semiramidists," such as Armand-Marrast, Dr. Cabarrus, Desnoyers, Chenavard, Azevedo, General Mellinet, Mad. Malibran, Lablache, Antony Deschamps, and those illustrious and obscure contemporaries whose ecstatic enthusiasm has been hustled by my own, at 400 performances of *Semiramide*, in Paris and Marseilles, in England and in Italy, and all of them gave me no answer, and furnished no explanation of the fact. One man alone might have been able to tell me something new concerning this Eastern question, but he is a person who speaks neither of his sons nor daughters. That great Sphinx keeps his secret to himself, or tells it to the desert.

One day, the happiest day of his life, he set out from Naples, where he used to drink in intoxicating draughts of poetry and love, in his villa at Pausilippus. He traversed Rome, still disconsolate in the midst of her ruins; he followed the savage road of

the Apennines; he skirted the lake of Trasimenus and the cascade of Terni, which seems to be eternally weeping over the defeat of a consul; he went along the Mincio, where Virgil invented melody, and at length reached that mysterious city, born, like Venus, from the waves of the sea, and preserving, at the bottom of her lagoons, secrets of melancholy and of love, which she tells great artists, her lovers.

The weary traveller fell asleep on the shores of lovely Venice, and had a Titan's dream, one of those charming but sinister dreams, in which the syren of Naples sings the melodies of Magna Græcia, in the cyclopean theatre of Taorminus, amidst the lamentations of Prometheus and the bellowings of Etna.

On awaking, he found in his hand the manuscript of a poet, and heard the evangelical words: "Take this and read: Tolle, Zege."

It was an old story, full of poetic beauties and naïf shortcomings; a legend lost in the night of time, but illuminated with all that oriental splendour which floats over the first ages of the world; a sanguinary chronicle, in which the perfumes of Arabia Felix are mingled with the fœtid vapours of the sepulchre, as during the last days of human innocence, when the gardens of the Euphrates were reddened by the blood of Abel. The master thought music was made for things like these, so he retired within himself, in company with Dante, whom he knows by heart.

The following, if we omit the details, is what the poet's book said:—

Preparations are being made for a grand festival at Babylon, about the year 1900 B.C. Queen Semiramis, the widow of Ninus, arrives from India, where she has been making conquests, and is about to give a king to the Euphrates and the East. What king will be selected? No one knows. Azema, a princess of the blood of Belus, can give a crown to whomever she marries. Assur, the minister, who, in league with Semiramis, has assassinated Ninus, thinks he has two chances of mounting the throne, by marrying either Azema or Semiramis. The great queen has had only one son, named Ninias, but he is said to be dead, and there is nothing which can thwart Assur's ambition. But Ninias—confided when still an infant to the care of King Phradates, by Ninus, who suspected Assur—is still living under the name of Arsaces, and is beloved by Semiramis, who has frequently seen him at Babylon, and in her expeditions among the Scythians and Sarmatæ. Suddenly an order of the queen summons Arsaces to Babylon. The young prince, in love with Azema, thinks that his marriage with her will shortly be solemnized. He arrives, full of joy, in the capital of Babylonia, at the moment Semiramis is about to name a king. The name of that king and husband are pronounced at a festival: it is Arsaces. Hereupon, the heavens are covered with clouds, the thunder bellows, the door of the tomb where Ninus lies buried is thrown open, and the spectre of the murdered king appears, spreading terror among the members of the court and the people, and orders Arsaces to go down into the tomb, and strike some victim whom he does not name. When the horrible apparition has vanished, the grand-priest Oroes, who is acquainted with all the secrets of the palace, reveals to Arsaces his rank, his name, and the perpetrators of the crime. Arsaces generously accords a pardon to his mother, and wishes to be avenged on Assur alone. When night has come, he descends into the necropolis of the Assyrian kings, where, sword in hand, he awaits a voice and an order; and when the cry, "Ninias, strike!" re-echoes beneath the vaulted roof, he obeys blindly in the midst of the darkness, and kills Semiramis. This horrible catastrophe is in accordance with history; no one would ever have invented it.

* * * * * * *

This subject, forty centuries old, offered a composer no point to start from, according to our received notions. A world of harmony had to be obtained from nothing: the dream of the lagoons revealed that world to the young musician.

He dined joyously, scattering among those at table his marvellous wit, his Italian gaiety, his pleasant smiles, and all the treasures of his inexhaustible spirits. When all this charming hubbub was over, the sublime hypocrite returned home alone, and, as grave as a hierophant of Isis, laid the first stone of the Babylonian pyramid called *Semiramide*. Outside, his companions at dinner observed to each other,—"What a charming fellow Rossini is. What wit! what grace! what gaiety!" "*He was born to compose master-pieces of the buffo kind*," wrote Stendhal, "*but for Heaven's sake let him give up serious music—he is only an admirable buffoon.*"

Rossini has spent his life in making people believe he was what he is not. Every man of genius is fond of one particular amusement. Homer passed himself off as blind, and Cæsar as consumptive; the one travelled everywhere among the rocks of the Archipelago, while the other conquered the cold provinces of Gaul in ten winters, and, despite his delicate constitution, never caught cold. These two facts of consumption and blindness are nevertheless the property of history.

Having once entered the temple of Belus, Rossini picks up all the secrets connected with the initiation of the Ancients; he forgets the whole plan of known music, sacred or profane; he forgets the Greek melopœia, preserved, by Christian tradition, in the rites of the catacombs; he forgets the Biblical melopœia of the lamentations of Jeremiah, and of the canticles of Zion; he creates formulas; he ever appears to recollect them, like some Epimenides, a satrap of Semiramis, awakened, after a lapse of four thousand years, before the pyramid of Nimrod. At intervals, however, he will let off those wonderful specimens of vocalisation of which he possesses the modern secret, those astounding arabesques of pearls which roll forth like melodious commentaries of love, the fierce heavings of rage, or the infinite and ecstatic delights of joy and of passion. In certain passages of the work the composer must give all the exuberance of flowers to this country of the East, full of bright rays, to this people of the Sun, who speak the starry language of the Chaldeans, a language destined to become the hymn of Moses and of the Sulamite; he must bestow this embroidery, these garlands, these festoons of dazzling vocalisation on that formidable and voluptuous city, Babylon, which hangs its gardens and all the flowers of the tropics on the Euphrates, stained with blood by the arrow of Nimrod; he must bestow them on Semiramis, beautiful and terrible, who returns from India with her crown of gold and her ornaments of pearl, the jewels of Ophir and Ceylon.

Music must pour forth all its splendour on this cradle of poetry and the Sun, and keep its naïf simplicity for the villages of the North, where Annette marries Lubin, without *point d'orgue*, and without sun.

At the first hymn, "Si gran nume," sung by Oroes the priest, before the statue of Belus, we feel that some unknown religion is celebrating mysteries anterior to the priesthood of Melchisedek. The chords are slow and grave, and appear as though prolonged by the echoes of a Babylonian crypt. We already listen to mysterious threats of vengence and of death; we feel that this priest of Belus is acquainted with the mournful secrets connected with the palace of Semiramis, and that he has confided them to his God alone.

This sinister prayer is interrupted by the joyous chorus of a religious festival. It is an original and brilliant introduction, announcing to Babylon a day of azure and of gold, and causing us to forget the evil presages of the melopœia of Oroes. Idrene, king of the Ganges, arrives, and salutes the sun-god with a song, which appears to pour forth Indian pearls. The ambitious Assur appropriates the same kind of vocalisation, to dazzle the people and render them favourable to him. The grand priest, who is aware of Assur's crime, hurls at his head an anathema, and a superb trio of rage breaks forth, as the precursor of the thunder in a clear sky.

The chorus bursts out into the hymn to Semiramis. This is another choral melody, the colours of which belong to no known prism. It may possibly have been sung "By the rivers of Babylon"—"Super flumina Babylonis"—when, after the days of tears, the joy of an entire poetic nation saluted Cyrus, the liberator. Who can know the secrets of genius when writing unknowingly at the dictation of God? At the final explosion of the triumphal chorus the queen appears. She replies by intermittent notes, full of sadness, to the enthusiasm which greets her; the secret tears of the sinful woman flow in unison with the outbursts of the public joy. Semiramis throws a mourning crape on the festival of "So many nations and kings—Di tanti regi e popoli." It is a funeral song, mingled with the *Hallelujah* of the Chaldeans. The people await the regal name that is about to

issue from the mouth of Semiramis. Suddenly, the joyous concord is broken up; the flame on the altar is extinguished; the day turns to night, and a finale of horror and despair puts an end to the festival. The name of the king has not been pronounced.

The crowd disperses in disorder, but when the last bar of the finale dies away, the horizon clears up; an orchestral prelude, as pleasing to the ear as the harmony of the dawn, announces the entrance of Arsaces. The divine master has taken the greatest pains with this admirable character, the Benjamin of his family. The "Eccomi alfin in Babilonia!" is a cry of the heart; it places the cavatina, at the very outset, on the heights of lyrical enthusiasm; its first bars breathe that religious dread which is inspired in the young hero by the silence of the holy portico and the presence of the Divinity. Then, afterwards, what impulsive bursts of youth! what joy at once more beholding his native country! what an expansiveness of love! what pure, naïf, and intoxicating delight! how adorable are the confidential communications to all that surrounds Arsaces, to Babylon, to its skies, to the great queen's palace, and to the gardens of the East, where he awaits Azema! Thirty-seven years have now passed over this cavatina, and the flowers embroidered on it, but it has lost none of its original freshness; time has not withered a single leaf, or stolen one pearl from its oriental tissue, the notes have turned into mosaic, and all of us, the young people of days gone by, who heard Pisaroni at the grand Italian *fêtes*, start again, as though still only twenty, when that cry of ecstatic joy, "Eccomi alfin in Babilonia!" reaches our hearts. The work is full of contrast. Gracefulness, however, must, as is always the case, float through the storm; luminous vistas always shine out upon the dark skies of the painter, Rossini; they are rays of hope. The duet commences by the ravishing "Bella imago," continues with melodious intermissions, full of love, and concludes by that thunder-clap, "Va superbo." This duet is a complete drama in itself.

The indolent languor of Sybaris, and the perfume of Oriental voluptuousness, are again to be found in the effeminate chorus which opens the second act, and precedes the delicious cavatina of Semiramis, "Bel raggio," a cascade of golden waters, softer to the ear than the murmurs of the fountains under the magnolias of the hanging gardens. No one would ever be tired of listening to Semiramis, as she pours forth this treasure of pearls from her coral lips, or of hearing the chorus taking part in her ecstacy, and the orchestra accompanying the flood of love with the sweetest voices of its instruments. We shall soon meet with the same charming tenderness in the duet "Serbami" between the Queen and Arsaces; such music was probably sung in the gardens belonging to the gynecæa of adulterous queens, on the eve of conflagrations and extermination.

The festival, previously interrupted, recommences; but, on this occasion, it is celebrated far from the temple of Belus. The people chaunt a hymn to Babylon, while the magi sing in a severer style. The scene in preparation is unequalled on the stage. Never did Greek tragedy, with its infantine melopœia and its primitive chorus, rise to such a degree of terror, even in *Orestes*, that sublime drama of horrors. Assur, Idrene, Arsaces, the court, the people, the princes, the satraps, and the magi swear allegiance and fidelity to Semiramis, and promise submission to the king about to be named before the altar of Belus. Never was a more melodious oath taken at the feet of a queen, beautiful, imposing, and as radiant as a daughter of the Sun. Orchestra and voices are confounded in languishing ecstacy, and, when the people joins in and repeats, in unison, the formula of the quartet, the scene assumes a character of religious solemnity cold words cannot express. Suddenly, a superb phrase, issuing from the throne, after a dazzling prelude of traits of vocalisation, announces that Arsaces will be king of Babylon and husband of Semiramis. At this name those present are greatly agitated. Assur protests against the choice in a magnificent vocal phrase; Oroes indignantly stops Semiramis before the altar; a peal of thunder is heard on the summit of the tomb of Ninus; a noise of *solfatare* echoes threateningly in the orchestra, and a lugubrious cry announces a terrible apparition.

Profound silence succeeds the tumult; Semiramis, in a trembling voice, commences the famous "Qual mesto gemitu," the first gush of a tempest of terror. The orchestra speaks only in lugubrious and strident notes; the knell of the tam-tam marks the steps of an avenging spectre, still invisible; every voice palpitates with emotion; low wailing rises at intervals from the crowd; we hear dreamlike lamentations, the death-rattle of dying persons, expressions of spasmodic delirium, words with the last syllable unfinished, and sobs arrested by the shivering of terror on the lips of those who utter them. The tomb of Ninus is opened, and the spectre of the king appears on the threshold; there then proceeds from the crowd a cry of lamentation; the *ululatus* of the women is rolled out in scales of desolation; the orchestra obtains from its lower instruments unheard-of chords; men's quivering voices die away in their breasts, and the proud Semiramis, crushed by the apparition, makes one supreme effort, and sadly pours forth some mournful words at the feet of the crowned spectre. But it is not to the guilty wife that Ninus will reply; he addresses the young Arsaces, and his melopœia, terrible from its lugubrious simplicity, appears to issue from the lips of some brazen image, or from the mouth of a Typhon incrusted on the marble of the tomb. Semiramis again advances, and the same voice stops her like a peal of thunder. The horrible vision then disappears, and the orchestra seems to accompany it under the vaults of the palace of death. A paroxysm of mad fright immediately bursts forth in every heart; the music reaches the point of delirium; and the strident voices are confounded in a strange unison, which conveys an idea of the immense shouts uttered by the accursed cities when a prey to the flames, or pillaged by Nabuchadnezzar.

Rossini worked for a long period on the colossal page, which begins with the breath of the phantom that appeared before Job and ends with the furious clamour of the guests of Belshazzar, thus traversing the whole series of funereal terrors. There were two rocks to be avoided; the composer could not ask material science for chords, or the logarithms of counterpoint for the metaphysical sentiment of fear, nor could he have recourse to the puerile plan of vulgar bugbears, to those discordant scales which excite childish dread; he had to translate, with all the good faith of a child of genius, the cries of his dreams and the icy terrors of his nights; and it was necessary that he should possess one of those nervous organisations which indulge in the harsh pleasure of nocturnal horrors, between the spectre of Apuleius and the phantom of Brutus, and are courageous only in full day, like Homer's Ajax, that coward at midnight. I have dared to suppose that Rossini wrote so many convulsive notes round a phantom, with faith in the supernatural, when listening to the joyous author of *L'Italiana* and *Il Barbiere*, after midnight, as he recited to me, in an agitated voice, verses from the *Inferno* of Dante, that lugubrious poetry always accompanied by the *trumpet of Tartarus*.

The third act of *Semiramide* commences with a duet, which would have been considered an impossibility previous to its birth; the master drew it from nothingness by a prodigy. Assur and the Queen, the two accomplices in regicide, are in each other's presence; the two giants of crime and passion come into collision, and the shock well deserves to have Babel as a witness. Sublime specimens of irony are first interchanged; then Semiramis bursts out, and launches in Assur's face the sentence of banishment, "Se la vita ancor t' è cara." The proud satrap draws himself up to his full height; he towers over the haughty queen, and crushes her beneath a strident scale; then, lowering his tone, he murmurs in her ear the fearful secrets of her crime; he recalls to her mind the night of the assassination, "Quella ricordati notte di morte;" he shows her the spectre of Ninus, always inveterate in pursuit of her, and this melody of hell, intolerable to her ear, awakens in Semiramis an unknown sentiment, the corroding flame of remorse. She humbles herself, she shrinks, she would fain reduce herself to nothingness, in order to become invisible to the eye of God and man, and to escape the thunder of heaven; she repeats, *sotto voce*, the same infernal melody, as though she were wrenching round in her heart the poniard plunged into it by the hand of Assur. Suddenly, trumpet-flourishes of triumph re-echo without; it is Arsaces about to receive the crown from the hands of Oroes. Semiramis awakes as if from a dream; she utters a cry of sublime joy; the lioness

of the Euphrates revolts against her oppressor; the haughty Amazon raises against Assur that powerful hand which has subdued the world from the Ganges to the Nile, from the icy regions of Sarmatia to the sands of Lybia; she bursts into an admirable song of victory and vengeance; the humble woman is once more Semiramis.

The magi open the gate of the sanctuary and sing a hymn of marvellous style, a hymn obtained, doubtless, from some excavations in the temple of Persepolis, the most beautiful melopœia with which the Sun ever inspired his worshippers. Oroes then reveals to the young Arsaces the secret of his birth, gives him the sword of his father, Ninus, and the royal testament. All this is accentuated by the musicians with a scrupulousness of intention which leaves nothing to chance. The elegy, "In si barbara sciagura," sung by Arsaces, is noted down with tears, and accompanied by the sobbings of despair. The composer himself wept over this moving page, though he will never confess it. Another prodigy of melodious sensibility was requisite to reconcile Arsaces with his mother, after the fearful revelation denouncing the mother's crime to her son. The transition is managed with wonderful art; the orchestra is the first to plead in favour of Semiramis, and warbles soft notes, melted down in the crucible of heavenly pity, on the day of God's clemency, on the day of man's first repentance; these ineffable accents of commiseration, breathed forth by the instruments and the voice, reach the heart after first ravishing the ear, cause us to forget the guilty queen, and melt us to pity for the unhappy woman; we dismiss from our minds the past while listening to these two divine voices, to these miraculous accords, in which the son's joy is united with the mother's tenderness, and, immediately the pardon is granted, we ask ourselves with stupefaction, in what treasures of the Infinite the master found this angelic melody, this hymn of repentance and reconciliation. When such a duet is in the limbo of nothingness, God alone can guide the hand which discovers it!

Never, in this prodigious work, never does his inspiration fail the musician for a single moment; never do we meet with a trace of failing strength, a bar of make-weight, or a vulgar connecting passage; the music assumes all the varieties of Nature and takes all the voices of the external world, for Nature does not obey the precepts of a vulgar system of rhetoric; she is not contented with simplicity, although simplicity is a very good thing in its proper place; Nature takes every tone, decks herself out in every colour, and is revealed in every form. Nature is simple in the tranquil charm of her prairies, the calm of her dawns, the limpidity of her horizons, and the somnolency of her slumbering lakes; but, powerful mistress of art as she is, she does not always choose to preserve a simplicity which would become monotonous; she causes her Alps and Cordilleras to rise against it; she makes her tempests howl, her thunders peal, her cataracts roll, her oceans heave, and her superb forests blossom; her music and her language express everything, from the breath of wind which bends the flower, to the hurricane which uproots the oak; from the charming prattling of the rivulet to the terrible melopœia of Niagara; from the spark which glistens on the top of the wave to the burning eruption of the volcano. Such is the style of Nature; Rossini is a pupil of her conservatory, and has beneath his fingers the key-board of a universal harpsichord. We have just heard an exquisitely tender and touchingly simple duet; we have now its antithesis or antipodes. We are in the immense crypt where the tombs of the Assyrian kings are raised. A chorus of sinister voices shakes the vaulted roof of the necropolis; Assur, the last Titan of Babel, sings his death-hymn, and the orchestra exhausts its lugubrious notes. The vision from the tomb again rears its form before the satrap, who struggles against the grasp of an invisible arm, with the convulsive energy of a giant struck down by lightning. The accents of pity, terror, and vengeance are confounded in a rhythm of supreme desolation; it is the song of the damned accompanied by the hoarse cries of the *cité dolente*, and we fancy we hear, through the tumult of voices, that breath which caused Job to tremble, while concealing from view the lips which exhaled it. The breath continues, and will be the key-note of the trio, "Usato ardir," a masterpiece of the melody of desolation and the highest pitch of terror. We have, now, no more furious clamour, no more cries of despair, no more dramatic convulsion; we have the hymn of affrighted silence, the gurgling rattle to be ended only by death, the subtle grating of the stone which forms the funeral pyramid of Semiramis.

Happy is the author of the Italian *libretto* of *Semiramide!* He did not put his name on his work produced at Venice! He allowed the name of the divine master to shine alone on the first page of the immortal score! Another Italian, from Naples, was inspired with a happy thought when he said to me, one day, on board the steamer Le Sully:—"If the great St. Peter, the gatekeeper of Heaven, informs me that *Semiramide* is not performed in Paradise, I shall not enter the place!" Hyperbola is allowable to Italian enthusiasts: let us, who are always able to introduce good sense in our admiration, excuse the Neapolitan artist.

If there is a work which can afford to despise scenery, a magnificent *mise-en-scène*, and all the luxury of choreography, it is, most assuredly, *Semiramide:* the master of masters has embellished it with his music. But the Grand Opéra is bound to treat the Queen of Babylon, Rossini's glorious daughter, with imperial hospitality. The idea of bestowing on *Semiramide* letters of naturalisation as a French subject, nearly coincides with the recent discovery of the riches buried in the Assyrian soil. Immense new rooms have just been opened in our Louvre for the purpose of exhibiting the archæological treasures from the domains of Semiramis. The opportunity was too good a one to be neglected. Then again there were the magnificent works of Menro, Flandin, Layard, and Coste to be consulted for the decorative reconstruction of the city of Ninus. The task was zealously taken in hand, under the intelligent direction of M. Alphonse Royer, who has consecrated whole months to the study of ancient Babylon, and caused the most scrupulous care to be paid not only to the monuments, statues, and symbolical animals, but also to the costumes, armour, weapons, and the slightest accessories. Rossini's picture needed no frame; but, at the Opéra, even the eyes must be satisfied.

(*To be continued.*)

BERLIN.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Mr. John K. Paine, of Portland, U. S., who has already received honourable mention in your columns, gave a capital organ performance last Thursday in the parochial church, to a select auditory, including the American Ambassador, (Gov. Wright), Hermann Grimm, Faubert, and several of the most renowned *maestri* of Berlin. The programme was as follows:—

1.	Fantasie und Fuge in E moll	J. K. Paine
2.	Choral—Vorspiel "Allein Gott in der Nöh 'sei Ehr."	Seb. Bach
3.	Präludium und Fuge in A moll	"
4.	Trio—Sonate in Es dur	"
5.	Fantasie in G dur	"
6.	Concert—Variationen über em Thema von Haydn	J. K. Paine
7.	Trio—Sonate in G dur, 1ster Satz	Seb. Bach
8.	Concertsatz in C moll	L. Thiele

Nos. 4, 6, and 7 appeared to give the greatest satisfaction. From the second of these numbers a good idea may be formed of M. Paine's inventive talent. The whole of the variations are extremely original, and, what is really of more consequence, are natural, and—music. The veteran Haupt (his teacher), generally speaking a stranger to "wreathed smiles," could not restrain the satisfaction, mingled we feel certain with a touch of pride, which he inwardly felt, manifesting itself upon the mirror of his soul. Faubert, too, seemed highly delighted. He shook M. Paine warmly by the hand, and gave him a few kindly words of encouragement. We were the more pleased to see this as M. Paine is a young man just entering upon the battle of life, and because the musical critics of the place, for some reasons best known to themselves and heaven, are pleased to ignore his performances. Knowing his classic taste, his sterling abilities, and his indomitable perseverance, we have not the slightest hesitation in predicting a brilliant future for Mr. Paine.

Amongst literary *on dits* one of the most interesting is that Miss Macready, the daughter of the great tragedian, is about to publish a volume of poems, of which report speaks flatteringly.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mlle. TITIENS begs respectfully to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public, that her BENEFIT will take place this evening (Saturday, July 28), being the last night of the season, when the performances will commence with the scene of Meyerbeer's Opera of LE PARDON DE PLOERMEL. Dinorah, Mlle. MARIE CABEL (her last appearance). After which, the last scene of LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR:—Edgardo, Signor GIUGLINI (his last appearance in England this season). To conclude with Weber's grand Opera of OBERON. Applications for Private Boxes, Stalls, Dress Circle, and Pit Tickets, to be addressed to Mlle. Titiens, Box Office of the Theatre, or to the Box Bookkeeper, Mr. Nugent. Commence at half-past 7.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Last Night but Three.—Extra Night.—On Monday next, July 30, will be performed Mozart's Opera, DON GIOVANNI, being, in all probability, the last time it will ever be represented with the following extraordinary combination of artistes:—Donna Anna, Mad. GRISI; Donna Elvira, Mlle. R. CSILLAG; Zerlina, Mad. PENCO; Don Ottavio, Signor GARDONI; Leporello, Signor RONCONI; Il Commendatore, Signor TAGLIAFICO; Masetto, Signor POLONINI; and Don Giovanni, Signor MARIO. The Minuet by Mlle. ZINA and M. DESPLACES.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. The Last Week of the Season.—On Monday, July 30, DON GIOVANNI. Tuesday, July 31, LE PROPHETE. Wednesday, August 1, Grand MORNING CONCERT, in the Floral Hall. Thursday, August 2, LE PROPHETE. Saturday, August 4, LE PROPHETE. The Theatre will positively close on Saturday Night, August 4.

Notice.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1860.

MOSCHELES, as the foreign papers inform us, is in Paris. The master and friend of Mendelssohn was also a contemporary of Schubert (*ante*, page 460); and as upon the present mania for "revivals" (a mania to be nurtured not strangled) the revival of one or two of the pianoforte concertos of Moscheles has exercised a certain measure of healthy influence, our readers may not be unprepared for a brief survey of his general merits as a composer—and more especially as a composer for the most universal of instruments.

Ignace Moscheles was unquestionably the originator of the brilliant school of writing which has produced such striking modifications of the style and taste of the last thirty years. Moscheles, indeed, may be denominated the real *inventor* to whom the pianoforte is indebted for certain new effects, which, could Mozart or Dussek now hear, they would surely fail to recognise as legitimately belonging to the instrument. A pianist of extraordinary capabilities in early youth, Moscheles, already acquainted with the composition of every contemporary and predecessor, was gifted enough to imagine and bold enough to realise something altogether different from all that he knew. The well-known piece called *The Fall of Paris*, may be symbolised as the acorn which afterwards grew, flourished, and expanded into the wide-spreading oak of modern *fantasia*. Its appearance was hailed with much the same astonishment that Clementi's celebrated *octave-sonata* had created so many years before, on a very different and much more serious race of men. Moscheles developed the school thus, no doubt, unwittingly originated; but his taste having a higher tendency he did not, like others, wholly abandon himself to its fascination. His studies, concertos, and many works of minor importance, conceived in a spirit almost precisely opposite to that which had actuated him in the composition of *The Fall of Paris*, are among the glories of the instrument, and have materially assisted those of Beethoven and his great predecessor in preserving a taste that has resisted all the charms of that "romantic" and inferior school which has so widely obtained since, and to which nine out of ten pianists of the present day are uncompromising adherents. It is the more to the honour of Moscheles that this school, though his own creation, the accidental birth of a leisure hour, the bagatelle of a moment's wantonness, has never so wholly influenced him as to make him overlook the fact, that the art of which he is one of the most brilliant ornaments, was destined for a nobler end than that of mere amusement, was capable of loftier appeals than those exclusively addressed to common and vulgar understandings.

Moscheles influenced his contemporaries by the novelty of his invention, it is true; but what injury he may have inflicted—if injury he has inflicted—was far more than counterbalanced by those graver studies to which we owe his most beautiful and thoughtful works. These cannot be over-rated, and will live for ever, while the others, even now, have not been surpassed for brilliancy of effect, and for that peculiar kind of display, which demands at the utmost a combination of manual dexterity with a graceful variety of style. Though all his best works show how thoroughly well Moscheles had mastered the sonata form, he has produced but few specimens of the sonata for piano *solus*, having been doubtless as much deterred by the singular fertility of Dussek from exercising his genius in that direction, as his young friend and almost pupil, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, was later deterred by the universal genius of Beethoven. As familiar as we are with most of the works of Moscheles, we only know two sonatas for the pianoforte alone which have proceeded from his pen—that in E major, dedicated to his friend and master, Beethoven; and that in F sharp minor, called the *Sonata Melancolique*. Both of these are thoroughly classical works, and though the former (an early effort) exhibits a redundancy, proceeding from a flow of ideas which mature experience had not yet taught to check (how difficult is it for a young writer to know what to retain and what to reject), there is so strong a feeling for regularity of form—one of the principal charms of Haydn's glorious invention—that little doubt is left, after its perusal, of the purely classical taste of its author.

THE question of conductors (*chefs d'orchestre*) and non-conductors, is daily becoming more simple and easy to grasp. True, there are two sides to it; but neither side presents any rough edges to mystify logicians, much less any thorns to perplex and puzzle conjurors. We do not wish to pass for conjurors; nor is it our intention to approach more than one side of the subject. This side, however, if it were possible for a "side" to lie in a nutshell, would lie in a nutshell.

A musical director without unlimited sway in his immediate sphere of action, might just as well break his conductor's stick, or by "an awk stroke" smite off his left ear. If he is to be thwarted at every step; if powers antagonistic to his, and caprices over which he can exercise no control, are to be tolerated; if he is compelled to take his performers, vocal and instrumental, *en bloc*, without reference to their skill or incapacity, and make the

best of the matter, like a barrister with an indifferent brief; if, in short, there are wills opposed to his will, and fancies with which he owns no sympathy, and these are to counteract his policy, bother and irritate him, *à maintes reprises*, then he is nor better nor worse than the shadow of a director, in no more dignified a position than that of a puppet impelled by strings. Such, in a great measure, was the position maintained not long since by Herr Tudeliecesbejn, supposed chief of the *Oivasolactocasin*, but no more in truth endowed with a chief's indispensable authority than a figure-head can be said to be vested with the direction of a ship, or a standard with the conduct of its bearer to the fray. The *Oivasolactocasin* was its own director, and hoisted Herr Tudeliecesbejn, flapping about — as Mr. Carlyle would say (if he could) — like a wind-ensign, restless, fidgetty, and impotent. The result was disastrous (how could it be otherwise ?); a society which began well and promised better, took a sudden turn, and was fast hurrying to dissolution, when fortune intervened, and, if it did not save, at least suspended, the catastrophe. No one believed that the *Oivasolactocasin*, with its ill-regulated management and handcuffed conductor, would ever live to see the year of grace 1860; but lo ! and behold ! it has reared its head as freshly and daintily as Agag before Samuel; and public opinion, though it had been grievously discountenanced, and was still only half conciliated, instead of hewing it in pieces, as Samuel hewed Agag, answered its appeal with cheers and clapping of palms.

Nevertheless, before the *Oivasolactocasin* can expect to be firmly established, it must bow to circumstances and make its chief a despot. Let us turn to another and a far more important institution. At Her Majesty's Theatre (*Anno Domini* 1860—Mr. E. T. Smith, *regnans*), Herr Tudeliecesbejn of the *Oivasolactocasin*, &c.

SURREY GARDENS.—A Concert is to be given in these attractive gardens on Monday, August 6th, when the principal feature will be a selection of popular Irish melodies. In order to give full effect to this novel idea, there will be a chorus of 200 voices, in addition to the following vocalists:—Miss Parepa, Miss Poole, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves—it being the last appearance of this gentleman at these gardens.

The Operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Oberon* retained possession of the stage during the past week, including Monday, an extra night, until last evening, when *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the last act of *La Favorita* were given for the benefit of Signor Giuglini, who sustained the tenor parts in both operas, with Mlle. Titiens as the heroine in the former, and Mad. Borghi-Mamo in the latter. To-night Mlle. Titiens takes her benefit, wisely adhering to *Oberon* as her share of the performance, with Signor Giuglini in the last scene of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The season — the extra season — announced to terminate this evening, will be prolonged another week in consequence of the immense success of *Oberon*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The first performance of *Rigoletto*—and, if the announcement holds good, the last till next year—took place on Saturday night. The audience, though fashionable, was not so numerous as might have been expected at the only representation of Signor Verdi's best opera; but those who attended on the occasion had the advantage of enjoying one of the most legitimate treats the operatic season has provided. Never, perhaps, was the music of *Rigoletto* more generally well executed or heard with more pleasure.

The cast of the chief personages, with one exception, was the same as when people believed, and not without reason, tha amelioration in any important particular was impossible. The Duke of Mantua and his privileged buffoon, the hired bravo and his sister—partner in his guilty traffic—were, as before, represented by Signors Mario and Ronconi, Signor Tagliafico and Mad. Nantier-Didiée. The exception was a weighty one; but in this instance offered no cause whatever for dissatisfaction. It was said of the lady who played Gilda last year that she did not make us forget Mad. Bosio; but of Mad. Miolan Carvalho, who assumed the part on Saturday night, it may be stated, without flattery, that, in more respects than one, she actually revived the memory of that much-regretted artist. Perhaps—not even excepting Dinorah, her first and hitherto most successful portrayal in this country—Mad. Carvalho is more entirely at home with Rigoletto's unhappy daughter than with any other character in which the London public has been afforded an opportunity of judging her. Acting more thoughtful, graceful, and unaffectedly natural could hardly be cited, nor singing more finished and expressive. True, the quality of her voice being eminently French, it lacks the rich tone and volume which we are not merely accustomed to find in Italian sopranos almost as a matter of course, but also very frequently in the Germans and English; and, again, by the excessive strain upon the higher notes (the result, no doubt, of parts written by indifferent or selfish composers for her presumed exceptional means) the middle and lower registers have been materially enfeebled; but these drawbacks admitted, and there is no farther room for criticism. If, indeed, Mad. Carvalho had studied the music of Gilda under the direct superintendence of Signor Verdi himself, she could not have read it more correctly. Not a point of expression is overlooked, not a brilliant trait fails of producing the contemplated effect. In the two duets with Rigoletto; in the love scene with the Duke (who, disguised as Gualtier Maldé, a student, has won the affections of the innocent and confiding Gilda), which ends with the rapturous "*ensemble*"—

"Addio !—speranza ed anima
"Sol tu sarai per me;"

in the solo air, "Caro nome che il mio cor," which contains some of Signor Verdi's most genuine melody, and is so thoroughly in tune wth the sentiment supposed to animate the bosom of Gilda; and last, not least, in the universally and justly praised quartet of Act IV. ("Un dì, se ben rammentomi"), where, through a chink in the door of Sparafucile's house, Gilda becomes a witness to the faithlessness of her lover, Madame Carvalho was uniformly admirable. Exception might be taken to one or two trifling changes in the air ("Caro nome")—which, besides being so perfect in itself as to stand in no need of improvement, is brilliant enough to all intents and purposes; but the whole was executed with such faultless accuracy, and expression so true and unfailing, that the audience were delighted beyond measure, and the triumph of the singer was complete.

Although the style of the music is so essentially different, Signor Mario's Duke of Mantua is in its way no less irreproachable than his Almaviva. As in the *Barbiere*, so in *Rigoletto* he has to make love; and in this especial branch of stage business he is wholly unrivalled. Nothing can surpass the natural grace and passionate intensity he exhibits in the duet with Gilda, where the passage already mentioned ("Addio! addio!") occurs; and never did Signor Mario more completely identify himself with the situation, or throw more fervid expression into every phrase. The charming air, "Questa o quella" (Act I.), where the Duke vaunts in his own person that fickleness with which, in the more popular "La donna e mobile," he afterwards less gallantly charges the fairer sex, was, like its successor, admirably sung — the encore, as usual, however, being reserved for the last, given with that easy *nonchalance* which the situation strictly demands. If these airs were to change places for once, it is by no means certain that "Questa o quella"—the most elegant and original, if not absolutely the prettiest, of the two—would not carry off the palm. Side by side with Gilda and the Duke of Mantua stood in dark and gloomy contrast the Rigoletto of Signor Ronconi, now, as ever, one of the most consummate achievements of the lyric stage. A character more studiously developed, more carefully considered in all its various aspects, or more thoroughly successful as a dramatic portraiture from one end to the other, could not

be named. Those who have seen the Triboulet of M. Frederic Lemaitre (in *Le roi s'amuse*) will hardly deny that the Rigoletto of the Italian singer is at least a worthy rival. The indifference with which the favourite jester, hitherto untouched by misfortune in his own person, mocks at the misfortunes of others, until the unanticipated reproach of Count Monterone awakens him, as it were, to a sudden consciousness that he himself is not invulnerable, is wonderfully assumed by Signor Ronconi — who, from that moment, amid all his forced buffooneries, seems never to have the fatal malediction entirely out of his mind, but stands transfixed and bewildered while the courtiers rebuke the unhappy victim of his master's anger. In the next act the curse evidently hangs over him like a fate; and after his interview with the assassin, Sparafucile, the recitative in which Rigoletto contemns both his own vocation and the hollowness of the world shows the formerly heartless jester quite in a new light. This is as masterly a piece of declamation as the subsequent scene with Gilda, and especially the delivery of that beautiful passage —

"Veglia, o donna, questo fiore,
Che a te puro confidai,"—

when Rigoletto confides his daughter to the care of Giovanna, is instinct with feeling and pathos. The despair of the wretched jester on finding that he has been duped into becoming the blind instrument of Gilda's flight, and his allusion to the "Maledizione" as the natural cause of this misadventure, are points that need only be glanced at. The whole of the next scene — where Rigoletto vainly endeavours to perform his accustomed task at the palace of the Duke of Mantua, and to laugh at the jeers of the surrounding courtesans, while his heart is bursting with anxiety about the fate of his lost child, in whose abduction he suspects the Duke to have had some hand — reveals that extraordinary command of histrionic effect to which Signor Ronconi owes the distinguished position he occupies among his fellows on the Italian lyric boards. His ecstacy at meeting with Gilda, the intense eagerness with which he listens to her narration, and the cry of anguish with which he responds to the words of Count Monterone, when the latter is conveyed to death — "No vecchio, t'inganni — un vindice avrai"—are, one and all, admirably impressive, and complete a delineation which for intense earnestness has rarely been surpassed. Upon the last scene of all — with the horrible incident of the sack, made still more repulsive by the joyous strains of the Duke, who, reconducted by Maddalena, goes off singing snatches of "La donna e mobile"—it is unnecessary to dwell. As usual, the Sparafucile of Signor Tagliafico and the Maddalena of Mad. Nantier Didiée were perfect—the former a bravo, whose cool audacity is incomparable; the latter an agent in all respects worthy so unscrupulous a master—both being in a dramatic sense picturesque, and in a musical sense beyond reproach.

The orchestral accompaniments (the most varied and ingenious to be found in any opera by Signor Verdi) were capitally played, and the execution of the choruses—always in keeping, and in more than one instance picturesque—left nothing to desire. The last scene, of which the murder and the storm are characteristic incidents, was admirably managed, and the curtain fell amid unanimous tokens of approval, the principal singers (not for the first time) being loudly summoned forward.

The "extra" performance of *Le Prophète*, on Monday, was remarkable for the immense improvement observable in the two principal vocalists. No traces of the nervousness we remarked on the first night were apparent, and both *artistes* gave full scope to their powers. Mlle. Csillag was in unusually good voice, and her vocal execution approached more nearly the perfection of her histrionic delineation than on the first representation of the opera. The air, "O figlio mio" calls into play the highest and the lowest notes in her voice, which are also the most powerful, and this wonderful composition, in which Fides blesses her son for having saved his mother's life, was sung by Mlle. Csillag with extraordinary pathos. Her action in this scene — tottering forward towards the doorway while Berta is being led off by Oberthal's soldiers, as if anxious to save her from her impending fate — was well imagined, and tended to lessen in some degree the unavoidable repulsiveness of the situation. It would be idle to analyse all the weak points in this over-praised and very inartistic libretto, but it is inconceivable that so clever a dramatist as M. Scribe should have allowed his hero and heroine to forfeit the sympathy of the audience so clumsily as in this scene. We cannot feel much after-interest in the fate of a man who knowingly and deliberately gives up his betrothed wife to infamy, and nothing less than the heroic self-denial afterwards displayed by Fides could make us forget that she has implored her life at the price of her daughter's dishonour, and then blessed her son for the infamous bargain. Mlle. Csillag's acting, we repeat, was very powerful, but, to be perhaps hypercritical, we could well dispense with the action of Fides kissing her hands to her son, which is but a weak substitute for the unutterable pathos which Mad. Viardot's eyes, not her hands, used to express as she slowly left the stage at the termination of this scene. Throughout the cathedral scene Mlle. Csillag was grand in the extreme.

The deep-toned imprecations which Fides heaps on the impostor's head, and which mingle with the organ-notes that peal out the announcement of his consecration, were given with fearful intensity; her bewilderment, when she is denied and pronounced mad by her own son; her first indignant refusal to kneel at his command, and the struggle which then takes place between affection and terror, were very finely portrayed; while the bitter despairing tones in which she uttered the phrase —

"Figlio in terra non ho,"

went to the hearts of all her hearers.

Even Signor Tamberlik's great talent could make nothing of the ill-contrived situation we have above alluded to; but the "dream" which he recounts to the three Anabaptists, especially its close, was given with great effect. The scene in which Signor Tamberlik most excels is that in which John of Leyden quells his turbulent troops; and in this he has no rival. The fine prayer, with its effective *staccato* accompaniment of stringed instruments, was most impressively sung; and his stupendous *ut de poitrine* in the succeeding splendid appeal to the God of hosts produced an immense sensation. Indeed, from this point up to the final scene, in which he sings the famous *brindisi*, and the Sybarite prophet, surrounded by his seraglio, dies a Sardanapalian death, Signor Tamberlik was unexceptionable, investing with manly dignity the weak creature of the libretto, who, according to M. Scribe, after giving up his wife-elect to a life of shame, dubs himself prophet to regain her, and in the hour of triumph forgets his bride and denies his mother. Nothing but the exceeding genius of M. Meyerbeer could stamp with immortality such materials as these.

We cannot record much improvement in Mlle. Corbari, who, although she evidently spares no trouble, and although she did not sing so much out of tune on Monday as on the first occasion, is an unsatisfactory Berta. Unfortunately, too, her part consisting chiefly of concerted pieces, she neutralizes the efforts of others, and especially of Mlle. Csillag. The original and fascinating duet in the opening scene, "Della Mosa," produced no impression; and although Mlle. Csillag was very grand in the second duet for Fides and Berta, "Vana illusione," in which they lament the loss of Giovanni, the effect was ruined by Mlle. Corbari's defective intonation. Surely the difficulties of Berta are quite worthy to be surmounted by such artists as Mad. Penco or Mad. Carvalho; and although the part affords no great opportunity for display, yet it is full of charming phrases which only require to be brought out to be fully appreciated.

Of the orchestra, chorus, scenery, and general *mise en scène*, it is utterly impossible to speak in terms of too high praise. Even the least striking scenes, such as the frozen lake and the picturesque market-place of Münster, are quite equal as works of art to the grand cathedral interior, and this, as we have already stated, forms the most successfully arranged *coup d'œil* that we have ever beheld. Every detail is carried out with elaborate care, and the ingenious manner in which the idea of indefinite height is given by a painted canopy suspended just above the triforium, is especially noteworthy. This scene, indeed, offers the most complete picture of the pomp and pageantry of the Roman Catholic Church under its most impressive aspects that an untravelled Englishman can witness, and almost makes one overlook the inherent absurdity of the coronation of the leader of an intensely anti-Catholic movement — the ultra-Protestantism of which was even too strong for

Luther to tolerate — taking place in a cathedral, and solemnized with all the rites of a forbidden faith.

A great improvement has been effected since 1855 by the introduction of chorister boys, their fresh young voices imparting a peculiar effect of reality to the scene.

ADDRESS

WRITTEN AND DELIVERED BY MR. AUGUSTUS SALA, ON BEHALF OF THE WIDOW AND CHILDREN OF THE LATE ROBERT BROUGH.*

In triumph comes the Hero of the Day—
Strong in the council, stronger in the fray;
See in his car the conq'ror—not the slave;
See o'er his head the silken banners wave;
Hear the loud trumpet's clanging blast proclaim
The grandeur of his exploits and his name.
He comes! He comes! his brow with laurel crown'd;
Behind his chariot captive kings are bound.
The town his advent surges forth to greet,
Maidens strew flowers 'neath his horses' feet:
The rev'rend senator and holy priest
Are proud to sit beneath him at the feast;
The peasant leaves his plough, the dame her bower,
To hail with shouts the Cæsar of the hour.

Yes; Fame and Fortune now are in his hands.
Who help'd to win them? Yonder strong limb'd bands,
The well bronz'd legions tramping slowly by,
Who march'd with him to conquer or to die—
Some have return'd, unconquered, now, to share
In ev'ry gift our gratitude can spare.

At such proud moments darts there through one head
One transient thought of yon poor conscript, dead?
Of yonder pale fac'd, well nigh beardless boy,
Whom nature seem'd to rear but to destroy?
He fought and bled. His valour help'd to swell
The glorious triumphs Cæsar bears so well.
Now his cold corse in some dark trench is laid,
Or sleeps beneath some hedg'row's pitying shade.

Too weak to cope in conflicts rude and rough,
So thousands die, and so died ROBERT BROUGH.

He was our conscript: fought the fight for years—
Fought it in sickness, poverty, and tears;
Till heaven was pleas'd his spirit to release,
And hush those troubled waters into peace—
To still that heart and sheath that dinted sword,
To "break the bowl" and "loose the silver cord."
He was our conscript: fearless in the strife,
And patient in that long disease—his life.

He drew the glaive for justice, honour, truth;
He fell a vet'ran, though in years a youth.
He mov'd your mirth—nay, sometimes, too, your tears;
He wore your harness, bore your shield for years.
His wit and fancy brought him nought but bread.
Your soldier yet deserves a mite, though dead.
The conscript's widow weeps, his children mourn;
'Tis yours to help the feeble, the forlorn.
He never sought a mean or base reward;
He never crav'd the bounty of my lord.
We crave it now. For alms we humbly sue;
We hinge the knee, we bow the head, to you.
We ask your charity. Not for ourselves—
He needs it not who sternly digs and delves.
But can those babies work? Can yon poor girl
Battle with life, its warfare and its whirl?
Ladies and gentles, we are in your hand,
Upon your pitying hearts we take our stand.
Grant us your sympathy, your voices too.
Bear with us kindly. Think that all we do
To win your praise, to deprecate your blame,
Is humbly done in friendship's sacred name.

* At Drury Lane Theatre, on Wednesday, July 25.

Concerts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN MUSICIANS.—The incessant rain militated against the complete success of the "day and night *fête*" which the "Society of British and Foreign Musicians" gave on Monday at the Surrey Gardens; but, in spite of the unseasonable inclemency of the weather, the music-hall was tolerably well filled in the evening by an audience whose enthusiasm manifested itself on every possible occasion. Indeed, almost every piece in the long programme was encored, and the vocalists were in every case compelled to accept the compliment, so heartily was it offered. Among the most successful of the *morçeaux* selected may be mentioned the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, and the graceful ballad, "The magic of a smile," in both of which Mlle. Parepa was encored; Virginia Gabriel's effective song, "The Skipper and his Boy," rendered with great spirit by Mad. Sainton-Dolby; Bishop's evergreen, "Tell me, my heart," very nicely sung by Miss Theresa Jeffreys; and the comic song, "Tom the Tinker," for which, when encored, Mr. Hatton substituted his favourite, "Merry little grey fat man," and in which he excited the loud merriment of his audience. Mr. Sims Reeves sang Linley's "Bonny Jean," the new ballad, "Sweet love, good night to thee," composed expressly for him by Mr. Hatton, and Mori's favourite, "Who shall be fairest," and gave them all with such admirable expression, that at the end of each he received a perfect ovation. He repeated all three — we need not say that they were redemanded — and was compelled to bow his acknowledgments at the conclusion of the last, by way of escaping a second encore. The other vocalists were Mlle. Enrichetta Camille (a new and very promising English singer, who, under this Italian *nom de guerre*, has won well-earned laurels at many of the continental lyric theatres), Miss C. Hamilton, the Misses Brougham, Mr. J. Morgan, Mr. Walbank, and Mr. Santley, all of whose efforts were received with great applause. Mr. Hatton and M. Emile Berger accompanied the singers, and two popular overtures were well played by an efficient orchestra. The society has been self-supporting from the time of its foundation — thirty-eight years ago — until now, and we trust that the endeavour to increase its usefulness by establishing a fund for the widows and children of its members will be crowned with ultimate success.

SURREY GARDENS.—The third and last of the Balfe concerts came off on Wednesday evening, and attracted a vast concourse—vast indeed, as in the days of the great Jullien *fêtes*—the principal load-stars of the evening being Mad. Alboni and Mr. Sims Reeves. On the varied and novel entertainments presented to the visitors we need not enlarge—time and space command us to be brief. We may, however, state that enthusiasm was the order of the day. Indeed, both the great soprano-contralto and the great tenor, albeit so much used to vociferation, must have felt positively deafened by the approving thunders. As for Mad. Alboni, who was a greater novelty than Mr. Sims Reeves, had she lost her hearing altogether, we should not have been astonished. The people literally roared at her, as if every individual in the dense mass was contending who should roar loudest and longest. It must be remembered that Mad. Alboni made her first and only appearance at the Surrey Music Hall this season, which in some measure may palliate the boisterousness of the multitude.

THE BROUGH MEMORIAL CONCERT. — From circumstances over which the promoters had certainly no control, and which are indeed not easily to be accounted for, the attendance at this concert, which took place at St. James's Hall, was limited. A better programme, as our readers will already have seen, has seldom been put forth. The artists engaged were numerous and distinguished in their several walks of art; the selection of pieces to be performed was admirable; and, what is rare in a concert of so great length and with such a variety of names, the programme was with one exception carried out to the letter. Of course on such an occasion criticism is out of the question — the only novelty that could call for it was a new song, "Has anybody here seen Hugo?"—the words by the late Mr. Brough, the music by Mr. C. White—a pretty lively melody, given with much

clearness and expression by Miss Poole. The rest of the concert consisted entirely of *morçeaux*, with which, as well as with the merits of the artists who executed them, the public are already familiar. We must say, however, that the utmost zeal and willingness to promote the cause for which they were called together was exhibited by every one concerned—all did their best, the entertainment as regards vocalists and instrumentalists, indeed every one professionally engaged, being entirely gratuitous. The following ladies and gentlemen should be recorded as having given their valuable assistance:—Mesdames Catherine Hayes, Louisa Vinning, Sainton-Dolby, Enderssohn, Weiss, Laura Baxter, Robert Paget, Parepa, Poole, Banks, Theresa Jeffreys, and Palmer, with Messrs. W. Harrison, Santley, Wilbye Cooper, and Weiss; as well as amongst the instrumentalists, Messrs. Sainton, Collins, Pratten, Lazarus, Harper, and Hughes. The accompanyists were Messieurs Francisco Berger, Kingsbury and Duggan; and Mr. Alfred Mellon, who kindly undertook the general direction of the concert, conducted an admirable band.

MM. RÉNÉ DOUAY AND HORACE POUSSARD'S MATINÉE MUSICALE (July 10) took place at Collards' new concert room. With the exception of a quartet by Beethoven, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, executed by Messrs. Horace Poussard (first violin), Otto Bernard (second violin), Schreurs (tenor), and Réné Douay (violoncello), the programme was of a non-classical kind, the instrumental pieces being for the most part the composition of the players, and the vocal music in almost every instance being taken from the repertory of the French school. M. Poussard played Reber's *La Barceuse*, and a *Morceau*, by himself, called *Rondo du Nuit*, both most admirably, and with great effect. M. Réné Douay introduced a serenade by Schubert, and displayed great powers of execution and a fine round tone; and both artists joined in a duet for violin and violoncello, on airs from *Semiramide*. In addition, Mr. Lindsay Sloper played a solo on the pianoforte in his finest manner, and Mr. John Thomas a fantasia on the harp. The singers were Mlle. Vaneri, Mad. Rieder, MM. Depret, Fontanier, and Jules Lefort.

THE THIRD AND LAST PIANOFORTE CONCERT of Master Horton C. Allison, the extremely clever pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, was given at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday morning. The performances of the juvenile pianist included Mr. G. A. Macfarren's sonata, *Ma Cousine;* Professor Bennett's *Rondo Piacevole;* Mr. J. W. Davison's tarantella, *Giovannina;* two of the *Pezzi di bravura* of Mr. Cipriani Potter; air and variations composed by Miss Georgiana Holmes; Mr. W. H. Holmes's fantasia entitled *Fairy Fingers;* romance from *Lurline* arranged for the pianoforte; and caprice in D, composed by himself. The pieces most liked, perhaps the best executed, were the *bravura* sketches of Mr. Potter, the *Rondo* of Professor Bennett, and the *Fairy Fingers* by Mr. Holmes, which capital fantasia—one of the most brilliant and effective show pieces we know—was played with great dexterity and neatness. The audience were delighted beyond measure with all the young gentleman's performances, and applauded him in every thing. The vocalists were Miss Kate Ranoe, Miss Chipperfield, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. Walbank—the gentlemen two very walls of support to the concert. The company was more select than numerous.

BEETHOVEN AND PAER.—An old story is again on the *tapis*, this time with the honoured name of Ferdinand Hiller as authority, who heard it related by Paer himself. The substance of it is, that at a representation of Paer's *Leonore*, Beethoven said to the composer in words to this effect, "The subject is so good I must compose it myself." This might very well have been true of Paer's *Achilles*, brought out at Vienna in 1801, but cannot possibly be true of the *Leonore*. Paer must, in the course of years, have confounded the two in his memory. Here are those stubborn things, the dates. Paer called to Dresden as *kapellmeister*, 1803; produced his *Leonore* at Dresden, Oct. 3, 1804; Beethoven's *Fidelio* produced in Vienna, 1805; First performance of Paer's *Leonore* in Vienna, Feb. 8, 1809.—*Dwight's Boston Journal of Music.*

PROLOGUE

TO THE BURLESQUE OF THE "ENCHANTED ISLE"

By the late Robert B. Brough. Revived at Drury Lane Theatre, July 25, 1860, for the benefit of his widow and children. The Prologue written by SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq., and delivered by Mrs. STIRLING.

A loftier language and a graver tone
Than mine, have made our mournful story known,
Yet pardon some few words that intervene
As lighter prologue to a mirthful Scene,
Some tribute-words you'll let me pay, the while
Our stage prepares to win your favouring smile:
Who have more right to smiles than those who cheer
To smiles the faces pale with sorrow's tear?

From that rich treasury whence the richest draw
The boldest "instance" and the wisest "saw,"
From those grand pictures, bright with freshest youth,
Where endless fancy decks eternal truth;
From him who read all hearts and hopes and fears,
As Newton read the mysteries of the spheres,
From that proud garden, whose exhaustless beds
Have furnished garlands for a thousand heads—
Our young, lost, poet borrowed, as of right,
The forms to fill the scene we show to-night.

Yet, be it said, and those who knew him best,
Would with their readiest voice my words attest,
He borrowed from that store-house rich and free,
Not in irreverence, but with frankest glee,
Not as a giber, with his length of ear,
Who seeks in noblest thoughts some theme for jeer,
But as a child, who laughingly will dare
Assume in sport a father's walk and air.—
There is a volume—might I wish it read,
'Tis *Falstaff's* Life—by him whose life hath fled—
That book our poet's memory bravely guards
From charge of mockery of the Bard of Bards.

So, on to-night's Revival deign to smile—
Laugh at the whims of his *Enchanted Isle;*
Remember that the work presented here
(Shared by a brother whom you scarce can cheer)
Was the first product of the buoyant brain
That toiled so well—that ne'er shall toil again:
The earliest laurel—the first victory won
In that gay field of fancy, wit, and fun
Where *he* was sought, for many a joyous day,
Nor sought in vain—till wasting life gave way.

For your kind presence in those crowded ranks,
There are four hearts that owe you deepest thanks—
But one is over-charged, and hushed—and three
Scarce know their debt—accept their thanks from me.
We give, O gladly, friends, our Art, and you
Your generous aid. 'Tis all that each can do.

BROUGH MEMORIAL FUND.—The following eminent artistes in the kindest manner proffered their gratuitous assistance at the concert on the 20th of July in St. James's Hall:—Mad. Catherine Hayes, Mad. Sainton, Mad. Enderssohn, Mad. Weiss, Mad. Laura Baxter, and Mad. Louisa Vinning; Miss Poole, Miss Palmer, Miss Banks, Miss Jeffreys, and Miss Parepa; Messrs. W. Harrison (manager of the Royal English Opera), Wilbye Cooper, Santley, and Weiss. Soloists, Messrs. Sainton, G. Collins, Lazarus, Thomas Harper, and Hughes. The orchestra comprised Messrs. Antoine, Amor, Barret, Betzmenn, Collins, Dando, Doyle, Difolly, Folks, Glanville, Hill, C. Harper, Hann, Hann, jun., Howell, sen., Hawkes, F. Horton, Jolly, Kelly, Keevil, Lazarus, Love, Levy, T. Mann, Mallatrat, Meves, J. Ould, E. Ould, Payton, Petitt, F. Pratten, Streaker, Smith, Shargool, Salzman, Sutton, Thirlwall, Trust, Tollhurst, T. Watson, W. Watson, W. Winterbottom, White, Webb, W. Wand, E. Wand, Wilkins, Ward, and Zerbini. Pianoforte, Messrs. F. Kinsbury and Francesco Berger. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

Letter to the Editor.

BEETHOVEN *v.* PAER.

Sir,—With reference to the above subject, I beg to forward you subjoined extract of a letter I have just received from Vienna:—

Extract.

"You ask me in relation to the story of Paer and Beethoven and the opera *Fidelio*, what are the facts? A question easily answered.

"That Paer did relate the story to Hiller there can be no doubt; it has for many years been before the public, though not always in precisely the same form. But Paer's memory must have played him false. He was in Vienna several years, and composed their some seven operas, one of which was *Achilles*, a grand work, and upon a subject peculiarly to Beethoven's taste. Now I can easily believe the anecdote true if told of Achilles.* In the autumn of 1803, Beethoven, who had been employed to write for the Theater an der Wien, was living in the theatre buildings, and Paer had gone to Dresden as Kapellmeister. October 3d, 1804, Paer's *Leonore* was performed for the first time, in Dresden, the composer leaving for Italy the next day. Beethoven's *Fidelio* was performed for the first time November 20th, 1805; Paer's *Leonore* was given for the first time in Vienna (in German), February 8th, 1809.

"These dates are sufficient to show that the story, as relating to *Fidelio*, can by no possibility be true.

"Your article is sufficient, however, and needs no confirmation from yours, &c. &c."

It will at once be seen that my suppositions, with regard to Paer's *Leonore* at least, were correct. What I particularly wished to prove, the fallacy, namely, of Paer's idea of having served as a model to Beethoven, finds ample confirmation in the above, and renders further comment on my part superfluous.

Yours &c.,

16 *Grand Parade, Brighton.* John Towers.

Errata in my last (p. 433).

Column 2, line	1,	*for* 1824,	*read* 1804.
" "	7,	" "orally"	*read* "aurically."
" "	11,	" "Zesellschaften"	*read* "Gesellschaften."
" "	12,	" "nügl ichist"	*read* "möglich ist."
" "	31,	" "complèté"	*read* "complète."

THE BACH SOCIETY.

After some years' labour, the objects of the Society have been to some extent attained, in the attention now being paid to the works of J. S. Bach by the musical public generally. While, however, the public have been on the alert, the season 1859-60 has passed away without any public performance. In 1858, the *Grosse Passions* awakened an amount of interest which should have been immediately followed up; but, instead of the announcement of further public performances, 1859 brought forth a fragmentary concert to the members only, and 1860 has followed the example. The devotion to, and enthusiasm for their cause, which the members of this Society exhibit, is, we believe, to a great extent thrown away: the public are ready to join in the objects of the institution by attending any concerts that may be announced, but the Society, from some cause inexplicable by us, has not for two years afforded them one opportunity. The choir, on which the success of the concerts so much depends, was, when we last heard them in public, in a very bad state. The year 1860 has changed all that; and by a disfranchisement clause of a sweeping character, the vocal divisions have been proportioned, the number reduced, and the efficiency quadrupled. The Committee of the Bach Society may safely be considered to understand their own business, and it is no part of our duty as journalists to dictate any course for them to pursue; but on behalf of the public, we cannot help stating the disappointment generally felt among musicians of all classes that so great a success as the concert in 1858 was not succeeded by further announcements.

On Tuesday last the first and last choruses, and two chorales, from the *Grosse Passions Musik*, and the third motett (of the set of six) constituted the first part of the concert, which took place at King's College. Two preludes and fugues for clavier were played by Mr. George Russell, and then the attraction of the evening commenced. The first eleven movements from the High Mass in B minor constituted the second part of the programme. They are every one of them of "such a character," as Herr Diogenes Taefelsdröckh says, "as to set neglect at defiance." The "Kyrie," after a short introduction of massive grandeur, is a fugue of wonderful elaboration and beauty; the "Gloria," which follows the second "Kyrie," may be fairly described as the most effective music ever written for these words. It is infinitely spirited and exulting throughout, giving way to an air for soprano, "Laudamus Te," which is melody in every note. The "Qui sedes," contralto air, is equally beautiful. The "Quoniam" is a most elaborate air for bass, and the chorus which follows it, "Cum sancto spiritu," is astonishingly vigorous and brilliant. The working out of the phrases, as it draws to its close, is a practical lesson in counterpoint of great value. The solos were sung by Miss Banks the faultless, Miss Palmer the clever and gifted, Mr. Benson of the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey, and Mr. Winn.

Should this Mass in B minor ever be performed entire, we could guarantee a numerous audience from among our own acquaintance.

THE ACTORS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Saturday was a grand day at the Crystal Palace. It was specially set apart for a bazaar, fancy fair, and concert on behalf of the Royal Dramatic College; and, judging from the number of visitors present and the animation which prevailed throughout the entire proceedings, we cannot but think the "event" was one of the most successful which has taken place for a long time past. The programme was of a very varied character; but the centre of attraction was certainly the portion of the palace where the fancy fair was held. This took place in the space opposite the orchestra, and the principal ladies of the various dramatic corps of the London theatres presided at the stalls. These comprised—Miss Swanborough, Miss Bufton, Mrs. F. Matthews, Miss Kate Hickson, Miss Saunders, Miss Eburne, Mrs. Billington, Miss Kate Kelly, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Herbert, Mrs. A. Mellon, Miss H. Simms, Miss Daly, Miss Marston, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss Thorn, Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. C. Young, Miss Neville, Miss M. Wilton, and Miss Oliver. All these ladies exerted themselves to the utmost to entice customers—and few, if any, had cause for complaint when they reckoned up their "takings" at the end of the day. At one period Miss Sedgwick's "wheel of fortune," perhaps, obtained a rather larger share of attention than was bestowed upon some of the other stalls; but to compensate for this, shortly afterwards, Mrs. Stirling ruled supreme, and when her numerous admirers departed, they left minus many pieces of silver they had previously possessed. The same remarks will apply to almost all the other stall-keepers; and upon this point we can only say no one had cause for jealousy, but the funds of the college were largely benefited. Two other ladies, Miss E. Johnstone and Miss Hudspeth, also did a very "pretty business." They were the mistresses of a fancy post-office, where autograph letters of J. B. Buckstone, T. P. Cooke, William Creswick, Mad. Grisi, William Harrison, Miss Heath, Robert Keeley, Mrs. Keeley, Carlotta Leclercq, W. C. Macready, Samuel Phelps, Louisa Pyne, F. Robson, Tom Taylor, John Vandenhoff, Benjamin Webster, Alfred Wigan, Mrs. Wigan, Marie Wilton, and others could be obtained upon the payment of the postage—one shilling. It is only necessary to say that the postal arrangements—both as regards rapid delivery and revenue—gave great satisfaction.

But the men were not idle. Mr. Buckstone announced "as now selling," a full account of the "savage assault of Aunt Sally upon himself, described in letters from an eye witness;" while

* I cannot.—J. T.

Messrs. J. T. Toole and Paul Bedford intimated that they had gone into partnership, and had on sale "a quantity of St. Domingo Billy 'bacco boxes"—the quality of which was guaranteed by Mr. T. P. Cooke. How many editions the "new work" went through, or to what extent the receptacles of the "weed" found purchasers, we are unable to say; but if these transactions were upon an equal scale with others that took place during the day, all parties concerned had reason to be satisfied.

Then at different periods of the day there was much excitement by "Aunt Sally," "Cheap John," "Punch and Judy," and "The Tent of Mystery," under the direction of J. B. Buckstone, Frank Matthews, Paul Bedford, J. T. Toole, Clark (Haymarket), H. Compton, H. Widdicomb, James Rogers, J. Clarke (Strand), Jos. Robins, T.R.M., and Lewis Ball. The reason why we cannot give a "full, true, and particular account" of the Tent of Mystery, which was one of the most lucrative and striking exhibitions of the fête, is the solemn injunction which met the eye upon entering the mysterious cavern, "All who enter here must observe SILENCE as to what they see or ——."

About three o'clock Mr. Webster, the Master of the Dramatic College, delivered the following address, which was written expressly for the occasion by Mr. Robert Bell:—

The painter who displays his art on glass,
Creates what seems at first a dusky mass
Of tints and outlines—'til the light shines through,
And brings its latent beauty into view:
Then glow the colours, then the forms appear,
And what was dark before, grows bright and clear.

Thus, too, the poet who the stage essays,
And trusts his fame to audiences and plays,
Prepares a picture into which he throws
Wit, knowledge, humour, all the traits his muse
Can gather out of life, from sternest passions
Down to field practice, and the last new fashions.

But when 'tis done, and every scene is wrought
With finest skill in character and plot,
It waits the light that shall its depths illume,
And all is dim until the actors come.
They to its fable vital action give,
Quicken its words, and make its figures live;
Through them the scenes start from the silent page,
And with their breathing movements fill the stage.

'Tis in their name we have come here to-day,
To honour both—the Player and the Play.
The Drama needs no helping-hand; 'tis sure
Through all Time's shifts and changes to endure.
Not so the Player; when his prime is o'er,
He sinks neglected, and is seen no more.

You, who your Drama's credit justly cherish,
Will not consent to see the Actor perish,
Remembering what you owe him for the nights
Of innocent pleasure, and of grave delights,
His art has yielded you;—how his own ease
He sacrificed in the desire to please;—
Wore laughter on his face, when private grief
Was eating at his heart;—and found the chief
Reward for all his struggles, toils, and cares,
Not in the smiles of fortune, but in yours.

You will not fail him in his hour of need,
When his grey hairs, and want, for succour plead,
But with a liberal hand, and offering meet,
Will raise for his old age a calm retreat;
Where, cast for life, he may play out his part
In quiet trust, and with a grateful heart.

The concert then commenced. It was conducted by Mr. Benedict and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and the *artistes* were as follows: Mad. Catherine Hayes, Mad. Florence Lancia, Mad. Louisa Vinning, and Miss Augusta Thomson, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Santley, Master Drew Dean, M. Jules Lefort, M. Engel, and Mr. Augustus Braham. The different vocalists were much applauded, and the instrumental portion of the entertainment (there were several bands) was listened to with extreme pleasure.

The upper system of fountains played about seven o'clock; but after they had ceased, a large portion of the visitors—who appeared highly delighted with the day's proceedings—lingered in the grounds and upon the terraces, watching the declining sun and gazing upon the magnificent scenery presented to their view in all directions.

The bazaar and fancy fair was continued on Monday, under the superintendence of the same ladies and gentlemen who attended on Saturday. The athletic sports and games by members of the volunteer corps (postponed from last Monday) were also concluded on that day. The great fountains and the whole series of waterworks were played at half-past five o'clock, as a compliment to the gentlemen of the International Statistical Congress, who had a *déjeûner* in the new dining-room of the palace as a termination to their labours.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—The dramatic entertainment for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Mr. Robert B. Brough must have been highly satisfactory to those by whom it was originated and carried out. The immense space of the great metropolitan play-house was filled by an enthusiastic audience, and the applause bestowed throughout the entire performance showed a most gratifying appreciation on the part of all present of the generous efforts made in every direction to give *éclat* to the event. When we state that the entertainment was supported by members of no fewer than five metropolitan companies, viz., the Haymarket, the Adelphi, the Princess's, the Strand, and the Olympic, in conjunction with the Savage Club Amateurs, it will be at once conjectured that the programme was of the most diversified and attractive character. Want of fulness, too, certainly could not be said to form one of its defects. To begin with, the leading members of the Princess's company appeared in the new comedietta of *Cruel to be Kind*, in which Mr. Harris and Miss Carlotta Leclercq carried off the honours. Then Mr. Leicester Buckingham recited Robert Brough's spirited lines upon "Godiva," with all the ease and dramatic intelligence of a practised elocutionist, and with a poetic feeling which evinced thorough sympathy with the spirit of the author. Mr. Buckingham was summoned before the curtain at the conclusion of the piece—an honour to which his masterly delivery of verses by no means easy to recite certainly gave him the fullest claim. After this, Charles Selby's well-written comedietta, *The Last of the Pigtails*, was given with much spirit by the Strand company—Mr. Clarke, Mr. Parselle, Mr. J. Bland, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Bufton rivalling each other in spirit and humour. Mr. George Augustus Sala then came forward, and read with an impressive earnestness that powerfully affected the entire audience an admirable address from his own pen, invoking aid for the family of the deceased. Miss Louisa Leclercq then danced a *pas seul* with all her accustomed grace, and then the popular Adelphi favourites, Mr. Toole, Mr. Paul Bedford, and Miss Woolgar, appeared in that diverting scene from *The Willow Copse*, wherein the fast man of former days is seen reduced to the condition of a street hawker by the vicissitudes of a cruel fortune. The incident, detached as it was from the body of the work, was thoroughly appreciated by the audience, and elicited the heartiest applause. Of course, too, Mr. Buckstone was greeted with shouts of laughter in the farce of *Fitzsmythe of Fitzsmythe Hall*, which came after; Mrs. Wilkins, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. W. Farren, who supported him, being very warmly received. An admirably written prologue to the burlesque of the *Enchanted Isle*, prepared by Mr. Shirley Brooks for the occasion, was given with excellent effect by Mrs. Stirling. The curtain then rose upon the burlesque—the earliest work, it will be remembered, of the two brothers, one of whom has just been taken from us by death. The cast was as follows: *Alonzo*, Mr. George Cruikshank; *Ferdinand*, Mrs. A. Mellon; *Prospero*, Mr. Leicester Buckingham; *Ariel*, Miss Kate Terry; *Caliban*, Mr. Francis Talfourd; *Smuttifacio*, Mr. John Hollingshead; *Miranda*, Miss Fanny Stirling (her first appearance on any stage), with the Princess's Rifle Corps and the members of the Savage Club as courtiers, sailors, foreign propagandists, &c. The members of the Savage Club fully sustained the histrionic credit they had acquired by their representation at the Lyceum,

and Miss Fanny Stirling, who is the daughter of the Olympic actress, created a very favourable impression upon the audience. She has a charming face—the copy of her mother's—an agreeable voice, a pleasing manner, and much of that archness and vivacity by which our gifted *comedienne* has so long been distinguished. Nothing could have been more favourable than her *début*, and should she adopt the stage as a profession, we may fairly hope to rank her as one of its fairest and most talented representatives.

Scarborough.—The Spa Concert of Tuesday evening attracted a brilliant audience. Among the instrumental gems were Weber's overture to *Der Freyschutz*, Mozart's to *Figaro*, and a selection from the *Zauberflöte*; these were tastefully performed by the band,—the solos being given with a finish that proved the ability of the individual members. The vocalists were Miss Susanna Cole and Mr. Paul Standish. Mr. Paul Standish, in a song by Hatton, "Come, live with me and be my love," and another by the same composer, "Sweet love, good night to thee," called forth the warmest plaudits of the audience, who re-demanded the latter. Miss Cole appeared to captivate her hearers in every song. Rossini's "Di Piacer mi balza il cor" was perfect. In the duet "Mira la bianca Luna," with Mr. Standish, the vocalists appeared to emulate each other. Mr. Hatton, of the Spa establishment, presided at the pianoforte.

Lola Montez.—The *New York Tribune*, of the 6th inst., says:—"Late on Tuesday evening we were surprised to learn that the celebrated Mad. Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfelt, lay at the point of death, and was not expected to survive the night. On Saturday morning she arose in her usual health, but soon complained of giddiness, and, lying down, was at once deprived of speech and motion by a paralytic stroke. Sunday and Monday she was able to partially recognise those about her, but on Tuesday seemed to have lost all consciousness, and was pronounced by her medical attendants as beyond all hope of life. For some time past she has resided at No. 15 Clinton-place, and during her sickness has been faithfully cared for by several of her intimate friends."

The Late Robert Brough.—The efforts in London to raise a fund for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Mr. R. Brough are about to be seconded in Manchester by a number of gentlemen whose intention is to give an amateur performance at as early a date as will permit the necessary arrangements being concluded. The *Manchester Examiner* says that great energy is being exercised in the good cause, and that an influential number of patrons are promising every possible assistance.

The Copyright of "Paradise Lost."—As Lord Camden cites the example of Milton, to show that he placed no value upon the right of property in his great poem, it may be well to repeat the authentic facts concerning the sale of that copyright. Milton sold his copyright to Samuel Simmons in 1667, for an immediate payment of £5. But the agreement entitled him to a conditional payment of £5 more when 1300 copies should be sold of the first edition; of the like sum after the same number of the second edition; and of another £5 after the same sale of the third edition. The number of each edition was not to exceed 1500 copies. In two years, the sale gave the poet a right to his second payment, for which he signed a receipt on the 26th of April, 1669. The second edition was not printed till 1674, and Milton did not live to receive the payment stipulated for this impression. The third edition was published in 1678; and his widow, to whom the copy was then to devolve, agreed with Simmons, the printer, to receive £8 for her right, according to her receipt, dated December 21, 1680; and she gave him a general release, dated April 29, 1681. Simmons sold the right to Brabason Aylmer, a bookseller, for £25, and Aylmer sold it to Jacob Tonson, one moiety in August 1683, and the other moiety in March 1690, at a price considerably advanced. (Todd's Life of Milton, 193–195, London, 1826.) It thus appears that the poet was very careful to assert his full right of property, as he and others understood it at the time, and to make it available to his family. The amount which he chose to receive, compared with the real value of the poem, or measured by a modern standard, seems very trifling. But as such rights were estimated then, and considering that the poem gained slowly upon the attention of his own age, it was not a grossly inadequate price. When it had been published fourteen years and upwards, the copyright, *between one bookseller and another*, brought only £25. Yet its value could not have been affected by any apprehension, at the time of this sale, that it was not protected by the common law. Such notion had not then arisen; and long after, viz. in 1739, Lord Hardwicke protected by injunction the title of Tonson, derived under the assignment made by the poet in 1667. Doubtless Milton did not write his great poem for money; but we have seen that he supposed the right of exclusive property in authors was acknowledged by the law of his country, and he took pains practically to assert the right in his own case. It seems by no means a wild conjecture that he did this for the sake of example, as well as in order to preserve his reputation, by keeping the control of the text of his poem.—*Curtis on Literary Property.*

Zingarelli enjoyed a very respectable position; he had an amiable family; his wife manifested towards him not only a sincere attachment, but also a kind of respect. Yet never were there two persons more dissimilar in disposition: he was quick and passionate; she cold and impassible. But, above all, she possessed a defect which increased Zingarelli's hastiness; she was excessively economical, while her husband liked not merely to make a display of what he had, but even to indulge in pieces of extravagance, without troubling himself much whether he could afford them. One evening he was playing with a friend at picquet, a game at which he was a great proficient. "The snuffers," he said, addressing his wife. She gave them to him; they were a common pair. "Not those," he added. "But, my dear——." "The snuffers, I repeat, and the good ones." "Well, at any rate, let us snuff the candles now with these." "No, I will have the good ones." "But they will be spoilt: they are of polished steel and inlaid." "Gabriel," said Zingarelli, addressing his old servant, "go to Bressier's and get me a dozen pairs of snuffers." "A dozen, sir?" "A dozen!" "But, my dear——." "Of the best quality." "But——." "Inlaid!" "Good gracious!" "English manufacture." The poor woman was silent. Had she ventured to make another observation, Gabriel would have been ordered to fetch two dozen pairs.

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Morning Post, April 26, 1860.

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent).

Aug. 1, 1860.

I AM this week almost in the same predicament again which obliged me in my last letter to entertain you *de cequis et bobus* rather than of actors and musicians. Paris has fallen into a sort of dreamy lethargic state, from which it will only rouse itself to rush off to the sea-side or the German health springs. At the Grand Opéra, the run of *Semiramis* continues, if such an expression can be applied to the progression of the stately queen of the East. The sisters Marchisio have gained more self-possession in their respective parts, and advance in public estimation. The famous duo between Arsace and Semiramis is nightly called for a second time. *Pierre de Medicis*, Prince Poniatowski's opera, has been played once, and *Robert le Diable* is to be produced forthwith, with Mlle. Vandenheuvel Duprez, and Mlle. Marie Sax. Roger was induced to sing once more at the Opéra Comique before his departure for Baden, and appeared in the part of Georges in *La Dame Blanche* before a densely crowded audience, who greeted him with every mark of enthusiastic admiration. It was, indeed, an adroit stroke of policy on the part of M. Beaumont, the new manager, to bring Roger back to the scene of his first blushing honours, and thus to revive those laurels which, in the arduous trials of the Grand Opéra, had somewhat faded. *Le petit Chaperon Rouge*, so long announced, will decidedly be revived this week, and immediately upon it will follow M. d'Hauteroche's comedy, *Crispin Medecin*, the production of which has suffered some delay, owing to objections raised to it on the part of the authorities. They have at last consented to let it be acted, but stipulate for a different title. This is a concession, no doubt, to the susceptibilities of the medical profession, who are in this country a very thin-skinned class, and mighty sticklers for the dignity of their cloth. The race of *Diafoirus*, though it has discarded powdered periwig and gold-headed cane, is as flourishing as when Moliére scarified its bombastic pedantry with the sharp edge of his satire; but public authority now intervenes to save the dignity of science from such unseemly assaults.

Gossip is already busy with the future season at the Italian Opera here. It seems a settled thing that if Tamberlik do not return, Mario is engaged for the last six months of the season, and Signor Pancani for March and April. Grasiani, Gardoni, Badiali, Zucchini, Angelini, and Mesdames Alboni, Penco, and Marie Battu are coming again, so that a sufficiently complete company will to a certainty be available. The season it is said will open with *La Sonnambula;* and *La Semiramide* will be given with Mesdames Alboni and Penco, and Badiali, so that the Parisians will have an opportunity of exercising their critical acumen by a comparison of the Italian performance with that now forming the principal attraction of their own Grand Opéra. Such operas as *Il Matrimonio Segreto* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*, which are not sufficiently long to furnish forth the entire evening, will be backed up by operas in one act selected from the old Italian *répertoire*.

The *Orpheon* Society of the city of Paris held one of two grand meetings last Sunday at the Cirque Napoléon, under the direction of MM. François Bazin and Pasdeloup, directors of vocal instruction in the communal schools. The programme may interest some of your readers after the recent visit to England of the Orpheonists. Here it is: — Part I.: 1° *Veni Creator*, by Besozzi; 2° *Le Médecin Tant mieux et le Médecin Tant pis*, by F. Bazin; 3° *Angelus*, by Papin; 4° *La Garde Passe* (men's voices), by Grétry; 5° *O Salutaris*, by Auber; 6° *Le Couvre-feu*, by Halévy. Part II.: 1° *Invocation*, by Pasdeloup; 2° *Le Printemps* (men's voices), by Von Calle; 3° *Les Vendanges*, by Orlando de Lassus; 4° *Faust* (men's voices), by Gounod; 5° *Cantique*, by Haydn; *Vive l'Empereur*, by Gounod. The second meeting will be next Sunday. Last week the Concert Musard distinguished itself by the performance of Spontini's overture to *Olympia;* and as few opportunities of hearing this work have ever presented themselves to the Parisians, great curiosity was excited on the occasion. Mad. Spontini is said to have furnished directions as to the true mode of rendering the work; and certainly it was very effectively executed.

The distribution of prizes at the Conservatoire for Music and Declamation has just taken place, but in neither department do the competitions appear to have brought to light talent of more than ordinary promise. It is worth while noticing, perhaps, that among the competitors for the violin and violoncello prizes, figured four young ladies, three violinists and one violoncellist. Lady-fiddlers we are tolerably well accustomed to, but the attitude of a lady grasping with all her limbs a violoncello is one to the grotesqueness of which usage has not yet reconciled us. In time, no doubt, we shall think nothing of it. The cry after more female occupations, which is so fast breaking down the foolish distinctions between sauce for the goose and sauce for the gander, and has already given us a female goose practising physic, is destined, no doubt, to wear out our faculty of astonishment at such novelties. Female lawyers, soldiers, and sailors will be plentiful as blackberries; and the stories of Portia, and Joan of Arc, and the touching ballad of "Billy Taylor" will lose their savour. *A propos* of this subject, as connected with the question of delicacy touching the fair sex generally, I am informed of a curious result which has followed the promulgation of the new constitution by the King of Naples. Besides restoring to the repertory of the Opera a number of works previously interdicted by the censorship of the former *régime* on grounds now of morality, now of state policy, it has emancipated the corps de ballet from the celebrated green *caleçons* (drawers) to which the prurient-minded zeal for decency of the priests had condemned them, much to their chagrin and annoyance. They now nightly appear in the zephyr-like pink and white in which we are accustomed to admire in perfect innocence their evolutions, unreminded by a green signal that there is any danger in the spectacle, and the audience testify by their enthusiastic applause their sense of relief at the removal of this disgusting badge of servitude to minds darkened with suspicion and haunted by hideous phantoms of human depravity and carnal sin. While I am at Naples I may as well inform you that the tenor, Signor Pancani, is engaged for the ensuing season, together with Negrini and Colletti, Signora Steffenone, Signora Vera-Lorini, and the *danseuse*, Mlle. Boschetti.

Returning to the Paris news, I shall conclude all I have to communicate by saying a few words about the theatres. Not that there is anything remarkable to dwell upon in their doings, for all are pretty much in the same languishing condition as characterises musical affairs. The fact is the extraordinary caprices of the weather have entirely thrown out the calculations of the manager. Instead of being divided into four even suits, like a pack of cards fresh from the maker, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, succeeding each other, as do hearts, spades, clubs, and diamonds, the days of the year have got so intimately shuffled up, that any trade or profession depending on the weather has become as hazardous as a game of *rouge et noir*. The consequence is, that believing July would turn up a succession of hot days, which would mightily thin theatrical audiences, managers have made no provision for the unusual popularity with which they are favoured by the inclemency of the season. Not having any novelty in readiness, they have had recourse to revivals, and these are now as much the order of the day in the theatrical world as they were lately in its opposite pole, the religious hemisphere. At the Gymnase we have had *Les Faux Bonshommes;* at the Vandeville, *La Vie de Bohême*, and later still *La Tentation*, produced for the return of Brindeau, whom you had an opportunity of seeing in this very piece in your French Plays. At the Porte St. Martin, a drama of Frederic Soulie's, *Les Etudiants*, produced at the Ambigû sixteen years ago, has been revived with very fair success, but generally speaking the very modern pieces will not bear the process of disinterment, for the lack of that deeper inspiration and more conscientious workmanship to embalm them, which the present writers neglect for ephemeral sketches of the momentary phases of an ever-changing social surface. At the Palais Royal, a veritable novelty has been produced under the title of *Les Memoires de Mimi Bamboche*, which, being an allusion to a certain disreputable personage, who, under the name of *Rigolboche*, has drawn attention to her choreographic powers, first at the public balls, and afterwards on the stage, has proved more attractive than the intrinsic merits of the piece deserve. There is nothing more offensive in the style of

public manners in this country than the way in which, one by one, a set of disgraceful husseys are allowed to make their way up from the petty orgies of student life, to the front rank of fashionable notoriety, whence, if they do not ascend the pedestal of art, as they frequently do, their names are familiarly bandied about with a second-hand admiration in every rank of society. The reign of Aspasias with neither wit, learning, nor outward decency, is no longer a portent of decadence, it is the actual and accomplished fall.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Resumé of the Season.

On Saturday the theatre really closed for the season, although it was anticipated that it would be kept open another week in consequence of the increasing success of *Oberon*. It could not be managed, however, some of the principal singers being imperatively summoned to their continental engagements. The performances on Saturday were for the benefit of Mlle. Titiens, and included *Oberon*, preceded by the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, for Mad. Marie Cabel; the last scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, for Signor Giuglini; and the *divertissement* from the ballet of *Orfa*, for Mad. Ferraris. The audience was enormous, in spite of the thunderstorm that raged furiously and the rain that fell in absolute torrents from 6 until 9 o'clock. It is not easy to account for the triumphant reception awarded to *Oberon* at Her Majesty's Theatre, when it is remembered that, with Braham and Miss Paton in the cast, in the zenith of their popularity when the opera was first produced at Covent Garden with great splendour of scenery and decoration and the extremest care in the general getting up under the composer's own direction, it was a comparative failure. Has the musical taste of the public so much degenerated? Does there exist a stronger admiration for the decorative in theatricals? Is Signor Mongini a greater tenor than Braham, or Mlle. Titiens superior to Miss Paton? Does Her Majesty's Theatre enjoy a more powerful *prestige* than old Covent Garden before Music hurled the Drama from its pride of place? Is Mr. E. T. Smith a better or a more fortunate manager than the late Charles Kemble, or Mr. Benedict a more experienced and *habile* conductor than Tom Cooke of facetious memory? However these questions may be answered for or against the representation of *Oberon* at Her Majesty's Theatre, some things may be urged directly in its favour. It may be confidently asserted that the characters of Fatima and Oberon, so important in the score, were never before so efficiently performed as by Mad. Alboni and Signor Belart; nor had Sherasmin and Babekan been entrusted to such artists as Signor Everardi and M. Gassier. In short, the cast of *Oberon* at Her Majesty's Theatre was incomparable, and such an array of talent could not fail to have a powerful allurement of its own. As the music became better known too it was more liked, and this gave a durability to the attraction which neither perfect cast nor splendour of decorations could secure. That *Oberon* has proved one of the most triumphant successes of late years on the Italian stage cannot be denied, and indeed its production promises to constitute an epoch in the annals of the opera.

The season opened on the 10th of April with Flotow's *Martha*, the principal characters sustained by Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Lemaire, Signors Giuglini and Vialetti; Mlle. Pocchini appearing in a *divertissement* from the ballet, *Fleur des Champs*. That the opera was considered no eminent success may be concluded from the fact that it was not repeated during the season. On the 12th, Mad. Borghi-Mamo made her *début* as Leonora in *La Favorita*, winning immediate favour by the beauty of her voice and the charm of her style. Signor Everardi made his first appearance as Alfonso with decided success, and Signor Mongini exhibited considerable improvement in Fernando, a part somewhat out of his exact line. *Il Trovatore* was given on Saturday the 14th, with Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Borghi-Mamo, Signors Giuglini and Vialetti, — Mad. Borghi-Mamo achieving her second success in Azucena. On the 18th, Mlle. Piccolomini appeared as Violetta in the *Traviata*, it being the first of a series of six farewell performances, previous to her retirement into private life. She did not excite the same enthusiasm as formerly, though she had still many ardent admirers. On the 26th, a new opera, by Signor Campana, entitled *Almina*, written expressly for Mlle. Piccolomini, was produced, and created little or no sensation. In *Almina*, played three times, Mlle. Piccolomini took her leave of the stage, an unwise step, as was almost universally affirmed, the young *prima donna* having so entirely identified herself with Violetta. On the 19th of April, Rossini's *Otello* was produced, with Mad. Borghi-Mamo, Signor Mongini, Signor Corsi, Signor Everardi and Signor Vialetti. The lady created a profound sensation in Desdemona, more especially in the last act; and the Otello of Signor Mongini, but for its predominance to exaggerate in the passionate scenes, would have been admirable. In the music of Iago, Signor Everardi proved himself a practised Rossinian vocalist. On the 27th, *Lucrezia Borgia* was given, with Mlle. Titiens as the Duchess, Mad. Borghi-Mamo as Maffeo Orsini, Signor Mongini as Gennaro, and Signor Everardi as the Duke. Mlle. Titiens was grander and sang more superbly than ever in Lucrezia, and Signor Mongini was immensely applauded in Gennaro. Maffeo Orsini was not well suited to Mad. Borghi-Mamo; and Signor Everardi sang better than he acted as the Duke.

On the 5th of May, *Don Giovanni* was produced, with the following cast:—Donna Anna, Mlle. Titiens; Donna Elvira, Mlle. Vaneri; Zerlina, Mad. Borghi-Mamo; Don Ottavio, Signor Giuglini; Leporello, Signor Vialetti; Commendatore, Signor Castelli; and Don Giovanni, Signor Everardi. The Zerlina of Mad. Borghi-Mamo was exquisitely sung, but some found fault with the acting on the score of its lack of animation. These were principally admirers of Mlle. Piccolomini. The *Don Giovanni* of Signor Everardi wanted dash and devilry, and a certain *nonchalance* of manner. In other respects little fault could be found. Signor Everardi sang the music extremely well; was easy, at times even graceful, in his deportment; and looked the part admirably, although perhaps a little too mild of aspect for a voluptuary. An artist must be born as well as bred a Don Juan. This is why we have so few singers who can play the part. "Instinct is a great matter." Signor Vialetti sustained the part of Leporello for the first time with credit. Mlle. Vaneri gave the music of Elvira in excellent style, and Mlle. Titiens was superb as Donna Anna—one of her finest parts, certainly. *Don Giovanni* was repeated on the 10th and 17th, Her Majesty being present at the last performance, her only visit of the season. On the 28th it was given for the fourth time, with a change in the cast, M. Gassier appearing as Don Giovanni, Signor Everardi as Leporello, and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi as Masetto. Signor Everardi turned out the best in the exchanges, acting the part of Leporello with infinite vivacity, and singing the music to perfection.

Norma was brought out on the 8th of May for Mlle. Titiens, who exhibited immense improvement in her mastery of Bellini's music. Her singing of the "Casta Diva" was, in some respects, the most surprising we ever heard. Signor Mongini's Pollio is one of his most unexceptionable performances. Mlle. Vaneri pleased much in Adalgisa, and Signor Vialetti was grave and weighty as Oroveso. For some reason we could not make out, *Norma* was not played again entire during the remainder of the season, although the first scene was introduced into the performances on several occasions for Mlle. Titiens.

On the 12th of May, *Rigoletto* introduced Mlle. Maria Brunetti as Gilda, and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi as the Jester. The lady, who had gone through one brief campaign only at the Grand Opéra of Paris last year, had hardly experience enough to take her place beside the experienced generals of song who commanded the different forces at Her Majesty's Theatre. She was nervous, and could not do herself justice. Nobody, however, could mistake her talent, which only wants a few years to ripen it. We may anticipate by and bye having to write important bulletins about Maria Brunetti. Signor Mongini was as powerful and striking as ever in the Duke. The Rigoletto of Signor Sebastiano Ronconi had many good points, but was overdone. The opera was repeated on the 24th, after which we see or hear no more of Mlle. Brunetti during the rest of the year.

The *Barbière* was brought out on the 15th, but with no superlative cast. It comprised Mad. Borghi-Mamo as Rosina, Signor Belart as the Count, Signor Everardi as Figaro, Signor Vialetti as Don Basilio, and Signor Castelli as Doctor Bartolo. The lady would have been irreproachable but for some unwarrantable

liberties taken with the cavatina "Una voce," and the duet "Dunque io son," both of which were almost obnubilated in a cloud of *fioriture*, whereby the music was spoiled and nobody the gainer. Mad. Borghi-Mamo introduced a Neapolitan air in the lesson scene, which created a furor. The Figaro of Signor Everardi was not first-rate, and the Doctor Bartolo of Signor Castelli was last-rate. Signor Belart sang Almaviva's music with wonderful fluency, but this did not compensate for the want of breadth in his singing, and his indifferent acting. Signor Vialetti, if he had not descended to caricature, would have made a capital Don Basilio. On the 12th of June, the *Barbière*, with M. Gassier as Figaro, was repeated, and introduced Signor Ciampi as Doctor Bartolo. The new buffo made a tremendous hit, literally taking the house by storm as the old guardian, and winning the universal suffrages of the entire press. Subsequently, in other parts, Signor Ciampi hardly reached the expectations formed of him in the old doctor; but the fact that he is very young may extenuate the sins of excess with which he has been charged. Signor Ciampi's talent is undeniable, and only requires fining down to be made pure and legitimate. It will be his own fault if he be not ere long acknowledged the most accomplished buffo of the day. On the 16th of July, the *Barbière* was given with another change in the cast, Mad. Alboni being Rosina, and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, Figaro. Mad. Alboni's singing of Rossini's music is incomparable. "Una voce" falls from her lips as it fell from the inspired pen of the composer, as fresh and as complete. Signor Sebastiano Ronconi did not exactly snuff out the recollection of his renowned brother in his delineation of the barber.

Semiramide—one of the specific announcements of the prospectus—was produced on the 22d of May. Mlle. Titiens essayed the part of Semiramide for the first time, and was too anxious to do herself justice. Her singing, at times gorgeous and magnificent, was not always perfect. Her acting, however, was grand, powerful, and picturesque in the extreme. Mad. Alboni's Arsace was worthy of the music. Higher praise we could not bestow. Signor Everardi's Assur was excellent, if not great; and Signor Belart was irreproachable in the small part of Idreno. We cannot say much for the band, the chorus, and the *mise-en-scène*. The success was not extraordinary. If, however, Mr. E. T. Smith had expended the same money and pains in getting up *Semiramide* as he did in getting up *Oberon*, we should have had another story to tell. *Semiramide* was repeated on the 26th and 31st, and on the 11th of June.

The *Huguenots* was given for the first time on the 2d of June, with the following cast, too striking not to give *in extenso*:—Valentina, Mlle. Titiens; Marguerite de Valois, Mlle. Michal; Urbano, Mad. Borghi-Mamo; Raoul, Signor Giuglini; De Nevers, Signor Everardi; St. Bris, M. Gassier; Marcello, Signor Vialetti. This undoubtedly was the crowning performance of the season, and which never failed to draw immense audiences. The *Huguenots* was repeated on the 4th, 9th, 14th, and 27th of June, and the 17th of July. Mlle. Titiens transcended all her efforts, and indeed those of all artists we have seen in Valentina. Mlle. Michal — not named in the prospectus — proved a valuable acquisition to the company, singing the music of the Queen with surpassing brilliancy, and creating a decided sensation. Mad. Borghi-Mamo made a most fascinating page, and gave both her songs, the first particularly, with charming grace and expression. The St. Bris of M. Gassier, and the Nevers of Signor Everardi, were inestimable additions to the cast. Signor Giuglini sang the music of Raoul as exquisitely as on any former occasion, and displayed greater passion and intensity in the acting; and Signor Vialetti exhibited those bluff qualities that make his impersonation of Marcello entirely his own.

On the 5th of June, Verdi's *Ernani* introduced Mad. Lotti to the subscribers of Her Majesty's Theatre. She made no sensation, and the opera was not given a second time. This lady afterwards essayed her talents with better success in Gnecco's comic opera *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, given on the 19th of June; and in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, produced on the 23rd. Gnecco's opera was given twice, but did not attract. Signor Ciampi sustained the part of the manager with immense spirit, but was indifferently supported. Cimarosa's opera was well cast,—Mad. Lotti appearing as Carolina; Mlle. Vaneri, Elisetta; Mad. Alboni, Fidalma; Signor Giuglini, Paolino; Signor Everardi, Count Robinson; and Geronimo, Signor Ciampi. Mad. Alboni's Fidalma was perfect; and the Count of Signor Everardi every way admirable. Signor Ciampi's Geronimo, too, was excellent, although open to criticism on the score of over elaboration. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the old Italian master was played twice only; and, although pleasing infinitely a select few, did not take with the general public. On the same night that *La Prova d'un Opera Seria* was given, a new German tenor, Herr Steger, made an appearance as Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor* with but little success, and was heard of no more. Mlle. Titiens played Lucy for the first time, and though somewhat undersuited in the part, contrived to gain new laurels by her brilliant vocalisation no less than her energetic acting.

Of the next novelty, *Oberon*, brought out on the 3rd of July, we have spoken at length recently on more than one occasion. The public are familiar with the causes that led to its production at Her Majesty's Theatre; which, indeed, is entirely to be attributed to Mr. Benedict, who has all along advocated the policy of reviving the almost forgotten work of his illustrious master and having it tried on the Italian stage. The greatest success of Mr. E. T. Smith's first operatic campaign in the Haymarket is owing to Mr. Benedict, not only inasmuch as he suggested the performance of *Oberon*, but for the work done in adapting the music to the exigencies of Italian Opera, a far more difficult task than many think, to say nothing of the responsibility. *Oberon* was repeated on the 5th, 7th, and 9th of July, when it was suddenly withdrawn from the bills without explanation. The reason, however, seemed to be that Signor Mongini's engagement had expired, and, that not being solicited to stay he had departed for Italy. When the cheap nights commenced *Oberon* was clamorously called for, and a telegraphic message being despatched for Signor Mongini, he forthwith returned to London. Weber's opera was repeated on the 19th for Mr. Smith's benefit; and on the 21st, 23rd, 24th, 26th, and 28th, making in all nine performances—a number which might have been trebled had it been brought out early in the season.

Perhaps the most questionable act of the management during the entire season was the bringing forward on the very last night of the subscription two such renowned artists as Mad. Marie Cabel and Mad. Amalia Ferraris; the one the very head of the French school of singers, the other one of the most accomplished dancers now before the public. To make matters worse, Mad. Cabel only appeared in one scene from *Dinorah*, a much greater indignity than was offered to Mad. Ferraris, who appeared in only one scene from the ballet of *Orfa*, since the fair *danseuse* was the sole representative in her department, whereas the fair songstress had to contend against the impression made by Mlle. Titiens, who had preceded her in a whole opera. A few days afterwards a better opportunity was afforded Mad. Cabel of exhibing her admirable talents as Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, a part in which she displayed the most brilliant vocalisation, and the most delightful graces as an actress. That the fair *cantatrice* was not altogether at her ease in Italian opera was only natural; and it is to be regretted that no more than one opportunity was given her of appearing in the part.

We omitted to state that Mlle. Claudina Cucchi, a very clever dancer, made her first appearance on the 7th of June in a new ballet entitled *Adelina*. Mr. Smith perhaps did not make the best of the ballet materials at his command; but the fact of his engaging first-rate talent indicated a desire on his part to do the most. A good ballet with good music is only less desirable than a good opera. We trust that next year the ballet master will make an attempt to bring forward something worthy of the *prestige* of the theatre.

We cannot recognise the necessity of two conductors. Why Mr. Benedict and Signor Arditi should both be retained it is impossible for us to make out. We can understand that a conductor who has other engagements to attend to might find it inconvenient to preside in an orchestra where performances are given every night, as at Drury Lane last year; but at the regular performances of three or four nights a week there can be no difficulty. Besides, as no servant can serve two masters, so

no band can serve two conductors. Mr. Smith is fond of duplications; witness, the harlequinade of his Drury Lane pantomime. But, if he would desire his Italian opera to flourish, he must be simple and observe the unities. Let him eschew two conductors as he would two coachmen on the box of his chariot, if he would wish to be driven straight and escape upsetting.

MEYERBEER.

By Scudo.

Meyerbeer is certainly one of the most curious and interesting figures presented by the history of Art. A man of the North, beloved fellow disciple of Weber, who created the German opera, born of a family favoured alike by nature and fortune, Giacomo Meyerbeer had nothing to do but allow himself to live. Having two brothers, one a celebrated astronomer, the other a distinguished poet, Giacomo wished that his name, too, should be inscribed upon the book of life. After having been a remarkable virtuoso on the piano, as were also Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, after having tried his powers in several dramatic compositions, in the language of his country, he was suddenly seized by an extreme love for Italian music, and breaking all bonds with the new school, which had aimed to lead away the musical genius of the German nation from the influence of the Italian masters which had triumphed since the *renaissance*, Meyerbeer went to the peninsula, and established again by his example the old-fashioned pilgrimage of German musicians to the pure sources of melody; for it is well to know that the pilgrimage of the German composers began as far back as the last half of the sixteenth century. Prætorius, Henri Schütz (who was a pupil of the school of Venice), Keyser, and all the dramatic composers who preceded Handel, Hasse, and Gluck, were admirers and imitators of the Italian school then reigning. It was at the close of the eighteenth century, after the death of Mozart and Haydn, that the old alliance of the two great musical schools of Europe was suddenly broken. Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and all the musicians who attached themselves more or less closely to the movement of renovation called the romantic, that is to say, national school, not only rejected the ancient teachings of the school which produced Palestrina, Carissimi, Scarlatti, Gabrielli, Marcello, and Jomelli, but even any imitation of its original peculiarities and processes. The last manifestation of the German romantic school is that horde of inconoclasts who pretend to extirpate from music all idea of melody, and who speak with disdain of the works of *Monsieur Mozart!* and who have dubbed themselves musicians of the future, because the present age is not worthy to comprehend them.

Of keen intellect, a sagacious observer, endowed with an imagination at once ardent and under restraint, ambitious of glory, yet not in too great haste to conquer it, timid and anxious in details, audacious and profound in the conception of a general plan, Meyerbeer developed in Italy a complex genius in which an adroit imitation of Rossini is discreetly mingled with his own inspirations. Such is the character of his two best Italian operas, *Marguerite d'Anjou* and *Il Crociato*, which made him a reputation that much afflicted his illustrious fellow-pupil and friend, the author of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon*. We may read in the correspondence of Von Weber, the letter in which he deplores the fact that Meyerbeer should have plunged deeper and deeper into the imitation of foreign forms, and that the love of success should have stifled so fine an imagination. "Was hofften wir alles von ihm! – O verfluchte Lust zu gefallen!" Nevertheless in the midst of all the applause and *vivas* lavished upon him by the Italian public, so warm and extravagant in the demonstrations of its satisfaction, Meyerbeer meditated (for he is always meditating) a transformation of his manner. *Der Freyschütz*, which had been given at Berlin in 1821, was translated into French, and represented at the Théâtre de l'Odeon, at Paris, in 1824 with a success that has become European. Stimulated doubtless by this example, by that given by Gluck in 1774, which Spontini and Rossini had followed so brilliantly, Meyerbeer also conceived the idea of essaying his genius in a country which possesses indisputably the finest and richest dramatic literature of modern nations. *Robert le Diable* was brought out at the opera in November, 1831. In March, 1836, he gave the *Huguenots*; in 1849, the *Prophète*; and in 1854, *l'Etoile du Nord*. I shall not undertake to comment on these works, which are known all over the world, and performed in all the theatres of Europe. At some future time, we shall have occasion to recur to these great scores, which are very differently rated by critics, but of which no one can deny the powerful effect upon the public. Germany, where the works of Meyerbeer are judged by artists and critics with a rigour that borders on injustice, Germany runs to the representations of *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète* with no less enthusiasm than the Parisian public. Upon what then depends the evident and indisputable popularity of the operas of Meyerbeer? On the vigour of the colouring, the warm passion that pervades them, on certain situations powerfully rendered, on the effect of combinations, on profound inspirations that take hold of the masses, whatever may be the legitimate reservations of the man of taste who prefers the beauty that touches the heart and charms the imagination to the truth that strikes and impresses itself upon the intellect. We can say of Meyerbeer, who devotes himself above everything to the true expression of life, what the Latin poet, Propertius, has said of Lysippus, the Greek sculptor:

"Gloria Lysippo est animosa effingere signa."

It is a fine spectacle to contemplate the varieties of genius presented by the history of art. Going back no farther than our own century, and restricting the field of observation to the three nations that represent the æsthetic civilisation of Europe, the Italians, the Germans, and the French, we perceive two great changes wrought, the one by Beethoven in instrumental music, the other by Rossini in dramatic music. These two geniuses, as different from each other as are the two nations whose aspirations and sentiments they express, proceed in the conception of their work as nature proceeds: they imitate their predecessors, and as the poet says, "*sur des pensers nouveaux ils font des vers antiques*," for there are no lasting recollections in the intellectual world, any more than in the moral world, but those that rest upon some corner of the past. You cannot cite either a great philosopher, or a poet, or an artist, or even a real statesman whose original work is the result of an isolated force, of a purely individual activity. If it is incontestable that the first compositions of the author of the Pastoral Symphony reveal a more or less involuntary imitation of the style of Mozart, so neither does Rossini conceal the fact that he has been educated in the admiration of Haydn, Mozart, and Cimarosa, whose essences he combines and mingles on his magic palette: but this has not prevented Beethoven from becoming the most vast, most profound, and most original musical genius that has ever existed, or Rossini from being the most varied, most passionate, and most brilliant dramatic composer of his epoch. Around Beethoven, who remains *unique*, has arisen in Germany a group of congenial geniuses, such as Weber, Spohr, Schubert, and later Mendelssohn, who, deriving their inspiration from the same order of ideas and the same traditions, are not the less original for that, especially Weber, who first translated into the lyric drama the marvellous of the German poetry. In the train of Rossini, in the same way, has been produced a family of brilliant disciples, of whom the most original of all is Bellini, who would have risen very high, had not death cut off before his time this sweet singer of Sicily, who had known how to combine with his own yet youthful style, an imitation of the old masters, especially of Paisiello, and the manner of the great renovator of Italian opera.

While these two great revolutions in the musical art were in progress in Germany and Italy, France, which comprehends and appreciates nothing but exclusively dramatic music, remained faithful to the double tradition of Gluck and Grétry. Spontini and Mehul are disciples and eloquent imitators of the creator of *Armida* and the two *Iphigenias*, while the influence of Grétry produced at the theatre of the Opéra Comique, a swarm of delicious and charming composers of whom M. Auber is the illustrious successor. On this vast theatre, upon which Gluck, Piccini, Sacchini, Spontini, had come in succession to enlarge the domain of the lyric tragedy created by Lully and Rameau, submitting their differing genius to the severe taste of the French traditions, Rossini came also to write four great *chefs d'œuvre*,

and terminates his glorious career by the marvel called *William Tell*.

It might have been thought that all the grand combinations of dramatic music were exhausted, and that after Rossini and Weber, so profoundly different from each other, a new transformation of the lyric drama was impossible. But such reasoning fails to take into account the inexhaustible fecundity of nature. Then was seen to appear a man patient, of profound genius, endowed at once with a powerful imagination and a rare delicacy of mind. German in origin, and, by the sound musical education he had received, become a little Italian by a sympathy and inclination, he is French by the logic of his eminently dramatic understanding. After several years of trials and doubts, of partial successes that give him some appreciation of his powers, he comes to Paris whither the diverse tendencies of his nature attract him, and reveals himself to the astonished world in a work *Robert le Diable*, which produced an immense excitement. The *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, and *l'Etoile du Nord* extend and fix his reputation. I know all that an exclusive and partial taste can say of the style and often complicated manner of Meyerbeer. We have ourselves arrived at a complete understanding of his work, only through a strong desire of equity, believing, as Poussin says, that our appetites alone should not judge of the beauties of art, but our reason also. Because we are naturally inclined toward that family of delicate and harmonious geniuses, who purify reality by the ideal, and temper power by grace, the chaste, restrained, and truly divine geniuses who are called Virgil, Raphael, Racine, Mozart, shall we fail to recognize the manly and robust geniuses, who rejoice in the expression of grandeur, in the painting of vigorous characters and complicated passions, like Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Corneille, and Beethoven?

Is not the first quality of a judge or a critic impartiality? I mean that impersonality that forgets for a moment its secret affections, its natural predilections, so as to see that only which is submitted to its judgment, and the better to comprehend the work and the artist that do not belong to the order of ideas and sentiments with which it easily sympathises. What a poor spirit would that be, which, educated in the admiration of a Titian or an Andrea del Sarto, could not comprehend a Rembrandt, that mighty colorist who loves the contest of lights and shadows, great contrasts of *chiar' oscuro*, types more vigorous than noble, and scenes of *bourgeoise* life, whence he causes to spring a profound thought and a dramatic interest.

Such are likewise the qualities of the works and genius of Meyerbeer. He excels in rendering the contrasts of extreme situations, the *mêlée* and shock of diverse passions in a powerful whole, in creating vigorous types, such as Bertram, Marcel, and Fidès, who engrave themselves on the imagination of all, whom no one can forget, and in filling his immense canvass with tumult, life, and light. In what modern drama can be found a finer female character than that of Valentine in the *Huguenots*, or a more touching scene than the duo of the third act with Marcel? Does a more pathetic air exist than the "Grâce" in *Robert*, or a tableau more poetic and novel than the act of the Nuns in the same great work? I say nothing of the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, one of the finest pages of dramatic music in existence; but the *divertissement* and grand scene in the church, of the *Prophète* as well as the military scene in *l'Etoile du Nord*, are these not the production of an imagination more supple and more various than it is supposed to be? Meyerbeer is reproached with being wanting in melody. Certainly he has not the melody of everybody, those commonplaces that travel through the streets, and which the old troubadors love to repeat to the accompaniment of their cracked guitars. A dramatic musician above all, Meyerbeer could say, with Gluck, to his critics, "If I have succeeded in pleasing the theatre I have attained the end I had in view, and I assure you that it concerns me little that my music does not please in a concert or in a saloon" (Life of Gluck, by Auton Schmid, p. 426). A great tactician, a colourist full of relief, Meyerbeer could also add these words which the author of *Armide* said to a friend, "You should know that music in its melodic part possesses very few resources. It is impossible by the mere succession of notes that form the character of melody to depict certain passions." This is what album composers and the makers of canzonets do not understand; but the public, that for thirty years has applauded the works of Meyerbeer, listens only to the emotion it experiences, and leaves to journalists the smartness they lay claim to in denying the brightness of day, and the power of so great a master.

In an age of great revolutions, of universal renovation, in which politics, poetry, science, and the arts have extended the horizon of life and enlarged the bounds of the universe, music, and especially dramatic music has also renewed its forms, vivified its colours, and multiplied the number of its characters. Between Weber and Rossini, who have a manner of proceeding so unlike, and whose immortal works express a world of ideas and sentiments so opposite, Meyerbeer has succeeded in creating for himself a profound and original personality. The opera of the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, far superior to *l'Etoile du Nord*, is in our opinion of all his works the most simple, the most agreeable, and the most freely melodious of the author of *Robert* and the *Huguenots*.

ORGANS AND ORGANISTS,—CHURCHES AND CLERGYMEN.

It is rather a remarkable thing that in England, where of late music in its variety of style has been making such progress, the mass of the community should still remain so deplorably ignorant. And not only does this epithet apply to the least-educated portion, but we regret frequently to notice how many otherwise classically-taught members of society are so totally deficient in all musical knowledge. We should like to have the opportunity of putting a few questions to those people who are in the habit of looking down upon their organists as *inferior* members of society. Fancy, for instance, a poor curate of £100 a year considering it *infra. dig.* to be seen speaking to the organist of the church in which he officiated; the latter, in all probability, enjoying three times the income and intellect of his surpliced and fancied superior. This is a state of things which certainly ought not to exist; but we fear that until a change has taken place, such as time and education can only materially effect, this unhappy state of things must call forth more pity than anger. The deplorable changes which take place in the various churches are mainly due to the absurd interference of persons who fancy they know a great deal more about music than the man whom they pay to instruct them. An organist will sometimes substitute an adaptation from one of the masters for a response which has no music or anything else in it; the consequence will be that he has an anonymous letter from some crochety old party who has never had his unhappy soul edified beyond the Old Hundredth drawled out in the most heartrending manner. And, of course, frequent occurrence of this kind of thing is sufficient to dishearten the most impervious character. A man perhaps of classical knowledge and refined musical taste is subjected to this sort of thing; which we know is only too often the case. He throws the whole thing up, even if it next door to ruined him, rather than bear the ignorant attacks of people who were not even endowed with sufficient sense to leave alone what they would probably never have the intellect to fathom and enjoy. How many would add their evidence to this? But, happily, musicians as a body know how to resent this sort of thing Contempt inflicts a deeper wound than words. Like a summer cloud that passes over and for a moment obscures the beauty of the landscape, so the discomfort of the musician is dispersed by the love for his art and his callous indifference to the opinions of those who grovel in a world below. As an instance of this sort of thing:—I knew a man who played at a church a few miles from London, who was peculiarly sensitive in this respect; and on one occasion he was performing a concluding voluntary, the nature of which required him to employ the full power of his instrument at times. One of the officials (curate or rector, no matter) passed behind him as he sat at the organ, and administered a violent thrust in the back, at the same time exclaiming, "You'll kill us!" I'll leave you to judge what sort of impression this would be likely to produce. Of course he immediately resigned the position; but a very humble apology, I believe, caused him to reverse his decision.

One great disadvantage which organists have to contend with is

the amateur element—so many young men play sufficiently well to conduct a service, and who at the same time do not derive their living by it; the consequence is, that a great many churches are supplied from this source, and for several obvious reasons. In the first place, the amateur will play for the glory very often, and then the officers of the church can twist him round their thumbs, the consequence being that the musical part of the service sinks to a miserably slow state of things, such as a short journey in almost any direction will furnish you with. We could enumerate many of the large metropolitan churches as instances. Every church should set apart a portion of its income for a choir;—an organ is of course a *sine qua non*, but is intended chiefly as an accompaniment—no service in the Church of England can be efficiently performed without a choir—and the choir should be instructed by an organist who is a musician, and practising the noble art of which he is the representative, should command respect and admiration. We sincerely hope the age is becoming more enlightened. Let our haughty curates and rectors who know not music look upon Germany and Italy, and blush! Let them visit the foreign cathedrals and listen to the choirs, and see with what respect the organist is treated, and they will perhaps know how to value talents which are only especial gifts. No earthly toil will draw music from a soul born dead to harmony.—A. C.

Notice.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860.

A MUSICIAN whose works present many points of analogy with those of the composers mentioned by us last week as the heads of the German Romantic School is Hoffmann—far better known by his tales than by his *Miserere*, his *Requiem*, his airs and choruses for Werner's *Crusade of the Baltic*, or his operas of *Love and Jealousy*, *The Canon of Milan*, and *Undine*, which last production has always been regarded as his masterpiece. Indeed, with *Undine*, Hoffmann obtained his one great musical success, and it is easy to account for the marked favour with which that work was received in Berlin. In the first place, the fantastic nature of the subject was eminently suited to the peculiar genius of the composer. Then he possessed the advantage of having an excellent *libretto*, written by Lamothe-Fouqué, the author of the original tale; and finally, the opera was admirally executed at the Royal Theatre of Berlin. Probably not one of our readers has heard Hoffmann's *Undine*, which was brought out in 1817, and we believe was never revived, though much of the music enjoyed for a time considerable popularity, and the composition as a whole was warmly and publicly praised by no less a personage than Karl Maria von Weber. On the other hand, *Undine*, and Hoffmann's music generally, have been condemned by Sir Walter Scott, who is reported not to have been able to distinguish one melody from another, though he had of course a profound admiration for Scotch ballads of all kinds. M. Fétis, too, after informing us that Hoffmann "gave music lessons, painted enormous pictures, and wrote *licentious novels* (where are Hoffmann's licentious novels?), without succeeding in making himself remarked in any style," goes on to assure us, without ever having heard *Undine*, that although there were "certain parts" in which genius was evinced, "want of connexion, of conformity, of conception, and of plan, might be observed throughout;" and that "the judgment of the best critics was that such a work could not be classed among those compositions which mark an epoch in art."

Weber had studied criticism less perhaps than M. Fétis, but he knew more about creativeness, and in an article on the opera of *Undine*, so far from complaining of any "want of connexion, of conformity, of conception, and of plan," the author of *Der Freischütz* says: "This work seems really to have been composed at one inspiration, and I do not remember, after hearing it several times, that any passage ever recalled me for a single minute from the circle of magic images that the artist evoked in my soul. Yes, from the beginning to the end the author sustains the interest so powerfully by the musical development of his theme, that after but a single hearing one really seizes the *ensemble* of the work, and detail disappears in the *naiveté* and modesty of his art. With rare renunciation, such as can be appreciated only by him who knows what it costs to sacrifice the triumph of a momentary success, M. Hoffmann has disdained to enrich some pieces at the expense of others; which it is so easy to do by giving them an importance which does not belong to them as members of the entire work. The composer always advances, visibly guided by this one aspiration—to be always truthful, and to keep up the dramatic action without ceasing, instead of checking or fettering it in its rapid progress. Diverse and strongly marked as are the characters of the different personages, there is nevertheless something which surrounds them all; it is that fabulous life, full of phantoms, and those soft whisperings of terror which belong so peculiarly to the fantastic. Kühleborn is the character most strikingly put in relief both by the choice of the melodies, and by the instrumentation which, never leaving him, always announces his sinister approach.* This is quite right, Kühleborn appearing, if not as destiny itself, at least as its appointed instrument. After him comes Undine, the charming daughter of the waves, which, made sonorous, now murmur and break in harmonious roulades, now powerful and commanding, announce her power. The arietta of the second act, treated with rare and subtle grace, seems to me to be a thorough success, and to render the character perfectly. Hildebrand, so passionate yet full of hesitation, and allowing himself to be carried away by each amorous desire, and the pious and simple priest, with his grave choral melody, are the next in importance. In the back-ground are Bertalda, the fisherman and his wife, and the duke and duchess. The strains sung by the suite of the latter breathe a joyous, animated life, and are developed with admirable gaiety, thus forming a contrast with the sombre choruses of the spirits of the earth and water, which are full of harsh, strange progressions. The end of the opera, in which the composer displays, as if to crown his work, all his abundance of harmony in the double chorus in eight parts, appears to me grandly conceived and perfectly rendered. He has expressed these words—'Good night to all the cares and to all the magnificence of the earth'—with true loftiness, and with a soft melancholy which, in spite of the tragic conclusion of the piece, leaves behind a delicious impression of calm and con-

* Another proof that this device is not new in the hands of Herr Wagner.

solation. The overture and the final chorus which enclose the work here give one another the hand. The former, which evokes and opens the world of wonders, commences softly, goes on increasing, then bursts forth with passion; the latter is introduced without brusqueness, but mixes itself up with the action, and calms and satisfies it completely. The entire work is one of the most *spiritual* that these latter times have given us. It is the result of the most perfect and intimate comprehension of the subject, completed by a series of ideas profoundly reflected upon, and by the intelligent use of all the material resources of art; the whole rendered into a magnificent work by beautiful and admirably developed melodies."

M. Berlioz has said of Hoffmann's music, adding, however, that he had not heard a note of it, that it was "*de la musique de littérateur.*" M. Fétis, having heard about as much of it, has said a great deal more; but, after what has been written about Hoffmann's principal opera by such a master and judge as Karl Maria von Weber, neither the opinion of M. Fétis nor of M. Berlioz can be of any value on the subject. The merit of Hoffmann's music has probably been denied because the world is not inclined to believe that the same man can be a great writer and also a great musician. Perhaps it is this perversity of human nature that makes us disposed to hold M. Berlioz in so little esteem as an author; and we have no doubt that there are many who would be equally averse to according M. Fétis any tolerable rank as a composer.

WHILE on the subject of pianoforte composers who have written not for a country or for an age, but for the world and for all time, we may allude to one who has done perhaps more legitimate service in developing the *bonâ fide* mechanism of the instrument than any predecessor, contemporary, or follower. Next to Moscheles (by many placed before him—we cannot but think in some respects unreasonably), comes Jean Nepornell Hummel, one of the most talented, voluminous, and classical of all the pianoforte composers. Hummel—be not startled, reader—was *not* an original genius, although a long habit of composing endowed him with an unmistakeable peculiarity of manner. But Hummel *was* a musician, heart and soul—one of the right sort, unbending, comprehensive, and enthusiastic. Educated under excellent masters, he soon acquired the art of writing with ease, while the strict school in which he had been nourished, regulated his taste in the true direction. Hummel was a more learned musician than Moscheles, although he did not possess Moscheles' originality. His contributions to the art were not less numerous and valuable. Both have been of inestimable worth in directing the studies of pianists, and both were endowed with a facility which promptly seconded these intentions. Hummel's concertos owe much more than is generally admitted to those of Mozart, Dussek, and Steibelt; but they abound in a variety of graceful passages that exclusively belong to their author. It should be noted here that Mozart anticipated Beethoven, and that Beethoven did not surpass Mozart in the symmetrical form which, although Haydn had imparted to the symphony, was, before Mozart's time, wholly strange to the concerto. Mozart, therefore, did as much for the concerto as Haydn had done for the symphony and sonata—for, be it remarked, while in the lucid arrangement of ideas which appear and return in reasonable and proper places, the consistent balance of relative keys being preserved, the concerto is but a branch of the parent SONATA,* yet it still presents, even in the examples left us by Mozart and Beethoven, a marked difference of plan.†

While in the *tuttis*, or orchestral preludes‡, Hummel (like Moscheles) followed Mozart's symmetrical arrangement, he also (like Moscheles) overlooked that peculiarity which endows Mozart's concertos with such unity and completeness. Let us explain. In Mozart's concertos the three solos, of which, like the majority of concertos, they are composed, are continually accompanied in the orchestra by one or both the principal themes, separate or in conjunction, elaborate and worked out to the end. We find little of this in Hummel, although occasional glimpses are not wanting; but a complete development of the themes is never attempted, except in the *tuttis*. For this reason, without alluding to his higher genius, Mozart not only wrote his concertos as though he had improved upon the models of Hummel, who lived after him (instead of Hummel half-rising to the models left by Mozart), but wrote them, as it were, side by side with Beethoven, the *great developer himself*—even he who gave Mendelssohn the first hint§ of dispensing altogether with the *tutti*, an evident superfluity.‖

Nevertheless, devoid of pure invention as was Hummel, his concertos are fine productions, indispensable to the completion of a musical education, beautiful and interesting as music, independent of their influence and of all arbitrary considerations. No pianoforte writer ever produced a greater variety of new and elegant passages than Hummel, who, we need hardly remind our readers, was one of the greatest pianists of his day; and as an impromptu player, or *improvisateur*, had few equals, and fewer superiors. (This reminds us that we have neglected to speak of the wonderful powers of improvisation possessed by Moscheles). The miscellaneous works of Hummel—studies, fantasias, &c.—would of themselves form an interesting library. But, to come to an end with him, his sonatas for pianoforte solus are almost as rare (master as he needs must have been of the sonata-form) as those of Moscheles. We have never seen more than five—that in F minor (the best—a *chef-d'œuvre*); that in D, which, containing a *scherzo* and *trio*, assumes the distinction of the real *grand sonata*; that in E flat, dedicated to Haydn; that in C; and that in F sharp minor, which, though styled a sonata, is, more strictly speaking, a *fantasia*. But these alone are enough to immortalise Hummel, had he not produced so many and such variety of works in another form as to place him among the most fecund and admirable of musicians.

M. DELAPORTE has *not* resigned the directorship of the Orpheonists of France, but merely that of some choral society in Paris. *Tant mieux.* It would be about as easy to replace Garibaldi in another sphere of action as M. Delaporte in his.

* We cannot too frequently insist that the sonata is the model for the symphony, quartet, and all the larger form of instrumental music.

† The three specimens of the concerto left us by Mendelssohn, in which the sonata form is perfectly developed, have been frequently described.

‡ The *tutti*, according to Mozart, is a kind of synopsis of the whole first movement, laid out like the first movement of a sonata.

§ In the concerto in G major.

‖ Beethoven, in the G concerto, begins at once with the pianoforte (like Mendelssohn in all his concertos), but, after a few arpeggios, he introduces a long *tutti*. This leads to the conviction that the idea of abandoning the *tutti* had entered into the ever-inventing brain of the composer, but that he almost immediately gave it up as untenable. The great concerto in E flat presents the same apparent discrepancy.

MR. E. T. SMITH AND HIS MANAGEMENT.

(From the *Morning Post.*)

Nearly four months ago Mr. Smith startled the town by the publication of a prospectus adorned by such an array of celebrated names, and so rich in brilliant and attractive promises, that not a few of those initiated in the mysteries of operatic management thought the new director must be possessed by the demon of romance, or that desire and achievement, intention and accomplishment, had become so completely mixed up in his mind as to appear to him one and the same thing. In other words, the fulfilment of all Mr. Smith's splendid promises was considered by many to be a downright impossibility. A vast theatre was to be redecorated. At least two grand operas (Rossini's *Semiramide*, and Weber's *Oberon*), both requiring extensive and costly scenic illustration, were to be magnificently placed upon a stage notoriously the most inconvenient to be found in any large theatre: and which, when the prospectus for the past season appeared, was destitute of almost every requisite mechanical appliance, and altogether out of working order. The old dilapidated concert-room, long the abode of spiders, rats, and mice, and "such small deer," was to be converted into a "bijou theatre," while a company of celebrated singers and dancers, so numerous that it was difficult to see how they could all be brought forward in a manner worthy of their artistic positions, further increased the swelling announcement. Then we were to have such admirable conductors as Mr. Benedict and Signor Arditi, such principal violins as Herr Molique and Mr. Blagrove, a first-rate band, and a first-rate chorus. Many, as we have said, doubted the possibility of all this being duly accomplished; and yet the old house was altered much for the better, and redecorated in a very splendid and costly manner in time for the opening night (April 10). The "bijou theatre" was finished about the middle of the season, though it has not yet been publicly used. The two promised operas have been given with all the scenic effect which could reasonably be looked for in such a locality, and the following *artistes* have appeared:—Vocalists—Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Borghi-Mamo, Mlle. Piccolomini, Mad. Lotti della Santa, Mad. Marie Cabel, Mlle. Brunetti, Mad. Lemaire, Mlle. Vaneri, Mlle. Louise Michal, and Mad. Alboni; Signor Giuglini, Signor Vialetti, Signor Belart, Signor Everardi, Signor Aldighieri, Signor Gassier, Signor Corsi, Signor Ciampi, Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, Signor Castelli, Herr Steger, and Signor Mongini. Dancers—Mlle. Pocchini, Mlle. Cucchi, Mlle. Morlacchi, Mlle. Pasquale, Mlle. Amalia Ferraris, M. Durand, M. Chapuy, &c.

For the most part then the director was enabled to keep faith with the public, the only shortcomings being in the orchestral and choral departments; serious failings, certainly, though by no means irremediable. Mr. Smith has himself, with laudable frankness, publicly made allusion to the weak points of his establishment, and in acknowledging the necessity of a reformation, promises to do his best to accomplish it, at the same time warning his supporters that the task is fraught with difficulties. These difficulties are not so great as Mr. Smith (who probably knows but little of such matters) has perhaps been taught to believe. It were preposterous to suppose that a vast city like London can only yield a sufficiently large number of orchestral performers to furnish *one* first-rate band. Plenty of capital instrumentalists, whether English or foreign, are always to be had in the metropolis; but the power of selection should be in competent hands, and remuneration to the executants must be enough to attract efficient professors, and make it worth their while to *attend rehearsals*, without which a satisfactory *ensemble* is not to be looked for. There is no reason why the fact should not be publicly stated that the salaries of orchestral performers are, for the most part, very low—shamefully so, indeed, when compared with the enormous sums paid to singers. There is no instrument that it takes not time and pains to learn, not to speak of that Heaven-born genius which the instrumentalist—if he really excel in his vocation—must possess in at least an equal degree with the singer. The vocal and histrionic arts doubtless require also long and assiduous study; but surely it will be seen that the rewards are out of all proportion when it is shown that where the celebrated singer receives £80 per night, the equally celebrated player gets, under the happiest circumstances, £5—more frequently £3, £2, or even less. These are the highest terms paid, we believe, at a certain great lyric establishment, the distinctive character and permanent success of which are, in a large degree, ascribable to the attractions of the magnificent orchestra. With such remuneration the professors are satisfied. Everything is in the hands of a respected conductor. Rehearsals are duly attended, and the results are always most honourable and valuable to the management. But elsewhere is it not otherwise? Are the members of Mr. Smith's band equally well remunerated? Do they duly attend rehearsals? Is the engagement and management of them entrusted to one or two conductors who must necessarily be responsible to the public for the public acts of those under, or supposed to be under, their control? We can answer these questions unhesitatingly in the negative, and must consequently conclude that until the system of last season be "reformed altogether," the new brightness which Mr. Smith has thrown about Her Majesty's Theatre will remain heavily clouded. It is not, of course, probable that a manager who is ready to pay £1,000 per month to certain artists, and has proved himself willing and able on so many occasions to risk large sums in catering for the public, would suddenly be seized with a fit of parsimony directly the question of fiddles, oboes, clarionets, &c. came under his consideration. Far more credible is it that Mr. Smith did what he was advised to do in this respect—that he wished to do the best possible, but, being ill-advised, committed errors, which he will have leisure to repent of and atone for between this and next season. Our counsel may be given in a few words. Let Mr. Smith, first of all, employ a thoroughly competent person to select orchestral performers, and pay those performers enough to ensure their punctual attendance (under a penalty) at every necessary rehearsal. Let the same plan be put in force with respect to the chorus, and we will answer for the result. Here, however, our objections are at an end. If all the new performers, introduced experimentally of course by Mr. E. T. Smith, did not turn out valuable acquisitions, we do not see that any blame can attach to the director, unless the public have a right to consider him less fallible than any other theatrical manager.

Madame Jullien's Benefit.—It is gratifying to find that the English public have not forgotten the man who did so much for the advancement of his art and the cultivation of the musical taste of the age, for we cannot but think that a very large portion of the 15,000 persons who were at the Surrey Gardens on Tuesday evening were influenced by the desire of doing some good for the widow of one who was deservedly the most popular, as he was the most talented of caterers for the amusement, and let us also add the elevation, of his patrons. Fortunately the weather was favourable, and consequently those who could not obtain room in the large hall, which was crammed to suffocation, were not inconvenienced by having to remain in the open air, and listen to the strains of the performers, mellowed by the distance which in this instance might have "lent enchantment," if not "to the view," at least to something else, for the heat and the crowding must have been positively awful to those in the area of the building—it was bad enough in the first circle, where standing room was just as much at a premium as everywhere else. Of course we cannot be expected to notice in detail a programme which numbered some thirty-five pieces, and lasted from half-past six until—well, we cannot say when, for we certainly did not stay it all out. The entertainment was divided into four parts—the first orchestral, conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon and Prince Galitzin (whose Surprise Polka was encored by the way), comprising the overture to *Semiramide*, one movement of Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, Jullien's Warsaw Varsoviana and Last Waltz—the latter for the first time of performance, and every way worthy the reputation of its lamented composer, the air charming and eminently *dansante*. The second and third parts entirely vocal, embraced a variety of songs, ballads, &c., all of which were received with a greater or less degree of noisy enthusiasm too closely bordering upon turbulence to be pleasant. Indeed the exuberance which seems to be so strong a characteristic of a transpontine audience was at times so very fully developed as to threaten to interrupt the progress of the concert altogether. Not

that anybody seemed to have the slightest idea of what they wanted, beyond an insane desire for displaying their strength of lung and vigour of arm. Painfully embarrassing it must have been to some of the more nervous of the vocalists, and in one or two instances the effects were distressing alike to singers and the more rational portion of the hearers. Miss Kate Ranoe, Mlle. Enrichetta Camille, Mlle. Brunetti, Miss Poole, Miss Palmer, Mrs. Weiss, Mad. Louisa Vinning, Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Alboni, M. Gassier, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Sims Reeves, with the Vocal Association conducted by Mr. Benedict, contributed some of their most popular pieces, of which it is sufficient to say that Mad. Alboni's superb rendering of the aria "Ah! quel giorno" from *Semiramide*, was encored, and the tyrolienne from *Betly*, "In questo semplice," substituted; that the brindisi "Il segreto" evoked a *furore*, and was repeated with if possible greater effect, the fair artiste retiring amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and a perfect uproar of delight. Of course Mr. Sims Reeves was compelled to repeat his songs "They say that all things change," by Vincent Wallace, and Balfe's "I love you"—which latter bids fair to become one of the most favourite songs of the day. Nor were these the only encores of the evening, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," by Mlle. Parepa, being given a second time, and "Barney O'Hea," by Miss Poole, redemanded, in lieu of which we had "Wapping Old Stairs." Besides these we must especially mention Miss Kate Ranoe's very intelligent and expressive reading of Herr Reichardt's popular song, "Thou art so near and yet so far." Of the fourth part of the concert, in which the bands of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusilier Guards were announced to appear, we can say nothing, but have no doubt that Jullien's English and British Army Quadrilles afforded as much delight as they used when conducted by their composer, and the Last Waltz repeated to the gratification of the multitude, who seemed to evince no desire to quit the "gay and festive scene and halls of dazzling light."

CAN PARIS PAY ITS ARTISTS?*

The *Revue et Gazette des Théâtres* quoted, in its number of Thursday last, a portion of the article published by us on the London theatres, and in which we directed attention to the excellence of the lyrical companies at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's, where it is not uncommon to see artists of the first-class consent to undertake secondary parts, while at Paris the same artists would evince less alacrity for such acts of complaisance, however precious those acts may be for obtaining a more brilliant performance of the masterpieces of the classical as well as the modern repertory. Our contemporary, who had already stated this fact, which a recent opportunity enabled us to corroborate *de auditu*, appends the following reflections to our remarks:—

"Paris will never be so fortunate as to be able to offer the public that assemblage, in one and the same work, of first-rate artists which must be the dream of all those who know how to appreciate a masterpiece. Is it not a certain fact that such a superior manner of rendering the secondary parts must throw upon the masterpiece additional light, and impart perfectly new value to details which mediocrity leaves in the shade?

"To what causes is to be attributed this accidental superiority of London over Paris? Why do the artists whom Paris has reared do on the other side of the Channel things which it would be impossible to make them do on this? Why can the London theatres have entire companies composed of first-rate artists, like an army in which each soldier should possess the value of a colonel? Why? To these questions we believe there is only one answer, and that is: London can pay and Paris cannot."

We deny *in toto* this assertion; it is our conviction that Paris can pay, relatively speaking, quite as well as London, only we must add that London knows better how to pay, and how to obtain a higher return for its money than Paris. Our neighbours, again, possess greater talent in speculation; they do not buy a pig in a poke; they travel themselves, or get others to travel for them, in order to procure certain information as to the merit of the various artists. When the latter are once engaged, they are obliged to renounce their caprices, their exacting demands, and all idea of embarrassing the management; the performers must no more be backward in their duty than the treasurer in his, and it is thus that theatrical enterprises become profitable.

In Paris, negociations are opened with a superior artist at the last moment, and, naturally, he speculates on the need there is of his assistance; as in nearly every case he is called upon to support unaided the responsibility of a piece, he is the more intractable with the management the more indispensable he feels himself to be; so that managers become the subordinates of the persons they have engaged, which is the contrary to what it ought to be in sound logic.

It is said that in London the aristocracy does not care for expense; high Parisian society also can be generous, when it has sufficient reasons for manifesting its liberality; but, to speak the truth, we think it does not enjoy too many occasions of doing so. Now, connoisseurs in artistic banquets cannot consider a table properly served when it boasts of only one and the same dish, and Paris is generally restricted to this congruity of repast. If, in a theatre with opera and ballet, there is a first tenor, we shall have to regret the absence of the *prima donna;* if there is a superior barytone, the contralto will be wanting; in the choreographic department, the first *danseuse* will absorb everything, and all the rest will be left to chance, without any attention being devoted to that completeness of *ensemble*, and that artistic result which should be attained. Among us, therefore, with that good taste which is generally acknowledged, with the intelligence necessary for doing things well, and with numberless resources, we find only incomplete companies, which, from their very incompleteness, are incapable of producing a piece in such a manner as to show it off to the best advantage. This is not the fault of the public; it is the fault of the managers, who do not set about their work with sufficient earnestness; people among us have a habit of being contented with something merely approximative; they are prodigal in one particular and miserly in all the rest; what is wanting is that good sound sense which should preside over a better distribution of our disposable forces; for things to be different, and for the comparison to be always to our advantage, we should only have to will it; but, whether from presumption or from carelessness, we do not know how to will, and thus we arrive at the results we have pointed out.

To speak only of the Opera, people assert it could never pretend to compete in *magnificence* with the English managers, who may with impunity, it is added, increase their expenses in order to augment their profits in the same proportion. This reasoning is not, perhaps, correct. As we have said, we were present at Italian operatic performances in London; neither Covent Garden nor Her Majesty's display more *magnificence*, we do not say *munificence*, than our Académie Impériale de Musique. Only, on beginning his season, Mr. Gye knows to within a poun the sums he has to receive, and, allowing for his profit, the sums he can spend. He harmonises his budget, and does nothing at hazard; an example we recommend for adoption by our first lyric theatre. It has been thought right to refer to the precarious situation of a speculative manager, who, after having attracted public attention to the theatre he managed, was obliged to retire a few months since on account of the positive losses he incurred. We do not think the example selected is a good one. M. Carvalho—for he is the person alluded to—overstepped, at the Théâtre Lyrique, the limits to which, by his patent, he was restricted. Certainly we are obliged to him, as an artist, for the performances he presented to the public; but we do not award him, as a manager and a commercial individuality, the same meed of praise. He attempted more than he was obliged to attempt, and more than was asked of him. He entered into competition with the Opéra and the Opéra Comique simultaneously, and such was not the position Government had allotted him, and charged him to maintain. He necessarily, therefore, arrived at the result, materially to be regretted, which has been mentioned, and to which he advanced almost consciously, we believe. If it be said that it would have been just to have furnished him with the means of retrieving his losses, we agree; but he must not be put in com-

* From the *Europe Artiste* of the 22nd ult.

parison with what is done in London, particularly at the Italian Opera, because the situation is not at all the same, and because there is not the slightest logical or rational connection between the two cases.

We now come to the liberty of fixing the prices. This is an entirely special question, and, as far as we are concerned, we should have no objection to its being settled as our contemporary desires. Our readers know that we have always been partisans of everything which could extend the circle of liberty within which theatrical industry moves. Now we should not offer any opposition to a system which permitted a trader in Paris or the departments to sell his goods at the value he thought fit to put upon them; but it strikes us that, in this particular, the discussion is going from the ground which it appeared at first to have selected, and that it is not by coursing two hares at once that we can hope to catch one.

Consequently, we maintain what we said in the first lines of this article; we reply to the question thus put: *Can Paris pay its artists as well as London can pay them?* Yes, most certainly. Can it demand the same services of them? Yes. Does it render their life more easy and their reputation greater? Yes again. Therefore, the position of an artist in France is in no way inferior to that he is able to obtain in England.

At present, let every manager be allowed to fix the prices of admission as he pleases; we can see no objection, nay, we even think that if he has a right to do this, he may advance his own interests, those of the public, and those of all true artists simultaneously. As matters are carried on now-a-days, we confess we are in no way surprised at the indifference of the spectators, while the reduced, or insufficient prices, which form one cause of complaint, are, but too frequently, superior to the quality of the dramatic merchandise offered for sale. For some time past, however, the class-papers and the superior authorities have been considering the modifications required in the present mode of managing theatrical enterprise; a great number of useful observations have already been evoked, and we cannot believe they will be entirely without effect. As a matter of course, the persons interested will be brought to leave the domain of theoretical discussion, and proceed to practical experiment, and we have great faith in what has already been done. We rejoice, therefore, that the few lines we wrote on our return from London produced, from the *Gazette des Théâtres*, the article to which we have replied. On this occasion, as on every other, we have found the journal edited by our friend Denis ready to maintain the cause of progress, a cause to which, like him, we have devoted the little experience, and, most certainly, all the energies we possess.

Charles Desolme.

Scraps from Abroad.—(*From various sources.*)—Signor and Signora Tiberini have proceeded to fulfil an engagement at Trieste. Signor Pancani, who is engaged for next March by M. Calzado, has also left Paris. He will spend a week at Aix-la-Chapelle, whence he will proceed to Naples, where he is engaged for the present.——Signor P. P. Boccomini, one of the principal members of Mad. Ristori's company, has died at Amsterdam. The management of the Riccardi Theatre at Bergamo has been confided, for the duration of the fair, to the Brothers Marzi, who will give performances of *opera buffo* and ballet. Some papers have spread the report that the management of the Theatres Royal, Naples, would perhaps pass, ere long, into the hands of Malvezzi, the tenor. Signor Lorenzoni and Signora Gavetti Reggiani have been engaged for next autumn at the Communal Theatre of Bologna, the former as first dancer, and the latter as *prima donna*.——The Neopolitan journal *Il Diorama* has changed its title, and is now called *L'Italia*.——Among the recent engagements for Constantinople may be mentioned those of Signor A. Bianchi, first tenor; Fiorini, bass; Mattioli, buffo; and Signora Galli, *prima donna assoluta*.——Signor Masini, first bass, is at present in Milan, whence he will soon return to St. Petersburgh, where he is engaged for the fourth time.——M. H. Montplaisir is engaged as ballet master for the Carneval of 1860-61 at the Carlo Felice Theatre, Genoa. The fresh choreographic work produced will be entitled *Benvenuto Cellini*, on which the management will spare no expense. Verdi's *Trovatore* is being given simultaneously at Gerbino and the Alfieri Theatre, Turin.——The vocal and instrumental concert of the pupils at the Milan Conservatory took place on the 8th July.——The opening of the Valle Theatre, at Rome, for the summer season was to have taken place on the 30th June, with the *Masnadieri*. After the last rehearsal, however, Corsi the tenor fell ill. The part of Carlo was immediately given to the other tenor of the establishment, Signor Gianini, and the opening fixed for the 3rd July, but, at the first general rehearsal, Signor Gianini was compelled, by an intestinal attack, to take to his bed. On this, application was made to Signor Negrini, who happened to be still at Rome, and that gentleman appeared in the part on the 7th ult.; Signora Teresa Armelini was the *prima donna*.——Mlle. Sarotta is engaged at the Oriente Theatre, Madrid.——Signoras Pancani, Negrini, Coletti; Signoras Staffenone, Vera-Lorini, and Mlle. Boschetti, *première danseuse*, are engaged at the San Carlo, Naples.

LINES FOR MUSIC.*

My mother tongue, how dear thy tone,
With all my life how bound;
Ah! were my heart of steel or stone
'Twould soften at thy sound.

Thou teachest this proud neck to bow,
As might a mother's arm;
With soft caress thou smooth'st my brow,
And hush'd is all alarm.

Again I feel a little child;
The vain world fades from sight,
And all as spring-tide's breezes mild
I feel thy healing might.

Once more my grandsire bids me kneel;
Come, child, thy prayer say,
"Our father" I repeat, and feel
Once more what 'tis to pray.

From deep within my spirit calls,
My heart pours forth its pain,
Till heaven's peace upon it falls,
And all seems well again.

My mother tongue, so right, so sound,
Of God thou break'st the fear,
The simple words "my father" sound
A prayer in mine ear.

No music seems to me so fine,
Nor nightingale's love call;
Full oft thou'st made the gushing brine
Adown these cheeks to fall.

MISS ANNA WHITTY.

Our readers will perhaps recollect that at Mr. Benedict's annual concert, in St. James's Hall, in 1859, Miss Anna Whitty, a young lady the daughter of the editor and proprietor of the *Liverpool Journal* and *Liverpool Daily Post*, created a most decided sensation by the admirable style in which she sang "Bel raggio" from *Semiramide*, displaying in her vocalisation a refined and cultivated style, and a voice of most charming sweetness and brilliancy. Though Miss Anna Whitty has only once sung in England, she has for several years been pursuing a most prosperous career in Central and Northern Italy, in spite of the political troubles of that region, and the Florentine, Milanese, and Livornese papers lately received by us give most glowing accounts of Miss Whitty's operatic performances.

The *Buon Gusto* of Florence says, "Anna Whitty is a young and fair daughter of England, who has made Italy a second country, and Italian art a passion and a religion. Distinguished for education, manners, instruction, and talent, she perfected her vocal powers in Florence, under a first-rate master; her studies were not of that superficial order which the greater part of the singers of the present day pass through. She rendered herself

* The words of this song are copyright.

familiar with the works of our best composers, and preferred, with the instinct of good taste, the classical creations of our immortal *maestri*. Mlle. Whitty has by this gained the gratitude of our land of song—it is for this she merits renown and honour. She made her *début* at the Theatre-Royal Pagliano, at Florence, some three years ago, having previously held the post of *prima donna* at Malta, for two seasons. From that moment her career was assured, and each theatre where she appeared was for her a new field of glory, where she obtained fresh and enviable triumphs. Those who have not heard this artiste will ask us—what are the gifts she possesses, and what are the powers that have enabled her to call forth the enthusiasm of the most critical audiences? The reply is easy; but before we decipher the letter itself, let us first examine the envelope. Mlle. Whitty has a commanding presence and a pleasing countenance. As we have said before, her manners and deportment on the stage are eminently noble and distinguished. Her voice is not robust, but is rich and full in tone, with an excellent suavity and sweetness, of great compass, most flexible, and, above all, most sympathetic, being of that *timbre* that does not besiege but descends to the heart, filling the soul with the various emotions of tenderness and melancholy. Added to this is her rare *trillo* and perfection of *method*, her extraordinary agility with which she overcomes the most difficult passages, performing them spontaneously, and without an effort; her singing is an *embroidery*; difficulties become for her a mere plaything—a pastime. Mlle. Whitty, as a "lyric actress," is capable of interpreting any work; but it is in classical compositions, particularly those of Rossini, in which she most excels, and for which she seems specially created; it is in these *chefs d'œuvre* her genius developes itself, where her *trillo* is most displayed. For her there must be obstacles, difficulties, and then she is seen gliding, flying, playing among a million of notes the most complicated and perilous, with the same rapidity, ease, and security, as the butterfly frolics among flowers. Added to this *trillo*, the grace, the charm that accompanies it, producing an *ensemble* that almost reaches perfection. Mlle. Whitty's powers as an actress equal those she possesses as a singer. Her gestures are as graceful as they are moderate; each movement betrays intelligence and refinement. She never forgets the part she represents, becoming herself embodied in the character she interprets. As we have said in a former number, Mlle. Whitty must ever become the delight of whateyer public and the ornament of whatever theatre she may appear at. She is at present at Leghorn, where, according to her custom, she excites that critical public to the highest enthusiasm, the theatre resounding with acclamations at every *morceau* she executes. In honouring this artiste we honour Italian art, of which she is so faithful an interpreter. Such is the admiration—such is the esteem we publicly offer to the distinguished merit of Anna Whitty."

The *Scintille* of Milan, speaking of the performance of *La Cenerentola*, says, "It is needless to tell you that Mlle. Whitty, in the principal part, was immense; and, in fact, it would be difficult to find a singer of the present day who can with so much ability execute the difficult music of Rossini, and who joins to the most perfect intonation the rarest talent and musical knowledge. It is impossible to say in what particular *morceaux* she was especially applauded, being almost equally so throughout the whole opera; but in the famous *rondo*, 'Non più mesta,' she touched the very sublimity of art."

The Leghorn correspondent of the Milan *Gazetta dei Toatri* is equally enthusiastic:—"I thought the lovely music, 'Cenerentola,' old, out of fashion! I was decidedly in the wrong. And do you know to whom I owe my conversion? To Mlle. Anna Whitty, the charming artiste, who seems to have been created on purpose to sing the melodies of our immortal Rossini. Her voice is pure, sympathetic; her agility marvellous, and her method perfect. They encored the rondo, and the public, delighted with the youthful cantatrice, demanded a third repetition of the classical *morceau*. Eight times at least was Mlle. Whitty recalled before the curtain."

Making all allowances for the exaggerated style of Italian enthusiasm, we have reason to believe that Miss Whitty is an artiste of whom we may, as Englishmen, be proud, and we hope soon she will have an opportunity of administering to the pleasures of her own countrymen and countrywomen.

THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

(From the *Daily Telegraph*.)

THERE is a sort of affliction to which human nature is liable, and which Gray used to call The White Melancholy. The patient never laughs or dances, but is in a perpetual state of satisfaction with himself. This, we are bound to think, is the state into which some of our moralists have fallen. The world is offensive to them, but, to do them justice, they are highly condescending to the world. Both, therefore, get on better than might have been expected. But now and then an affair turns up beyond the endurance of charity itself; and such a business, as certain persons assume, was the late festival at the Crystal Palace in aid of the Royal Dramatic College Fund. We had originally imagined that the day passed off balmily and genially enough, that the fun was excellent and the fraud enticing, that the lady stall-keepers were so many living fascinations, and the gentlemen who lent their aid better levellers than any Jacobins on record. But it seems that the whole matter was a public perfidy, and that society is to blame for having smiled in presence of a sham which the genus Mawworm is resolved henceforward never more to tolerate. The great community which reads newspapers and pays attention to passing events will probably ask to what on earth we are alluding.

Who has said, or written, or suggested a word against the Dramatic Fancy Fair? No one, we allow, who is likely to command more than a "class" audience, and yet the impeachment has been delivered, and the actresses who exerted themselves so pleasantly and benevolently are exhorted to kiss the rod. A contemporary, which assumes the functions of "the accredited organ of dramatic morals"—whatever that may mean—has untied its lictor's bundles and knouts the entire theatrical profession roundly. We do not believe that the smart will be very severe or that the green-room population will turn pale under this eminently righteous censure; but is there, in reality, a syllable of truth in the charge thus flung at random against the promoters of a most praiseworthy movement? The Dramatic College Festival at the Crystal Palace was, in fact, an event which very agreeably illustrated the relations at present existing between the theatrical profession and society at large. The barriers have been broken down; the Mawworms are now exceptional beings; it is known and acknowledged by all, except the bigoted and stupid, that many a true English lady and English gentleman treads the stage. This result having been attained, what possible objection was there to a mingling of actors, actresses, and the best classes of the public at Sydenham in order to assist in the development of a great philanthropic purpose?

The Dramatic College, we are told, issued begging advertisements. Does not every hospital, every asylum, every shelter of the widow and the fatherless, every charitable institution in the kingdom do the same? But, it is added, the public were asked for contributions to the stalls of articles to be sold for the benefit of the fund. Was there anything unusual in that? It has been done over and over again, and might be done for the Brompton Consumption Hospital, the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, the Hospital for Epileptic and Paralytic Patients, and the highest ladies in the land have set the example. Now, however, we reach the centre of bitterness and opprobium. The world, it is complained, was invited to see "actresses with their rouge off." And pray where is the sin which is denounced in these withering terms? Are actresses never to wear the costume or appear in the characters of ordinary ladies? Must they be shut up for ever in the enchanted palace of the drama, amid mock diamonds, paint, and spangles? Are they to be blamed because, volunteering to assist in obtaining relief for their less fortunate brethren and sisters, they were affable on a day of general pleasantry—because they smiled and gossipped—because they were, as they cannot help being, graceful and fascinating? Of this we are sure, that never was a public festival more creditably conducted, and that the ladies who took part in it did honour to themselves and their profession. Still, there are other accusations in store. The actresses, we learn, charged exhorbitant prices for trumpery. Did the most ardent disciple of economy go to the Crystal Palace with the view of making a bargain? Did he expect to buy a serviceable pair of slippers for one shilling and tenpence, or a good sound mustard-pot, electro-plated, and get change for half-a-crown? If so, he misunderstood the nature of the *fête*, which was not an auction, but an opportunity for benevolence to display itself cordially, and without that austere ostentation which is recommended by our new censors of the stage. Give money with a black-gloved hand, but hand it over to an honorary treasurer instead of placing it happily in the palm of a handsome missionary who, presiding at a stall, accords you a baby's shoe and one farthing's worth of ultra tooth-powder in reward of your guinea. This is extortion, sayeth the assailant, who probably went to buy and not to give; but therein lies the mistake.

It is perfectly right to sneer. To sneer is a privilege of the age. Without it we might all be sceptics. Therefore we have no quarrel with any one for asking why actors and actresses should busy themselves in obtaining funds for the maintenance of a Dramatic College. All we question is the sanity of the protest. Why, who in the world should busy themselves, if not actors and actresses? Men of letters largely aid in supporting the Literary Fund; our naval and military charities are mainly dependant on the donations of officers; indeed, the principle of almost every similar institution is at bottom that of a mutual providence society. The licensed victuallers, the bootmakers, the newsvendors, have their asylums and almshouses, their sick funds and pensions, each class subscribing from its own purse, and obtaining from the public whatever assistance it may be disposed to render. The promoters of the Dramatic College have followed in this respect the universal example.

But what did the ladies and gentlemen contribute out of their own pockets? we are asked. The subscription list tells us all we have a right to know. What is it to us, or to anyone, whether the actresses who presided at the Crystal Palace stalls purchased the bugles, laces, toys, trinkets, and other fanciful frippery they sold to benevolent buyers? We have no doubt that the ladies in question bore their full share of the burden, although it would be sheer impertinence to speak more of their charity than they have chosen to speak themselves. Of course, from the dignified and White Melancholy point of view, we might concur in thinking that one gentleman did not look very tragic as the guardian of Aunt Sally, and that another did not prove himself a genuine Cagliostro in his Cave of Mystery. We may admit that Cockshy is inconsistent with pathos, and that to sell snuff-boxes and penknives from a tray is not precisely High Art. But *cui bono*? Cannot we wear a mask of laughter over our good intentions? Why be angry with a broad grin if it helps to assuage a pang or to dry a tear? We have our peculiar national customs of raising funds in aid of benevolent objects. Now it is a sermon, and then a concert; to-day the bishop preaches, and to-morrow the comedian jests. This week the highest ladies of the land dispense vouchers, and next the actress steps forth into the real world, in a true spirit of sisterhood and mercy, to benefit those who have passed out of her bright though unreal world upon the dim border-lands of death, the poverty, the neglect, the disappointments of old age. Let us welcome her at her excellent work. She can be a good fairy in real life no less than behind the footlights. Her evil day, perhaps, may come, but come when it may she can never regret that, in the full harvest time of her prosperity, she assisted in succouring the poor and humble of her own profession. It was her duty—she fulfilled it well—and she may pass on, fancy free, notwithstanding the volunteer censures, which will not detract in the public mind one iota from her good intentions, nor injure in the slightest degree the admirable purpose she so materially assisted.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.—If nothing else were wanted to indicate the close of the musical season and hegira of the singing birds, the busy note of preparation for the one hundred and thirty-seventh meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, would be sufficient warning of the approach of autumn, which at present seems likely to succeed winter without the customary intervention of spring and summer. The festival at Worcester this year will be a remarkable one, if only from the fact that it is the last time we shall have an opportunity of hearing Mad. Clara Novello, in a place of all others where it tells with the greatest effect—the nave of one of our noble cathedrals. Those whose sole impressions of an oratorio are confined to Exeter Hall, the Crystal Palace, or any other secular building, can form but little idea of what the *Messiah* or *Elijah* is like when performed in a building exclusively devoted to sacred purposes, possessing all the acoustic requirements in the highest perfection, and conveying a host of associations to the mind impossible to realise elsewhere. Who that has once listened to the "Hallelujah" chorus from the *Messiah*, "Thanks be to God" from *Elijah*, or any of the massive double choruses in *Israel in Egypt*, can ever forget the sensation it produced when heard in the grandly solemn and imposing vaulted area of the cathedrals of the three choirs. Nor is it in the choruses alone that this is felt. The solos are no less telling; and to hear Mad. Novello's voice in "Hear ye Israel," "Let the bright seraphim," "Rejoice greatly," or Mr. Sims Reeves in "Thou shalt break them," "Then shall the righteous," "Sound an alarm," or any other of the famous airs, is alone worth a journey to the meeting of the choirs. But of this more anon, when the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of September are over, and we have once more the opportunity of recording our opinion of the three choirs in general, and Worcester in particular.

The forthcoming festival at Worcester is marked by a deviation from the regular routine which has for so many years been observed at these gatherings. It has been the custom to commence at 11 o'clock on the Tuesday morning with a full service, embracing the *Dettingen Te Deum*, two anthems, and a sermon on behalf of the Charity, for it must be borne in mind that it is only the surplus of receipts over expenses (for which latter the stewards are responsible) that can benefit the widows and orphans of the three dioceses, and as there is generally a deficit, the Charity would receive nothing were it not for the voluntary contributions at the doors, which ordinarily amount to from £900 to £1000. The sermon will not be omitted this time, but the service will begin on Tuesday morning at half-past 9 o'clock, and be performed by the three choirs alone, without the aid of the "stars," who are reserved for the oratorios. As there will be no charge for admission, and the service is repeated each morning, the most captious will have no cause to grumble at the arrangement. The first part of the *Creation*, and the whole of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, will be given on Tuesday. On Wednesday Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and a selection from *Judas Maccabæus*. On Thursday *Elijah*, and on Friday *The Messiah*. Such is the morning scheme. The evening concerts offer one novelty, a cantata by N. W. Gade, which is to be heard for the first time, entitled *The Erl King's Daughter*, Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Weiss sustaining the principal parts, with a chorus of Elfin Maidens. The *May Queen* of Professor Sterndale Bennett inaugurates the Tuesday evening, and with Mad. Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss M. Wells, and Mr. Weiss, will doubtless afford as much delight as everywhere else on its performance. The principal instrumental displays are Beethoven's symphony in D (No. 2), Weber's overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits*, and the overture to *William Tell*, a flute solo by Mr. R. S. Pratten, Mendelssohn's violin concerto by M. Sainton, and a fantasia by Mr. H. Blagrove. A novelty to Worcester will also be added in the shape of a selection from Mr. Vincent Wallace's opera, *Lurline*, Mlle. Parepa, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mad. Weiss, Miss M. Wells, Messrs. Montem Smith and Weiss, lending their services to give it due effect. The remainder of the evening programmes is made up of the usual material, with all of which the London concert goer is but too familiar, and marked by the one fault which seems inseparable from all provincial meetings, whether of the choirs or the manufacturing districts—excessive length. However, we suppose the managers understand the taste of the supporters, who desire quantity rather than quality, and if it only pays we have nothing to do but to wish the meeting success.

THE NINE O'CLOCK BELL.

IT is a beautiful custom which prevails in many towns and villages in New England,—this ringing of the church bells at the good wholesome hour of nine o'clock in the evening. It is an observance, too, sanctioned by time-honoured usage,—handed down to us by our puritan fathers,—redolent of antiquity, and of those good old days when people went to rest betimes, slept soundly and sweetly upon hard beds, and arose with the sun, or the larks, if you please. There is to us something inexpressibly pleasant in this ringing of the bells at nine o'clock, and we never pass a night in a strange village, but we feel more at home in it—more tranquil and fitted for repose, if we chance to hear at the usual time some faithful sentiment in a neighbouring steeple, sending forth its evening chime. There is more than we think in the power of early associations. We never forget the mellow tones of the church bell which graced the belfry of the village church in our native hamlet. Its cadences will ever and anon sound in our ears all our lives long, though many dreary miles of land or sea make a gulf between us and our early home.

Who has not some particular bell in his memory, which to his boyish eyes seemed the largest bell upon earth? What an interest it had in his eyes! How he watched with eagerness for its ringing, and with what a feeling of curiosity, mingled with awe, he mounted, for the first time, the rickety staircase, wound his way up through the unfurnished garret, and stood face to face

with the object of his admiration; or looked down from the dizzy height upon mother earth far below, and the blue hills in the distance, standing up like armed sentinels against the sky. What a variety of cadences the old bell possessed! On gala-days it rang a merry peal, and the child's heart leaped for joy. On the Sabbath its tones were more solemn and majestic, according well with the solemnity of the day, and seeming to say to all within the sound of its voice, "This is none other than the house of prayer, the very gate of heaven;" but when it tolled the knell of a departed soul, the tones were sad and mournful, dying away upon the air with a tremulous sound, like a mourner's sob.

We have read that the travellers in foreign lands, with the broad ocean rolling between them and home, have sometimes awakened at night, and seemed to hear the church bells ringing in their homes beyond the sea; and so real did it seem to them, that it was difficult to dispel the illusion, if such it be. May it not be possible that in certain peculiar states of the mind,—that wonderful creation of a divine hand,—the faculties become so acute, so intensified, the delicate nerves of sensation so enhanced in power, that time and space are annihilated, and we are borne on the wings of the wind as it were, very near our home and friends. It was not all an illusion when the heroine of that most delightful novel—*Jane Eyre*—seemed to hear the voice of Rochester calling to her in the darkness. Who has not in his own experience known instances similar to this, of those who heard voices in the night-watches, and gained strength and courage thereby.

"Perched God's right hand in that darkness,
And were lifted up and strengthened."

One need not go to the city for sweet-toned, musical bells. In many of the rural villages of the north country, we may hear as rich, full tones,—as harmonious cadences as ever fell upon the listening air of evening from cathedral dome or lofty church-spire. It is, after all, the associations, the memories awakened, that render the tones of even a diminutive bell more majestic and soul-moving than organ music to our ears. We recollect one bell in an obscure country village whose mellow tones will live for ever in our heart. In the clear evenings of mid-summer, as the shadows deepened along the landscape and the stars peeped out one by one "in the infinite meadows of heaven," its clear, silvery tones might be heard echoing among the hills, proclaiming the hour of nine o'clock, and saying not inaudibly, to all the dwellers round about, "The night cometh; sleep on now and take your rest, for all is well!" It is impossible to describe the tranquillizing influence its tones exerted—the happy recollections it awakened in the hearts of those who nightly listened to its welcome music. At such a time, under the clear sky of a midsummer night,

"The friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods."

Let us cherish with a feeling akin to veneration anything that tends to occasionally separate us from the busy toil and strife of life's battle, soothe and calm our troubled spirits, and fit us for repose! Long may it be before the time-hallowed customs die out in New England which set the church bells a-ringing at the good hour of nine o'clock, for with it would vanish one of the most valued associations of childhood.

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, but we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."

Music in the South Seas.—Our Puritan ancestors, (says Mr. Dwight of Boston) used to pay their church rates in beans and cordwood, and the natives of the South Sea Islands now buy their concert tickets with bananas and pine-apples. We copy from the New York *Musical Review* the following poster and prices of admission of the Alleghanians, who are having a fine tour in the South Sea Islands. D. G. Waldron of this city is their business agent.

"By royal command of King Makea V. and the Rarotonga nobility, the Alleghanians will give a grand concert at the School-house this afternoon at four o'clock, January 19th, 1860. Prices of admission:—Tickets to admit one, 1 hog, or 2 pigs, or 1 turkey, or 2 chickens, or 25 pine-apples, or 2 bunches bananas, or 5 large pumpkins, or 2 baskets oranges. Children, half price."

The profits also might be a novelty. The writer of a letter says:—In order to get at the amount of the receipts in dollars and cents, I have valued everything at about New York retail prices—

79 hogs at $5 each	$395.00
93 turkeys at $1 each	93.00
116 chickens at 38 cents	44.08
16,000 cocoa nuts at 12 cents each	1920.00
5,700 pine-apples at 12 cents each	684.00
418 bunches bananas, averaging 75 to the bunch, making 31,350 bananas at 6 cents each ...	1881.00
600 pumpkins at 15 cents each	90.00
2,700 oranges at 2 cents each	54.00
limes, mats, fans, &c. about	25.00
Total	$5,086,00

Mr. Vincent William Wallace, the celebrated composer, has returned from the United States, to which he has recently paid a short visit on affairs of business. Mr. Wallace proceeds on Sunday to Wiesbaden, where he will doubtless put the finishing touches to his new opera of the *Amber Witch*, pronounced by all who have heard it superior even to *Lurline*. The *Amber Witch* is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, after Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*.

CHRISTIAN MINSTRELSY.

From *Punch*.

A Bill for interfering with Theatres and Public-Houses had been introduced into the House of Commons, but in consequence of the publication of a letter on the subject from the Christy Minstrels, who would be affected by its action, it was withdrawn, and the poetical person who writes the gibberish chanted by these begrimed parties received orders to prepare a song of jubilee. He sent an early copy to *Mr. Punch*, who is much pleased with it, and considers it quite up to the mark of the Christy poetry. The first of the fifty-three verses goes thus:—

"Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Yaw, yaw, yaw,
Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Him shan't be law.
Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Yap, yap, yap.
Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Dat's a good chap.
Take away, &c., &c., &c., &c."

The Japanese at Philadelphia.—At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, about twenty-five of the members of the Embassy, consisting of the officials and servants, visited the Academy of Music, to attend the *matinée* at the Opera. The Embassadors were not present. Long before the hour for opening the doors of the Academy, a crowd gathered in front of the building, and in a few minutes after admission was gained, the parquet, first circle, and balcony, were filled with a well-dressed audience, a large portion being ladies. In the balcony, the centre rows of seats were reserved for the Japanese, and when they entered they had no difficulty in being accommodated, and were not compelled to bear the pressure of a crowd. A few were placed in one of the stage boxes, but these did not stay after the first piece. Tommy was along, dressed in his best, but looking very downhearted, the result, it is whispered, of a strong attachment for a young lady in Washington. The three physicians of the Embassy were also present, and were conspicuous from the closely shaven head. Most of those present exhibited, with evident satisfaction, gloves purchased since their arrival in the country, and in approved fashionable style they watched the ladies through opera glasses. The strangers glanced carelessly around the house, but did not seem astonished either at the magnificence of the building or the crowd of persons assembled to greet them. They have evidently schooled themselves to conceal their thoughts, and nothing can be gained by watching their countenances. Soon after the entrance of the Japanese, the orchestra, numbering over forty-five performers, opened with the grand overture to *William Tell*. To this the Japanese paid but little attention, but when the curtain rose on the second act of

Lucrezia Borgia, with Mlle. Parodi as Lucrezia, every Mongolian who possessed an opera glass levelled it at the performers, and so watched them during the act, which was a short one, to the evident relief of the Japanese. Next, Buckstone's comedy of *The Rough Diamond* claimed their notice, and in this respect the acting was more pleasing to them than the singing. Many of the strangers conversed together, and seemed somewhat amused at the lady performers, while others smiled when the audience would applaud any "point" made in the course of the piece. All the performers played their best, and received considerable applause; but as nearly everybody was watching the effect of the play upon the Japanese, and thus losing the run of the performance, the enthusiasm was not so general as our people are in the habit of showing. The choruses of the *Mœnnerchor* and *Young Mœnnerchor* were given without any show of appreciation on the part of the Japanese, but the inexhaustible egg-bag of Blitz excited the undivided attention of the strangers. Mlle. Parodi gave the "Star-spangled Banner" in glorious style, assisted by a full chorus of two hundred singers.

This part of the performance was well managed. As the curtain rose, the singers were seen grouped in the rear of Mlle. Parodi, and on one side stood an American sailor with the flag of Japan, while on the other stood a representative of Japan, with the American colours. The magic dance of two nations, by Mr. W. Wood, caused them some amusement. Mr. Wood first appeared as a Japanese, and after dancing a few minutes, suddenly wheeled, and presented the appearance of an American sailor. But the pantomime of *Vol-au-vent* did the business. Here was something they could understand nearly as well as the rest of the audience, and although many of them endeavoured to keep a straight face, they gave it up after a few trials, and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. One old fellow, who sat like a statue through the whole afternoon, smiled once at the antics of Mr. Wood; but feeling the impropriety of such undignified conduct, he held his fan to his face for concealment. They seem to have a quiet sort of enjoyment, for while several seemed convulsed with laughter, no sound of mirth could be heard two feet from them. After the performance, the party drove in open carriages to the hotel, no crowd following. And, by the way, we may state that a wrong impression has gone abroad that the Embassadors were insulted on Saturday. This is all a mistake. Along the route there were of course some noisy demonstrations, but no word was spoken which, if understood, could have roused their pride.—*Dwight's Journal.*

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IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO	2	6
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Programme for Monday, August 13th.

PART I.

OVERTURE, "Ruy Blas" ..... Mendelssohn.
SCENA, "Ah me! he comes not" ..... John Barnett.
Sung by Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON.
HERZEN VALSE, Conducted by Prince GEORGE GALITZIN ..... Galitzin.
PART SONG, "Oh, who will o'er the downs so free" ..... Pearsall.
Sung by the Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera.
Scherzo and Storm from the PASTORAL SYMPHONY ..... Beethoven.
SOLO, "Il mio tesoro," (first time) ..... Mozart.
Performed on the Ophecleide by Mr. HUGHES.
PART SONG, "O hills, O vales!" ..... Mendelssohn.
OVERTURE, "Zampa" ..... Herold.

PART II.

GRAND OPERATIC SELECTION, "La Favorita" ..... Donizetti.
With Solos for Cornet-à-Pistons (Mr. LEVY), Ophecleide (Mr. HUGHES), Violin (Mr. H. HILL), and Violoncello (Mr. G. COLLINS).
CAVATINA, "Oh, bright were my visions" (Victorine) ..... Mellon.
Sung by Miss PAREPA.
KOZLOW POLKA, "Surprise" ..... Galitzin.
Conducted by Prince GEORGE GALITZIN.
SOLO, Cornet-à-Pistons, "The Exile's Lament" ..... Roch-Albert.
Performed by Mr. LEVY.
SANCTUS, conducted by Prince GEORGE GALITZIN ..... Bortniansky.
BALLAD, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" ..... Balfe.
Sung by Miss PAREPA.
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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent).

Aug. 8, 1860.

I have at last something like an event to tell you about, but it has been a long time a coming. Boieldieu's Opera, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, after being so long threatened by the manager of the Opéra Comique, was revived last Thursday. But before I enter into any details on this interesting musical occurrence, I will first discharge an agreeable duty and inform you of a promising *début* on the boards of the theatre in question by a young artist from the Théâtre Lyrique, Mlle. Marimon. This lady was to have made her first appearance in Boieldieu's opera, but Mad. Faure-Lefebvre having been re-engaged, the part, which devolved to her by right, could not be withheld from her; consequently the *débutante* had to content herself with the part of Catarina in Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*. In this she has now been heard three times, each new performance confirming the favourable impression of the first. Mlle. Marimon, though she has much to learn as an actress, is already a brilliant and accomplished singer, and will, no doubt, with the intelligence she displays, make rapid progress.

Now for Boieldieu and his once most popular of comic operas. *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* was first produced in 1818 at the Théâtre Feydeau, when the principal parts were sung by the celebrated Martin, Ponchard the elder, and Mad. Boulanger, afterwards succeeded by the lively and graceful Mad. Gavaudan. It was one of the most attractive works of the day, and retained its attractions till they were eclipsed by the greater vigour and depth of *La Dame Blanche*. All the old airs, which were constantly hummed by the fathers of the present generation, were heard again on Thursday night with a sort of affectionate pleasure. Many of them had still the power of touching by their simple grace, and seemed scarcely to have lost any of their original freshness. Mad. Faure Lefebvre was charmingly graceful in the part of Rose d'Amour, and obtained an encore in her *ronde* "Depuis longtemps gentille Annette." M. Crosti sang the music of Rodolphe admirably, but failed as an actor to give the part its proper characteristics. Rodolphe is a sort of Don Juan in water colours, and should be played with lightness and an easy grace of manner, tinged with mockery; but M. Crosti takes the character literally and prosaically, and deprives it consequently of all distinctive mark.

As I told you it would be, *Robert le Diable* was revived last Friday at the Grand Opéra, with Mad. Vandenheuvel Duprez as Isabelle, Mlle. Marie Saxe as Alice, and Mlle. Zina Richard the Abbess of the nuns. Mad. Vandenheuvel, the daughter of M. Duprez, the celebrated tenor, is not unknown to your readers, having been engaged in 1852 at Her Majesty's Theatre. She was the original Catherine in *L'Etoile du Nord* at the Opéra Comique. Her success was of the most decided character; and in the great air "Grâce! Grâce!" she completely *enlèved* the sympathies of the audience, and was triumphantly recalled at its conclusion. Mlle. Saxe, who also made her first appearance, was no less emphatically successful.

The Corporation of the city of Paris is busy pulling down and building theatres.

Diruit, edificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

It has purchased of M. Dejean the Cirque Impériale, that the new Boulevard du Prince Eugène may pass over its site; and, on the other hand, it is buying out the tenants and holders of houses in the Rue Basse du Rempart, which are to come down to make room for the new Opera house. The Municipal Council have just voted unanimously in favour of the plans and designs last submitted to them.

At the last representation of *Semiramis*, at the Opéra, the audience was honoured with the presence of no less than three of the stars of your late operatic season—Mesdames Borghi-Mamo, Csillag, and Amalia Ferraris. By the way, I am informed that Mr. E. T. Smith has taken time so vigorously by the forelock, that he is already fully manned with a company for next season, such as shall rarely have been surpassed, if the information can be relied on, for it will number in its brilliant ranks, besides Mlle. Titiens, engaged for three years, Signors Mario, Mongini, Belart, Everardi, Ciampi; Mad. Grisi, who is to make her definite adieux to London and England; Mesdames Borghi-Mamo, Alboni, Lotti, Gassier, &c. &c. &c. Add to these Signors Giuglini and Vialetti, and M. Gassier, and the formidable phalanx, at the head of which the great E. T. S. proposes to march in his next campaign, will be complete. How he proposes to pay them, or what effect their payment, should it duly come off, will have on the reserve of bullion in the bank, are interesting questions for the speculations of the curious in such matters. Perhaps he may add Mlle. Lagrua to the list of celebrities. If so his chances will be all the better. She is now at Carlsbad, and is expected this week in Paris. At Pesth, where she sang last, the youth of that city presented her with a poignard of magnificent design to be suspended to her arm when she plays Norma. The blade is silver, and the handle beset with precious stones, bearing this inscription: "*Alla Signorina Lagrua, la gioventú di Pest.*—1860. (*Peste! quelle galanterie!*)

The competitions of the Paris Academy of Music I told you did not bring to light any subject of unusual promise. Not so those of the Brussels Institution, which, if report is to be trusted, has brought forth, under the auspices of its several professors, M. Lemmens, organ, Mad. Pleyel and M. Dupont, piano—a little batch of prize-men and prize-women, who are all *veritables artistes!*

A correspondent, happily released from the turmoil of Paris to wander in the Elysian regions of Baden, tells me the theatre which M. Benazet is building there is rapidly progressing, and to judge from the foundations which have been laid its size will be of the largest. In the same letter is a piece of Russian news, to the effect that a new Russian opera, by M. de Villebois, entitled *Natascha, or the Brigands of the Volga*, will be produced at the St. Petersburgh Theatre in October. Brigands seem to be in fashion, for there is a new opera by Verdi, talked of for the Scala at Milan, which is called *The Brigands of the German Forests*. Mercadante had been beforehand with him in taking the subject of Schiller's *Robbers* for his opera *I Briganti*.

I hear of all sorts of preparations making by the newly Gallicised inhabitants of Savoy to do honour to the Emperor and Empress of their choice on their approaching visit among them. The good city of Chambéry is determined to hit the taste or humour of the Imperial visitors, whichever way chance or caprice may at the moment direct it. The fêtes it is organising are to have at one and the same time a civil, a military, a religious, and an artistic complexion. There is to be a ball, a review, and a solemn performance of the *Te Deum* at the Metropolitan Church, to express the deep thankfulness of the Savoyard heart at being adopted into the bosom of Imperial France.

I will conclude with a piece of highly gratifying news. The King of Saxony has recalled Richard Wagner from the exile to which he had been doomed after the events of 1848. Has his majesty become at last convinced of the utter harmlessness of this profound person?

The New York Musical World, formerly edited by R. S. Willis, Esq., and the *New York Musical Review*, have been united and will hereafter be published by Mason Brothers as the *New York Musical Review and Musical World*. We wish our contemporaries all success in the new enterprise.

Paris.—The sky is as rigorous as ever with the Concerts des Champs Elysées; still, whenever the rain ceases, amateurs take the road to the concerts. Spontini's overture to *Olympia*, recently placed by Musard in his repertory, was very well received. It is said that we are shortly to have the overture to *Pianella*, by Flotow. The *Siècle* lately made some complaints against the severity exercised at the doors towards ladies presenting themselves without being accompanied by a gentleman, and in consequence of which a highly respectable family had been refused admittance. M. de Besselièvre, in an article to the editor, questions the truth of the report, and lays great stress on the small probability there is that respectable women would go *alone* to a public place of amusement which can boast of no reserved places, or private boxes, at the risk of exposing themselves to the vicinity of individuals of the masculine gender, who, without ever wishing to be so, might prove either disagreeable or compromising to ladies.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Resumé of the Season.

The *Prophète*, given on Saturday, brought the season to a close with brilliant *éclat*. The performance was magnificent from first to last, and the applause continuous and enthusiastic. To make use of an old phrase, everybody seemed to surpass himself, and certainly no entertainment of the year appeared to afford more unqualified gratification. The house was crowded in every part, and, long as the opera is, nearly the entire audience remained to the last scene, where the curtain falls upon the conflagration in the palace of Munster, and Jean of Leyden, like Mokanna, the veiled prophet of Khorassan—a prophet of a different stamp from the duped son of Fides—ensnares his enemies into his toils, and hurls them with himself to destruction. (M. Scribe no doubt had Moore's story in his head when he planned the catastrophe of the *Prophète*.) The success of Mayerbeer's great work went beyond the highest expectations. It was a pity, however, that it should be cut short in the height of its career. They somehow manage these things indifferently at the Italian operas. Last year the *Pardon de Plbernel* (*Dinorah*) was produced a few nights before the end of the season: it was given only three times, and its triumphant reception availed but little. Managers may fancy that a success commenced brilliantly one season may be carried on brilliantly the next. So it may, but there is always danger that a good deal may be forgotten, and then the management will have to begin its success anew. We have no fear, however, that in the case of the *Prophète* the memory of the public will have to be jogged. The grandeur and completeness of the execution, and the veritable wonders of the scenery and appointments, will keep the performance fresh in the minds of those who have seen and heard it. That the *Prophète* will constitute one of the eminent attractions of next season we feel assured. The expense involved in its production has been something fabulous, and hardly any amount of success in one season could pay back what has been laid out. But Mr. Gye looked forward to an enduring success, and invested his money with a fair prospect of having it returned with interest for many years to come. The season of 1860 has been pronounced, on authority, the most lucrative of the last ten years. This must be attributable in a great measure to the growing prestige of the theatre, since the past year has not been remarkable for its novelties or its new singers. The solitary novel production of the season, Gluck's *Orfeo è Eurydice*, was not much relied on, being brought out at a concert, the management fearing to essay it even on an extra night.

The new singers, Mad. Csillag and M. Faure, were certainly great "hits," and did not fail to exercise a powerful influence on the fortunes of the theatre, the lady more especially, who proved herself a consummate artist in every respect, and who grew more and more into favour with the public up to the last night of the season. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, too, improved her position considerably, not because she did anything superior to Dinorah, the first part she performed in this country, but because she was better known and her talents consequently more thoroughly appreciated. The attraction of the season, moreover, was greatly enhanced by the announcement that Mad. Grisi was to give her "twelve last performances," a statement, nevertheless, that many, from reasons unnecessary to state, did not put implicit faith in, but which no doubt had its weight with some section of the musical community. The fact that Mad. Grisi's "twelve last performances" modulated into almost twenty, and that at the end of the season nothing whatever was said of the great artist's final departure—a very laconic mode of treating the public, by the bye—incontestably proves that she will re-appear to take more "farewells," and again *not* disappoint the world by her breach of promise. Mad. Grisi has frequently been warned to quit the stage when her successor should appear. She looked around her this season, anxious no doubt for an excuse to go, and cried, "Where is my successor?" and Echo answered "Nowhere!" And so she will return next year, just "once more," and await her successor, who is sure to come and declare herself in the person of Mlle. ———, or Mad. * * *. The public doubtless imagined that they should have been consulted in this matter; but the management thought otherwise, and seemed never to have considered how far playing at fast and loose with them might give offence. Fortunately, Mr. Gye has deserved well of the public, and the public have made all possible allowance under the circumstances. Like Sir Roger de Coverley, in the *Spectator*, if asked to pronounce an opinion, we shall assert "that much may be said on both sides." And so for the present we shall let the matter rest.

The Royal Italian Opera season for 1860 opened on the 10th of April with *Dinorah*, the success of which at the end of last year was so eminently great. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho had lost none of her attraction in Dinorah, and M. Faure — from the Opéra Comique—who made his first appearance as Hoel, was admired for his fine capable voice, manly style of acting, and good appearance. A new contralto, Mlle. Giulia Sylvia, who appeared as the male goatherd in the room of Mad. Nantier-Didiée, created more effect with her looks than her singing; and a new soprano, Mlle. Rappazini, as the female goatherd in the room of Mlle. Marai, created no effect at all.

Mad. Csillag made her first appearance on the English stage in *Fidelio*, on Thursday the 19th, and produced a powerful impression, both in her acting and singing. Mlle. Corbari, who re-appeared after several years, was the Marcellina; Signor Neri-Baraldi, Florestan; Signor Tagliafico, Pizarro; and M. Zelger, Rocco. Mlle. Corbari was singularly graceful and prepossessing as Marcellina, and sang the music like a real artist. *Fidelio*, nevertheless, did not greatly attract, and was given twice only in succession.

On Tuesday the 24th, *La Favorita* introduced Mad. Grisi and Signor Mario in their old parts of Leonora and Fernando. The lady was grand as ever; the gentleman troubled with catarrh. They were supported by M. Faure in the Castilian Monarch, his performance eliciting universal commendation.

Fra Diavolo was given for the first time since 1858, on Tuesday the 1st of May, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho filling the part of Zerlina in place of Mad. Bosio; and Mlle. Corbari doing duty for Mlle. Marai in Lady Allcash. Although no advance on her incomparable predecessor, Mad. Carvalho sang the music of Zerlina and an introduced air from the *Serment* with wonderful brilliancy: Mlle. Corbari was a great improvement on Mlle. Marai in the English lady. Signor Ronconi was more droll and whimsical than ever in Lord Allcash; Signor Gardoni was the Marquis again; Signor Neri-Baraldi, Lorenzo; Signor Tagliafico and M. Zelger, the brigands. The *saltarello* in the third act was danced by the graceful and piquant Mlle. Zina Richard.

Il Trovatore was given for the first time on Thursday, May the 3rd. Mad. Csillag appeared as Azucena, and Signor Graziani made his *rentrée* as the Count di Luna, his most popular part. Mad. Grisi and Signor Mario sang and acted their best as Leonora and Manrico. Mad. Csillag did not shine so grandly in Verdi's music as in Beethoven's.

The *Barbière*, on Tuesday the 10th, gave us Signor Mario in one of his most fascinating moods, singing Rossini's divine music with divine voice and divine expression. An essay might be written on this performance. Mad. Carvalho was not well suited in the music of Rosina, which she frittered away with surprising coolness. Signor Ronconi was as irresistible as ever in Figaro, a part in which he sets rivalry at defiance. The position of M. Zelger in the part of Doctor Bartolo declared an unaccountable weakness in one department of the Royal Italian Opera.

The first performance of *Don Giovanni* took place on Saturday, the 19th of May. The version of Signor Alary was rigidly adhered to, and Mozart was again in eclipse. Mad. Penco made her first appearance in Zerlina, one of her best performances, and Mad. Rudersdorff officiated in Donna Anna for Mad. Grisi, suddenly put *hors de combat*.

La Gazza Ladra was produced on Saturday, May the 26th, with Mad. Penco as Ninetta in place of Mlle. Lotti, and M. Faure as Fernando in the room of Signor Debassini. Both were decided improvements. Mad. Nantier-Didiée made her *rentrée* as Pippo. Signor Ronconi's Podestà, as regards the acting, was incomparable. The music unfortunately is too low for him.

The *Huguenots*, produced on Tuesday the 5th of June, comprised two important changes in the cast—Mad. Miolan-Carvalho for Mlle. Marai in Marguerite de Valois, and M. Faure for Signor Polonini

in St. Bris. Mad. Carvalho sang the music of Marguerite with intense brilliancy, and M. Faure proved himself an excellent substitute for Tamburini in the fanatic governor of the Louvre. With Mad. Grisi as Valentina, and Signor Mario as Raoul, this performance, as may readily be imagined, was one of the most powerful of the season.

I Puritani was given as an extra performance on Monday, June the 11th, with by no means a strong cast. Mad. Penco certainly displayed admirable powers in Elvira, and achieved a genuine success. Arturo was played by Signor Gardoni, Riccardo by Signor Graziani, and Giorgio by Signor Ronconi.

Martha was given on Tuesday, June the 19th, with Mad. Penco as Lady Henrietta, sustained last season by Mlle. Lotti, and in 1858 by Mad. Bosio. Mad. Penco stands midway between her two predecessors, wanting the voice and charm of one, and surpassing the other both in talent and accomplishment. Signor Mario's Lionel is a fine performance, full of tenderness and passionate fervour, and becoming in everything. When in the vein he sings the music delightfully.

Gluck's *Orfeo è Eurydice* was tried on the evening of Wednesday, the 27th of June, in a sort of combined entertainment. The performance did not attract. The same master's *Iphigenia in Tauris* had been performed at St. James's Hall a short time previously with but little effect. The performance at the Royal Italian Opera, however, differed materially, inasmuch as scenery, dresses, and decorations were employed. The cast of characters comprised—Eurydice, Mad. Penco; Orfeo, Mad. Csillag; The Happy Shade, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho; and Cupid, Mad. Nantier-Didiée. To the lovers of real music the performance afforded an immense treat. Mad. Csillag's Orfeo rose to the highest grandeur and majesty, and the other characters were admirably sustained. The scenery and costumes were wonderfully picturesque.

The first performance for the season of *Norma* took place on Thursday, the 28th, and attracted one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences ever assembled in the theatre. Mad. Grisi achieved all her old laurels in one of her grandest impersonations. Mlle. Corbari made a charming Adalgisa, and Signor Tagliafico a solid and weighty high priest. Signor Neri-Baraldi was hardly the beau ideal of the Roman centurion.

Lucrezia Borgia, given on Thursday, July the 5th, with Mad. Grisi, Signors Mario and Ronconi in the principal personages, was avowedly one of the most striking performances of the season.

On Thursday, July the 12th, the *Prophète* was revived after an interval of five years. Of the performance, the artists, the getting-up, and all connected therewith we have recently spoken at length, and need not now recapitulate.

Rigoletto, produced on Saturday, July the 21st, interrupted the career of the *Prophète* for one night, and afforded Mad. Miolan-Carvalho an opportunity of testing her powers in Verdi's music, in which she came off with flying colours. It is unnecessary to allude to Signor Mario's Duke, and Signor Ronconi's Rigoletto —both, in their different ways, incomparable.

The *Prophète*—interrupted on two other occasions, by the *Huguenots* and *Don Giovanni*, Signor Tamberlik assuming, in Mozart's opera, his old part of Don Ottavio, and singing with immense effect—ran to the last night of the season, gaining in attraction with every performance.

The new Floral Hall, a spacious and magnificent saloon, intended to be devoted to a variety of purposes, was opened as a promenade, after the performance in the theatre, about the middle of the season, and was so used on several nights. A grand show of flowers took place shortly after the opening, and in the evening the visitors to the boxes, stalls, and pit were allowed the right of entrance. Morning concerts too were given occasionally, and proved highly attractive.

Lola Montez.—The American journals announce the death of this once celebrated *danseuse*, after an illness of twelve days, brought on by an attack of apoplexy.

Dieppe.—Felix Godefroid, the celebrated harpist, who may be remembered in London in 1845, is about to give a concert in this city.

ROSSINI'S "SEMIRAMIDE."

(*Concluded from page* 475.)

The Performance.

In order to avoid having to return to the subject, let us state, once for all, very emphatically, that the majesty of the *mise-en-scène* is all that can be desired; and that, jealously desirous of illustrating Rossini's work, some of our greatest artists have lent the aid of their pictures and their sketches, and others that of their pencils, in order to realise a Babylon, with its palaces and temples, its aerial gardens, its tombs, and its subterranean galleries, worthy of the most correct and conscientious Assyrian archæology: so much so, indeed, that MM. Despléchin, Cambon, Thierry, Nolau, and Rubé have transformed themselves into historical painters in the widest acceptation of the word. The same may be asserted of the character and magnificence of the costumes, which have been studied and reproduced with the most scrupulous fidelity. In short, all this material and artistic portion of the *mise-en-scène* reflects the greatest honour on M. Alphonse Royer.

The ballet alone might be improved; but we all know that in Rossini's operas this accessory has invariably been somewhat neglected, when—as is most frequently the case—it has not been neglected entirely. The Italian *Semiramide* had no ballet; the French *Sémiramis* might have done without one. We should have lost the reproduction of a dance-air from *Mosè*, and the very agreeable music with which M. Carafa's lyre was inspired for a *pas* of Nineveh women; but, to make up for this, Rossini's work would not have been stopped in its triumphal progress by a ballet, after all more Parisian than Babylonian, a fact which caused a neighbour of ours—known as a master of choreography—to say: "The Assyrian dancers were very advanced before the Christian era."

We now come to the Sisters Marchisio, the new attraction of the evening. We will not say they represented the Semiramis and Arsaces of antiquity. Those grand figures have disappeared from the stage of the world, even at the Opéra, which possesses the secret of bringing about the most fabulous resurrections. The Sisters Marchisio are contented with singing Rossini's music; but sometimes in so unctuous and catching a manner that the audience are infinitely charmed; so much charmed, indeed, that "encore" issues from all their lips simultaneously. Such was the effect of the admirable duet in the third act: —

Unis dans nos malheurs,
Mêlons nos pleurs.
Les cœurs en souffrance,
Font un bonheur de l'espérance.
Le sort, dans ses terribles lois,
En ce jour fatal nous assemble;
Restons unis, pleurons ensemble,
Nos deux cœurs ont la même voix.

The fact is that, at a certain moment, the two voices of the Sisters Marchisio constitute only one, so much are they swayed by the same soul and the same sentiment. It is long since we heard anything so completely harmonious; it is, we repeat, indescribably charming, and this one concerted piece would be sufficient to establish the reputation of the two sisters, even if they did not possess first-rate powers of execution. The soprano, Mlle. Carlotta, has a voice of that incisive quality which, to a certain extent, replaces the magisterial breadth of a Semiramis at the Grand Opéra. Her vocal chords speak in the most sympathetic and *distingué* manner. Paralysed at first by visible emotion, they speedily recovered their natural vibration, and it may be asserted that, during the whole performance, Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio's talent kept rising more and more in the estimation of the general public and of connoisseurs. Her sister Barbara possesses, perhaps, a less happy voice. Yet it has breadth and compass. Arsace is not deficient in style,—quite the reverse; but, to sum up, the sympathy inspired in the audience by each of the two sisters is not the same until the moment of their duet, which is, and always will be, in France as in Italy, the most beautiful jewel in their crown. With what acclamation was it redemanded, and with what applause did the house greet the new *points d'orgue*,

with which, after the fashion of Malibran, Pasta, and Damoreau, the sisters surprised and delighted their hearers!

A large share of the honours of the evening fell to the lot of Obin, who, as Assur, was superb in voice, pourtrayal of character, and costume. He has studied and meditated on his part like a great artist who wishes to render himself worthy of his task, and he succeeded perfectly in his double capacity of singer and actor. Coulon (Oroes) and Dufrêne (Idrene) likewise deserve all the praise which must be lavished on the orchestra and choruses. In short, MM. Dietsch, Victor Massé, Vauthrot, and Croharé have deserved well of the public and the Opéra.

Why was it fated that M. Vauthrot could not be present at the success of which so large a share is his by right, as head of the vocal department? The chest complaint which attacked him like a thunder clap at the last grand rehearsals, left him only to make way for a most intense fever, during which *Semiramide* has been constantly uppermost in his mind. Let us trust that the disease will soon yield to the remedies of art lavished on him with marks of the liveliest sympathy.

ROSSINI

Before, During, and After the Performance.

A single official act preceded and followed the solemn transformation of *Semiramide* into French. It was the authorisation given by Rossini to his friend Carafa in the following terms:—

"My dear friend,—Since it is proposed to bring out *Semiramide* at the Opéra, and as you know I do not busy myself with things of that kind, I beg you will undertake the task; I give you the most complete latitude for whatever arrangements you may deem necessary. As this labour will be your work, it will be also your property, and all the author's rights, both in and out of the theatre, will belong to you, just as they would for an opera by yourself.

"Yours affectionately,
"G. Rossini."

Rossini has been called "the sublime idler," because, doubtless, no musician has ever written, or writes, more music—and what music!—than Rossini. Some day or other history will call him "the sublime miser," for he is always giving. What he has just done with regard to *Semiramide* he did some years ago with regard to *Robert Bruce*, and on that occasion his renunciation of all his rights was dated from Bologna. Did he not also do the same thing for the benefit of the authors, composers, and musical publishers who urged him to honour them by belonging to their society?" "I consent," he replied, "but on the express condition that all the money my rights produce me shall be contributed to your charitable fund."

Again, what about the city of Paris, from whom the illustrious *maëstro* solicited a plot of ground near the Bois de Boulogne, for the purpose of building a summer villa? Was there not a desire to offer him this plot of ground for his lifetime? "I should prefer paying for it," he replied, "and being completely at home, while at the same time among you, for, sooner or later, my property will go to your poor." It was thus that this illustrious and worthy master paid a hundred thousand francs for what he could have obtained gratuitously from the munificence of the capital of the arts, which he has enriched with imperishable works.

Such is Rossini, the sublime miser! Seek elsewhere for the secret of such acts of generosity, without reckoning those he conceals from us, for he never thinks of ostentation. When, for instance, he is asked why certain external portions of his new habitation are completely sacrificed, he answers, in terms more energetic than it would do to write, that he did not build the house for the *cockneys* who might pass. Yet, while he neglects this striking part of a dwelling to which all Paris perform pilgrimages, we find him summoning, at a great expense, painters like MM. Samogia and Besteghi, from Bologna, to recall to his heart and eyes the internal hangings and decorations in the modern Italian style. As for the subjects of these paintings, what is the first thing we remark? Mozart being complimented in the box of the Emperor of Austria, at the Opera House in Vienna, on the night of the first performance of *Don Juan*. In another place, we have, as a pendant, Palestrina playing psalms to Pope Marcel, surrounded by his cardinals. Scattered about will be the portraits of Cimarosa, Haydn, Boïeldieu, &c.

Rossini might have found twenty architects eager to build him a palace; he preferred applying to a friend, who, without any pretention, will erect what the master terms his little country-house, redolent of the perfumes of Italy and the East.

M. Doussault, who has given up painting for architecture, felt what Rossini wanted: Florence without leaving Paris, and Paris *villegiature*. He has, therefore, given him balconies and attics, and sculptured models of *torchieri* with large rings, to which were fastened, in the old Florentine palaces, the hackneys and the palfreys of the guests and visitors. Being, too, a lover of colour, he thought that enamel and crockery ware, with their unchanging tints, might, nay even ought to, find a place on the facade of the house built for the musician of melody, the master-colourist, *par excellence*. This is a protestation against the systematic rejection of all painting in our architecture.

With regard to colour, does not the gardener's lodge at the entrance give us an exact idea of the least vulgar specimens of Oriental art, such as, with a few variations, is found in Wallachia and Moldavia, whence M. Doussault brought home the most poetic sketches?

But with all this talking about M. Doussault, we have strayed far away from our subject: we were discussing the Gallicized *Semiramide*, and the only official act of Rossini's which preceded and followed Méry's translation. As we have seen, Rossini gave Carafa every latitude in all that concerned the arrangement of the music, and his confidence was equally unlimited with regard to Méry's verses. Now the poet has translated so melodiously that the hearer might fancy he was listening to Italian, while the musician so well understood his mission as to respect the work in its slightest details.

But there was something that neither Méry, Carafa, M. Alphonse Royer, nor any of his friends could do, and that was to prevail on the celebrated master to go to a single rehearsal, far less to the performance. Nay, the Sunday before the first performance, Rossini introduced Carafa to all his friends as the author of *Sémiramis*, and reproached him with not being sufficiently excited on the eve of a battle.

Rossini would not even hear the Sisters Marchisio, either before or at the performance. At present, things are no longer the same; M. Alphonse Royer has resolved to give him this surprise in his villa at Passy; the author of *Semiramide* will be touched by the attention, and grateful for it. He is, indeed, the man of genius, who has bid the theatre farewell, and will in no way infringe a supreme decision, of which God alone possesses the secret.

Speaking of *Semiramide*, for he does not avoid the subject in conversation, Rossini informed us that he composed it in one month at Venice, adding that, in order to obtain the stipulated price, *five thousand francs*, for all his rights of representation and publication, he was engaged for six months in the most active correspondence.

This was the last work composed in Italy by Rossini. Up to that period his operas had not brought him in more than five hundred or a thousand francs each. *Il Barbière* was written and rehearsed in thirteen days for the modest pittance of *five hundred francs!* "It is true," said Rossini, "it is light music."

Rossini now came to Paris, and, during the same summer, bestowed on us two scores, that of *Le Comte Ory* and that of *Guillaume Tell!* Then, alas, the sublime idler abandoned himself to repose, even refusing while alive to witness the immortality of his works.

J. L. Heugel.

Modena.—The last Minister of Public Instruction, having been informed that there existed in the palatinate library of the capital of the duchy a collection of music of the 15th and 16th centuries, abandoned to the mice and worms, and that there was another collection, equally precious, belonging to the 17th century, in the National Palace, ordered the two collections to be united. Signor Angelo Catelani, *maître-de-chapelle* at the cathedral, and assistant conservator at the Library, a gentleman deeply versed in musical bibliography and literature, has been charged by Government with the task of making out a catalogue of these musical works. Among them are numerous productions of Stradella's, some of which are not known. The catalogue, enriched with biographical, bibliographical, and historical notes, is to be published.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

At a Meeting of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival Committee, held at Mr. Kerrison's house, Norwich, on Friday, the 27th day of July, 1860 (the Right Hon. the Earl of Albemarle in the Chair), the Right Hon. and Rev. the Lord Bayning, F. W. Irby, Esq., Dr. Copeman, Chairman of the Sub-Committee, F. J. Blake, Esq., Treasurer, the Rev. Precentor Symonds, F. D. Eaton, Esq., C. E. Tuck, Esq., J. B. Morgan, Esq., &c., &c., being present—the following Report from the Sub-Committee was read:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,—In conformity with the powers granted us by the last General Committee on the 29th of March, we have carried out to the best of our judgment and ability the following arrangements:—

1. A material alteration is being made in the organ to render it more suitable as an accompanying instrument, the expense of which will be shared equally by the city and the festival committees. The orchestra has also been altered so as to afford more room for the several performers, and at the same time to present a better appearance in the hall; and the conductor, as far as he can judge by the description sent him by our chairman, has expressed himself *highly delighted* with the alteration.

2. We have agreed with Mr. Gilbert to fit up the hall again, he having on the last occasion performed the work safely and well, the cost price amounting to £200.

3. We have also arranged with the various printers, their individual shares of printing the books and bills of the performances, and appointed a committee to superintend the arrangement for the ball. Mr. Weippert is engaged to lead the ball band, and an influential member of our sub-committee has strongly advised that, although we are not to have a fancy dress ball this year, gentlemen entitled to wear uniform should appear in it at the ball.

4. At our last meeting a discussion took place as to the propriety of having a portion of the side galleries unreserved for the evening performances, and the prices of admission reduced to 7s. 6d. On a division it was resolved by a majority, that it be a recommendation to the general committee, that five rows of seats in the side galleries (those nearest the wall) be unreserved, and the admission 7s. 6d. for the evening concerts only.

5. At your last meeting, in March, Miss Palmer, who had given complete satisfaction at the Bradford and Leeds festivals, especially at Leeds, where, it is stated, "she took, at very short notice, the contralto music of *Elijah* &c." was engaged; and an attraction to our evening concerts was secured, which we believe will give pleasure and instruction to many admirers of the instrument. We allude to the engagement of Miss Arabella Goddard, the celebrated pianiste, who will play a solo, a duet with our conductor on two pianos, and two concerted pieces, with instrumental accompaniments.

6. With respect to the Italian vocalists, we trust no disappointment will be felt by the public when we inform you that we have engaged Mad. Borghi-Mamo and Signor Belletti, and when it is considered that our evening concerts will be of a highly diversified character, consisting in part of cantatas such as "The May Queen," "Undine," &c., and "Armida," in which English singers are absolutely required, we feel that we have neither funds nor space in our hall to enable us to compete successfully with the Italian Operas in London, but with our magnificent band, our varied programme, and the excellence of the singers, both English and foreign, whose services we shall command at our approaching festival, we have no hesitation in saying that as far as concerts are concerned not even in London are we likely to be surpassed. In conclusion we must refer to another event which, to many of us, is a subject of regret. In several past festivals Mr. Hausmann has occupied the important post of principal violoncello, and had signed his engagement for the next, in the same capacity. Soon after this he hurried over to Hanover, on account of illness, and died at his father's house. Signor Piatti has accepted an engagement to supply his place, a circumstance which will no doubt be hailed with satisfaction, on account of the great eminence of this talented performer as a solo violoncellist. But when we remember the deep knowledge, as a musician, possessed by Hausmann, the strength and unerring certainty of his orchestral playing, the earnest desire he always exhibited to keep up a high tone of respectability and conduct in his profession, to say nothing of his love for Norwich, and the many friendships he made amongst us, we cannot but lament that we shall see him here no more. My lords and gentlemen, we must now again request a renewal of the confidence you have hitherto reposed in us, in the shape of a resolution empowering us to make such arrangements as we may deem expedient previous to the approaching festival.

(Signed) Edward Copeman, M.D., *Chairman.*

The Report having been received and adopted, on the motion of Lord Bayning, seconded by Mr. Irby, it was unanimously resolved that the Sub-Committee of Management be empowered to make such arrangements and engagements as they may think expedient previous to the approaching Festival.

Resolved,—"That M. Molique be invited to the Festival to conduct his new Oratorio, *Abraham*."

Thanks having been voted to the noble Chairman, the meeting separated.

BEETHOVEN.

From *Dwight's Journal of Music.*

In July, 1805, Cherubini arrived with his wife in Vienna, in order to write for the theatre *an der Wien* a new opera, *Fániska*, which was performed for the first time in February, 1806. The Cherubinis were of course well received by Beethoven, who held the composer of the *Water-Carrier* in great esteem, which was never very warmly reciprocated, and which led some people to the strange assertion that Beethoven, in his opera *Fidelio*, had taken the Italian's music for a model. It was in November, 1805, that the last-named opera made its appearance. The circumstances were not favourable. Although the female parts were well received, the male ones were so much the worse, the tenor having no voice, and the basso a very rough one, and no method. Besides, the nobility had left their residences, and among the masses a fear of the French soldiery prevailed, so that the audience at the performance of *Fidelio* consisted mostly of French officers. The opera was given three nights in succession, and the performance resumed only in March, 1806, under the title *Leonore*, and with some changes, as, for instance, the contraction into two instead of the former three acts; also the introduction of a new aria by Pizarro in C, because the singer of this part had resolutely refused to sing the old one in B flat. Further, a duo in C, between Leonore and Marcelline, with obbligato violin and violoncello accompaniment, as well as a comic trio between Rocco, Marcelline, and Jacquino were left out. Once more, on April 10, it was given, and then left to the dust in the library of the theatre, where it remained until 1814, when it was again performed for the benefit of three subordinate officials at the Imperial Opera-House. At this time, at Beethoven's own instigation, several alterations had been made. We quote his own words, written to Friedrich Treitschke, artistical manager of the theatre: "The history of this opera is the most troublesome in the world. With most of it I am dissatisfied, and there is hardly a piece where I have not made attempts to lessen somewhat that dissatisfaction."

The performance was to take place May 23d; on the day before was to be the chief rehearsal, but the new overture in E was not yet written. The orchestra was ordered to rehearse this overture on the morning of the performance. Beethoven did not arrive. After a long delay, Treitschke took a carriage to fetch him, but he found him still in bed, in a profound sleep. At his side was a goblet with wine and biscuit in it; the sheets of the overture were strewn over the bed and on the floor. A candle, burnt out, showed that he had been at work till late in the night. The impossibility of finishing the work was at once settled, and instead of the new overture, the one to *Prometheus* was played.

In the evening Beethoven conducted, with conductor Umlant behind his back, to make right what the master's inability to hear made wrong. The applause was great, and increased with every performance. The seventh, on July 18th, was given for the benefit of Beethoven himself. It was on this occasion that Rocco's air, "Gold is a fine thing," was performed for the first time, and the great aria of Leonore in E, with the three horns *obbligato*, appeared in an altered state, in which it has since remained.

It must be mentioned here, that the artists engaged to sing in this opera at that time performed their task admirably. Mad. Milder Hauptmann, one of the greatest dramatic singers Germany ever had, sang Leonore; Michael Vogel, Pizarro; and Weinmuller,

Rocco. Even the Italian Radochi, whose German was still worse than Vienna German generally is, in the tenor part of Florestan was entirely acceptable in voice, method, and figure. Unfortunately, soon after the successful resuming of *Fidelio*, Mad. Milder Hauptmann left Vienna in consequence of an engagement for life at the Royal Opera in Berlin, and the idea of giving the opera to any satisfaction became impracticable. It was at least eight years before it could be again performed. It may be just as well to mention here a remark in Beethoven's own handwriting, which was found amongst his papers: "The opera *Fidelio*, written anew, and *improved* in 1814, from March till May 15th."

THEODORE HAGEN.

Marriage.

On the 2d inst., at the parish church, St. Marylebone, by the Rev. George Eveyard, GEORGE WILLIAM, eldest son of GEORGE HAMMOND, Esq., of Portland-place, Southampton, to ADELAIDE, second daughter of W. H. HOLMES, Esq., of Beaumont Street, Marylebone, London.

Death.

On the 8th inst., Signor CIOFFI, the celebrated trombone player, after a protracted illness.

ERRATUM.—In the second leading article of last week's impression, for Jean Nepornall Hummel, read Jean *Nepomuk* Hummel.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.

A GERMAN work has recently been published, defining the position of music among the arts, its influence on society, and the thoughts and ideas of which it may and should be made the medium of expression. In this rhapsodical treatise, the musical composer is required to be an Admirable Crichton in respect of the profundity and extent of his acquirements. The political and philosophical history of the past is to be at his fingers' ends; the great social problems, the innate political tendencies which agitate the present, are to be probed and explored with keen research and undaunted application. Science is to be wooed, for all the treasures she has to lavish on the actual age, and for an insight of the wonders she has in reserve for the future. And when he has succeeded in converting himself thus into a walking encyclopædia, and an animated *Zadkiel's Almanack*, he is to pour forth this *indigesta moles* of lore, scientific, philosophic, politic, transcendental, abysmal, prophetic, neologic, translated into strains of celestial harmony that shall regenerate the world, and set it quarrying, sawing, cutting and fashioning—as to the music of Apollo's lyre—the stones wherewith to build the New Jerusalem. Music thus studied and thus interpreted, is henceforth to settle all our affairs, and direct all our proceedings. A running accompaniment of philosophical airs and argumentative harmonies supplied by our Sterndale Bennetts, Macfarrens, Balfes, Smarts, Benedicts, Loders, Wallaces, and Glovers, is to stand in the place of histories, pamphlets, treatises, leading articles, &c. In such a condition of things, Mr. Costa might aspire to be Prime Minister of England (a post in which he would, no doubt, feel himself quite at home), and the Parliamentary Session open with a Queen's Speech, expressed in a grand symphony executed by the Cabinet Ministers. As thus: First Lord of the Treasury, *Primo Violino;* Secretary for Home Affairs, *Bassoon;* Ditto for Foreign Affairs, *French Horn* or *German Flute* (according to circumstances); Secretary-at-War, *Trumpet;* Admiralty, *Triangles*; Chancellor of the Exchequer, *Grosse-caisse*; Board of Trade, *Double-bass*; India Board, *Tam-Tam*; Lord Chancellor, *Scotch Bagpipe*; Poor Law Board, *Bones.* Indeed, there is no reason why the debates in Parliament should not subsequently be managed after the fashion of an oratorio, with massive double-choruses to represent the Ministerial side and Opposition, chiming in between the solos of the principal orators.

We may be thought, in this exposition, to have extended the views of the German æstheticist somewhat beyond their natural consequences; but it is difficult to say where a man's pretensions will end who has once neglected the wholesome rule—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and is determined to apply his professional "leather" to the satisfaction of every necessity, and the performance of every function of life. We may take it for granted that those who would invest music with such universal attributes are themselves no musicians, either in heart or intelligence, and are, in fact, as much the enemies of the art they would raise so preposterously above its natural and essential province, as those who seek to detract from its high and ennobling character, and its sisterhood with the most intellectually inspired of the Muses. As an exemplification of the natural alliance between these two extremes, we find in a French periodical, devoted exclusively to musical interests, a criticism on the work we have mentioned, in which the French writer, answering the delusive aspirations of the German, reduces music to a mere frivolous pastime, a means of relaxation from all earnest purpose whatever, and its production, to a work almost of mere mechanical ingenuity. These two poles of opinion, between which lies the truth about music, have lately received a wide development, which would seem to indicate either a decadence in the power of appreciation, or a period of transition to some future unknown condition of the art. The latter, amidst the wide spread of musical taste and education which characterises the age, can hardly be considered otherwise than the true alternative. We are ourselves not going to venture on the hazy sea of musical metaphysics, but simply record our opinion, that music will never express anything but musical ideas, and that musical ideas can only be expressed in music. They are a distinct produce of the human mind, and a reflection of its activity, and, as such, cognate with every other thought and feeling of the soul and of the mind, though *not* interchangeable. The more widely cultivated the intellect of a musical composer, the stronger he will be in his especial capacity, and the music he writes will, doubtless, have something in it it would not have had without such general culture. Beyond this the world of music, and the other worlds of thought, admit no fusion—on peril of *con*fusion.

TO go back a little in our retrospect of pianoforte music and pianoforte composers. The age of Dussek was extraordinarily prolific and rich. Besides Dussek and Clementi, there were Steibelt, Woelfl, Kozeluch, Krumpholz, Eberl, and many others, among whom one of the most distinguished by the services he rendered to the

instrument was John Cramer. All these produced sonatas. Dussek and Clementi wrote the largest number and the best; but Dussek had by far the greatest influence on his contemporaries. The characteristics of his style were salient and marked, while, like all men of genius,* he had mannerisms, upon which his imitators fastened exclusively, it being out of their power to copy the ideas that flowed from the springs of his inventive faculty—which, however, they, not seldom, either paraphrased, or stole outright.

Thus the world was deluged with good, bad, and indifferent imitations of Dussek. Among the good may be cited the sonatas and concertos of John Cramer, who, except in his inimitable Studies, has shown but little originality as a composer. Among the indifferent must be ranked the works of Eberl; and, still more indifferent, those of Kozeluch and Krumpholz, which are also trivial and meagre. The bad would be too numerous to mention; but some notion may be entertained of their quantity, when we state that they stood comparatively in the same relation to Dussek which nine composers out of ten who appeared in print in the second quarter of the present century, occupied in relation to Henri Herz and Thalberg, and which they now occupy and have occupied for many years in relation to Mendelssohn. These musicians, indeed, have many sins to answer for, in the facility they have offered to common-place "slop-composers" to exaggerate and batten on their mannerisms.

Clementi, whose general style was somewhat pedantic, and whose learning could not be borrowed, found few imitators; so few that we cannot tax our memory for a single example. Nevertheless, Clementi was decidedly an original thinker, and those who compare him with Mozart only declare their incompetence to understand either. Moreover, Clementi, at times, almost equalled the inspirations of genius itself, which, if we were writing an account of his works, we could prove by several examples.†

Steibelt was another original, and perhaps a genius, although his style is not so individual as that of Dussek, whom he occasionally equalled, if not surpassed, in his ordinary flights, but never approached in his highest inspirations. To illustrate this opinion, we may suggest that the concertos in E and E flat of Steibelt, known as the *Storm* and the *Chasse*, are equal, if not superior, to many of the earlier concertos of Dussek; but, on the other hand, in a far greater degree of inferiority does Steibelt's longest and most ambitious sonata—that in E flat, dedicated to Mad. Buonaparte—stand in relation to the *Elegy*, Op. 61, the *Invocation*, Op. 77, and other grand works of Dussek, which approach nearer to Beethoven than any sonatas for the pianoforte with which we are acquainted. Steibelt, however, was immensely popular, and many of his smaller sonatas may be safely taken as models. The pianoforte is, besides, indebted to him for a vast number of passages and effects of which later composers have availed themselves without acknowledgment. His studies, in spite of the strong resemblance of some of them to those of Cramer, are also as excellent as they are useful. The name of Steibelt, then, must always have an honourable place in the history of the pianoforte.

Woelfl was a composer of merit and a musician of more than ordinary acquirements. He was original, but his originality is somewhat affected. Many of his productions have achieved a high reputation among musicians, and more especially a sonata in a A flat, with a fugue. This sonata is decidedly a work of thought, but the fugue is quite as dry and laboured as it is ingenious. Woelfl enjoyed great consideration in his day, but his writings appear to have had very little influence on his contemporaries, to whom his peculiarities did not proffer a tempting store for petty larceny or wholesale theft. The sonata in F—or rather *fantasia*, since the first movement alone is in regular form—called *Ne Plus Ultra*, was his most celebrated work, and is that which is best remembered now. At the time it was composed its difficulty was regarded as immense. One of the variations on the popular air "Life let us cherish," in the last movement of the sonata, seems, by its skips of double octaves, to have anticipated a fantasia of Henri Herz on the romance in Méhul's *Joseph*. With all this, however, we are inclined to think that the greater part of Woelfl's compositions are likely to remain in oblivion, unless some future antiquarian shall valiantly step forward, and, with the spade and shovel of enthusiasm, exhume them from the grave in which they have long mouldered.

Of the other composers who flourished about this period there is little to be said. Their merits were small and their influence null. Some of them obtained a popularity as ephemeral as it was baseless. One of the most popular, however, and deservedly so, was Abbé Gelinek, who chiefly excelled as a writer of variations on favourite airs. He also wrote sonatas, but these were of little worth.* Another, a German composer, named Gaensbachen, enjoyed considerable fame, which such of his works as are extant by no means justified. One name, however, shone like a star in the midst of this cloud of obscurities. Pinto, an Englishman, who was cut off at the early age of twenty-one, gave every indication of becoming one of the most remarkable men of his day. His genius was undoubted. He played admirably on the pianoforte and violin; wrote with facility for both instruments, and, though so young, was a wonderful extempore performer. It is a disgrace to our publishers and musical amateurs, that neither the enterprise of the former, nor the curiosity of the latter, has compelled a republication of the printed works of Pinto, and the production of those that exist in manuscript. These sonatas for pianoforte solus, in A, C minor, and E flat minor,† which we have seen, are as full of beauties as the best of Dussek; while a set of vocal canzonets, which we have also had the opportunity of examining, might, without impropriety, be placed by the side of Haydn's well-known models. Besides these, a violin concerto and many other works exist in manuscript. It would, we feel certain, be a good speculation on the part of a music publisher, in these times of dearth, to print everything that remains of Pinto, whose death was a severe blow to the hopes of England as a musical nation. Who can say that a genius like Mozart's was not thus untimely quenched? Neither Mozart, nor Mendelssohn, the most surprising examples of precocious genius in the history of the musical art, gave earlier or more brilliant marks of originality and talent than George Frederick Pinto.

* By men of genius we can understand only those whose gifts of invention enables them to produce things that are at the same time original and beautiful.

† The sonata in B minor, Op. 40—one of the finest works ever written for the pianoforte; the *Didone Abandonata* (*Scena Tragica*), Op. 50, and many others.

* And "The Queen of Prussia's Waltz."—*Printer's Devil.*

† Messrs. Coventry and Co., Dean Street, introduced the first of these in the excellent compilation of pianoforte works, edited by Mr., now Professor, Sterndale Bennett, under the title of *Classical Practice*. Copies of the others are very rare.

THE ORGAN.*

NINTH STUDY.—THE LIMIT TO WHICH THE ORGAN MAY EXTEND ITS COMPASS IN HEIGHT OR DEPTH.

Every one is agreed in this, that the organ should be composed at the very least of the three distinct sounds corresponding with the three main divisions of the human voice, namely, of the three distinct sounds of the soprano, tenor, and bass voices. But beyond this we may ask how far is it necessary for it to be still further enforced with either a pelting hailstorm of shrill and almost imperceptible sounds in the treble, or with the deep-rolling thunders breathed forth by the enormous 32-feet pipes in the bass?

This is a question, which, if we are to believe Herr Seidel, our fathers have already answered for us. "The ancient builders," he says, "called a 16-feet organ a complete organ, and an 8-feet organ an organ only half way towards completion."

The absence of fixed ideas on this matter, as on so many others connected with the organ, has a tendency to produce various divergences in different directions from the true principles of their art amongst organ builders. One imagines that he has carried the art of building to its utmost limits, because he has added to the three main divisions of sound just alluded to, a series of other sounds so low that he has not only great difficulty in tuning the pipes meant to produce them, but also in producing from them what may be properly called a sound, or at least a musical sound at all, and he will at the same time draw your attention to the enormous size of his pipes, on which a vast sum of money has been expended almost to no purpose, with a self-complacency that causes you to smile. Another would have you think he has done great wonders, because he has for once condescended to enter the lists with the piano-maker, and has succeeded (to his praise be it said) in producing sounds so extremely high and thin, that amidst the other contending sounds of the organ, and the echoes of the church, they are reduced to the dimensions of imperceptible atoms, and all but annihilated. For ourselves, we do not for a moment believe that the glory of a skilful builder consists in his having made pipes which are either absurdly large, or absurdly small, and we shall consider that the object of these remarks has been fully gained if we can make organ-builders, and such as have the direction of these matters under their control, understand for once that it ill becomes an instrument of so dignified and religious a character as the organ, to imitate in its tones either a park of artillery on the one hand, or a musical snuff-box on the other.

To find then some reasonable mean between these two extremes of absurdity, we would again refer to what we have already said of the organ corresponding in its tones with the three main divisions of the human voice. A Swiss author, who is worthy of note, Herr Sulzer, writing on æsthetics, has said that "music is an imitation of singing." This *dictum*, applied to religious music, becomes mathematically exact and precise, for as regards the music of the theatre, far from being an imitation of the human voice, it plays a part which is for the most part wholly beyond its reach. It is there that certain effects, which belong to instruments only, rather than to that class of music which is purely vocal, are produced by a succession of myriads of notes, the very forms of which are wholly beyond the powers of the human voice. In the theatre these effects are in perfect keeping, for there all the resources of instrumentation and of sound are used with propriety for the due exaltation of things which are merely material; but in a church, where it is rather elevation of soul that is sought for, music will attain its end more by tempering even its lightest phrases with a certain amount of gravity, than by an indefinite variety of its forms, and an exaggerated use of its resources.

Now we find these principles of sacred music as first elements in the constitution of the organ itself, in so much that it is the only instrument capable of realizing the *dictum* of Sulzer, and of being, in the service of God, the imitation of singing.

The ancients of whom Herr Seidel speaks, and whom we shall never cease to praise, as having laid down the principles on which the organ, as specially devoted to the Christian worship, should be built, the builders, that is, of the 16th century, could, had they been so pleased, have themselves also so overlaid these same principles with a mass of very high or very low sounds as completely to have obliterated the principles themselves. At least they could have done so quite as easily as the builders of the present day,—builders that cannot now comprehend even their more worthy predecessors. But they were not pleased to do this. Had they done so, they would have entered upon a system of building, and probably they were aware of the fact themselves, which for once and for all would have severed the alliance between the organ and the massive voice of the peoples' song, and would have deprived it of those special devotional effects, with which the philosopher Montaigne was so much struck. Not that we mean hereby to express any admiration for a sceptic, for one of those men who is never sure of anything, but only to notice, that as regards the organ, Montaigne even gives up his scepticism, and that to him as well as to the builders of his day, the organ is but the more full realisation of that homage which we pay to God by the most intelligent of our organs, namely by the voice, which is the interpreter of our thoughts.

That the Germans, a people separated more than any others from the traditions of external religion, should have multiplied indefinitely those various sounds, which are either imperceptible on account of their extreme height, or unintelligible on account of their extreme depth, may be explained without their being taken for a model in every case. The Germans in giving *organ concerts* have done their best to take the organ out of its proper sphere, as an instrument devoted to the church service only, as they have also done their best to take the Gregorian chant, the only true model for all chants, out of their churches, and use it for other purposes, but, we repeat, there is no reason why we should imitate them in this. Nevertheless, the French have not only imitated the Germans, but have even surpassed them by incumbering the instrumentation of the organ with all sorts of aftergrowths, in giving it such an excess of brightness, and in causing it to aim at so great a variety of sounds, that they have given it at last a character that we may look for in vain in French organs of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries, built after the ancient models;—the idea on the contrary that has never ceased to direct the German builders in the midst of all their vagaries being that the organ should at all times be such as is best suited for the accompaniment of the choral, the idea which makes it to be at one and the same time popular, religious, and universally useful. All the French organs, with very few exceptions, are shrill, horny, and nasal instruments, in fact of such a quality of tone, that were the orchestras of the theatres to adopt the same, the most indulgent part even of the audience would not have the patience to endure them.

But must it after all be said that the organ, though devoted to the purposes of religion, ought not to exceed even by a single note the ordinary compass of the human voice, of which it is the magnificent interpreter? We have answered this question from the very first line of the chapter, and we say again that the organ for the very reason that it is specially intended to be used as an accompaniment to the voice, has a right to ascend by at least an octave above and below the extreme notes of the same. We have said elsewhere, and we say it again now, that by accompanying we mean adding to a given piece of music a lower part, a foundation, that is, a ground bass, we also mean by it a like addition made to a piece of music by throwing over it an ornamental dress or mantle to the upper part or treble: in other words, we mean the art of supplying it no less with a superstructure than with a foundation. And if we examine again the mission of the organ as intended to supply religious symphonies, the domain of its sounds may be still further extended, without their at all losing themselves in the absurd extremes of the drama. But some one may object, were there not, even from the middle ages, such extremes in the higher sounds of the organ that to have the pipes producing them required then, as it does now, all the skill of an able tuner, such extremes for example as are to be found in the sounds of the *doublette*, the *furniture*, and the like. We answer, that undoubtedly there were, but that the very names of these stops, of which we shall see the full meaning

* From *L'Orgue, sa connaissance, son administration, et son jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

later on, do of themselves answer the objections: *doublette*,* that which doubles in a higher a sound already found in a lower octave; *furniture*, that which furnishes a more substantial sort of nourishment to the general body of organ-tone;—such terms evidently imply that these same sounds, of which the august simplicity required by the church knew how to avail itself at all times to the best advantage, were by no means intended to sing alone, but to form in combination with other stops a foundation tone, and to impart to it what builders call roundness, point, or body.

To come however to the point—what shall be the limit to the compass of the organ, at what note higher or lower should it stop? To answer this we say that the art of organ building, even as applied to religious purposes exclusively, is not limited to a few notes more or less either way, but that its limits must be determined by the ordinary rules of common sense. All that we object to is that that which we think we may well call a false musical scale, a series of sounds, that is, which the ear of the people cannot appreciate, should be used for these purposes. Thus an eminent professor of natural philosophy † has pointed out to the Academy of Sciences the limits between which are comprised the high or low musical sounds which are perceptible to the human ear. After the contradictory observations of the English, German, and French *savans*, he has presented the Academy with the results of certain experiments of his own, which go to prove that a perfect chord formed by him in the ragged regions of the musical scale, as the journalist calls them, who gives an account of his proceedings, cannot be calculated by ordinary means, nor indeed by any means but such as are purely scientific. Now it is well known that scientific men appreciate sounds only by the number of the vibrations, and according to them the lowest bass sounds which the ear can appreciate, are those only which are produced by from 14 to 32 vibrations in a second, and according to the professor quoted above, the highest treble sounds which the ear can appreciate, are those only which do not require more than 73,000 of such vibrations in a second for their production. If a sufficient amount of musical sound, and distinctness of intonation, can be attained at either of these two extremes, we do not consider they exceed the limits to which the organ, considered only as an instrument for accompanying the liturgical services of the church, may extend its compass in either direction.

A POSTHUMOUS OPERA BY MOZART.

About a year and a half ago the *Operngesangverein* of Herren Lichtenstein and Ferd. Schmidt, in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, performed for the first time (in all Germany perhaps), an opera until then unknown, by Mozart, *L'Oca del Cairo,—The Goose from Cairo*. It produced a great impression upon all present, and is well worth a detailed account. There are, indeed, already accounts of it, for instance, in Nissen's *Biographie Mozart*, p. 476; and, more recently, in Otto Jahn's admirable work, Vol. IV. pp. 162, 172, in the preface to the published pianoforte edition, there is also the necessary information; but it is not everyone who possesses these works, and, consequently, the following facts and dates may not be unwelcome to our readers.

We are accustomed, and with justice, to call Mozart's music incomparable. This appellation is doubly appropriate; first, as concentrated criticism, and secondly, as a literal fact, for all the pictures he created, from the ghostly voice of the Commander, or the presentiments of the Last day (the *Requiem*), to the babbling of such a person as Despina; from the graceful lays of Belmont, to the frivolity, sparkling with humour, of Figaro; from the *Jupiter Symphony* to the "Sterbendes Veilchen" ("Dying Violet") invariably bear in themselves the impress of the noblest simplicity, and consequently, we cannot institute a comparison between his compositions and any others, for in no others do we find so spontaneously present this fundamental quality of Mozart's mind and style. While therefore, in these respects, Mozart's music may on the whole be termed incomparable, it cannot fail to surprise us, in the case of the opera under consideration, that, as far as light and graceful pertness is concerned, there is a great deal that approaches the Italian buffo style, and, now and then, borders on Rossini; nay, prepares, so to speak, the way for him, without, however losing aught of real depth, or, amidst the most jovial humour, of feeling and grace. I could not produce any particular example in actual notes of this similarity, but it is the total impression of the music which called forth the comparison.

Now for the historical dates of our opera. After *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* had achieved its triumphs, and, in 1782, the Italian Opera was again opened at Vienna, Mozart yearned for a really comic *libretto*, which he at last got, after a long search in the shape of our *Oca del Cairo*, from the author of *Idomeneo*, the Abbé Varesco, in Salzburg. During Mozart's stay at that place, from July to October, 1783, the opera was begun in common, as is proved by one of Mozart's letters, of the 10th December of the same year, sent from Vienna to his father in Salzburg, and in which he begs him "to do all in his power so that the *libretto* may turn out well."

Among Mozart's papers, which, as we know, the *Hofrath* A. André possesses in Offenbach, there is the first act, completely finished, and written in Varesco's own hand, as well as a full prose sketch of the contents of the other two acts. For the first act Mozart composed two duets, two airs, a scene in recitative, a quartet, and a grand finale with chorus. These plans and sketches belong, therefore, to the first act. The list of personages is as follows:—

Don Pippo, Marchese di Ripasecca, inamorato di Lovina, credutosi vedovo di.
Donna Pantea, sotto nome di Sandra, sua moglie.
Celidora, loro unica figlia, destinata sposa al Conte Lionetto di Casa Vusta, amante di
Biondello, gentiluomo rico di Ripasecca.
Calandrino, nipote de Pantea, amico di Biondello, ed amante corrisposto di
Lavina, compagna di Celidora.
Chichibio, maestro di casa di Don Pippo, amante di
Auretta, cameriera di Donna Pantea.

With respect to the plot, it will be sufficient here for us to give merely the leading points as they are shortly mentioned by Otto Jahn in the pianoforte edition:—"Don Pippo (bass), an arrogant inflated fool, has locked up, in an inaccessible tower, his daughter Celidora (soprano), whom he wishes to marry to Count Lionetto. Imprisoned with her is her maid Lavina (soprano), whom Don Pippo himself wishes to marry. He has, however, entered into an agreement with Biondello (*primo amoroso*), Celidora's lover, that he will give him his daughter, provided, within a year, he can get into the tower. Biondello has formed a league with his friend Calandrino (tenor), the lover of Lavina and a skilful mechanician, the servants Chichibio (bass-buffo) and Auretta (soubretto) being won over to their interest. The time of action is the last day of the year. An attempt made by the lovers to throw a bridge over the tower fails in the first finale. But Calandrino has made an artificial goose large enough for a couple of persons, who can set the machinery in motion, to get inside. This is sent to Pantea, who, disguised as a gipsey from Cairo, is to exhibit it as a great wonder. Hopes are entertained of inducing Pippo to show the goose to the young girls, and thus enable Biondello to penetrate into the tower. In return for this, Calandrino stipulates that his friend shall procure him Lavina's hand. The stratagem succeeds, for Don Pippo, who thinks to increase the splendour of his own nuptials by the exhibition of such a wonderful thing, allows the goose to be brought into the girls. When all the characters are assembled, Biondello comes out of the goose, Pantea proves to be Pippo's wife, who has long been supposed dead, and — everybody is happy."

If any body is desirous of further information respecting the second and third acts, we refer them to the above-mentioned fourth volume of Otto Jahn's *Mozart*.

It would be an unnecessary task to dwell upon the excellencies and defects of this subject, for, as Mozart set to work on it with such earnestness, when in his twenty-seventh year, the numbers we possess are calculated to invest the text with augmented interest. Herr Julius André says in his preface, "I would particularly call attention to the duet in A major, between Auretta

* *Doublette* in French organs is a *fifteenth* in English organs.—Note *Ed.*
† M. Despretz. See the *National* for 30th April, 1845.

and Chichibio, to the quartet in E sharp major, and to the finale in B flat major, as they contain masterly touches, and, even in their incomplete form, may be placed by the side of the best pieces in his other operas (to which I add especially his *Figaro*). Mozart himself says in a letter that 'he is perfectly contented with Chichibio's *buffo* air, the quartet, and the finale; that in truth he is pleased with them, and that he should be very sorry if he were doomed to have written such music for no purpose.'" By this, he means that alterations are still required in the *libretto*. He proceeds to suggest the desired improvements himself, a sufficient proof how greatly he was taken by the opera, and how desirous he was of seeing it produced. It is a remarkable fact that both the basses lie very high; this is strange, coming as it does immediately after the low pitch of the bass part employed so advantageously in the part of Osmin. Had the barytone been then "invented," we may suppose Mozart would have given the higher bass part this title. No less remarkable is the quartet, on account of the distribution of the voices (two sopranos and two tenors), a distribution on which the bass is not at all missed. But what was there difficult or impossible for the genius of Mozart? Let the reader call to mind the wonderful construction of the quartet of the three Genii and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte!*

Among the posthumous musical sketches of Mozart, there are several separate sheets, which may be considered preparatory attempts for several of the pieces in our opera. Several, however, are already so complete, that there would, we should say, have been but little to add, when they were fairly written out. It is also probable that Mozart had already settled the appropriate harmony, and the intermediate instrumental music, although we find merely hints in the rough drafts. The most convincing proof of this is furnished by an air of Biondello's, in B flat major, although it is treated in the most cursory manner. Herr André has placed a fac-simile of this sketch before the pianoforte edition, and, on account of its almost totally illegible character, added a clean copy. Every artist, possessing any antiquarian taste, will be thankful to him for this, since the air is not to be found among the pieces written out at length, and the sketch itself is certainly worthy of being rescued from oblivion. We here surprise the master in the very act, as it were, of creation. Again, this sketch proves to us that Mozart used not to compose the various pieces of his operas in the order in which they came, but selected certain ones, just as the situations struck him for the moment; a glance at the *libretto* sets this beyond a doubt.

An analysis of the pianoforte edition would prove too long a task. I only repeat, therefore, that the genial dash and the careful working out of these pieces are on an equality with each other. The finale of the Annual Fair, particularly, overflows with dramatic effects; the study of the vocal score, with its polyphonic and contrapuntal arguments, here becomes equally interesting and instructive for both masters and scholars. If the tumultuous rising to a climax of the last *presto* in B flat major (for six voices and independent chorus) on the words "Holla, zu den Waffen, Leute," produces such a grandiose effect even on the piano, how much more striking would the effect be on the stage, and with a full band?

My authorities are altogether silent with respect to the German translator. His version is, however, mostly satisfactory, as the verbal expression goes hand in hand with the musical, while correctness of rhythm, with a few trifling exceptions, is carefully preserved. Lastly, with regard to the pianoforte edition, which conveys a clear notion of the original plan, Herr André had not the slightest reason to excuse himself, and to give "every one" the option of arranging the pianoforte accompaniment *ad libitum*, according to the hints given in the book. Whoever examines attentively the instrumental sketches on the score will not acknowledge only the difficulty, but also the discretion, with which Herr André has proceeded on his task. The thanks of every one of Mozart's admirers are due to Herr André, not simply for the idea of practically preserving this work to posterity, but also for cleverly carrying out that idea.

What can be said *in nuce* about a work of this importance is sufficient to direct general attention to it. Many other societies, imitating the example set by the Frankfort *Operngesangverein*, help to spread this composition, which, alas! is impracticable on the stage. May this relic, after a slumber of seven-and-twenty years, be resuscitated, and in the concert hall, as well as in the domestic circle, meet with the reception it deserves.

C. Gollmick.

RECEPTION TO WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE AT NEW YORK.

(From the *New York Musical World*).

A very agreeable ovation was tendered to this estimable gentleman and composer, at the music rooms of Wm. Hall and Son, Broadway, on the evening of July 11. A pleasant gathering of artists, critics, and connoisseurs were present to welcome Mr. Wallace. Selections of choruses from *Lurline* were sung by members of the Mendelssohn Union and others, with excellent effect. Mrs. Cooper, Miss Hawley, Messrs. Geary and Werneke sang the incidental solos connected therewith in a most creditable manner. Mrs. Mozart gave the Troubadour song, which was encored. Mrs. Brinkerhoff sang the "Spell" from *Lurline*, and "Scenes that are brightest" from *Maritana*. Mad. Bouchelle sang Wallace's "Cradle Song." Mr. Millard was warmly applauded in a tenor song, likewise Mr. Simpson. Mr. Massett sang one of his own composition, "You'll remember me." The accompanists, Messrs. Bergé and Schmidt, lent their effective aid. There was but one feeling in regard to the music of *Lurline*—it was pronounced to be Mr. Wallace's most popular opera. A handsome collation was provided, to which the guests did ample justice. Capt. Vine Hall, of the Great Eastern, who had been present, was called for, but had left the company a short time previous. Mr. James Hall responded for him, and made some interesting remarks in regard to Mr. Wallace's career in this country since his first visit, which was some twenty years ago, when music was less appreciated than at present. Want of space prevents our giving Mr. Hall's sentiments at length, but we cannot forbear placing before our readers this pretty toast to *Lurline*—

There is one who appears to have been forgotten on this occasion; yer her praises are on every tongue. It is a lady whose syren voice has, during the last few months, charmed many thousands, from the prince to the peasant, and whose song is echoed from the throat of many a fair warbler over the whole world of music.

Meyerbeer kept his *Prophet* caged for years, yet Wallace, whose gallantry has been the theme of many a song, with cruelty more refined, kept *Lurline*, a water nymph of surpassing beauty, whose soul was song, chained in darkness for ten long years. Even now his unrelenting hand holds in bondage the fair maid of Zurich, and the chaste and lovely—the parson's daughter falsely accused as the Amberwitch.

Let us hope that justice may be speedily done this fair daughter of his genius—Lurline.

Mr. Wallace, with considerable emotion, thanked those present and absent for the many kind expressions of regard he had ever received in this country; and which he expected to leave again in a few days, to be absent for some time; his passage being already taken in the *Persia* for Europe—his wife and family remaining with us. Mr. Wallace has our best wishes for his health and success.

[Our readers must not forget that Mr. Wallace, since the above "reception," has returned to London, and has already proceeded to Wiesbaden.—Ed.]

Mlle. Finoli.—The journal *Il Pirata*, published in Turin, chronicles, in terms of enthusiastic eulogy, the *début*, at the Teatro Alfieri in that city, of the Signorina Giuseppine Finoli in the character of Rosina in Rossini's celebrated opera *Il Barbière*. The performance appears to have been a most successful one, and at the close of the opera the fair *débutante* was vociferously recalled to receive the congratulation of the audience. Our readers will remember the young lady as occupying a prominent position at our various public concerts a year or two ago—she was engaged by Mr. Lumley, when he was manager of Her Majesty's Theatre; but for some unexplained reason did not appear. The Italian critic speaks in strains of the highest encomium of the quality of her voice, method, and dramatic power.

Letters to the Editor.

THE JULLIEN FESTIVAL.

Sir,—We have received the enclosed letter, which perhaps you will kindly insert in your next impression. The gross amount realised at the doors, balconies, &c., was upwards of £1,000.

Yours, &c.,

Surrey Gardens, Aug. 5. CALDWELL and BISHOP.

"Messrs. Caldwell and Bishop.

"Gentlemen,—Madame Jullien has requested me to tender you her most sincere thanks for your kindness and liberality in placing the Royal Surrey Gardens and the whole of your company at her disposal on the occasion of her benefit, on Tuesday, 31st July last. As you are well aware, it was a great success; and I am sure you will be gratified to learn—together with the artistes who gave their services, and the newspapers who inserted the advertisements free of charge—you have been the means of enabling Mad. Jullien to add a very considerable sum to the 'Jullien Fund.'—I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.,

"S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

"50 *New Bond Street*, Aug. 6."

Sir,—Several papers have announced, on the authority of the *Orphéon*, that M. E. Delaporte has just tendered his resignation as President of the Choral Societies of Paris. As the papers in question have omitted giving the causes of his resignation, it becomes necessary shortly to mention those causes. M. Delaporte has renounced the title which entails on him certain responsibilities towards the authorities, because the Committee of the Association has, for some time past, pursued a path in which it is impossible for lovers of order and men tenacious of their dignity to follow them.

After founding, in 1855, the Association of the Choral Societies of Paris, and devoting to it, from that period, his time and labour, in the most disinterested manner, M. Delaporte retired voluntarily in the month of May last, before a turbulent and sterile opposition, which now exerts a lamentable influence over the Committee. M. Delaporte's resignation in no way changes the position he holds with regard to the Choral Societies of the Departments; we desire no better proof of this than the striking success of the London and Paris festivals. He is still the recognised and popular chief of the Orpheonists of France.

L. F. VAUDIN.

CHURCH ORGANISTS.

Sir,—Some papers upon this subject in the columns of a periodical devoted chiefly to music, and also an article in *Punch*, entitled "Saint Cecilia and Saint Helen," drew attention, not long since, to the *Salaries of Organists, and the exclusion of female candidates*. It would appear, however, that the facts stated in the papers alluded to have been but little heeded; for in the *Times* of Saturday, June 10th, appeared the following advertisement:—

"Organist wanted for the Parish Church of West Hackney.—The duties will be morning, afternoon, and evening attendance on Sundays, Christmas-day, Good Friday, on Thursday evenings, and on public festivals and fasts. The organist will be required to give instruction in psalmody to the school children attending the church. The committee reserve to themselves, under professional advice, the right of making the selection among the candidates. Salary, £40 per annum. Applications to be sent in to the Rev. ———, West Hackney, not later than the 25th of June. *Ladies are not eligible.*"

Forty pounds a year, and females excluded! This advertisement is only one of a number, and presents a context, not a sequel, to the evils arising from mistaken economy and unfair exclusion. The exposition of the duties imposed exhibits to notice about 220 attendances, performances, and instructions, for a salary of £40 a year, or fifteen shillings and fourpence per week. The calling of a church organist has, indeed, reached a low point in the estimation both of the clergy and of church-goers. Humble as it may be, the appointment is, by parish officials, deemed too high and too important for the gentler sex, and therefore *females are excluded.*

For fifteen shillings and fourpence per week, doubtless, the committee will obtain, under professional advice, superior masculine talent, and the successful candidate will be expected to appear respectable and to exist on forty pounds a-year, or to eke out his income by other means. Parish financial economy is noted for being *maximus in minimus*, and, in general, churchwardens' annual accounts exhibit such a heavy total of expences, that we are reminded of Falstaff's tavern bill, and say,—

"O monstrous! but one halfpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack."

Modern custom may be advanced in favour of this economy and exclusion, and thus, parsimony and illiberality be presented to the church-goers as a plea for scanty remuneration to the male, and unfair conduct towards the female organists. Custom,—the idol of fools and the plague of wise men,—has, in the present age, excluded women from nearly every suitable and remunerating employment;—has degraded her to be the gaudy priestess in that temple of ruin, the gin palace, and is gradually obstructing her path to virtuous independence. This augmenting custom is an unmerited and unmanly insult offered to our mothers, sisters, and wives; it is treating the sex as inferior beings; it is both unchristian and un-English like, and calls loudly for the sympathy and aid of our popular writers, whose powerful pens would be nobly employed in checking the progress of this increasing public evil.

A SEAT-HOLDER AT A DISTRICT CHURCH.

M. VIEUXTEMPS, the celebrated violinist, is at present in Paris.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE is advertised to be let.

HERR WILJALBA FRIKELL, the great Russian necromancer, is at present at Carlsbad.

HORBURY, NEAR WAKEFIELD.—On Tuesday last, nine candidates competed for the post of organist at the parish church, before Mr. Barnby, of York, when Mr. W. H. Hopkinson, of Birstal, near Leeds, professional pupil of Mr. Spark, was the successful competitor.

LEEDS (*From a Correspondent*). — Mr. Spark commenced a series of performances on the Town Hall organ last Saturday, which are to be continued every Wednesday and Saturday, until October. There were about 700 persons present, notwithstanding the prevailing wet, and the performance gave great satisfaction. The programme included Mendelssohn's grand prelude and fugue in D minor; selections from *Lucrezia Borgia*; and the overture *Le Cheval de Bronze*. On Wednesday there was again a good attendance, including many professors of music, when Mr. Spark gave the overture to *Oberon*, a most effective selection from Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, and some organ compositions. The organ is now in excellent order, and its orchestral resources seem to be almost unlimited.

LIVERPOOL. (*From our own Correspondent*). — The sixth subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, which took place on Tuesday, was attended by a numerous and fashionable audience, the anxiety to hear Mad. Csillag, Mr. Gye's new *prima donna*, being doubtless the principal attraction, though the other artistes engaged—Signors Tagliafico and Neri-Baraldi—are well known here, and popular. Having had opportunities of hearing Mad. Csillag at the Royal Italian Opera, it is but just to state that no fair opinion of her talents can be formed from what she sang on Tuesday night. Mad. Csillag is essentially a dramatic singer; her voice is a mezzo soprano, full in the low notes, but somewhat worn in the higher register; and her style of singing is grand and severe, for she has been trained in opera-houses in Austria and other parts of Germany, where the classical *chefs d'œuvre* of Beethoven, Gluck, Cherubini, Weber, and other great masters, are constantly performed. This style of vocalism, after the melodious and sympathetic singing of the Italian school, is not likely to please a mixed audience, the majority of whom admire *tune* more than anything else; and we were not, therefore, astonished at the cool reception awarded to Mad. Csillag's delivery of two great arias from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito* and Weber's *Euryanthe*, both sung in foreign languages, and no translation given. The audience, therefore, with very few exceptions, had no idea of what

emotions the singer was expressing; and this fact, combined with severe hoarseness, rendered the performances of Mad. Csillag a disappointment. In the "Miserere" scene from the *Trovatore*, she was enabled to display her dramatic and vocal talents to better advantage; and we hope that, when she next visits Liverpool, her selection of music will be more judicious (as regards the *popular* taste), and her health much improved. There can be no doubt that Mad. Csillag is an operatic vocalist of the first class, and for her own sake we regret that she made her *début* in Liverpool under such a combination of unfavourable circumstances. Signor Tagliafico either as an actor or a singer is always correct; and both in tragic or comic characters he is sure to give satisfaction. His voice is sonorous and somewhat hard, and though an *apropos* selection at the present time, his aria "O toi Palerme," from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, was not of a taking character, being one of the most laboured of the composer's melodies for a baritone, a class voice, for which he has written some of his most delightful *morceaux*. In the well-known *Figaro* song, "Largo al factotum," Signor Tagliafico sang with so much spirit and vivacity as to evoke an encore; and in a duet from *L'Elisire d'Amore*, with Signor Neri-Baraldi, he also displayed comic humour and vocal facility. Signor Neri-Baraldi is a singer who can always be listened to with satisfaction. He sang "Spirto gentil," from the *Favorita*, and "M' appari tutto amor," from *Marta*; the latter was encored. Signor Neri-Baraldi's best effort, however, was the tenor music of the "Miserere" scene from the *Trovatore*. The band played three overtures—Beethoven's *Leonora*, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Mozart's *Seraglio*. We only heard the two first, which were performed most efficiently, the pianos and pianissimos—particularly in Mendelssohn's exquisite musical fairy tale—being given with infinite delicacy and precision. The chorus sang Rossini's wonderfully brilliant and jubilant chorus, "Belus we celebrate," from *Semiramide*, a four-part song, "The deep repose of night is ending," by Mendelssohn, Horsley's well-known choral glee, "See the chariot at hand," and a very dull and spiritless madrigal, "Flora now calleth forth each flower," by J. S. Smith. Of these the exquisite four-part song of the great German composer pleased most.

BLIND SCHOOL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.—The music pupils of this valuable Institution opened their new organ on Monday last, when they performed the following selection under the direction of their master, Mr. Edwin Barnes, who deserves great credit for the manner in which his pupils performed such works.

PART I. *Hymn* CXCVI. From Embossed Music, Tune "St. Anne's;" **Organ, Solo,* "Comfort ye my people" (Handel); **Organ, Pedal Fugue* on St. Anne's Tune (J. S. Bach); *Anthem*, "In Jewry is God known" (Dr. Clarke); **Organ, Solo,* "Quoniam Tu Solus"—No. 1 (Haydn)

PART II. **Overture*, "Messiah" (Handel); *Anthem*, "Praise the Lord" (Scott); **Organ, Solo*, Quintett (Biery); **Organ, Solo*, Fugue in G (Leo); **Organ, Solo*, Hallelujah Chorus (Handel); National Anthem.

Pieces marked * performed for the first time at these concerts.

The performance gave much pleasure to a numerous and fashionable auditory.

ELIZA LUMLEY.—(*From an occasionally foreign contributor*).—Eliza Lumley is a beautiful young lady who has had the advantage of a good success. She sings well, and for a beginner we may say she sings very well. She has disposition for the art, and with assiduity will succeed in a great degree. Miss Lumley was applauded and repeatedly recalled. * * * Miss Lumley has a decided contralto voice, and, besides talent and disposition for music, a passion for the art, and particularly for Italian song, which will conduct her to the arena to which she aspires. She sang the aria from the *Italiana in Algeri*, and the famous rondo from *Niobe*. Miss Lumley, although not yet showing mature study, sang with infinite grace this most difficult music, displaying flexibility, grace, and precision. She was much applauded, and recalled. * * * * Miss Lumley executed the scena from *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and the cavatina from *Niobe*, abounding with grace, agility, and excellent vocalization, for which she was repeatedly recalled.

MAYENCE. —— July 22 The first day of our musical festival is over. The performance of *Israel* was most admirable, and delighted every one. Among other artistic visitors we may mention Herren Taubert and Stern, from Berlin; Ferd. Hiller, from Cologne; C. Reiss, from Cassel; Schindelmeisser, from Darmstadt; Hagen, from Wiesbaden; Scholz, from Hanover; C. A. Mangold, from Darmstadt; Rühl, from Frankfort; Giehne, from Carlsruhe; Joachim and Brahms, A. Jaell, Pauer (London), J. Becker, Dr. A. Schmidt, J. Ruff, H. Neel (Paris), &c.—*Extract from a Private Letter.*

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN IN DUBLIN.

THE largest church organ in Ireland was opened on the 1st inst., in St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, Dublin. This new instrument, the tone of which is of the finest character, is from the establishment of Messrs. John White and Son, Dublin. The following are the details:—

GREAT ORGAN, C C to G, 56 Notes.

No. of Stops.			Feet.
1	Bourdon	wood	16
2	Tenoroon	metal	6
3	Great open Diapason	„	8
4	Open Diapason	„	8
5	Viol di Gamba (German)	„	8
6	Stopped Diapason	wood	8
7	Clarabella Flute	„	8
8	Great Principal	metal	4
9	Principal	„	4
10	Twelfth	„	3
11	Fifteenth	„	2
12	Doublette	„	1
13	Sesquialtra, 3 ranks	„	1⅓
14	Clarion	„	4
15	Posaune	„	8

PEDAL ORGAN, C C C to F, 30 Notes.

1	Pedal Diapason	wood	16
2	Pedal Principal	metal	8
3	Pedal Trombone	„	8

SWELL ORGAN, C C TO G, 56 NOTES.

1	Double Diapason	wood	16
2	Open Diapason	metal	8
3	Stopped Diapason	wood	8
4	Principal	metal	4
5	Twelfth	„	3
6	Fifteenth	„	2
7	Doublette	„	1
8	Echo Dulciana Cornet	„	1⅓
9	Oboe	„	8
10	Cornopean	„	8

CHOIR ORGAN, C C to G, 56 NOTES.

1	Double Diapason	wood	16
2	Stop Diapason, Bass	„	8
3	Stop Diapason, Treble		
4	Dulciana	metal	8
5	Gemshorn	„	4
6	Flute Solo	wood	4
7	Piccolo	„	2
8	Cremona	metal	8

COUPLERS

1 Swell to Great
2 Pedals to Great
3 Pedals to Choir
4 Swell Duplex
5 Sforzando Coupler
6 Tremblant

SUMMARY.

No. of Stops	Great Organ	15	Pipes	828
„	Swell	10	„	672
„	Choir	8	„	378
„	Pedal	3	„	90
„	Couplers	6		
Total of number Stops		42	Pipes	1968

The Case, in Grecian Order of Majestic Design.

DIMENSIONS.

25 feet high.
16 „ wide.
12 „ deep.

It contains three complete sets of manuals and grand pedal organ, with a full front of speaking pipes, richly gilt. The most recent mechanical improvements, with new inventions, have been introduced in this organ.

THE CONGRESS OF THE BARDS OF WALES.

The Eisteddfod, or Congress of the Bards of Wales, commenced on Tuesday morning, in the ancient castle of Denbigh. The proceedings were of the most animated character. The ancient town of Denbigh was crowded from an early hour with equestrian and pedestrian visitors, and the railway from Rhyl also brought a large number of persons from that pretty watering place and other towns on the line. At ten o'clock a procession was formed at the Town Hall, and thence wound slowly through the streets up the steep ascent to the castle, preceded by an excellent band. In the large court-yard of the castle, surrounded by the ivy-crowned ruins of a building famous in song and story, the immense pavilion in which the meeting was held was placed. The procession arrived, when the leading members took their places shortly after the appointed hour, and the pavilion was very speedily thronged by a dense crowd of persons, many of whom were compelled to remain standing during the day. Owing to an unexpected detention in London, on parliamentary business, the president of the association, Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., M.P., was unable to be present. The bards appointed to conduct the meeting were the celebrated Talhaiarn and Clwydffardd. The Grand Eisteddfod was formally opened by the reading of the following proclamation in Welsh and English: "The truth against the world.—In the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty, the sun approaching the autumnal equinox, at the hour of noon, on the 7th day of August, after due proclamation of a year and a day, this Gorsedd is opened within the Castle of Caledfryn-yn-Rhos (now called Denbigh), in Gwynedd, with invitation to all who may assemble here, where no weapon is unsheathed against them, and judgment will be pronounced upon all works of genius submitted for adjudication, in the face of the sun—the eye of light.—The truth against the world."

The chair was then taken *pro tem.* by Sir Hugh Williams, who opened the proceedings in a stirring address.

Mr. Griffiths, harper to Lord Llanover, Llanover Court, Abergavenny, performed an admirable solo on the harp, and was rapturously applauded.

Mr. John Owen (the well-known Owen Alaw) then sang the Eisteddfod national song, in which he was accompanied on the harp by Mr. Ellis Roberts, harpist to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The audience joined in the Welsh chorus of the song, and the effect was very impressive.

Talhaiarn then referred to the manner in which the proceedings would be conducted. He hoped that all who intended to take any part in the proceedings would observe the rule laid down, that nothing must be said which would cause religious, political, or barbic dissensions. (Cheers.) No good could arise from such disputes, and speakers must do all in their power to avoid them. One of the fundamental laws of the gathering was, "Let the eloquent be eloquent, where no weapon shall be unsheathed against him." That was a very good maxim, but, like others, it might be carried too far, and even eloquence on a wrong subject might lead to discussion, and liberty might become license. (Cheers.) Let them be as patriotic as they chose, for they might well be proud of their beautiful country. (Cheering.) They had only to step outside the tent and they had a splendid view of the magnificent valley of the Clwyd, teeming with loveliness; and that was only one of many such valleys. They were surrounded by glorious old mountains, which they could point to with pride and pleasure, where they could find scenery enchanting to the eye and the heart, where nature had scattered beauty with a lavish hand. (Applause.)

Mr. Williams, of Rhyl, then gave a solo on the harp.

Several poetic addresses were delivered, and

Mr. John Andrews Lloyd, of Liverpool, announced the decision of the judges on the best musical composition on Welsh psalm metre. He stated that the committee had received 131 contributions, some of which contained gross violations of the simplest rules of harmony; others were indifferently good; and others, again, were worthy of being included in any collection of psalm tunes in the principality. He thought the result of the competition showed that the Welsh had a right to exult in the fact that they were eminently and essentially a musical nation. (Cheers.)

An oration in English was then delivered by the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, of Neath.

A competition of bands, in which the Denbighshire Militia, the Carnarvon Militia, and the Denbighshire Yeomanry Cavalry bands took part, was decided in favour of the latter, and the leader was invested with a ribbon by Lady Williams. The best essay on "Female Education" was then adjudicated upon, and the committee awarded prizes to each of the three competitors. Mrs. Manuel, of Llanover, Abergavenny, was one of them, and she was duly invested with a ribbon and badge, amidst the plaudits of the assembly.

Amongst the "works of genius" submitted for adjudication were several pairs of Wellington boots, and the prize was awarded to W. Williams.

A Welsh oration followed, the orator being Mr. W. Owen (Llew Llwys), who spoke with great animation and humour, and elicited frequent and hearty peals of laughter.

Several other awards of prizes brought the afternoon's proceedings to a close, and the Eisteddfod was adjourned until the evening, when a concert took place in the pavilion.

The proceedings closed on Friday.

MUSIC AT ST. HELLIER'S.

By Napoleon Jersey.

(*Verbatim et literatim.*)

Wednesday evening witnessed a grand concert of sacred and miscellaneous music at the Queen's Assembly Rooms. The vocalists were the same distinguished artistes as those who so ably executed the *Messiah* in the morning, accompanied by Signor Randegger on the harmonium, and Signor Zerbini on the grand pianoforte. The first part consisted of a selection of gems from the *Messiah*. The chorus "And the glory of the Lord" formed the commencement, after which Mr. E. Galer sang "Comfort ye," and "Every Valley," with equal effect to his performance in the morning. "He shall feed," and "Come unto me," were given by Miss F. Reeves and Madame Rudersdorff in the flowing and graceful style of those sweet compositions. Mr. Thomas again executed "Why do the nations?" with its full vigour of musical declamation. Mad. Rudersdorff subsequently gave the solemn sentences of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with the inspiration of a sacred Muse, and the accent of an earnest mind. Great as this high vocalist is in operatic and secular music, in the sacred form of the divine science she is transcendent. The glorious Hallelujah Chorus again crowned the whole with its majestic harmonies. For ourselves, and we think for the public, we must thank Mad. Rudersdorff and her talented company for bringing to our insular doors the essence of music, administered with essential genius. The second part of the concert was opened with a glee, "The Fisherman's Good Night," a composition by that eminent English master, Sir H. Bishop, which was nicely sung. Miss F. Reeves sung "A Lowly Youth," by Wallace, with easy grace. Mr. E. Galer gave Hatton's ballad "Good bye, Sweetheart, good bye," in the true ballad style. Mad. Rudersdorff next sung "Il Bacio," by Arditi, in her highly artistic manner. Mr. Leggatt next performed a fine pianoforte solo on Mr. Donaldson's new grand piano. The piece by Oesten founded on a Spanish theme, showed the capabilities both of the pianist and the instrument to great advantage. The performer evinced much ability and promise of attainment; the instrument, both in the hands of Mr. Leggatt and Signor Zerbini, proved itself to be clear and powerful in tone, as well as elastic in touch, and we hear that it has been pronounced by Mr. Coward, organist of the Crystal Palace, to be a very excellent instrument. As a desideratum for concerts long wanting, it is an acquisition to the place. Mr. Thomas next sang Signor Randegger's new sea song, composed for him, "There's nothing like a Fresh'ning Breeze," with true sea emphasis. We must compliment the accomplished conductor on his production of a veritable *English sea song*. It was properly applauded and encored. Miss F. Reeves then sang a semi-comic song by G. A. Hodson, "If I could have my way," with such arch expression, that it was loudly encored. A very elegant song by our friend Herr M. Lutz, "Under the

Linden Tree," was beautifully sung by Mr. E. Galer, and most properly encored. Mad. Rudersdorff next sang the favourite old Scotch ballad, "'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' Town." Her humorous Scotch vein gave the old song a freshness that was much admired, and led to an encore. Mr. Cooper, the able manager of the company, who is known in London as a musical and literary lecturer, sang a comic song, "The Old Bachelor," with so much humour, that it was loudly encored. The glee, "All among the Barley," concluded a highly artistic and very pleasant concert.

WORCESTER, UNITED STATES. — Three resident musicians have formed a "Beethoven Trio Club," and are studying the trios of Beethoven and other composers, with profit to themselves, and we hope, sometime it may prove, to the public as well. We recall with pleasure an attendance upon one of their rehearsals one of these bright summer mornings — just the time to listen, to a work so full of fresh, enlivening beauty as Mozart's Trio in G, which we heard with several of Beethoven's — including a very beautiful one in E flat. In the range of trio-music the greatest composers gave utterance to some of their finest thoughts, and in their reading we trust our friends of the Club will find such treasures that they may be induced to lay them before the many friends of classical music in Worcester.—*Worcester Palladium.*

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VOL. 38—No. 33 SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

SURREY GARDENS.—Monster Concert, Monday next.

Unprecedented Attraction for One Evening.—On Monday, August 20th, a Grand MONSTER CONCERT and MILITARY FETE, under the direction of M. EMILE BERGER, when the following extraordinary combination of Talent will appear:—Vocalists—Soprani, Mad. PAREPA, Miss BANKES, Miss ELIZA HUGHES, Miss SUSANNA COLE, Miss CHIPPERFIELD, Miss R. RANOE, Miss E. CAMILLE, Mad. GILBERT, Miss MEDORA COLLINS, and Mad. WEISS; Contralti, Miss POOLE, Miss LEFFLER, Miss CLINTON, Miss KATE RANOE, and Miss M. WELLS; Tenori, Mr. GEORGE PERREN, M. DEPRET, Mr. JOHN MORGAN, Mr. FIELDING, Mr. WALBANCK, Mr. MELCHIOR WINTER, and Mr. GEORGE TEDDER; Bassi, Mr. WEISS, Mr. GRATTAN KELLY, Mr. WALWORTH, Mr. PATEY, Mr. T. DISTIN, Mr. W. DISTIN, Mr. LAWRENCE, Mr. LEONARD, Mr. BARTLEMAN, Mr. LUIGI MONTGOMERY, and Mr. ALLAN IRVING. Instrumentalists—Violin, Mr. VIOTTI COLLINS; Flute, Master DREW DEAN; Cornet (of the Crystal Palace), Mr. J. LEVY; Horn, Mr. BENNETT GILBERT; Pianoforte, M. EMILE BERGER. Conductors—Messrs. RANDEGGER, GANZ, LANGTON WILLIAMS, ALFRED GILBERT, KINGSBURY, SCOTSON CLARK, LAUTER, GEORGE CASE, SYDNEY NAYLOR, Dr. JAMES PECH, and M. EMILE BERGER. The grand Orchestra of 50 Performers will be greatly augmented for the occasion. Leader, Mr. J. W. TURLWALL; Conductor, Mr. HENRI LAURENT. Also an additional Brass Band, which will perform during the Afternoon in the Grounds; and the Band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. GODFREY, which will perform a grand selection of Military Music during the unprecedented attractions of the above Entertainment. The Monster Concert will begin at 6 o'clock, and the grand performance of Military Music will take place in the Second Part at 8 o'clock. The Gardens will be open at 3 o'clock, with the Comic Fairy Ballet, the Ohio Minstrels, the Great Conjuror's Tricks, &c. After the Monster Concert, a grand Double Display of Fireworks, and Dancing on the New Mammoth Platform.—Admission to the whole of the Performances, One Shilling.

SURREY GARDENS.—The GRENADIER GUARDS

BAND (by permission of Col. the Hon. J. Lindsay), under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey, will perform a grand selection of military music at the concert on Monday next, August 20th. Admission 1s.

WORCESTER TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL

and Meeting of the Three Choirs, for the Benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen of the diocese of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, to be held in the Cathedral, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 11, 12, 13, and 14, 1860, under the especial patronage of

Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
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Tuesday Morning.—First Part of the CREATION, and the whole of ST. PAUL.
Wednesday Morning.—The LAST JUDGMENT, and a Selection from JUDAS MACCABÆUS.
Thursday Morning.—ELIJAH.
Friday Morning.—The MESSIAH.
On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Evenings.—GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, in the College Hall, including Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, Gade's *Erl King's Daughter* (first time in England), Selections from the Works of Weber, from *Oberon*, and *Lurline*, Overtures to *William Tell*, *Euryanthe*, *The Ruler of the Spirits*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Beethoven's Grand Symphony in D, No. 2.
Friday Evening.—A BALL in the Guildhall.
Principal Vocalists.—Mad. CLARA NOVELLO (her farewell appearance at Worcester), Mad. RUDERSDORFF, Mad. WEISS, Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY, Miss M. WELLS, Mlle. PAREPA, Mr. SIMS REEVES, Mr. MONTEM SMITH, Mr. WEISS, and Signor BELLETTI. Conductor, Mr. DONE.
The Band and Chorus will comprise 300 performers.
Detailed programmes of the performances, including railway and general arrangements, may be obtained on application to Rev. R. Sarjeant, Hon. Secretary, 10 Edgar Street, Worcester.

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Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21, in St. Andrew's Hall, under the Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince Consort, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the Royal Family.
On Monday Evening, September 17, Haydn's Oratorio, THE CREATION.
On Wednesday Morning, September 19, Handel's DETTINGEN TE DEUM, and Spohr's Oratorio, THE LAST JUDGMENT.
On Thursday Morning, September 20, Herr Molique's new Oratorio, ABRAHAM (first time of performance), and Mendelssohn's Psalm, AS THE HART PANTS.
On Friday Morning, September 21, Handel's Oratorio, THE MESSIAH.
THREE GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS will be given on the Evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, September 18, 19, and 20, including Professor STERNDALE BENNETT'S *May Queen*, GLUCK'S *Armida*, and BENEDICT'S *Undine* (first time of performance, composed expressly for this Festival).
Principal Vocal Performers—Mad. CLARA NOVELLO (her last appearance in Norwich), Mad. WEISS, Miss PALMER, Mad. BORGHI-MAMO, Mr. SIMS REEVES, Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. WEISS, and Signor BELLETTI. Solo Pianoforte, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. Solo Violoncello, Signor PIATTI. Leaders of the Band, M. SAINTON and Mr. H. BLAGROVE. Organist, Mr. HARCOURT. Chorus Master, Mr. J. F. HILL. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT.
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The Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera are engaged, and will appear on Wednesday next, August 22, and on the three following evenings. On the same evening will be performed, for the first time, the Isabella Waltz, composed by Alfred Mellon.

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The above Songs form Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Vocal Illustrations of Shelley.

"Mr. Santley was encored in one of the thoroughly picturesque and poetical settings of Shelley, by Mr. J. W. Davison, mentioned a week or two since. His song, 'Rough wind that moanest loud,' is a thoroughly good song."—*Athenæum*.

"Madame Sainton-Dolby's greatest efforts were called forth by Mendelssohn's Night' song, and Mr. J. W. Davison's 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep' (from Shelley's 'Cenci'), to both of which she did the amplest justice. The latter work is one of the most poetical and beautiful of the 'Vocal Illustrations of Shelley,' composed by Mr. Davison many years ago, and which, though rarely heard, possess far more sterling merit than nine-tenths of the most admired songs of the day. A more intellectual treatment of the words could not well be imagined. Mr. Davison has completely caught the spirit of the poetry, and heightened its beauty by the potent charms which belong only to the sister art. 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep,' sung to perfection by Madame Sainton-Dolby, was enthusiastically applauded."

Morning Post, April 26, 1860.

Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201 Regent Street.

CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS.—This Evening. C. H. Gounod's Opera, FAUST, and selections from "Dinorah," "Trovatore," "Macbeth," &c. After which, the ETHIOPIANS, consisting of Seventeen performers, organised expressly for this establishment, for the performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Comic and Sentimental, with Negro Delineations, Anecdotes, &c., in addition to the usual entertainment. The Fine Arts Gallery is open from Eleven am. till Twelve p.m.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent).

Aug. 16, 1860.

In due order of rightful precedence I will open my budget with the doings of the Grand Opéra. The performances since my last have been divided between *Semiramis* and *Robert le Diable*, with the two *débutantes*, Mad. Vandenheuvel Duprez and Mlle. Maria Sax, whose successful first appearance, in the parts of Isabelle and Alice respectively, I recorded last week. The former is to make her second trial in the character of Marguerite (*Les Huguenots*); the latter in that of Rachel (*La Juive*). Last night, it being the *fête* of the Emperor, a gratuitous performance was given according to usage. The opera was *Pierre de Medicis*, and Mad. Ferraris made her first re-appearance, since her absence, in the part of Diane. A song of jubilee was executed on the occasion, the words of which were written by M. Cormon, and the music composed by M. Aimé Maillard (author of the opera of *Gastibelza*). Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio is studying the part of Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell*, and Mlle. Barbara Marchisio, the contralto, that of Azucena in the *Trovatore*. Early in September we are promised the *Prophète*, with Mad. Tedesco as Fidés. I do not remember whether I have already mentioned that M. de St. Georges had concocted a grand ballet especially to bring into relief the talents of Mlle. Livry, the young *ballerina* who has so quickly bounded to the pinnacle of fame. The music is composed by M. Offenbach, and the scene is said to be laid in the wild and picturesque regions of Circassia. The rehearsals are being actively carried on, and one hears great things of the opportunities which the principal character will give to Mlle. Livry for the display of her powers as a pantomimist no less than a *danseuse*.

The performance of *L'Etoile du Nord* last week at the Opéra Comique attracted a large audience, and Mad. Ugalde, as Catherine, made a marked impression. She was called before the curtain both at the end of the first act and at the close of the opera. It is reported that the manager of this establishment has had a manuscript sent him by MM. Nestor Roqueplan and Victorien Sardon (author, this latter, of *Les Pattes de Mouches*). The title is said to be *La Villa Medicis*, and there is a still further rumour that the name of the ex-manager of the Opéra Comique is only a mask beneath which is concealed that of one of the lady stars of the Théâtre Français, though which of them, in precise fact, deponent-Rumour sayeth not. To add to the piquant peculiarities of this mysterious production, the subject is said to be entirely imaginative, and the music is to be supplied by two composers. M. Faure is back again in Paris, and so pleased with his success in England that he is determined henceforth to devote himself entirely to the Italian lyrical stage. Several very advantageous engagements have already been submitted to his consideration. Meanwhile it is given out here that Mr. Gye has secured him for the next three years. This may be news to you. Another comic opera is talked of as having been accepted by M. Beaumont, to be called *Les Recruteurs*, the words by M. Amedée de Jalliais, the music by M. Léfebure Wély, organist of *la Madeleine*.

A competition of "Orphéons" having been announced to take place on the 12th at Tonneins (department of *Lot et Garonne*), M. A. Elwart, whom you may remember as the author of the curious "God save," distributed gratuitously at the Crystal Palace, consented, at the invitation of the Committee, to preside over their choral demonstration, in which above five and twenty societies are said to have taken part. Apropos of this subject, among the numerous publications to which the famous visit of the Orphéonists gave rise, two are said to be really worth reading; viz. "Le Voyage Comique et Orphéonique de trois mille Français à Londres," by Benjamin Gastineau, and "Le Festival de Londres et l'Orphéon Dunkerquois."

The Concert Musard will in another week or so strike its tent and depart from the Champs Elysées, where it has so valiantly distinguished itself in the cause of popularising the taste for good music. Among the achievements for which it is especially entitled to take credit is the production of Spontini's overture to *Olympia*, the *Schiller-Marsch* of Meyerbeer, and Flotow's overture, entitled *Pianella*.

I have had another letter from my friend at Baden-Baden, who describes the musical and theatrical activity of that happy corner of the globe as still on the increase, and no wonder; the golden showers which are ever raining over that European *Eldorado* foster a succession of dramatic and operatic pieces, all of which are hailed with uniform enthusiasm. The hissing serpent of criticism has no place in this paradise of poets and minstrels, where none having been tempted to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and of evil, the most benevolent smiles of approval greet every production in turn. Even the journalists who record these ceaseless triumphs dip their pens in the purest rose-water. The most severe and jealous Aristarchus would in a short time find himself gradually succumb to the relaxing influence of such a state of things. All the starch would be taken out of him, and the critical furrows of his brow be ironed out into a glassy smoothness, reflecting the facile enjoyment and bespoken smiles of all around. Among the works submitted to this pleasant ordeal is an opera by M. Gounod, the *libretto* of which is written by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier. It is entitled *La Colombe*, and founded on the tale of Boccacio and La Fontaine, in which a falcon, metamorphosed into a dove, plays a principal part, and is kept by a young Florentine nobleman, under the name of Sylvia, in memory of a lady beloved. The story is followed pretty closely, except that the authors have taken the liberty to introduce another bird into the *dramatis personæ*, namely, a parrot, who, the property of the fair Aminta, is eagerly coveted by the fair Sylvia, her rival. The latter repairs to her lover, on whose assistance she knows she can reckon, even at the cost of his life The young man, to conceal his poverty, orders the dove to be killed and served up to table. His servant, another Caleb Balderstone, contrives to prevent the sacrifice, and when Horace and Sylvia have finished their meal, it is disclosed that the parrot, and not the dove, has supplied their repast. The subject is an odd one, and reminds us of that of the famous "song of sixpence," except that only one bird is "baked in a pie." However, of course it was wonderfully successful—poets, composer, singers—among whom were Roger, Bolanqué, Mesdames Carvalho and Faivre—all were crowned with the laurels which Baden refuses to no one. If there be anything more than usually substantial in this bubble from the *Brunnens* of Baden it will assuredly find its way to Paris, and then you shall have a more full and particular account of its merits, if it possess any out of the duchy of its birth. M. Benazet's new theatre is progressing rapidly. All the principal portions of the shell are up, and there is every hope of getting the roof finished before the winter. By the beginning of 1862 it is expected that the decorations of the interior will be in a state of completion. The celebrated theatrical machinist, Muhlendorf of Mannheim, who was called in to assist in the getting up of *Le Pardon de Plöermel* at the Opéra Comique, is to be charged with the machinery department. The inauguration of the theatre is to take place for the season of 1862, when an opera by Hector Berlioz will be produced.

From Madrid, I have heard that the Oneute will open on the 1st or 2nd of October. The *troupe* engaged by the manager numbers the following artists in its ranks:—Prima-donnas, Mesdames Julienne Dejean, Charton Demeur, Sarolta, Meric-Lablache, and Calderon; Tenors, MM. Fraschini and Mori; Barytones, MM. Giraldoni, Marra; Basses, MM. Bouché and Manfredi; *buffo comico*, M. Rovere. My informant adds the piece of intelligence, that the Queen of Spain has just conferred the order of Charles the III. on M. Alard, the French violinist, with the rank of Officer.

An Italian journal, the *Trovatore*, states that the number of singers of both sexes now in Italy amounts to 1,730. This aggregate is composed of 410 prima-donnas, 330 tenors, 280 barytones, 160 basses, 50 buffos, &c. In addition to these, Italy is blessed with 1,670 dancers, male and female, namely, 480 *premières danseuses di rango francese*, 220 *premières danseusés di rango Italiano*, 110 principal male dancers, 970 dancers of both sexes, of middling character (in their profession of course), and 40 ballet-masters.

As I have broached statistics, let me complete the dose by giving you the usual monthly return of the receipts in Paris, from theatres, concerts, public balls, and other entertainments. They

amounted to 932,813 francs 79 centimes, being less by 87,356 francs 43 centimes than in the month of June.

To return to Italy, there has been a committee formed in Florence for the erection of a monument to Cherubini. Among the members of this committee, which was set on foot by Professor Ferdinando Morini, are the Duke di San Clemente, the Marquis Pompeo Azzelino, and Professor Edoardo Fantacchiotti, which last is to be intrusted with the execution of the monument. This homage to the memory of the composer is the more graceful as Cherubini had made France the country of his adoption.

The artists hitherto engaged by Maestro Fabricca for the opera at Lisbon, are Mesdames Gazzaniga, Malaspina, Elisa Hensler, Emilia Bellini, MM. Antonio Agresti, Neri Baraldi, and Antonucci. Among the operas which will be given is *Le Pardon de Plöermel*, which, by the way, is also to be done at Madrid, with Mad. Charton Demeur, and at almost all the principal theatres of Europe. Meyerbeer is now become, from Parisian only, *cosmopolitan*. *A propos* of the Franco-Teutonic *maestro*, a M. Ratisbonne, journalist, wishing to be superlatively complimentary to Rossini, made the following poetical parallel between the two chiefs of the modern lyrical drama—

LE JUGEMENT D'APOLLON.

Devant le Dieu de l'Harmonie
Luttaient deux hommes de génie
Les ayant entendus, il dit — "Par Jupiter
"Le plus grand musicien du monde est Meyerbeer."
"Meyerbeer!"—répartit une voix ironique—
"J'avais bien cru, pourtant, m'appeler Rossini."
"Attendez"— dit le dieu—"car je n'ai pas fini;
"Et vous, cher Rossini, vous êtes *la musique*."

Query — Is not the workman greater than the work? — the musician greater than the music; and therefore, oh Ratisbonne! Meyerbeer greater than Rossini? Besides making Rossini fish for the compliment, the compliment itself is an "awk stroke."

So much for a specimen of bad taste; now for an example of good sense, which we should do well to imitate in England. A vacancy for a violoncello having occurred in the orchestra of the Grand Opéra in Paris, there is to be a competition held to-morrow, and the vacant desk is to be possessed by the successful candidate. Why does not Mr. E. T. Smith vacate every stool in his orchestra and re-man them by the same safe process, entrusting the result to the verdicts of a special jury of English musicians.

The long talked of marriage of M. Henri Wieniawski with Miss Isabella Bessie Hampton, niece of Mr. George Osborne, the composer, was duly celebrated last Tuesday, at the Church of St. André (Cité d'Antin).

You may inscribe in your obituary the death of a violoncellist, M. Anton Traeg, of Prague, and M. Nicolas Joseph Mathieu, Professor of Music at Louvain.

While on the subject of deceased musicians, I am reminded of a fact which perhaps has not reached you, namely, that the musical library left by Professor Fischoff, of Vienna, has been bought for the library at Berlin. This rich collection contains no less than 3,978 pieces.

THE CONCERT SEASON.

ANOTHER London season has closed. The termination of the London musical season and the London season itself are one and the same thing, for the flight of families from town by the end of July, always as decided and important a movement as the migration of certain sections of the feathered race, leaves musical societies without patrons, and concert-givers without supporters. The season now concluded has been a brief and busy one. The majority of the musical performances were given between the 1st day of May and the last of July, and a mere statistical account of these will be interesting, as showing what an extraordinary amount can be got through in so short a time, and what a large quantity of patronage must be bestowed on the art to which these columns are devoted, it being admitted that each concert was attended by a goodly number of the public.

The list of actual societies comprises the Sacred Harmonic, Musical, Amateur Musical, Orchestral, Philharmonic, Vocal Association, Leslie's Choir, Society of British Musicians, Tonic Sol-Fa Association, London Orchestral Association, and Bach Society; to which may be added the following societies, classes, or institutions, not under the management of a committee:—Monday Popular Concerts, Hullah's Concerts, New Philharmonic Concerts, English Glee and Madrigal Union, Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, Whittington Club Concerts, Beaumont Institution Concerts, The "Arion," London Quintett Union, London Glee and Madrigal Union, Jas. Robinson's Choir, Henken's Choral Class, St. George's Choir, Dando's Quartett Concerts, Professors' Concert Union, Peckham Musical Union, Purcell Club, Musical Union; not to mention the charitable institutions, such as the Royal Society of Musicians, the Royal Society of Female Musicians, the Society of British and Foreign Musicians, and the "Sons of the Clergy" Society, all of which have given performances in aid of their respective treasuries. Of the foregoing, perhaps, the Monday Popular Concerts have had the most continued success. With the exception of such Mondays as were claimed by the New Philharmonic Concerts—the *locale*, St. James's Hall, being the same—they ran weekly from the beginning of November to the beginning of July, and the audiences were invariably good. Chamber music of the very best description was presented, its execution being entrusted to the first artists, and some instrumentalists new to this country were introduced, one of whom, Herr Becker, has already become deservedly popular as a soloist, and as a leader of the stringed quartett. Liberality in the engagements, a carefully graduated and moderate scale of admission prices, and programmes of commendable brevity, as well as intrinsic excellence, have been the distinguishing characteristics of the direction, and the result is as gratifying to us, as observers of the progress of the art, as it must be to those interested in the speculation.

Amongst the most important of the orchestral concerts must be mentioned those given by Mr. Hullah, at St. Martin's Hall, as instances of individual enterprise rarely met with. With the aid of but one manager, Mr. Secretary Headland, Mr. Hullah gives performances only surpassed in magnitude by those of the Sacred Harmonic Society, while the scheme is so much the more satisfactory, as it embraces both secular and sacred music, both instrumental and choral performances; while there is no hesitation on the part of the conductor to produce untried works, or such, at least, as are unknown in this country. We note that the following complete works have been given during the past season of these concerts:—An oratorio, *John the Baptist*, by Hager, of Vienna; Gounod's Grand Mass, Handel's *Messiah* (twice) and *Judas Maccabeus*; Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Macfarren's *May Day*. Dr. Wylde, too, must be specialised for enterprise. His New Philharmonic Concerts have been very liberally managed, and warmly supported. His attention has been chiefly directed to the efficient performance of great orchestral works, and he has introduced Spohr's wonderful symphony, "The Power of Sound," but he, like Mr. Hullah, has a chorus attached to his institution, and he has, moreover, presented some of the best solo vocalists, during the series of concerts, to his subscribers. The Sacred Harmonic Society, whose business-like management is, or should be, the envy of all musical institutions, has given twelve concerts, independent of the *soiree d'invitation* issued to the Orphéonistes during their visit. They commenced the season last year with Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Mozart's *Requiem*, and followed with the customary Christmas performance of the *Messiah*. Since the turn of the year they have given Handel's *Samson*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Dettingen Te Deum*, and a repetition of the *Messiah* in Passion Week, Haydn's *Creation* and *Seasons*, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (twice) and *Lobgesang*, besides taking important part in a Mendelssohn festival at the Crystal Palace on the 4th of May. The Philharmonic Society has prospered, under the direction of the accomplished Doctor and Professor Sterndale Bennett, and the Queen attended one of the concerts, an honour which she omitted last year, to the great disappointment of every one concerned. The Musical Society of London has been peculiarly successful, and has arrived at its limit as regards the number of members. The concerts, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, have been uniformly excellent, and a very clever cantata by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, entitled *Christmas*, was introduced at one of them and very well received. A brilliant conversazione brought the season to a close. The Vocal Association has given but one concert with orchestra. The others have consisted of choral music interspersed with songs, &c., with pianoforte accompaniment, and one of these, at which some of the leading *artistes* from Her Majesty's Theatre assisted, went off with particular *éclat*. A conversazione was given, which to those who had attended the similar entertainment given by the Musical Society of London last year, looked somewhat of an imitation, so strong a resemblance was there in most of the details, but, as there are not many subscribers common to both societies, this was perhaps not of much consequence. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir gave a very small number of concerts. We believe they were limited to four, if we may except a performance given for the purpose of enabling a valuable and energetic member of the choir, who

had suffered from commercial reverses, to complete his musical education. This kind act on the part of an association consisting chiefly of non-professional ladies and gentlemen, met with a liberal response on that of the public, and we hear that a goodly amount was realised. The paucity of the concerts was the subject of general remark; and it might be supposed that the unfrequency of performance was a sign of failing strength, while the fact is, that, as the choir contains many substantially commercial members, these really cannot devote the time necessary for the rehearsals which Mr. Leslie very properly enforces previously to every concert. Four or five concerts in a season would not seem to be any great tax upon even a business man's time, but in previous seasons we recollect that Mr. Leslie overran the constable as regarded the number of concerts, and we expect worked the members so hard that they would not agree to meet this season except for a minimum number of performances. Next year, doubtless, we shall see the balance restored, and the happy medium of about eight concerts arranged. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir is a most important institution. Taking the variety of the programmes into consideration, it is the best part-singing to be heard in the world.

We regret to have heard so little of the Bach Society. The wonderful success of the *Passions Musik* performance at St. Martin's Hall, two years ago, the subsequent execution of some selections from the same at the Leeds Festival, and the well-received introduction of a song from it at one of the Monday Popular Concerts (first season), should have encouraged the Society to give at least a repetition of the work, if not other sacred compositions of the sublime master. The London Orchestral Association does not seem to have achieved anything beyond the holding of one or two meetings for the transaction of preliminary business, but it is satisfactory to note that the society preserves its existence. The Orchestral Society, too, has been rather quiet. Its conductor, Mr. W. Rea, has been appointed organist to the Town Hall at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and as he can scarcely be expected to conduct telegraphically, we suppose sone one must have been appointed in his stead. We should think there was room for a good society for the practice of orchestral music. The Amateur Musical Society has thriven. Interest therein is spiritedly maintained, and there are always plenty of subscribers without necessity for appealing to the public. These are the only concerts in London where full dress is really indispensable. The Society of British Musicians, which, though heard little of now-a-days, has not relinquished the most important feature in its mission—viz., the representation of MS. orchestral compositions, by native authors, has given a trial of new works, and the Royal Academy of Music has exhibited its students in a short series of concerts, in which full band and chorus have been employed.

Turning to chamber music, we find that the Monday Popular Concerts have by no means absorbed the quartett-loving public. The Musical Union has been duly patronised, and two new associations have sprung up, while Mr. Dando's quartett concerts (excellent affairs, that deserve to be better known) have maintained their position. The new establishments referred to are the London Quintett Union and the Professors' Concert Union, the former with Mr. Willey for leader, the latter with Mr. Henry Blagrove. Each has given three or four concerts, and with tolerable success. The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts has also combined some agreeable performances of chamber music with its *soirees*. The Whittington Club Concerts and the Beaumont Institution (the latter amongst the most spirited in the metropolis) have met with considerable support.

The choral concerts not yet noticed have been given by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, the English Glee and Madrigal Union, the St. George's Choir, Mr. James Robinson's Choir, and Mr. Henken's Choral Class. The first of these has been singularly successful, having given upwards of 100 concerts.

Amongst notable successes must be classed Mr. Gye's concerts in the Floral Hall, while the prosperous career of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed (aided latterly by Mr. John Parry), of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, and of the Christy's Minstrels, which last hav vied with the other "entertainers" in alluring first-class audiences, should not pass unnoticed.

Amongst all this extraordinary success, it seems strange to us to have to chronicle three failures in the shape of opera, a species of entertainment admitted to be most attractive in the present day. English opera was started at Drury Lane by Dr. Pech, and the doors closed in a week. French opera was essayed for a longer time by M. Laurent at the Lyceum, but with ill result; and a frantic dash at English opera (with two works on the same evening!) was recently made at the Surrey Theatre, the career being likewise brief. We sincerely regretted the stoppage of the French performances; they were far from perfect, but they were considerably less imperfect than the other speculations just named, while the charm of the operettas introduced was remarkable. Offenbach's *Mariage aux Lanternes* provoked as much applausive enthusiasm as we ever heard in an English theatre, and we are at a loss to understand why so fresh and pleasant an institution as this French opera could not be made to pay. The Drury Lane failure did not surprise us. The band and chorus were good, and the principal artists commendable, but Dr. Pech should have confined his exertions to the management, being in no way fitted for the office of conductor. At the Surrey some good works were brought forward, but the band consisted of about twelve performers, and as neither of them could conveniently manage more than one instrument at the same time, the effect was naturally and decidedly meagre. Allusion to opera reminds us of the brilliant success of *Lurline*, produced in such excellent style by the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company at Covent Garden, while we may remark upon the brilliant career of this *troupe* as one of the features of the season.

The musical doings at the Crystal Palace, which should be reckoned amongst those of the metropolis, have been important. Six opera concerts, supported by some of the best artistes of Her Majesty's Theatre, have been given; Mlle. Piccolomini has appeared at three of the Saturday concerts, and the Tonic Sol-Fa Association and the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, who measure their singers by thousands, have set thrice their number of auditors wondering at the excellent training of the children. The very striking execution and exquisite tone of the Orphéonistes are yet fresh in the recollection of our town readers and such provincial perusers as had the good luck to visit London and Sydenham during the last week in June, and the brazen strains of the competitive bands last month may be adverted to as a remarkable contrast to the afore-mentioned delicate choralism. Add to these the Mendelssohn Festival, consisting (musically) of a performance of *Elijah* by 2,500 executants, a concert by the Yorkshire Choral Union, one by the Vocal Association with 1,000 voices, and two performances of the *May Queen*, and one of Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, and it must be admitted that the Crystal Palace has not been behind in the representation of the divine art.

The list of concert-givers during the past season is worth publishing:—Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Aguilar (2 concerts), Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Master Allison (2), Mr. Balfe (3), Miss Laura Baxter, Mad. Behrens, Mr. H. Baumer (3), Mr. Benedict, Mr. R. Blagrove (2), Signor Bucalossi, Miss Emma Busby, Signor Campana, Mr. H. Carvill, Mad. Celli, Miss Chipperfield, Mr. Scotson Clark, Miss Cole, Miss Corfield, Miss Cronin, Mr. Cusins, Master Dean (3), Herr Deichmann, M. Depret, Mad. De Vaucheran, Miss De Villar, MM. Douay and Poussard, Mr. Eayres, Herr Engel and M. Lefort, Mr. Field, Mr. G. Forbes (4), Master Fox, Prince Galitzin (2), Herr Ganz, Miss Susan Goddard, Mr. Howard Glover (2), Herr Goldberg, Herr Greebe, Miss Emma Green (2), Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. J. L. Hatton, Herr Holzel, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Allan Irving, Miss Theresa Jefferys, Master Ketten, Herr Kuhe, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Lazarus, Miss Leffler, Mad. Lemmens, Mr. Lester, Miss Levesque, Herr Lidel, Mr. Martin (2), Mr. John Macfarren, Mr. McLeod, Miss Messent, Herr Moliqne, Mr. Monk, Herr Nabich, Mrs. Alexander Newton, Mr. Nickinson, Herr Oberthur, Mad. Paez, Miss Palmer, Herr Pauer, Signor Pezze, Signor Piatti, Mr. and Mrs. Pratten, Miss Poole, Mad. Puzzi, Mr. Ransford, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Brinley Richards, Mad. Rieder, Herr Ries, Mlle. Rubini, Mr. George Russell, Mad. Sainton (4), Mr. Charles Salaman, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Miss Steele, Mlle. Sedlazek, Mlle. Speyer, Miss Spiller and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. Harold Thomas, Mlle. Valentin, Miss Van Noorden, Mlle. Vaneri, Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Eleanor Ward, Mr. Langton Williams, Mr. Melchor Winter and Mr. B. Wells, Miss Eleanora Wilkinson, Miss Louisa Kapp Young, Signor Zisca. It makes our head whirl to think that we should have attended the greater part of these concerts, and we have yet to add the Drury Lane Promenade Concerts, an amateur performance of Mendelssohn's *Antigone* at Campden House, a concert by blind musicians at Hanover Square, and concerts for the benefit of the London Blind Society, a literary gentleman, Mad. Jullien, the family of the late Mr. R. Brough, the Society of British and Foreign Musicians, the Middlesex Volunteer Artillery, and the St. John's (Islington) Roman Catholic Schools. The majority of the concerts have been well attended, but what has gratified our critical senses still more has been the very remarkable fact, that scarcely a programme has appeared without at least one classical instrumental piece, a sign that a better order of music is not only tolerated but actually required.

The calm which generally succeeds such a storm of musical performances has been disturbed by a series of promenade concerts, in the Floral Hall, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon. It seems scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Alfred Mellon's name as conductor is a guarantee for the excellence of the orchestral playing, and as to the possibility of obtaining sufficient support for such an undertaking, out of the regular London season, there are still multitudes in town want-

ing amusement, and ready to flock to entertainments of so high a character as those announced.

MY CHURCH.

DEAR FRIEND,—Have you a little time on your hands, and will you devote it to a visit with me to *my* church? Come, then, let us jump into this train, and in a few hours we shall see its towering spire and comely proportions standing like a giant amid the surrounding ancient houses, where dwell the slow inhabitants of the quiet, resigned old town. Alight we now, and let us descend this eminence, from which you observe yon picturesque scene, spreading out beneath our feet. How beautifully is it varied by hill and dale, and how peaceful and calm does everything around us seem, so that we well-nigh forget the busy world we have left behind us. Let us make the best of our way through the streets, for there is little worth our time to be seen beside *my* church. Here it is, then. Let us enter the palisaded and far-stretching grave-yard, in the midst of which towers in holy majesty the venerable structure. We will not stay to count that numerous row of windows, for (as a recent itinerant critic remarked) they confound and dazzle our minds by their number and brightness. We will enter at once the sacred fane. I am not skilled in the technical terms of architectural lore, so will not seek to describe in that phraseology the beauty and order of the place. But is not the *coup d'œil* at once imposing and noble, as we stand with our backs to the altar, and note those two immense lines of majestic pillars running parallel to the gallery, where that noble organ sits like a king enthroned? Above his head soars a cherubim in shining robes, with a golden trumpet at his lips, and a scroll at his feet on which is inscribed, "O praise the God of Heaven," and a host of little cherubs are smiling down upon him. You would scarcely suppose I have heard that cherubim play upon his trumpet. I have, however. It is many, many years since. Thus it was. The choir was practising one night preparatory to the ensuing Sunday service, and the old musical king's voice called me into *my* church, and asked me what I thought of his harmony? To which I replied, I liked it very much indeed; when he kindly invited me to stay till the practice was ended. Accepting the invitation, I sauntered to the steps of the altar and sat down to hearken to my good old friend, as he led his joyous family on in the conduct of the service. Whilst in a state of ecstasy, brought about by the spirit-arousing strains of the combined vocal and instrumental harmony, fixing my eyes on the cherubim, but dimly seen from his giddy height above the partial light, I observed he was lustily joining in the music upon his trumpet, which caused the entire building to reply in echo, and startled from their recumbent posture the quaint old ladies and gentlemen of long-forgotten ages, who crouched in every nook and corner amid the lofty beams and rafters. Whilst looking with surprise at the odd grimaces these queer folk incessantly were making, my attention was suddenly arrested by a rustling noise of silks and satins, accompanied by the clattering of arms and spurs throughout the entire building, and on looking down I perceived that *my* church was now literally crammed with the worshippers of bye-gone days, clad in all the varied costumes from the time of the great Alfred to the present period; and their rich voluminous body of harmony, which at once assimilated with the already almost overpowering ocean of sound, is indelibly impressed upon the tympanum of my ear. Whilst lost in amazement at these novel sights and sounds, I observed approaching towards me a tall and noble figure, wearing a loose flowing garment, composed of the skins of wild beasts. His finely formed head was uncovered, and his hair flowed in clusters of dark curls, completely enveloping his massive shoulders. His countenance beamed with intelligence, and, with his patriarchal-looking beard, formed at once a study for the philosopher or artist. In his hand he held a helmet, gorgeously inlaid with gold and precious stones. Suspended at his side was his sword, whose scabbard glittered with costly gems; whilst on the superb shield depending from his left shoulder, I thought I descried, in ancient Gothic characters, the word "Guthrum." As he drew near, I summoned up courage to address him, and, rising and making my obeisance, I said, "I believe I have the honour of saluting the noble Dane who formerly governed the kingdom of East Anglia?" "The same," he courteously replied; and went on, in tones which harmonised delightfully with the great ocean of music around, to recount his visit to our island home for the purpose of enslaving it; but said he rejoiced to think he had suffered defeat at the hands of the magnanimous Alfred, who, after converting him to Christianity, honoured him by giving into his hands the government before alluded to. Pointing to an antique tomb in the south aisle of the church, where he said his ashes peacefully reposed till the last trumpet shall sound, he bowed and withdrew, and was soon lost to me among the assembled multitude. Seized with an irresistible desire to look more closely upon these spirits of the dead, I proceeded to shape my course down the centre aisle, where I presently observed a lovely lady, who, through some mysterious power, I knew to be the wife of Theodore Palæologus, of Pesaro, in Italy, who was descended from the Imperial line of the last Christian Emperors of Greece, and married the sweet damsel from this town. He died in 1636. Hearing, in another direction, a voice, joining in the anthem then performing, of surpassing richness and body of tone, I looked to whence it came, and was delighted to see it was from none else than the venerable Rowland Taylor, formerly rector of this parish, and who suffered martyrdom in Mary's reign. He stood, his face radiant with happiness, and a halo of glory surrounding his snow-white head, and sang triumphantly. Whilst gazing with mingled awe and reverence on the time-honoured martyr, the music for an instant entirely ceased, and I noticed that the singers were hastily leaving their places in the gallery, when the organist—ah! *he was* an organist! You should have seen his portly person, and rugged, strongly-marked countenance, and his grizzled hair. He looked like an educated lion, and played exactly as a lion would play if taught to finger (claw) the keys. Well, this learned monarch of the forest attacked the king of instruments on this occasion, who, in defence, sung out the Hallelujah Chorus in so majestic and overpowering a style, that eventually the lion felt himself beaten, and desisted again. Yet those two potentates loved each other, and were firm friends for more than half-a-century. And the brave old lion had a whelp who has long since grown to be the very image of the old lion, and has himself done battle with the self-same king of harmony for a quarter-of-a-century since the old monarch was summoned hence; and should he carry on the contest even longer than his venerated sire, he will finally be beaten by the strong-lunged king, who still sings as vigorously as he did before my great-great-grandfather listened to his heaven-directing notes. But I was saying the old lion at length gave in to the harmonious king. Yes, and as the last note of the chorus died away in the night air, the cherubim slackened his trumpet from his lips, and the visitors from the other world disappeared momentarily, as if by magic, and I made the best of my way out of the old church, chilly and faint, to seek my home, the fire, and my supper. This was the only occasion on which I remember to have heard the cherubim blow his trumpet. And now you can amuse yourself by looking over the very numerous monumental brasses and stones, many of them quaint, some touching, and all speaking in tones that may be rendered into the same words as those forming the lines (now obliterated, I remember,) under the sun-dial. Let me recite them to you:—

> "Where now you stand the time to spy,
> Who knows how soon you there may lye;
> Both time and place are monitory
> That you and they are transitory.
> Heaven is our temple, death the porch,
> Christ is the way, his word our torch.
> Here let us walk while we have light,
> Too late begins our work at night."

But hark! it is the whistle of the locomotive, which, like time and tide, stays for no man. Bidding the dust of my fathers for many, many generations past, and *my* dear old church (*Ecclesia Sanctæ Mariæ*) another hasty but not unfelt farewell, return we now, dear friend, to the bustling cares of busy life again. And let us not entirely forget when there, the power of music to summon up old memories, and whose tremendous and sublime office it is destined to be, to summon, at the final consummation of all things, every soul who has ever breathed the breath of life on the

face of the universe, to stand before the Judge of all! . . . . "*Had*-LEE!" shouted an Eastern Counties Railway official in my ears, and up I jumped, and found my friend fast asleep by my side. We had but just arrived at our destination, and I remembered we had only at present visited *my* church in a dream.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

A MORE useful officer does not belong to the managerial staff of the Crystal Palace than Herr Auguste Manns. In a great measure the musical department is under his direction; for though he has nothing to do with the monster undertakings, which—now as the commemorations of the centenary of Handel's death, now of the fiftieth anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth, now as the celebration of the genius and life of a Scotch poet, now as the quasi-political, thoroughly fraternal and artistic reception of some thousands of French "Orphéonists"—are organised with so much energy and spirit by Mr. Bowley, "General Manager," the *bonâ fide* musical entertainments, exercising a legitimate influence on the prosperity of the institution, depend almost exclusively for their success upon the exertions of this gentleman. The Saturday Concerts during the winter months provide an attraction in the absence of which the visitors to Sydenham would, in all likelihood, be numerically diminished. How ably, and on what healthy principles, these concerts have been conducted need hardly be insisted on. Herr Manns, in fact, may challenge any and all of the metropolitan societies on the score of the great works he has revived, and the interesting novelties he has produced. He has recognised the merits of every school, and no thoughtful producer, whatever his claims to notice, has been overlooked. Thus, while Beethoven and Mozart are allotted their appropriate places, Schumann and Wagner are accorded frequent (too frequent?) audiences. Towards this show of eclecticism Herr Manns is possibly in some degree impelled by a very pardonable egotism. He has a compact and excellent band of instrumental performers, whose achievements in the winter season are almost as much a talk among musical circles as the quartet and sonata playing at the Monday Popular Concerts. In this band Herr Manns reposes unlimited confidence. He believes it capable of solving any problem, however difficult—from the ninth symphony of Beethoven to the overture constructed on a Chinese melody, which Weber composed (together with a march and other pieces) for Schiller's *Turandot*. Strong in this faith, he has submitted to his orchestra all sorts of tasks; and it is only fair to say that his confidence has never been misplaced. In December, January, and February, the loss of the Philharmonic Concerts, of those of the New Philharmonic, and the Musical Society of London, is more or less atoned for by the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, in the progress of which (thanks exclusively to Herr Manns) more interesting performances of orchestral music are to be heard than the three societies together could by any possibility—in accordance with the exigencies of their separate constitutions—bring forward within the same interval of time. Not, however, to proceed further in this matter, the weekly performances, directed by Herr Manns, during four or five of the gloomiest months of the year, constitute one of the features not only in every sense creditable to, but conferring a particular distinction on the Crystal Palace, which it would be well if it could earn, with equally solid claims, in other departments.

On Saturday afternoon a concert was held in the name of Herr Manns, who had no reason to complain, as other musical speculators have done, time out of mind, that his benefit took place in the "Dog days"—for never did the star "*in ore majoris canis*" exercise its traditional prerogative more "gingerly" than in A.D. 1860. The weather was cold, and thus by no means propitious to an entertainment celebrated in a glass house—some eight miles as the train jogs, or some six as "the crow" flies, from this warm and (under the actual meteorological conditions) comfortable metropolis. Nevertheless such were the attractions put forth by Herr Manns, that a large concourse of amateurs, defiant of wind and weather, were assembled in the music-room of the Crystal Palace before the hour advertised for commencement. We shall not attempt to criticise. Enough that the programme was more than sufficiently attractive to sustain the reputation of the concert-giver. Among other novel points was Mozart's operetta, entitled *Der Schauspiel-Direktor* (the Theatrical Director—*L'Impresario*—"The Lumley," in short), which, containing an overture and some vocal pieces, was composed to satisfy a whim of Joseph II. of Austria—Mozart's indulgent but not over munificent patron. The light and sparkling overture had more than once tested the powers of Herr Manns' little orchestra; but the vocal music was heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Having been written at the time for wholly exceptional voices, possessed by singers, moreover (especially in the instance of the two ladies), with talents no less than voices "apart," it was agreeable to find four modern artists (three of them English)—viz., Miss Parepa, Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Signor Belletti—so capable of realising the conceptions of the immortal musician, who rarely abandoned his *beau idéal* of art to exhibit the peculiarities of individual performers, and whose dereliction in the present case may be possibly explained by the nature of the plot submitted to him at the instance of the Emperor Joseph, and of which the following is an outline:—

"A manager, endeavouring to organize an operatic troupe for a provincial theatre, has invited performers to call at his office and give specimens of their powers. The operetta introduces Signora Argentina, assuring the manager she is the greatest singer of the day, and, as a test of her ability, executing the aria, 'Caro amante il cor mi dice.' While her last notes are being uttered appears a rival, Signora Dulcinea, who, convinced the manager will confess her the greatest prima donna, sings her favourite solo, 'Suonar gia l'ora io sento addio.' Pleased with both, the perplexed impresario finds it impossible to decide which it will be best to accept. This state of things gives rise to a lively trio, in which each of the ladies alternately urges her claims and contradicts those of her rival, peace being at last made by the interference of Signor Ruosignuolo, tenor, who expresses fear that, unless matters are arranged, there will be ruin, not only to all prospect of success, but to the voices of the rivals. Unfortunately, the calm thus produced is but temporary; again each lady urges her supremacy, the tenor counselling peace and quietness, 'Ehi! piano, piano, calando, decrescendo, piano, pianissimo!' The manager at last settles the question satisfactorily, by engaging both ladies. While they and Ruosignuolo are congratulating each other on this turn of fortune, they are joined by Signor Buff, who boasts that he is the first 'buffo' of the company, because his name only wants an O to vindicate his claim to the title."

What Mozart did with this—three quarters of a century since—every one knows who knows anything of Mozart and his music, although Herr Manns seems to have thought that no one knew anything about it beyond the musical precincts of the Crystal Palace. The active and intelligent musical director of that establishment, however, is to be thanked for bringing forward such a *petit chef d'œuvre* (which, though familiar to many, is still unfamiliar to the majority) on the occasion of his benefit-concert. Equally grateful must connoisseurs have felt for Weber's very rarely performed overture to *Turandot*, which if not one of the best is at least one of the most curious and original of that great master's works. The same composer's Polonaise in E, and Liszt's *fantasia* on the skating music of the *Prophète*—executed by Herr Klindworth, a skilful and thoroughly accomplished pianist of the modern school; three very clever and interesting compositions by Herr Manns himself—a violin concertino, played by Herr Pollitzer; a ballad ("We met, 'twas in the silent bower"), sung by Miss Parepa; and a march, entitled "The British Volunteer; some part-songs by the St. George's choir; vocal pieces, allotted to Miss Augusta Thomson, Mlle. Von Kettler, and M. Agniez (a highly promising singer); and Beethoven's great overture to *Leonora* (*Fidelio*, No. 3), made up the sum total of a programme in all respects worthy of Herr Manns' acknowledged research, and conducted by him with his accustomed vigour and talent.

ALBONI THE "COSY."

(From the London correspondence of the *Liverpool Albion*.)

LIKE certain of our sublunary luminaries of the *lucus a non lucendo* order, the eclipse seems to have changed its mind, and to have come back here for a long time this evening, so as to make up for its shortcomings the other day. Darkness, and nothing but dark-

ness, except the lightning, has been visible all the afternoon. Gas turned on at five o'clock; blinds pulled down at six; fires poked up at seven; and wintry etceteras thence till bedtime; rain, of course, descending all the while in a way sufficient to give a mermaid the rheumatism. Pleasant this at the tail of the dog days; —days that would be improperly so called, indeed, were it not for the number of sad dogs on two legs who are going mad, not with heat, but want of it, not with the sun, but because there is no sun; and whenever there is a moon the man in it seems to have hydrocephalus, or water on the head, and looks idiotic enough to be polled M.P. for Marylebone. As to the cold, perhaps a more conclusive proof could not be given than this: — On beholding Alboni, as Fatima, in *Oberon*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, clothed in scarlet velvets and flamingo satins, and wearing a turban with folds enough to serve as a wine-cooler in Sierra Leone, instead of exclaiming "Good gracious!" and going into a Turkish bath perspiration at the apparition, you simply feel how comfortable she looks in being able, in virtue of natural advantages, to dispense with crinoline, and yet remain quite *a la mode* as to circumferenciality. And your satisfaction at the contemplation of so substantial a subject is enhanced by the conviction that the honey-throated syren herself is obviously as cosy as a turtle, of which she is a fac-simile; at least the turtle would be of her were it placed in a perpendicular position. But that would certainly not be *a la mode*; for uprightness is quite antiquated, and crooked ways alone suit the bent of these sinister times, wherein left-handedness is profitable and therefore respectable.

To Correspondents.

ERGO.—Assuredly not.

TANTUM.—By all means.

DELTA.—The *Carillon National*, which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was so fond of singing, and which accompanied her to execution, began as follows:—

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le liberté s'établira.
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.
Malgré les méchants tout réussira.

REVIEWS.—Our reviews of new publications will be resumed in our next number.

Notice.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860.

SINCE the closing of the Royal Italian Opera, there has been a remarkable silence in all the music halls and opera houses of London. At the beginning of July we had two Italian Operas open, and considered ourselves fortunate if there were not more than a brace of concerts to attend every morning and evening. Now, Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre are both shut, Exeter Hall is given up to missionaries and reformed drunkards—the intemperate apostles of teetotalism—while in the Hall of St. James's no sweet sounds are heard save the occasional popping of Champagne corks, and that music so dear to Sganarelle (and to M. Gounod) the ever-welcome *glouglous de la bouteille.*

Qu'ils sont doux,
Bouteille jolie,
Qu'ils sont doux,
Vos petits glougloux!
Mais mon sort ferait bien des jaloux
Si vous étiez toujours remplie;
Ah! bouteille, ma mie,
Pourquoi vous videz-vous?

Or as some facetious Latinist has rendered it, with more regard for sense than for sound:—

Quàm dulces
Amphora amœna,
Quàm dulces
Sunt tuæ voces!
Dum fundis merum id calices,
Utinam semper esses plena:
Ah! ah! cara mea lagena,
Vacua cur jaces?

In the South of London, at the distant Surrey Gardens, and at Sydenham and other provincial places, there have been concerts even during the last week, but also there have been days in this said week (ending August 11th) when "not a drum"—nor any other musical instrument—"was heard," with the exception, of course, of barrel organs, which, however, strictly speaking, cannot be classed as musical instruments at all. A Londoner attending the Crystal Palace Concerts just now would have to go a very long way for a very little music, though Mlle. Parepa and Mlle. Artôt have been singing there these latter Fridays. Letters from Sydenham, moreover, inform us that Mozart's *Impresario* has been recently performed at the Crystal Palace Theatre, which possesses a stage and a proscenium, but which is sadly in want of scenery, dresses, and above all of a license from the Lord Chamberlain. A theatre in which no one acts is of use for all sorts of purposes, but a theatre in which an affectation of acting is kept up, and in which, costumes and scenery being wanting, no dramatic illusion can possibly be produced, is an absurdity, and to us a terrible annoyance—not to say an awful bore. Let the vocalists sing as much as they please, and the more the better, of Mozart's *Impresario*, and of Mendelssohn's *Son and tranger*, but if they will take our advice (and otherwise we will not listen to them) they will abandon all histrionic pretensions in executing the music of those operas at the Crystal Palace Theatre, as that theatre exists at present. Such exhibitions are like rehearsals *minus* the interest of novelty which usually belongs to a rehearsal when an amateur of some experience takes the trouble to attend one. An opera or any kind of drama performed without scenery, and by actors in plain clothes, is as ridiculous a spectacle as that of dancers dancing without music; and a comic opera represented in such a fashion excites in us only the bitter laughter of contempt. Fortunately there is Strange (who still lives in spite of the castigation we once administered to him in these columns), and we confess that, as things are now managed at the Crystal Palace, we prefer the "Impresario" of the refreshment room to the *Impresario* of the sceneless, costumeless theatre.

But even these musical performances that we so much object to only take place on rare occasions, and when they do, no one knows much about them in London—in London, where it is understood that after the 31st of July all voices worth hearing must be silent, and that no sounds, either of trombone, ophicleide, cymbals, Chinese drum, or any kind of musical instrument must meet the ear.

In the midst of this silence a voice has arisen in the Floral Hall, the voice of one Mellon, crying to us from the Garden! *De floribus clamavit*, and who has not listened to the well-speaking Alfred, assuring us in his own persuasive style that his glass concert-room, of which the panes make vibratory response to every note, is admirably constructed for sound? Good for sound? why it is as excellent in that respect as our own Crystal Palace, or as that vitreous edifice of our neighbours, called the Palais de l'Industrie.

And now there is to be an end to this period of utter dulness, to this bad, soundless interval between the summer and winter seasons. The autumn of our discontent is to be rendered joyful by the strains of such music as can be made by singers like Parepa, or by players like those who compose the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera. Ten days ago it was supposed that neither for love nor for money could good music be heard again in London until the winter season had fairly commenced. Love alone could scarcely enable one to hear much good orchestral music even now (unless some very attractive young lady, such as ——— could cause an entire band to become simultaneously and harmoniously enamoured of her), but it can be done for money, and at prices ranging from five shillings down to only one.

Is it not kind of Mr. Alfred Mellon and generous of Prince Galitzin to give us concerts of overtures, airs, operatic selections, polkas, and even solos on that charming instrument the cornet at a time when we have scarcely recovered from a prolonged and twofold attack of Italian opera, and are just expecting a serious festival, with another one still more trying "looming in the distance?" to use a tiresome expression which Disraeli is supposed to have invented long since, and which every wretched scribbler, including ourselves, persists in making use of as if it had only just occurred to him. Yet it is of these concerts that we must speak, and we are sure His Highness and His Esquireship will believe us when we say that we are not disposed to exaggerate their merits. Nevertheless, *fiat justitia!* May the Floral Hall tremble, may every pane in its glass roof be smashed rather than that we should in any way conceal the truth in this matter. London is dull, and our ears are weary, but Mellon's concerts are good. Operatic selections, in which the soprano airs are given to the bassoon and the bass airs to the piccolo, are irritating, but there are no better solo players than those belonging to Mellon's orchestra at the Floral Hall. The cornet even when played on the top of an omnibus is a nuisance, but without a cornet solo no promenade concert is considered complete. What sort of food are polkas and waltzes for one who has just risen, fatigued if not satiated, from the divine banquets of Mozart, and for whom even the light and exquisite dishes of Rossini have no longer any attractions? Nevertheless, Prince Galitzin's polka is excellent, and does honour to "Koslow," after which it is named, and which (to blend geographical instruction with criticism) is one of the principal towns in the government of Tamboff, where the composer habitually resided, and where he formed his celebrated choir. Similarly admirable is his "Herzen Walts," though, as regards the title, we must say that Mr. Herzen always seemed to us far too serious, not to say ferocious a republican, to suggest any notion of such an agreeable and harmless occupation as waltzing. Of equal merit, we have no doubt, is the Prince's new Russian quadrille — but in the meanwhile why does this composer, with the high abilities he has proved himself to possess, confine himself altogether to the production of dance music?

In conclusion shall we tender our thanks to Mr. Alfred Mellon and Prince George Galitzin for giving us these vocal and instrumental concerts in the middle of August? Well, not personally and speaking from our own heart, for we would rather just now be in the Highlands, or in the Tyrol, or in Paris, or even in Kozlow itself than in or near Covent Garden; but as representatives of the public we think we may say that we are really very much obliged.

IN the enumeration of those who obtained a high reputation by their contributions to the pianoforte, it would hardly be just to omit the name of FERDINAND RIES, a distinguished and voluminous composer of the Moscheles' period. Ries was one of the few who enjoyed the honour and advantage of Beethoven's counsel. A man of great industry and talent, he wanted nothing but genius to conduct him to the highest results. But invention and imagination were denied; and Ries, like others before him, strove to make up in quantity for what was lacking in quality. He composed in every style. Oratorios, operas, symphonies, quartets, and chamber music of all forms and varieties, came from his pen with equal readiness. It was a matter of indifference to Ries what he undertook. He would set about an oratorio, a symphony, or an air with variations with the greatest *nonchalance*. He possessed the facility which is mistaken for genius by those who have not the gift of analysis, to so great a degree that it led him into twaddle and prolixity almost as often as it enabled him to accomplish good things. His amazing ease of production militated against his fame. Nevertheless, being a cultivated musician, whatever Ries gave to the world would stand the test of critical examination, and, if accused of exuberance and insipidity, could not be condemned for clumsiness. Thoughtful and ambitious, much and rapid as he wrote for the publishers, Ries had always time to devote to a class of compositions for which those gentlemen are known to entertain an instinctive aversion. In the midst of his teaching, his public playing, his occupations as *Kapelmeister* and conductor at some of the great musical meetings in Germany*, symphonies, concertos, quartets, would issue from his portfolio as regularly and in as quick succession as though his whole time had been taken up in manufacturing them. Ries loved his art, and it was no fault of his that he did not influence it in a greater degree. He had all the will to do great things, and entertained a full conviction that what he wrote was for all time and would entitle him to a place beside the great masters. But unhappily it was not for him to decide upon this matter; his cotemporaries thought differently of the merits and influence of his works, and, now that he is no more, posterity has put the seal upon their verdict.

The pianoforte compositions of Ferdinand Ries are very numerous, and may serve as well as anything else to help us to a general estimate of his talent. He wrote concertos, sonatas, trios, duets, and smaller pieces of almost every denomination. He was a first-rate pianist, and his music naturally presents much that is interesting, and more that is eminently useful, to the student of the pianoforte. He

* Ries was conductor of the triennial festival of the Rhenish cities of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Dusseldorf, for some years. In 1835-6 he shared that office with Mendelssohn, who selected Dusseldorf, while Ries chose Cologne.

was thoroughly acquainted with the sonata form, and has left many excellent proofs of his knowledge. There is, however, a certain dryness about his works which prevented them from being popular while he lived, and has since consigned the greater part of them to oblivion, although Ries has not been dead many years. The most celebrated of his larger compositions for the pianoforte is the concerto in C sharp minor, which is even now frequently used as a piece for display. There are some very fine ideas in this concerto which abounds in difficult bravura passages that require a great command of the instrument to play effectively. The opening is grand and passionate, and the whole of the first movement good—perhaps the best effort of the composer. The slow movement and rondo are much inferior, and the instrumentation, after the first *tutti*, presents very few points of interest. The Studies of Ries are admirable as manual exercises*; and, for a brilliant *morceau* in the popular style, his fantasia on "Those Evening Bells" is, perhaps, as good in its way as anything of the kind that has been produced. The sonatas of Ries are all well written, and, in spite of a tendency to redundant detail, may be consulted with advantage both by pianist and composer. In none of them, however, do we find indications of those high qualities which entitle their possessor to rank among the composers of real genius.

Aloys Schmidt, a German musician who resided many years at Frankfort, and Kuhlau, a flute-player, both deserve mention among the pianoforte writers of the epoch. The former, a professor of deserved eminence, is chiefly known by his Studies, which should be diligently practised by all who wish to acquire mechanical proficiency. The latter, in some duets for flute and piano (the best things of the kind extant), has shown a great familiarity with the sonata form, in which he writes with fluency, clearness, and effect.

Marschner, a popular and well-known dramatic composer, has written some sonatas for the pianoforte, which, like his operatic music, smells strongly of Weber, whose mannerisms even are exaggerated by the composer of *Der Vampyr*. These sonatas, nevertheless, are worth perusal, although they are written so awkwardly for the instrument, that we are led to conclude Marschner was not a pianist.

Reissiger, and his trios, are well enough known by all amateurs to save us the necessity of dilating on their merits, which lie not very deep beneath the surface. They are good show pieces, and that is all. Pianist, violinist, and violoncellist, can each shine to his heart's content, without any prodigious amount of exertion, or any extraordinary display of skill. Hence their extensive popularity. Their form, however, is clear, and though the ideas are poor and the general style commonplace, the interest attached to the sonata form is so inevitable that even musicians can listen to these trios with some degree of interest. This must be our excuse for mentioning Reissiger, who, except as a manufacturer of easy pieces for amateurs, has had very little influence on the art, and has no claim to be ranked among the great composers for the pianoforte.

Among the successful imitators of Mendelssohn we should have cited Kufferath, a pianist and composer of some distinction, resident at Brussels. Kufferath has written some excellent Studies, which develope with great success many of the peculiarities of the modern style. Their practice cannot fail to promote the acquirement of that mechanical facility which is indispensable to those who desire to excel as public players.

* A set of Six is published at Chappell's, New Bond Street.

THE RAIN CONCERT.

Millions of tiny drops
Are falling all around;
They're dancing on the house-tops,
They're hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians,
With anything for keys,
Beating tune upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble
They play upon the stream,
And the melody enchants us
Like the music of a dream.

A deeper bass is sounding
When they're dropping into caves;
With a tenor from the zephyrs,
And an alto from the waves.

O, 'tis a stream of music,
And Robin "don't intrude,"
If, when the rain is weary,
He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the warbling
Of the birds in all the bowers,
Had been gathered into rain drops
And was coming down in showers.

Dwight's Boston Journal.

SPONTINI.*

Towards the end of July 1831, there was a rehearsal, in the concert-room of the Theatre Royal, Berlin, of Marschner's opera, *Der Templer und die Jüdin*, which was to be given on the 3rd August, the birthday of the late king. The principal artists, the chorus, and the band were all assembled, and the worthy G. A. Schneider was the conductor. Among the small number of persons present as audience, was the amiable and estimable Prince Anton Radziwill, a clever artist and friend of art. The rehearsal had commenced some considerable time, when a peculiarly distinguished individual appeared in the room, and, advancing with a light silent step towards the Prince, held out his hand to greet him. Although by no means tall, the slim aristocratic figure of the new-comer seemed to exceed the ordinary height. Prince Radziwill cordially shook hands with the gentleman, who was a stranger to us, and who wore white trousers, a white waistcoat, and a white cravat, a rather light-blue dress-coat, decorated with orders, shoes and gaiters. A person connected with the theatre, to whom we were indebted for our admission, informed us that the individual who had just entered was Spontini. We should much sooner have supposed him to be an old French nobleman of the Faubourg St. Germain, an Italian Colonel in private clothes, the Spanish Ambassador, or the President of the Cortes, than a musician. After we had had an opportunity of observing him more nearly, we recollected that, a considerable time previously, we had seen a portrait, which represented the author of the *Vestalin*, as a young man of some twenty odd years. The likeness between the picture and the original before our eyes was certainly not striking, but still there was a faint resemblance in some of the features.

Of all the portraits of Spontini, a Parisian lithograph by Grevedon is the best known, and is still to be found in the possession of many of the celebrated composer's admirers. Grevedon has, however, so idealised the head, that he may be said to have overstepped the right of the portrait-painter to treat his subject as favourably as possible. Spontini had a peculiar, imposing, and intellectual, but by no means a handsome face; his form was thin, but his carriage noble and aristocratic, while his manners were pleasing, though not, properly speaking, affectionate and engaging.

Neither he nor his wife, formerly a Mlle. Erard of Paris, by whom he never had any children, and whose conduct, like his own,

* From the *Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

was most exemplary, ever felt at home during a residence of more than two decades in Berlin. With regard to the German language, each of them learned just enough to speak on those matters which more especially concerned his or her position.

Spontini himself knew about sufficient German to say the most indispensable things, when he was perfectly calm, at rehearsal; but, as soon as he became excited—which he very easily did—he spoke French, and Möser, who, when the General Music-Director conducted the performance, always acted as leader, or the operatic stage manager, Carl Blum, was obliged to undertake the task of dragoman.

Of "Madame Spontini"—Spontini never called his wife otherwise—it is related that, in the course of twenty years she hardly managed to pick up a hundred German words, all relating to household matters, and the fact that she had all her own body linen, as well as that of her husband, washed in Paris and not in Berlin, excited among the matrons of the latter city who heard of it the greatest astonishment. It must, however, be admitted that Spontini's linen was always incomparably white and fresh, while his invariably white cravats, and more especially the so-called "father-murderers" (*vatermörder*)* reaching up to a level with the nostrils, and which, as we remember hearing from his own lips, he wore of this size "for the sake of warmth," attained a certain comical celebrity in Berlin. He produced the impression of a *Grand Seigneur* from the Faubourg St. Germain, and we are inclined to doubt that, even had he made himself perfectly master of the German language, he would ever have succeeded in becoming popular and sought after in the musical and social circles of Berlin. In the first place, he was really a man of too great intellect to be understood by the majority of those persons who, from the time he entered on his duties, thought they must attack him "in the interest of German art," and, in the next place, he was, with justice, too proud to descend to an intimacy with individuals of merely moderate abilities, and flatter those whom he thoroughly despised.

If we are not mistaken, Spontini first came to Berlin in 1819. Among the persons who approached him with admiration and attached themselves to him was the genial E. T. A. Hoffmann, *Kammergerichtsrath*, who died, we think, in 1823—greatly to Spontini's disadvantage—and, consequently, could not protect him from the storms which one after another broke over his head. The circle of Spontini's intimate friends was a very limited one, particularly in a musical point of view. It was only with such persons as were masters of French that he could discourse freely without assistance; consequently, with one person who in purely Berlin musical and social circles was a most important and leading man, we mean old Zelter, an intimacy, such as should exist between colleagues, was completely out of the question.

Zelter was a very long-headed and practical man. Even his rudeness, since proverbial, was mostly cunning calculation. There was scarcely another person in the city so well acquainted with, and so able to form an opinion on, the social and artistic affairs of Berlin as he was. Had it been possible to establish between him and Spontini friendly relations such as became two colleagues, he would have found means to protect the General Music-Director against all the storms and plagues prepared for him by envy, falsehood, and calumny.

Two younger men, as musicians towering far above Zelter, Bernhard Klein and Ludwig Berger, were not on a more intimate footing with Spontini; nay, the former, equally worthy of respect, both as an artist and a man, was, after the production of his opera, *Dido*, the small success of which was put down to the account of the General Music-Director, placed in a very painful position towards the latter. Neither Spontini nor Bernhard Klein, a thoroughly noble-minded man, was to blame for this misunderstanding, but solely and wholly some of Klein's friends, who pushed the just admiration they entertained for his musical capabilities—in many respects very considerable and highly cultivated—to the conviction, totally destitute of any foundation, that he must, in addition to everything else, necessarily be a great operatic composer.

Among Spontini's most intimate associates—and this is a characteristic fact—there never was any pre-eminent Berlin artist; there were only two or three musical *dilettanti*, ready to expire with endless admiration—either real or affected—for him. These persons, seated at his well-served table, used to regale him with the coarsest flattery, and think proper to deceive him continually as to the real feelings and opinions of the musical public in Berlin. After one of the most absurd pieces of calumny, namely, that Spontini had not composed *Die Vestalin* himself, had found credit, it was an easy task to sow other lies about him among the people, and these lies fell upon equally good ground. Some of them were, for instance, to the effect that he, being a foreigner, either excluded all the operas by German composers from the repertory, or when, despite his great power, he could not prevent the production of one now and then, that he knew how to arrange matters so that the work should have no success.

(To be continued.)

* *Anglice*: "Collaro." I have been informed in Germany that the reason why these apparently harmless articles of dress were branded by so sanguinary an appellation as "Father-Murderers"—perhaps "Parricides" would be more elegant—was that some wicked young men, wishing to get rid of their father, but fearing to employ arsenic, the knife, or any other of the usual means of assassination, prevailed on their too confiding progenitor to wear immense shirt collars, so stiff that they absolutely cut his throat. I give the legend as I heard it, but I do not think I would vouch for its truth.—J. W. B.

FLORAL HALL.

At this dreary period of the year, midway between the summer and winter season, the paucity of musical entertainments of any pretension or character has been much felt by that unhappy section of Londoners who are prevented, by business or other causes, from leaving this wilderness of bricks and mortar and tasting the breezy freshness of the seaside, the bracing atmosphere of the moors, or invigorating themselves by aught in the shape of change of air. For one month, at least, this hiatus seems likely to be filled up, and following in the steps of the late M. Jullien, Mr. Alfred Mellon has successfully inaugurated a series of concerts on a scale which bids fair to be attractive to the public, and let us also hope remunerative to the *entrepreneurs*. An orchestra of some eighty members, comprising the pick of the famous band of the Royal Italian Opera, together with a selection from the chorus of the same establishment, in addition to solo vocalists of reputation, had the effect of drawing together a thoroughly appreciative audience, who welcomed our talented English conductor with a degree of enthusiasm that is only accorded to special favourites upon special occasions. The National Anthem, of course, took the initiative, and was followed by a remarkably fine performance of Mendelssohn's overture, *Ruy Blas*; to this succeeded the scena, "Ah me, he comes not," from John Barnett's too-much-neglected opera, *Fair Rosamond*, given with remarkable energy by Miss Augusta Thomson. The somewhat hackneyed, albeit effective, part-song of Pearsall's, "Oh who will o'er the downs so free," and Mendelssohn's ever-charming "O hills, O vales of pleasure," were both re-demanded and repeated, while the elegant, sparkling, and original *Herzen Valse* of Prince Galitzin, admirably conducted by the noble composer, and Mr. Hughes's ophicleide solo, "Il mio tesoro" were both loudly applauded. The admirable execution of the "Scherzo and Storm" from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* made us regret that Mr. Mellon should have given this movement only, and not the symphony in its entirety, as the effect is utterly destroyed by its isolation from the body of the work. With the experience of the Monday Popular Concerts, where week after week crowded audiences are found, who not only sit out, but thoroughly enjoy the quartets and other chamber music provided for them, Mr. Mellon need not fear that a symphony, whether of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Mozart, is too long for the British public, who, thanks to the late M. Jullien, have shown themselves quite as ready to do justice to these grand works as the more aristocratic listeners of the Philharmonic or other high-priced Societies; and when we remember what triumphs the Orchestral Union achieved under Mr. Alfred Mellon we can only again express our regret, not unmingled with surprise, at the mutilation of such a masterpiece, and trust we shall not have future cause to complain of so

grave an offence against the giants of art at the hands of one who so thoroughly understands and venerates them. The overture to *Zampa* brought the first part of the concert to a spirited close. A selection from the *Favorita*, with solos for cornet-a-pistons, flute, ophicleide, violin, and violoncello, commenced the second part. Miss Parepa was encored in the cavatina from Mr. Alfred Mellon's *Victorine*, repeating the last movement, and also gave again the second verse of "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," in answer to the demand for its repetition. In obedience to the unanimous desire of the audience, Prince Galitzin repeated the "Sanctus" of Bortniansky; but the second performance was so indifferent that it resulted in nothing less than a break-down, which the audience, however, treated very good-humouredly, and upon the Prince stopping the chorus and recommencing, testified their approbation by hearty applause. The stirring and delicious *Kozlow Polka*, by Prince Galitzin, was also repeated, making no less than five encores out of seven pieces. The concert concluded with the splendid and brilliant *finale* of Glinka's opera *Life to the Tzar*. We need hardly add that the appearance of the hall was most elegant, and afforded unqualified satisfaction to all present.

At the second concert (on Tuesday) the attendance was very good, especially in the cheaper part of the hall, and everybody seemed to enjoy the light and gay appearance of the glass-house, brilliantly lit up as it was by jets of gas, tastefully as fancifully arranged. The conductors were again Prince George Galitzin and Mr. Alfred Mellon, who by turns wielded the baton of command over one of the finest bands this country can boast; and the singers were Mlle. Parepa and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The principal orchestral pieces were Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, the *Scherzo*, *Storm*, and (on this occasion) *Finale*, from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*; Hérold's overture to *Zampa*, and an "operatic selection" from Donizetti's *Favorita*; solos as before. The two overtures were played to perfection, and as much may be said, in most respects, for the operatic selection.

"The performance of Beethoven's music," says the *Morning Post*, "was less satisfactory. We did not like to hear the oboe solo in the scherzo played in considerably slower time than that in which the movement had been started by the conductor, firstly, because it is the duty of every orchestral player—even M. Barret—to obey the baton; and secondly, because the time indicated was quite correct. Neither were we at all pleased with the rendering of the last movement marked *allegretto*, but taken up at a rate of speed more fitly described as *allegro assai*, and which made the distinct performance of certain passages (those, for instance, in which the basses repeat floral figures previously assigned to the violins) utterly impossible."

The only pieces conducted by Prince Galitzin were the already popular *Herwen Waltz* and *Surprise Polka*, composed by himself. The latter was unanimously redemanded. A really wonderful performance by Mr. Hughes upon that unwieldy and ungrateful instrument the ophicleide, and Mlle. Parepa's well-known version of the "Shadow Song," were likewise encored. Great applause was also elicited by Mr. Wilbye Cooper in Donizetti's "Una furtiva lagrima;" and his execution, with Mlle Parepa, of Verdi's duet, "Parigi, O cara," evoked another demand for repetition. On the whole the concert was highly interesting, and it must be admitted that such entertainments as this are a real boon to the musical public at the present (in every respect) "dull" time of the year.

The performances on Thursday evening were distinguished by a new quadrille on Russian airs, the composition of Prince Galitzin. The quadrille possesses the elements of popularity, the tunes being highly original and *piquante*, and the setting most admirable and striking. The introduction of the National Russian Hymn at the end, of course, does not belong to the quadrille proper, being employed merely as a finale to the whole piece. The new quadrille was received with immense favour, and the last figure unanimously encored.

The attendance has increased greatly since the first night, and will, we have no doubt, increase still further, when the excellence of the programme and the completeness of the band are more widely known. It deserves to be especially noticed that the performance on that night opened with Beethoven's symphony in C, No. 1, the entire work, and that the audience were delighted beyond measure with each particular movement, the finale eliciting the greatest enthusiasm.

Apropos of Prince Galitzin and the Floral Hall Concerts, we beg to quote the following remarks from the pages of our cotemporary, the *Morning Chronicle*:—"What gave greatest *éclat*, however, to the attractions was the announcement that Prince George Galitzin, the illustrious Russian amateur, whose name has already grown into a household word with the London musical public, had proffered his assistance to Mr. Mellon, and volunteered to conduct a part of the programme in the first eight concerts, placing at his (Mr. Mellon's) disposal several pieces of his own composition. Prince Galitzin is described in the bills—with no flattery, be it understood—as 'a nobleman whose lifetime has been enthusiastically devoted to the study of music, and who, whether considered as a composer or as an orchestra conductor, might well lay claim to rank among the most accomplished professors of the day.' Such, indeed, is the fact; and perhaps the history of music does not present a second instance of a man of such high position among the nobles of the land foregoing all the honours and dignities of his rank, and placing himself as a simple labourer among simple artists. The reception accorded to Prince Galitzin proved unmistakeably that the public appreciated his exertions in the good cause, convinced that a real artist only could make such sacrifices."

UNIFORM MUSICAL PITCH.

[The following circular has been forwarded for signature to the principal members of the Profession.]

Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, Adelphi, London, W.C.—The Council of this Society, desirous of remedying the inconvenience resulting to musical practice from the prevalent uncertainty of Musical Pitch, called together a Meeting of Musicians, Musical Amateurs, and Musical Instrument Makers, in the month of June, 1859. At this Meeting, after protracted discussion, a unanimous Resolution was passed, declaring that the adoption of one uniform Musical Pitch was desirable, and with a view to determine what this pitch should be, a Committee was appointed to make investigation and to report. This Committee, after careful consideration, made their Report, showing the results of their investigations, and the same was laid before a General Meeting, held at the Rooms of this Society, on the 5th of June, 1860; and the Meeting, after a full discussion, Resolved:—"That the Pitch of 528 vibrations for C be recommended for universal adoption in this country."

We, the undersigned, Musicians, Musical Amateurs, and Manufacturers of Musical Instruments, desire to express our full concurrence in the above Resolution, and our intention, individually, to use and to promote the adoption of this Pitch, so far as lies in our power.

[We are of opinion that the names of the musicians and connoisseurs who attended the Meeting at which the above decision was adopted, should be added to the circular, as a testimony—for those who were absent, if not able to be present, and whose signatures are demanded — of the weight that should be attached to it.—Ed. *M. W.*]

Madame Jullien starts on Wednesday for a tour in the provinces, which is to last three weeks. She will be accompanied by Prince George Galitzin and a numerous and efficient orchestra, together with the band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. Godfrey. Should the weather be favourable, Mad. Jullien will doubtless have bumpers in all the large towns, where the name of her lamented husband is a household word.

Mr. Willert Beale, the enterprising *impresario*, besides the party of artists to include Mad. Clara Novello, in her farewell tour, is organising a party for Mad. Grisi's farewell series of concerts; and also a brilliant company of vocalists, in which will be found Mad. Gassier, Mad. Viardot Garcia, Signor Graziani, the eminent barytone, and Signor Ciampi, the young buffo vocalist, who caused such a sensation, during the past season, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Foreign.

Boulogne-sur-Mer—(*From a Correspondent*).—A grand concert, organised by Herr Alexander Reichardt, the popular tenor, was given at the Etablissement des Bains in this attractive watering-place, on Monday evening. The rooms were crammed to suffocation. The programme was as follows:—

Première Partie.

Marche du *Songe d'une Nuit d'été*, exécutée par MM. Benedict, Hargitt, Engel et Paque . . . . . Mendelssohn
Aria: *Ah quel Giorno* (Sémiramide), chanté par Mad. Alboni . . . . . Rossini
Solos d'Harmonium { A. *La Prière du Chasseur* } exécutés p. { B. *La Marche Garibaldi* } M. Engel. Engel
Duo, *Un Soave* (Cenerentola), chanté par Mad. Alboni et M. Reichardt . . . . . Rossini
Solo de Piano sur des mélodies irlandaises, exécuté par M. Benedict . . . . . Benedict

Deuxième Partie.

Souvenirs de Spa, fantaisie pour violoncelle, exécutée par M. Paque . . . . . Servais
Variazioni *di Rode*, chantées par Mad. Alboni . . . „
Solo d'Harmonium, sérénade de *Don Juan*, exécutée par M. Engel . . . . . Mozart
Romance (demandée) (Thou art so near and yet so far), chantée par M. Reichardt. . . . . Reichardt
A. Romance, *Rosemonde* { exécutés sur le violon- { Schubert
B. *El Saleo di Xerès* (Bolóro) { celle par M. Paque { Paque
Brindisi, *Il Segreto* (*Lucrezia Borgia*), chanté par Mad. Alboni . . . . . Donizetti

As may be gathered from the programme, a more interesting and more admirable concert of the miscellaneous kind had not been presented to the Boulogne public for years. Of course the grand centre of all attraction was Alboni, whose advent constitutes a veritable festival here, and whose annual, bi-annual, or otherwise periodical visits are looked forward to as special events in the annals of the seaport, and excites more commotion among the inhabitants and strangers than would the appearance of any living person, except perhaps Garibaldi himself. In short, Alboni is an immense favourite at Boulogne, and when she sings you may depend upon an overflowing audience. Need I tell you or your readers what effect the great soprano-contralto produced on her hearers. Look at the pieces allotted to her. Rossini should have heard her sing the magnificent air from his own *Semiramide*, which he must have composed — pre-composed — for her by intuition. What voluptuous vocalism, what large phrasing, what rounded elocution, what honey-sweet notes, what unpremeditated art! But the enthusiasm excited by this transcendent display of singing was even surpassed by Rode's air and variations, in which Alboni literally drove the multitude frantic, the excitement being only appeased by a repetition of the last variation. The *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia* elicited another encore, which the great artist accepted with infinite good humour, though well nigh over-fatigued with her previous exertions. In the charming duet from *Cenerentola*, "Un soave," Herr Reichardt exhibited his talent as a Rossinian singer to the greatest advantage, and, indeed, I never heard him sing more gracefully. It is no small praise for any singer, male or female, to sing with Alboni and not be "snuffed out." In his own English ballad, which has obtained so much success in London, Herr Reichardt was unanimously encored, and repeated it in French, which appeared even more than in the original version to delight the audience.

The instrumental music was excellent, and Mr. Benedict particularly distinguished himself in his own fantasia on Irish melodies, which he executed with great brilliancy and effect. The other performances, too, were received with more or less favour, M. Paque and Herr Engel being entitled to unqualified commendation for their very fine playing on their respective instruments. In short, to finish where I commenced, a more thoroughly delightful and enjoyable concert has not been given at Boulogne for a long while.

On Wednesday the 22nd, Alboni is engaged to appear as Rosina in the *Barbière* at the new opera here, and on the 25th as Leonora in *La Favorita*.

Spa.—The concert given by Vivier, assisted by Mlle. François and Franco-Mendes, came off on the 10th instant. On the 22nd inst. we shall have a festival that will make some little stir, for it will be given in honour of a new promenade that the Ædiles of Spa have baptised the "Promenade Meyerbeer." The resolution was proposed to the authorities, by M. Servais, in the following terms:—"Among the celebrated visitors who honour our city with their presence, there is none who has been more faithful to us, none who is surrounded by more universal glory than Meyerbeer, one of the greatest artists of the age. During thirty-two years that the illustrious master has come to Spa, our mountains, of which he is so fond, have inspired him with more than one of those songs, energetic and gentle in turn, which constitute the delight of the musical world. We may, therefore, without temerity, claim a right to call this brilliant genius in some degree ours; for it is generally known that there is not one of his productions, from the popular and ever young *Robert le Diable*, to his latest creation, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, which did not first germinate, or which was not developed, among us. The "Promenade Meyerbeer" will call to mind, at every step, the works of the great master—in one place, the repose of Alice; in another, Bertram's bridge; farther on, the cascade of Ploërmel, the grove of Dinorah, etc. This monument, hewn out of nature itself, will not suffer the fate of many other monuments, apparently more solid; far from suffering through the injury of time, it will enjoy the advantage of increasing, and becoming green again every spring. It will be like the eternally beautiful music of Meyerbeer to whom you consecrate this memento." The communal council adopted unanimously the proposition of M. Servais.

Berlin.—On the 19th of July, the anniversary of the death of Queen Louisa of Prussia, there was a funereal solemnity celebrated in the Luisen-Kirche, when fragments of *St. Paul*, *The Messiah*, and Mozart's *Requiem* were performed. The celebrated *prima donna*, Mad. Jachmann-Wagner, has left for Warsaw, where she is engaged for a series of performances. *Orphée aux Enfers*, by Offenbach, has attained its thirtieth night.—On the 2nd inst., the performances were resumed at the Royal Opera-house, Hoguet's ballet of the *Wonderful Lamp* being selected for the occasion.

Mayence.—The first concert of the Mittelrheinisches Musikfest took place on the 22nd inst. The concert hall was filled as early as 11 a.m., and soon afterwards the King of Bavaria, together with the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess of Hesse-Cassel, appeared and took their places in the box constructed for their use. The solemnity then began immediately with the overture which Beethoven wrote, in 1822, for the *fêtes* of the Emperor of Austria. *Israel in Egypt* followed, and, like the overture, was executed with a degree of precision and spirit which electrified the audience. Nearly all the pieces were encored. At one o'clock, after the concert, there was an excursion on the Rhine. The performers and their guests embarked on board four steamboats gaily decked-out with flags, a fifth having been reserved for the King of Holland, the King of Bavaria, the Grand-Duke, Grand-Duchess of Hesse-Cassel, and the persons of their suite. Each vessel had a band of its own, and the harmonious armada set off in the midst of music and the report of artillery. All along its course the people on the banks greeted it with loud cheers, and several smaller boats, filled with singing associations, joined in. On its return at 10 o'clock, p.m., there were discharges of rockets from various points, and a brilliant party at the Grand-Duke's terminated this magnificent entertainment.—The second concert of the festival took place on the 23rd. Among other pieces, Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and Mendelssohn's Walpurgisnacht were performed. The bass solo was sung by Herr Stockhausen. This celebrated singer was present among the audience and kindly volunteered to act as a substitute for Herr Kindermann, seized with a sudden hoarseness. It is almost superfluous to add that the public manifested very warmly their appreciation of his conduct, by volleys of applause, in every way deserved. At the conclusion of the concert, the cheers of the audience and the flourishes

of the band greeted Herr Marpurg, who had organised and directed the festival with as much talent as zeal.

Berne.—The festival here lasted two days. For artistic singing the "Harmony" of Zurich gained the first prize. The other prizes were awarded to the *Liedertafeln* of Bâle, Berne, Coïre, and St. Gall. For male popular singing, Rapperswill carried off the first prize, and Bâle the second.

Vienna.—The distribution of prizes given to the pupils of the Conservatory has taken place. During the last academical year, 336 pupils have followed the course of instruction; of these, 7 have received silver medals. In addition to the latter, there have been 21 prizes given away, while 72 pupils have been "honourably mentioned."

Salzbourg.—Foremost among the musical institutions here is the Mozarteum, a reunion of salaried artists, under the direction of the composer, Herr Faux, who play, on Sundays and festivals, masses, vespers, litanies, and other pieces of religious music by Mozart, Beethoven, Joseph and Michael Haydn, Hummel, Aiblinger, Eybler, Drobisch, Nikolaï, and Reissiger. Herr Faux has himself written a mass remarkable for its style, as well as a litany in C major for four voices and orchestra. There is, too, the band of the collegiate church of St. Peter, though it has lost somewhat of its former fame, which attained its apogee in 1842—50. During these eight years, the Chevalier Neukomm used to spend his summer with a friend of his youth, the Abbé Nagenzaun, and direct the performance of his own works at St. Peter's. The Chapter have got some of his compositions in MS.

Ems.—This town is, at present, the rendezvous for the aristocracy of all the countries of Europe. A brilliant concert was lately given by Henri Herz, Mlle. de la Morlière, and Mlle. Marie Cruvelli. Herz performed a grand concerto and three of his finest *fantasias*. Mlle. de la Morlière was most artistic and successful in two romances, the brindisi from *Herculaneum*, and the serenade of *Gil Blas*. Mlle. Cruvelli sang a grand air from Mozart's *Titus*, and two other pieces. We had previously heard, at the Kursaal, the brothers Lionnet, Alfred Jaell, Louis Jung, and Mad. Burde-Ney. We are expecting Vivier, Geraldi, Piatti, Mesdames Cambardi, St. Urbain, &c. Offenbach left a few days since for Paris. He came here for rest, but he found means to finish his three-act comic opera, *Le Roi Barkouf*, words by Scribe and Boisseaux, which will soon be put in rehearsal.

ROSSINI AND HIS IMITATORS.

(From *Hogarth's Musical Biography and Criticism.*)

Mosè in Egitto was brought out at Naples in 1818. In this piece Rossini has attained an elevation of style which is not to be found in any of his other productions. The choruses are grand and majestic. The sublime prayer of the Hebrews, when preparing to cross the Red Sea, was an after-thought. Notwithstanding the transports with which the opera, in general, was received, the attempt of the machinist to represent this scene never failed to excite the risibility of the audience. This continued during the first season.

"The following season," says M. Stendhal, "this opera was resumed with the same enthusiastic admiration of the first act, and the same bursts of laughter at the passage of the Red Sea. The following day, one of my friends called about noon on Rossini, who, as usual, was lounging in bed with a dozen of his friends about him; when, to the great amusement of everybody, in rushed the poet Tottola (the author of the drama), who, without noticing any one, exclaimed, 'Maestro! I have saved the third act!' 'Well, what have you done, my good friend?' replied Rossini, mimicking the half-burlesque, half-pedantic manner of the poor son of the muses: 'Depend upon it they will laugh at it as usual.' 'But I have made a prayer for the Hebrews, before the passage of the Red Sea,' said the poet, pulling a bundle of papers out of his pocket, and giving them to Rossini, who immediately began to decipher the scrawl. While he is reading, the poet salutes the company all round, whispering every moment in the composer's ear, 'Maestro, I did it in an hour.' 'What! in an hour!' exclaimed Rossini. 'Well, if it has taken you an hour to write this prayer, I engage to write the music in a quarter of the time: here, give me a pen and ink.' At these words, Rossini jumped out of bed, seated himself at the table *en chemise*, and in eight or ten minutes composed this sublime movement, without any piano, and without minding the chatting of his friends. 'There,' said Rossini, 'there is your music; away about your business.' The poet was off like lightning; and Rossini jumped into bed, and joined in the general laugh at his parting look of amazement.

"The following evening I did not fail to repair in good time to San Carlo. The first act was received with the same transports as before; but when they came to the famous passage of the Red Sea, the audience showed the usual disposition to risibility. This, however, was repressed the moment Moses began the new and sublime air, 'Dal tuo stellato soglio.' This is the prayer which all the people repeat after Moses in chorus. Surprised at this novelty, the pit was all attention. This beautiful chorus is in the minor key; Aaron takes it up, and the people continue it. Last of all, Elcia addresses the same vows to heaven, and the people answer. At this moment they all throw themselves on their knees, and repeat the same prayer with enthusiasm; the prodigy is wrought; the sea opens, to present a passage to the people. The last part of the movement is in the major key. It would be difficult to give an idea of the thunder of applause which resounded from every part of the theatre. The spectators leaned over the boxes to applaud, exclaiming, 'Bello! bello! O che bello!' Never did I behold such an excitement, which was rendered still more striking by its contrast with the previous merry mood of the audience."

The present Italian composers are mere imitators of Rossini, and are much more successful in copying his defects than his beauties. They are, like him, full of mannerism; with this difference, that his manner was *his own*, while theirs is *his*. They occasionally produce pretty melodies, a faculty possessed, to some extent, by every Italian composer, however low his grade; but in general their airs are strings of commonplace passages, borrowed chiefly from Rossini, and employed without regard to the sentiment and expression required by the scene. Their concerted pieces are clumsy and inartificial; and their loud and boisterous accompaniments show a total ignorance of orchestral compositions. This general description applies to them all.

THE KINGDOM OF MUSIC.

Some years ago a German newspaper published the following list of dignitaries and officials in the above empire:—

Mozart—King.
Gluck—Prime Minister.
Mehul—His First Secretary.
Handel—Minister of Worship.
Haydn—Lord Chancellor.
Beethoven—Generalissimo.
Cherubini—Minister of Public Instruction.
Bach—Minister of Justice.
Weber—Intendant of the Opera.
Spohr—Master of the Chapel Royal.
Mendelssohn—Director-General of Concerts.
Paer—Conservator of the Collection of Antiquities.
Meyerbeer—Court Banker (!)
Rossini—Crown Jeweller.

[It appears to us that Weber should have been the "Crown Jeweller," in which case Rossini might have been made Poet-Laureate. We should also approve of these appointments:—

Verdi—Master of the Ordnance.
Sterndale Bennett, G. W. Macfarren } Commissioners of Woods and Forests.
Balfe—Director of the Board of Trade.
Alary—Head Cook.
The Christy Minstrels—Palace Sweeps.]

The Brough Memorial Fund.—In furtherance of the Brough Memorial Fund, the London Savage Club are about to make a provincial tour, including Liverpool, Manchester, and probably some other towns, for the purpose of giving amateur dramatic performances. As yet the announcements are slight, stating little more than the facts that the performances will be given at the end of August, and that at Manchester the performances will commence with *Charles XII.* followed by Robert B. Brough's *Crinoline*, and a popular Burlesque by members of the Savage Club; together with a prologue written by Charles Swain, Esq. Mr. Charles Millward superintends the local arrangements, which, we are told, will contain the burlesque of *The Forty Thieves*, and it is hinted that amongst the amateur performers the following names will be found:—J. R. Planché, W. B. Jerrold, G. A. Sala, Leicester Buckingham, F. Talfourd, H. J. Byron, A. Halliday, and others.

LONGFELLOW TO G. B. ALLEN.

(Authentic.)

Cambridge, October 15, 1855.

My Dear Sir,

I have had very great pleasure in receiving from you a package of music of your own composition, and beg you to accept my best thanks and acknowledgments for it. The sacred music I have not yet had a chance to hear, as it requires an organ to do it justice; but the other pieces I have listened to with great satisfaction. They are full of beauty and sentiment, and you have succeeded wonderfully in translating my words into the universal language.

For this kindness I have already sent you my thanks through the gentleman who forwarded the parcel to me from New York, but I wish to do it once more, and directly to yourself, and therefore trouble you with these lines.

Believe me very truly yours,

Mr. George B. Allen. Henry W. Longfellow.

Brilliant Musical Conundrum.—Result of the charming summer weather.—*(From a demented correspondent.)* Why would our first English basso and the Liverpool *prima donna* make the most sensible duet? Because they would be both Weiss and Whitty (*wise* and *witty*).—Oh!

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Among the works to be produced during the English opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre, is Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, with Mlle. Parepa, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, as vocalists. Several new artists are talked of as likely to appear, and among the tenors we hear that Mr. Swift is promised, after an absence from England of some two or three years, during which time he has been pursuing his studies and meeting with engagements on the continent.

Italian Opera in Paris.—For the coming Italian winter season in Paris, it appears that neither Mad. Borghi-Mamo nor Signor Tamberlik is engaged. Signor Mario and Gardoni are, however, to be of the company, so is Signor Pancani, another new tenor. Mesdames Penco and Alboni will also re-appear.

Adelphi.—Mr. Boucicault and Miss Robertson (Mrs. Boucicault) have been engaged by Mr. Webster, and will appear in a new drama by Mr. Boucicault, at the commencement of the winter season. Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault are at the present moment in Paris.

Leeds.—The deputy town-clerk read the following letter from Mr. Spark, the recently appointed organist of the Town Hall organ:—"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your resolution of July 4th, appointing me to the important office of organist to your Town Hall. I beg to tender the Council my sincere thanks for the appointment, and I have only to add that, in accepting the office, it will be my earnest duty, and also my pride, to employ whatever abilities I possess to justify the award of the judges in the recent competition, and your decision in my favour; and, as a townsman, I hope to maintain, and, as far as lies in my power, to seek to raise the high musical position Leeds already honourably occupies." Mr. Newton read some correspondence which had taken place on a statement made by him at the meeting of the Council when the appointment of Mr. Spark as organist was proposed. At that meeting Mr. Newton read a letter from Mr. Hirst, of King Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool, which stated that Mr. Spark had been seen in Liverpool in company with one of the judges (Mr. Best) a short time after they had been selected, and before the competition for the office of organist commenced. The correspondence now read referred to that matter, and the principal point in it was a letter from the Mr. Hirst alluded to, acknowledging that he was in error in stating that Mr. Best and Mr. Spark were seen together after the appointment of the judges. He had since ascertained that it was some time before, namely, in April; and he regretted the error which he had made, and the misunderstanding occasioned by it. Mr. Newton added that it was exceedingly satisfactory to him to find that Mr. Spark got his appointment by honourable competition. He felt it due to the Council, to Mr. Spark, and to Mr. Best, to make the facts of the case known. (Hear, hear.)—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

Floral Hall.—The most attractive concerts that are being given now are those of Prince Galitzin and Mr. Alfred Mellon at the Floral Hall. These take place every night, under the joint conductorship of the two eminent musicians just named—that is to say, Prince Galitzin conducts his *Kozlow Polka*, his *Herzen Waltz*, a "Sanctus" by Bortniansky, and the finale to Glinka's opera *Life for the Czar;* while overtures, airs, operatic selections, and fragments of symphonies are performed under the guidance of Mr. Alfred Mellon. It will appear strange to many persons that, after the remarkable and excellent concerts given by Prince Galitzin at the St. James's Hall, he should now confine his attention for the most part to dance music. Polkas and waltzes can, unfortunately, be composed by persons of all nations, though it is not every nation that can produce a Strauss or a Labitzky, a Jullien or a Musard; but the true Russian music that Prince Galitzin introduced us to at St. James's Hall possessed marked peculiarities, and, in character as in form, was quite new to an English audience, as it also would have been to an audience of Frenchmen or Germans. If there is to be a Russian element in the concerts at the Floral Hall (and if not, why does Prince Galitzin's name appear in connection with them?), surely a genuine mazourka, in the style of the one (Glinka's) played by Miss Arabella Goddard, would be a more appropriate contribution than either a waltz or a polka. We may suggest, too, to Mr. Alfred Mellon that the charming air sung at the Russian concert by Mlle. Parepa would at least be found more novel than "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," which most of us must have heard of once or twice by this time. Nevertheless, Mlle. Parepa was encored in Mr. Balfe's too popular ballad, and she was also called upon to repeat Victorine's grand air from Mr. Mellon's opera of that name. The band engaged for the concerts is, with a few exceptions, that of the Royal Italian Opera. The chorus is also from that establishment. In other words the chorus and band are admirable.—*Illustrated Times.*

Death of Miss Vandenhoff.—Our readers will learn with regret that Miss Vandenhoff has gone from amongst us, and "will be no more seen." As the representative of the highest range of the drama—that of the classical Greek drama, Miss Vandenhoff was without a rival: she was the original Antigone on the English stage, and Sheridan Knowles found the benefit of her quiet and chaste style of acting in the production of *The Love Chase:* to the character of Lydia she imparted that delicacy of feeling and of womanly grace that raised it from the level of which it has recently assumed in other hands, a sentimental young lady. This opinion was expressed by the author himself to the writer of these lines. We copy the following paragraph from a Liverpool paper:—"We announce, with deep regret, that Miss Vandenhoff (Mrs. Swinbourne) died in Birmingham on Tuesday last. She was the daughter of Mr. Vandenhoff, the celebrated tragedian, and was herself an eminent actress. She was born in Liverpool in 1815. About three years ago she married Mr. Swinbourne, an actor of some repute, but the union, we fear, was not a happy one. Our readers need not be told that the deceased was an accomplished and beautiful creature, full of genius and fine feeling, and that she was as good as she was fair. In the classical drama she had no equal, for in her face was realised the dreams of Grecian artists. She was, we believe, an only daughter, and doted on by her afflicted father."—*Theatrical Observer.*

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"Mr. Richards did honour to his fatherland by introducing a new song, 'The Harp of Wales,' which is sure to become a favourite of the Cymri, who are justly proud of their bards. So admirably was this sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, that an encore was inevitable, and the ballad was as warmly applauded the second time as the first."—*Musical World.*

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NEW SONGS by J. W. DAVISON, "Rough wind that moanest loud" (sung by Mr. Santley at the Monday Popular Concerts); "Swifter far than Summer's flight," (sung by Miss Palmer at the Monday Popular Concerts); "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep," Beatrice's song in the Cenci (sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall); are published by Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201 Regent Street.

The above Songs form Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Vocal Illustrations of Shelley.

"Mr. Santley was encored in one of the thoroughly picturesque and poetical settings of Shelley, by Mr. J. W. Davison, mentioned a week or two since. His song, 'Rough wind that moanest loud,' is a thoroughly good song."—*Athenæum.*

"Madame Sainton-Dolby's greatest efforts were called forth by Mendelssohn's Night' song, and Mr. J. W. Davison's 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep' (from Shelley's 'Cenci'), to both of which she did the amplest justice. The latter work is one of the most poetical and beautiful of the 'Vocal Illustrations of Shelley,' composed by Mr. Davison many years ago, and which, though rarely heard, possess far more sterling merit than nine-tenths of the most admired songs of the day. A more intellectual treatment of the words could not well be imagined. Mr. Davison has completely caught the spirit of the poetry, and heightened its beauty by the potent charms which belong only to the sister art. 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep,' sung to perfection by Madame Sainton-Dolby, was enthusiastically applauded."

Morning Post, April 26, 1860.

Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201 Regent Street.

CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS.—This Evening. C. H. Gounod's Opera, FAUST, and selections from "Dinorah," "Trovatore," "Macbeth," &c. After which, the ETHIOPIANS, consisting of Seventeen performers, organised expressly for this establishment, for the performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Comic and Sentimental, with Negro Delineations, Anecdotes, &c., in addition to the usual entertainment. The Fine Arts Gallery is open from Eleven a.m. till Twelve p.m.

Reviews.

Exploring a pond of musical minnows and sticklebacks (*vulgo*, "tittlebats), pretty little fish, darting and glittering in the shallow depths (pardon! reader), or splashing about near the surface, of the water, the live-long day, we first lay hands on—

Twenty-two Two-part School Songs, by J. F. Borschitzky (author)—as taking and easy as any of this gentleman's compilations for the use of his "Elementary Singing-Classes." They may be sung by soprano and tenor, or by alto and bass, with *ad libitum* accompaniment for pianoforte, or bass. On the last page will be found rules for the pronunciation, and explanations of the meaning of the Italian terms employed by M. Borschitzky in his work. With this handful of minnows we are well pleased, though they present no unusual tints, or combinations of tints, to admire, being, indeed, ordinary minnows.

Long Life to the Queen, by Waldemar Malmené, of Necton, Norfolk (Darken and Colsey), is a bold stickleback, in the shape of a national song, with pianoforte accompaniment, inscribed to the volunteer riflemen of England. The words, by Horatio Nelson (auspicious name), are good, and the music of Mr. Malmené, of Necton, Norfolk, so free and skilfully conducted (although the tune be not as new as it is vigorous), that he might fairly change his *nom de guerre* to *Bien*mené. He might then try his hand at engendering perch.

Fantasia on "Annie Laurie," by Charles Weisbecker (Wessel and Co.*), though still appertaining to the minnow tribe, is a long, brown, lanky minnow, without one variegated tint to relieve its dull monotony, the simple tune of "Annie Laurie," flaunting in arpeggios up and down the key-board of the piano, and such-like uncongenial finery —*voilà tout*. We like not such minnows, and care but little to englobe them.

The London Rifle Brigade March, by Edwin Ould (Joseph Williams), may be coupled with the stickleback of M. Waldemar, Mal (*bien*) mené, possessing in a great measure the same qualities that win praise for its proposed companion, while just as deficient in originality.

To leave the minnow-pond; *Comrades in Arms*, chorus for four male voices, composed by Adolph Adam, written and edited by George Linley (Boosey and Sons), is an English version of the celebrated *Enfants de Paris*, sung with unbounded applause by the Orpheonistes at the Crystal Palace. The difficulty of adapting English words to the melody has been surmounted by Mr. Linley with his accustomed skill. *Les Enfants de Paris* was one of the contributions of the French choristers, which created the most marked sensation at the recent festival in the Crystal Palace, being invariably encored. Its great success fully warranted its publication in an English dress, and Mr. George Linley may be fairly congratulated on having accomplished his task so well.

To return to the minnow pond; *L'Adieu*—by Charles Weisbecker (Wessel and Co.*)—a so-styled "*melodie*" for the pianoforte, though lachrymose, is thoughtful, and is by no means inexpressive. The omission of an accidental, here and there, is not, however, calculated to diminish the uncertainty of the performer about the precise key in which he may be playing—a difficulty created by M. Weisbecker himself, who seems to have been moved with a desire of exhibiting a species of coquetry between E flat and B flat. As an example we may point to page 5, where (line 2, bar 5), an A appears without the appropriate flat, which oversight is repeated *notatim* in the succeeding bar. *L'Adieu* may be likened to a minnow bereaved and disconsolate, for some piscatory reason, known exclusively to the "finny" and "scaly" tribes.

More minnows!—but pretty creatures, and therefore not unwelcome. This time we take up another handful, in the shape of a first instalment of *Twenty-four short pieces in all the Major and Minor Keys*, by Alfred Beddoe (B. Williams)—which, but the shelves of the pianoforte studio are already so rich in *études* and all sorts of "exercises," some of them undeservedly neglected, might be of some service. The twelve pieces before us are so good for the most part, that those who try them through will doubtless give a hearty welcome to their twelve brothers and sisters who are to follow. Had they been long (not *lengthy*), instead of "short," we should have thought still more of them, and have forborne classing them in the category of "minnows." Indeed one or two of them—No. 3, a graceful allegretto in B flat; No. 5, another graceful *allegretto* in A; and best of all, Nos. 6 and 8, a very interesting *allegro* in E flat minor, and a scarcely less interesting *allegro assai* in G sharp minor, almost rise to the dignity of carp. At the same time, No. 12, a Cradle-Song (a pianoforte composer without his "*berceuse*" is becoming a *rara avis*), may be accepted as one of the gentlest and most engaging of minnows; while there are other little fish in the selection well worth catching by the tails. But we have alluded to carp, and time presses.

* Query, Ashdown and Parry.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Aug. 22, 1860.

I will begin this week by giving your readers an opportunity of reading a letter which all the papers here have been printing, addressed by General Bonaparte to his friend Talma, a few days before the 13 Vendémiaire. It is a very remarkable letter, and has produced quite a sensation here both in literary and political circles. Here it is:—

"I have fought like a lion for the Republic, my good friend, Talma, and in return she lets me die of hunger. I am at the end of my resources; that wretch, Aubry, leaves me on the *pavé* when he might make something of me. I feel in myself strength enough to cut out Generals Santerre and Rossignol; and cannot they find a corner of La Vendée or some other place where I can be employed? Thou art happy! thy reputation depends on no single individual; two hours spent upon the boards bring thee face to face with the public, who are the dispensers of glory. We soldiers must purchase it on a vaster stage on which we are not always allowed to appear. Regret not thy position; stay in thy theatre. Who knows if ever I shall appear again upon mine.

"I saw Monvel yesterday; he is a thorough friend. Barras makes me fine promises; but will he keep them? I doubt it. Meanwhile, I am at my last penny. Have you a few crowns at my service? I shall not refuse them, and will assure you of their reimbursement out of the first kingdom I shall conquer with my sword. My friend, how happy were the heroes of Aristotle! They depended not on a Minister of War!

"Adieu, thine entirely,
"Bonaparte."

I stated in my last what was not quite correct, namely, that *Pierre de Medicis* was played at the opera on the gratis night for the Emperor's fête. So it had been anounced; but as I was not present, having neither time nor inclination to figure in the mob who besieged the doors seven hours before the performance, I was not aware the opera was changed for *Robert le Diable*, an old favourite on these occasions. Considering that this popular chef-d'œuvre of its composer has been got up with entirely fresh dresses and scenery, that the two successful *débutantes* Mad.

Vandenheuvel Duprez and Mlle. Marie Saxe sang in it, and that the exchange was Meyerbeer *vice* Poniatowski, the plebs could hardly complain, though faith had not been kept with them. The author and composer of the cantata sang on the occasion, under the title of "Le Quinze Août," M. Cormon and M. Aimé Maillart, have been decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour. The solos in this piece were sang by M. Dumestre, the baritone. Saturday last there was a performance for the benefit of the suffering Christians of Syria. *Semiramis* was the opera, and Mad. Ferraris made her re-appearance in the ballet.

The gratuitous performance at the Opéra Comique was quite a brilliant affair; for the public on these occasions are always treated, as though they were the flower of Parisian connoisseurship. The opera was *Fra Diavolo*, in which M. Montaubry reappeared, after a short absence, and Mad. Faure played the part of Zerlina, which she does so prettily. Condere sang in *Maitre Pathelin*, and a cantata *de circonstance*, "Vive l'Empereur," was performed, the words of which are by M. Beaumont, and the music by M. Jules Cohen.

There is a new work in preparation here in three acts, which for the present bears the title of *Une Révolte dans l'Inde*. The principal parts are to be played by Mad. Ugalde and M. Crosti. The *Part du Diable* is also being rehearsed for Mlle. Monrose, who is to play Carlo Broschi. *Le Docteur Mirobolant*, by M. Eugène Gautier, will be produced towards the end of the month. A pretty little opera, by MM. Cremieux and Caspers, entitled *Ma Tante dort*, originally brought out at the Théâtre Lyrique, is to be transplanted here. Mad. Ugalde, Mlles. Revilly and Bousquet, and MM. Mocker and Ponchard will play in it. Thus you see the new manager, M. Beaumont, does not go to sleep over his task, and, while he finds time to write loyal and patriotic odes, does not neglect the main chance.

The Théâtre Lyrique is preparing to commence its next campaign on the 1st of September. Several novelties are in hand. In the first place, there is *Crispin Rival de son maître*, a comedy of Lesage, which has been sliced into two acts by M. Henri Berthoud, and wedded to music by M. Sellenick. Two comic operas in one act are also ready, viz.: *Une bonne Nuit*, composed by M. Aristide Hignard, and *Astaroth*, the music whereof is by M. Debillemont. Besides these are to follow two grand works, one by MM. Scribe and Clapisson, the other by MM. Cormon and Aimé Maillart, before mentioned. Mad. Viardot remains a member of the company at a salary of 3000 francs per month (£120). She will appear again in *Orphée*, and it is intended to get up another opera of Gluck's for her, either *Alceste* or *Iphigénie*.

Besides the fortunate author and composer whom I have just mentioned as having received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, a complete batch of literary and musical celebrities (more or less) has been enrolled in that swellest of mobs. In this motley list M. Revial, professor of singing at the Conservatoire, and M. Martin, secretary of the Imperial Opera, and M. Delaporte, the luckless Garibaldi of the Orpheonist invasion, figure cheek by jowl with Léon Laya, the distinguished author of *Duc Job*, and with Gevaert, the very clever (Belgian) composer of *Quentin Durward* and the *Billet de Marguerite*. M. Paul de Saint Victor shines also as an *homme de lettres* in this, for the most part, ragged regiment, with which Falstaff would most certainly have refused to march through Coventry, and which in the present state of the French press, although "food for powder," have no chance of being, as they deserve to be, "well peppered."

To pass to another distribution of honours, the Conservatorium of Music in Vienna has just awarded its annual prizes. The number of pupils who studied in this institution during the year was 336. Of these twenty-one obtained prizes, seventy-two were honourably mentioned, and seven had silver medals allotted to them. With so large a number of competitors it may be imagined that the struggle for distinction was proportionately arduous. Connected with the same subject of well-earned distinctions is the presentation, by the *Lieder-Tafel* of Mayence, of a diploma of honorary membership to Stockhausen the baritone.

My correspondent at Baden informs me that Hector Berlioz is busy preparing his festival performances which constitute the next exciting occasion to which the mob of pleasure-seekers there are eagerly looking. I have just received also a programme of a concert lately given at the Kursaal, at Hamburg, for the benefit of the local charities. Vieuxtemps, who possesses a chateau villa near this gamblers' paradise, was among the artists, as was also M. A. Jaell, the pianist, and Mad. Cambardi, who sang the cavatinas from *Norma* and the *Trovatore*.

I told you of a new opera which had been sent in to the Opéra Comique by MM. Roqueplan and Sardon, under the title of *La Villa Medicis*, concerning which it was rumoured that M. Roqueplan's name stood for that of an actress of the Théâtre Français. M. Battu, the father of the late Léon Battu, now comes forward to claim as his son's, if not the piece itself, the title, which, he says, was that of an opera offered by Léon Battu to M. Roqueplan when he was director of the Opéra Comique. M. Battu admits that the MS. of his son's work was duly returned to him, but merely calls on the ex-manager not to use his son's title to avoid all suspicion of plagiarism. If it be a mere question of using a title, which has nothing very remarkable or original about it, there was scarcely any ground for this paternal interference. If, however, there has been unfair play, it is another matter altogether, and in that case we shall hear more about it.

I forgot to mention, while referring to the doings at Baden, that, on the occasion of the success of his opera of *La Colombe*, M. Gounod, being besieged with complimentary addresses, delivered himself of a short speech of thanks, in which he regretted his inability to express his gratification in *cette belle langue Allemande*, and promised he would at once set to and learn German against the next occasion when he should have to manifest his delight at a German compliment. People think this was rather a rash promise, and that the eminent composer had better hire an interpreter, and devote the time necessary to mastering the language of horses to the composition of new works. It is difficult to say which would be most profitable to the world of these two courses.

There is an account in the Belgian journals of the festival performance of Haydn's *Seasons* by the Société Godefrid of Namur. The king and the Royal family were present, and were received on their entrance with the most demonstrative marks of enthusiasm. M. Royer de Behr then read an address which was also loudly applauded. The performance commenced with a symphony *Sur des airs Nationaux*, by M. Hanssens, the well-known conductor of the orchestra at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. This was succeeded by a trio from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, the effect of which was in a great measure lost from the vastness of the concert-room. The oratorio of the *Seasons* was then commenced according to a French version by M. Royer. The solo vocalists were, Mlles. de Aynssa, MM. Carman, and Depoitier.

I hear that the prima donna, Mad. Maria Palmieri, has just made an engagement with the Pyne and Harrison management to sing at Covent Garden, from October next to March, 1861. She is to appear in the *Trovatore*, in English, of course.

APROPOS OF THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

Monique's Oratorio, "Abraham."

The life of *Abraham* is singularly fertile in dramatic incidents. The persons in Herr Molique's Oratorio, which will be performed at the Norwich Festival for the first time, are Abraham, Sarah, Hagar, Isaac, two angels, and a messenger, giving opportunity for employing the following voices:—Soprano solos—Angel, Hagar, Isaac; Alto solos—Angel, Sarah; Baritone solo—Abraham; Bass solo—Messenger. In addition to these there is a tenor (solo) to whom no fixed character is given. After the first chorus "Blessed is the man," Abraham is commanded in a recitative to depart from his country; in answer to which he has an air wherein he prays for guidance from the Lord. The departure of the Patriarch is then narrated in a short recitative, by the tenor; after which we have a quartett, "Go in peace." Another tenor recitative announces the arrival of Abraham in Canaan, and also God's promise to give him and his posterity the land. This is followed by an air, blended with chorus, in which Abraham and his people acknowledge the mercies of God towards them. Another tenor recitative continues the narrative, by relating in a few bars the strife which had arisen between the herdsmen of Abraham and the herdsmen of his brother Lot. Abraham then appeals to his brother

in the air "Let there be no strife I pray thee between me and thee." An angel then appears to Abraham and promises him a son who should be called Isaac, and a posterity whose number should be as the stars and as the sand upon the sea-shore; after which, the people, in a chorus, again exalt God for his goodness. Up to this point, Abraham has been exhibited basking in the sunshine of prosperity; but now a cloud begins to overcast the scene. A messenger arrives with tidings of a war between certain kings and other kings "from the cities of the plain," of a battle that had just been fought in the vale of Siddim, of the capture of Lot and all his effects, and of his own solitary escape to tell the tale. This news is conveyed in recitative. The previous recitatives are necessarily merely narrative, but here scope for declamation is afforded. The messenger had been an eye-witness of the calamity which he relates; he comes breathless with haste and reeking from the fight; he has the passion and ardour with which men love to bring intelligence of evil. To Abraham this report is as a touch of Ithuriel's spear. In a brief recitative, followed by a spirited air, he excites his people to arm for the rescue. Then follows a choral prayer invoking aid from on high. After this a tenor solo briefly relates the success of the expedition in which Abraham recovers "Lot and his goods, and the people," their return being painted by means of a military march. Abraham offers up thanks to God in a recitative, and the people pour out their gratitude and praise in a grand chorus, which terminates the first part of the oratorio.

It will be seen that there has been a slight transposition of events for the sake of introducing variety into the musical composition. Thus the announcement of the birth of Isaac, which follows the captivity and rescue of Lot in the history, is made to precede it in the Oratorio; but this was necessary in order to relieve the monotony which must have been produced by giving all the solos to male voices.

The second part opens with an air (allegretto) for a soprano voice, "I will extol thee, my God." The promise that Abraham should be "A father of many nations," is now repeated in a recitative (tenor), and the consequent expression of gratitude and joy is allotted to a trio for alto, tenor, and bass, the characters being left to the imagination of the audience. A bass recitative, followed by a fiery chorus, then denounces divine wrath upon the cities of the plain. This introduces the memorable conference between the Almighty and Abraham, in which the latter intercedes for the devoted cities. An angel (soprano) is the vehicle of communication, and the dialogue is carried on in recitative. In a recitative which follows (alto) the Lord is described as looking down to see if there were any righteous, and the negative response is given in a plaintive air. This delay to strike is finely imagined and equally well expressed. It is the lull before the storm. A terrific chorus immediately follows, descriptive of the raining down of brimstone and fire from the portals of heaven. The chorus ends with a lento movement—a sinking, as it were, into the stillness of death. After the destruction of the guilty cities the scene is changed. A tenor recitative relates the birth of Isaac and the "mockery" of Hagar's son—which paves the way for a dramatic duet between Sarah and Abraham, wherein the latter vainly strives to appease the anger of his wife. Abraham, being commanded by an angel, in a soprano recitative, to hearken unto the voice of Sarah in the matter, a tenor recitative relates how he dismissed Hagar and her child to wander in the wilderness. A chorale follows, "Commit thy way unto the Lord." Then a tenor recitative, preceded by a descriptive symphony, narrates the anguish of Hagar when "The water was spent in the bottle," and when "She cast the child under one of the shrubs," that she might not see him die. Hagar gives vent to her agony in a pathetic air. She is comforted by an angel. God opens her eyes and she sees a well of water. The lad is saved and dwells in the desert, God having promised to make of him "A great nation." The grand chorus "Great is our Lord," which follows the relation of these events, may be supposed to celebrate the preservation of Hagar and her child, though the words have only a general meaning. The story now approaches the severest trial and grandest climax of Abraham's life. God, by the intervention of an angel (in an alto recitative), commands him to get into the land of Moriah for the purpose of offering up "His only son Isaac." Abraham exclaims, in recitative, "The joy of my heart is ceased;" this is the prelude to a scene wherein resignation, grief, and passion struggle in turn for mastery; the storm bursts at last, subsides into a feeling of deep despondency; but this very despondency shows that Abraham, though he questioned the fulfilment of the promise concerning Isaac, did not flinch for a moment from his resolve to execute the command which he had received. He is counselled and comforted, it may be by a friend, in the tenor air which follows, "Pour out thy heart before the Lord." The air is followed by a few bars of recitative, tenor, announcing Abraham's departure, and leading into the pathetic dialogue which really took place between the father and his child. Abraham and Isaac have then each an air in which they supplicate for mercy. The angel of God interposes, in an alto recitative, and renews the promise of the divine blessings. Abraham and Isaac pour forth their gratitude in a duet, after which a few bars of recitative (Abraham) lead into the grand chorus, "Great and marvellous are thy works," which concludes the oratorio.

It will have been seen from the above sketch, that the *libretto* does not pretend to give the life of Abraham entire. His duplicity in twice passing off his wife as his sister is judiciously suppressed. He is, however, exhibited as a saint, as a warrior, and as a great sufferer. Scope is afforded for the delineation of human passion in almost every phase, from triumphant joy to a sorrow that borders upon despair. The incidents are striking, varied, and picturesque, calling all the powers of the orchestra into play.

Mr. Benedict's "Undine."

This *cantata* has been written expressly for our festival, by the conductor, Mr. Benedict. Undine, a water-spirit, has left her home and her companions on account of her love for Hildebrand, lord of a castle on the bank of the Danube. Kuhleborn, the principal kinsman of Undine, disapproves of this attachment, suspecting that the mortal lover will prove unfaithful. Nor are his suspicions ill-founded, for Hildebrand no sooner returns to his castle, than, regardless of Undine, he espouses a lady named Bertalda. To avenge the wrong thus done to his race, Kuhleborn summons all the spirits of the waters, who destroy the castle and its owners, while the gentle Undine bewails the fate of her unfaithful lover. It may be remarked that in order to render the contrast between the two female characters as complete as possible, Bertalda is supposed to be a lady of rank, and not as in De la Motte Fouque's beautiful tale—the daughter of a fisherman. After a short overture in F major and minor, the cantata begins with a plaintive chorus in D minor for the female voices. This is interrupted by a bass solo in G minor allotted to Kuhleborn. The burden of the chorus is then taken up again, and the whole concludes in an animated strain describing the life of the Naides, in which the male voices join. This is succeeded by a recitative of Hildebrand and Undine, whose song in E flat with harp obligato, explaining her origin and fears that her lover might forsake her, follows next. It is accompanied by a chorus of invisible spirits (soprani and alti). A short canon between the lovers and Kuhleborn in A flat precedes the scena and aria of Hildebrand, who first dwells on the happiness he would have found with Undine, in a slow movement in B flat, "From worldly cares and toils afar." A march heard in the distance, and announcing the arrival of Bertalda, changes the course of his feelings, and in a spirited allegro, "Loud sounds the trumpet," he expresses his determination to free himself from the trammels of ignoble repose and to follow his destiny, leading henceforth the life of a knight and a hero. The march which had been faintly heard during Hildebrand's air is now approaching. Bertalda (contralto) arrives, being received by a wedding chorus in E flat. Her song, in B major, speaks of her anticipations of happiness as future mistress and sovereign lady of the castle; this leads to a duettino in G, "Happy day," between Bertalda and Hildebrand. Undine, comes to warn the happy couple; she is willing to renounce her love, if Hildebrand will forsake Bertalda. A quartett in C minor, embodying the contending feelings of Undine, who still clings to her faithless swain; of Bertalda, who treats the bold intruder with scorn and contempt; of Hildebrand, who is divided between his feeling of remorse and his love to Bertalda; and of Kuhleborn, who vows

vengeance for the insult offered to a kindred spirit; leads to a bass scena with chorus of ocean spirits, who at the summons of their master, bring death and destruction upon all the inmates of the castle in a fierce chorus of D minor. Undine is carried away by her companions, bewailing the sad fate of her lover, and deploring that her immortality prevents her from joining him in death. Gradually the sound of her voice grows fainter, and with her soft lament—at last vanishing—the cantata terminates.

The Norwich Musical Festival.

The Triennial Musical Festivals are of so much importance to the trade, to the charities, and to the musical reputation of the city, that we can scarcely touch upon a theme of greater local interest than that of the approaching Festival. We have carefully watched the progress of the various arrangements, and have no reason to fear that the final result will disappoint the just expectations of the public. If we gave implicit confidence to the reports of the Committee, we might be tempted to think that a better programme could not possibly have been concocted, or better engagements have possibly been made, than those which they have effected. But, to compare small things with great, a Festival Committee is something like a Cabinet — every member being bound to defend a policy which no one totally and individually approves. This must ever be the case in the very nature of things. If it were a sum in arithmetic which the Committee had to work, each and all would bring out precisely the same answer; but in the Arts, as in Politics and in Religion, different men will always see the same thing with different eyes. The point which recommends a programme to one man, will render it distasteful to another. All will, of course, profess a zeal for good music; but all will not agree as to what is, or what is not, good. Neither does this impugn the truth that there is a fixed standard of excellence. First-rate compositions will appear with different force to hearers of different temperament; nay, even to the same hearer in different moods of mind. What is light will not please him who is melancholy; nor what is grave, him who is gay.

With respect to the engagement of principal singers, the course to be taken may seem more easy. The best are more easily discerned; and only the best, it may be said, should be selected. But, unfortunately, singers are not more exempt than others from the evils belonging to mortality. They may break down under sickness or fatigue, and would certainly break down if the same weight were thrown upon them for a week which they could easily sustain for a concert. Moreover, the exigencies of an oratorio frequently require duplicates of the same class of voice, and subordinate parts can be successfully taken by subordinate singers. Hence the necessity for securing numbers; hence, too, the call for an outlay which renders some exclusions a matter not of choice but of necessity.

Enough has been said, we think, to show the uninitiated, that the management of a Festival is a work of no little difficulty; that an approximation to perfection is all that can fairly be expected; and that faults, real or fancied, if sought, will readily be found. It concerns the public, however, to know how far these important celebrations are entrusted to competent hands. The personal weight and worth of the individuals who serve upon a Festival Committee, should go for nothing, if, through ignorance, or recklessness, or disregard for the authority of a responsible conductor, they fail in their duty to the art, to the charities, and to the public. Now, there is happily a test of universal application, whereby the efficiency or non-efficiency of the management may be ascertained — we mean the test of comparison. The bills and engagements for the present Festival may easily be compared with the bills and engagements of those that are past. They may also be compared with those of other places. If, upon the whole, making due allowance for difference of circumstances, they pass uninjured through this ordeal, then we say that the Norwich public will have reason not only to be satisfied, but thankful to those noblemen and gentlemen through whose disinterested services our Festivals have attained their high reputation. We have made the comparisons to which we allude, for ourselves, and therefore fearlessly invite others to enter into a similar examination. In some points, the balance may be against us; in others, it may be for us; but upon the whole—and it is only upon the whole that a conclusion of any value can be formed—we say without hesitation, that the approaching Festival will leave old Norwich where it finds her—in the first rank.

We have expressed ourselves with some freedom respecting the duties of Festival Committees, for we feel that they owe grave duties to the public. But duty between human beings is reciprocal. The public have also a duty to perform. When urging privately the engagement of this or that first-rate singer, we have been met by the unanswerable argument, that "if all desirable engagements should be made, the Hall would fail as a vessel of capacity." In other words, if filled at every performance, the expense of producing such a result would be so great, that the return would leave no surplus for the Charities. But the Hall has never been filled, or anything like filled, at *every* performance. This may be in part owing to the impossibility of rendering every performance equally attractive; but it is doubtless in part because the few have had to do the duty of the many. The support of so great a boon to trade, to art, and to charity, is, without question, the duty of *all* who have it more or less in their power to afford it. We have ceased to put faith in predictions of failure, but that which we desire is triumphant success. A city so famed for its musical love, should be equally famed for its musical patronage.

Politically, Norwich has no enviable reputation, and in manufactures its ancient *prestige* is scarcely sustained. We need some redeeming characteristic, some excellence which may secure us a place in history. Our musical pre-eminence give us this; and we must jealously preserve it, or Norwich may hereafter be known only as a city which, once famous, gradually lost everything which conferred on it an honorable distinction.—*The Norfolk and Norwich Mercury.*

The Original of "Fra Diavolo."—The real name of the Neapolitan robber, Fra Diavolo, was Michael Pozzo. He was in early life a stocking maker, and was subsequently a friar. While acting in the latter capacity he joined a band of outlawed banditti in Calabria, and eventually became their leader. In the double character of robber and priest he offered his services to Cardinal Ruffo, who at that time was the head of the party in favour of the Bourbons of Naples, and through the influence of the Cardinal, although a price had been previously set upon his head, he obtained a pardon and a pension of 3,600 ducats, with which he retired from public and "professional" life to a small estate that he had purchased. From this retreat, however, he was soon called by the Bourbons, who on Joseph Napoleon ascending the throne, again availed themselves of his services. In 1806 he made a descent, with a large body of banditti and recruits, at a place called Sperlonga, where he threw open the prisons, and was joined by a great number of the lazzaroni. After a severe action, however, he was taken prisoner and summarily executed — a fate which he is said to have met with the most disdainful indifference. He was, in his way, a kind of Robin Hood, and many romantic tales are told of his chivalry and gallantry.

Letters to the Editor.

VOLUNTEER BANDS.

Sir, — Lord Elcho's excellent letter has directed the attention of the public to the difficulties which may affect the permanence of the Volunteer movement, and, among other points, the great expense of military bands has been adduced as an argument against their formation in Volunteer corps.

Captain Murray has explained the manner in which an excellent band for ordinary regimental purposes may be formed with very little expense and with incontestable advantage. May we also be permitted to adduce the case of the corps to which we have the honour to belong (the Robin Hood Rifles) as another instance of the facility and inexpensiveness with which this may be accomplished? The band consists of thirty-seven amateur and professional performers. Their services are entirely gratuitous. The cost of the uniform has been defrayed by a separate subscription, entirely distinct from the funds of the battalion. The instruments, which cost about 160*l*., were purchased at the bandsmen's own expense. The members are all attested in the different companies, and they are under an engagement with the bandmaster, Mr. Turpin, whose services also unpaid, to give him six months' notice when leaving the band. They play for practice twice, and in the castle grounds belonging to the corps once a week, and hold themselves at the disposal of the colonel for marching out, &c., when required.

In addition to other advantages, we believe that the formation of these Volunteer bands (which in this neighbourhood is all but general) will be the means of spreading the love of music more generally among us, and we think that there are few volunteers who have marched to the inspiriting strains of a military band who will not join in the hope expressed by Captain Murray that "unpaid bands may become as general as they are possible."

We have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servants,

John Patterson, Lieutenant, 3d Company.
William Tindal Robertson, M.D., Hon. Secretary, Band Committee.

Nottingham, Aug. 22.

UNIFORM MUSICAL PITCH.

Camp, Colchester, Aug. 22, 1860.

SIR,—In your impression of the 18th inst., you inform your readers, under the head of "Uniform Musical Pitch," that the pitch is at last settled; of course it is an immense boon to musicians of all kinds and denominations. But although you tell us that the pitch is of 528 vibrations for C in the time decided on, that is of very little use to those who are not possessed of the necessary instrument for determining and calculating vibrations of sounds; if you will kindly state in your columns where a fork, guaranteed to be of the correct pitch, may be obtained, you will be conferring a great favour on all musicians in the provinces, and on

Your obedient servant,
"Do."

A DAY OF DEVOTION.

August 21, 1860.

SIR,—I was present last Thursday evening at the rehearsal at Exeter Hall, of Mr. H. Phillips's new Sacred Cantata, entitled *A Day of Devotion*, Miss Wilkinson and Miss J. Wells taking the principal soprano and contralto parts. The introductory symphony descriptive of the dawn of morning, the stirring of the people, the shepherd's horn, and singing of birds is very characteristic, and a tenor solo and chorus which follows—"O glorious day when we from earth shall soar,"—produces a very solemn and religious effect. Miss Wilkinson executed in a most brilliant manner a very difficult bravura—"Now let the pealing organ sound his praise,"—and Miss Wells, a sublime recitative and air that followed,—"Such is thy life so pictured in this scene." Some of the chorusses are very striking, particularly the last but one,—"I hear God in the tempest and the silent hour of night,"—the concluding chorus, with a fine declamatory tenor song preceding it, winding up the cantata in a most devotional and spirited manner. This little notice, if you will be kind enough to insert, is but a just tribute to Mr. H. Phillips as an English composer, and one who all his life has borne so high a reputation in connection with the sacred school of music.—I am, your obedient servant,

E. H.

[We shall be glad to be able to endorse our correspondent's prayer.—ED.]

THE CONCERT SEASON.

GENTLEMEN,—In the list of persons who have given Concerts, in last week's MUSICAL WORLD, the name of Miss Cecilia Summerhayes, who gave the third concert of the Professors' Union, at the Beethoven Rooms, on June 22nd, was omitted; will you kindly insert it in the next week's number.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged,
LOUISA SUMMERHAYES.

MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF THE MINOR SCALE.

SIR,—From my previous letters it will be understood that the primary sounds or bases of any scale or key are those of the tonic, dominant and subdominant; and it is evident that as these sounds have their peculiar characteristics, the primary chords, or triads, having these sounds for their bases, and from which the sounds of the scale are derived (see MUSICAL WORLD, April 21st) must possess the same characteristics. In the derivation of the major scale it was not necessary to enter into a consideration of this, on account of the fact of the primary major chords being wholly constituted of positive harmonics from their respective bases; their harmonic bases are the same as their fundamental bases, and consequently the character of the chords with reference to their bases is uniform and unchangeable. With the sounds of the primary minor chords, however, it is different; their fundamental bases do not correspond with either their positive or negative harmonic bases, hence the chords have not the simplicity or permanency of character which appertains to the major chords, and which difference, if it affect their characters as tonic, dominant and subdominant, must certainly be taken into consideration if we would arrive at the true sounds of the minor scale. The chord of the tonic, which is the basis of the scale, must of necessity have the same character as the scale; hence, in the minor mode, the chord of the tonic is minor. The chord of the fifth of the scale must, as dominant, always be major; thus G leads to C, which is the primary basis, or fundamental bass, of either the major or minor primary chord of C, as seen in the systems of sounds; but this G, as dominant, and the nearest positive harmonic of C, and most nearly related to it, is the harmonic base, not of the minor chord, but of the *major chord*, of G, as is evident by a reference to the first part of my last letter, on the theory of harmonics; therefore the dominant chord must always be major. Moreover, the sounds of this chord being also positive harmonics of C, lead more directly to that base, G being the nearest negative base of C; but the sounds of the minor chord lead to the positive harmonic base E♭, or through that sound to others still more remote, and to which E♭ is the negative base; whence the character of the dominant chord is evident. The chord of the subdominant has the same character as the tonic. This last *sound* is equally related to the major and minor chords of the subdominant; but the subdominant being a sound leading in the opposite direction to that of the dominant, the minor chord of the subdominant leads direct to the minor of the tonic, and the major of the subdominant to the major of the tonic: thus the sound A♭ in the subdominant chord of F minor leads direct to E♭ in the minor chord of the tonic C, it being its nearest positive harmonic; the sound A in the major chord of the subdominant leading to E in the tonic. These facts are evident from the general principles of harmonics as detailed in my last; and the relation of these chords will be seen in any of the diagrams which contain the sounds of which the chords are composed. In the minor mode, therefore, the chords of the tonic and subdominant are minor; the dominant alone is major. Arranging the sounds of these primary chords in their order above the base, according to the magnitude of their ratios, we have the following:—

C	D	E♭	F	G	A♭	B	C
1	8/9	5/6	3/4	2/3	5/8	8/15	2
	T	S	t	T	S	(TC)	S

which are *the true sounds of the minor scale, whether ascending or descending*, being the *only* sounds of the primary chords, or triads, of the tonic, dominant and subdominant, the primary basis of every scale or key. The letters T, t, and S, as before, respectively represent the major tone 8/9, the minor tone 9/10, and the diatonic semitone 15/16, C is the chromatic semitone 24/25, S and C are together equal to the minor tone.

Variations of the Minor Scale.

It is requisite to notice the distinction between the chord having the dominant sound for its fundamental bass, and the chord or triad of the dominant; the chord having the 5th of the scale for its fundamental bass may be either major or minor, but as a dominant chord, that is, a chord leading immediately to harmonies connected with the tonic, it must always be major, thus in the scale of C, the sound G may be the fundamental bass of either a major or minor chord, but the major chord alone is dominant, and leads to the harmonies connected with C, that is, to the derivative chords of the system F. Also with respect to the chord of the subdominant, though it is minor in the minor mode, yet when the sounds of either the major or minor chord of the subdominant are combined with those of the dominant, they partake of the character of this last chord, forming the chords of the dominant 7th, 9th, &c., and lead to harmonies connected with the tonic (see MUSICAL WORLD, May 26). These variable characters of the chords in the minor mode give rise to similar changes in the scale, thus in the descending scale of C minor, the sound B, derived from the dominant chord, not necessarily leading to tonic harmonies, may be changed to B♭, the minor 3rd of the chord of G (not B♭, the dominant 7th of C), but which sound belongs more correctly to the minor scales of G and D. This change makes the descending scale

C	B♭	A♭	G	F	E♭	D	C
2	8/9	8/9	3/4	3/4	8/9	8/9	1
	t	T	S	T	t	S	T

The intervals of this scale do not correspond with those of the descending major scale of E♭, as by many is supposed to be the case; the sound F in the above scale being nearer to E♭ than in

the major scale by the difference between a major tone and a minor tone; as will be seen on comparing the order of the intervals with those of the major scale in Musical World, April 21st. In the same letter was noticed the division of the scale into two equal parts, now each of these parts has its distinctive character: thus the sounds C D E in the first portion of the scale of C major are derived from the primary chords of the tonic and dominant; but the sounds G A B, in the second portion of the scale, may be derived from the dominant and subdominant (G belonging equally to the chords of the tonic and dominant), in this case the combined sounds having a dominant character, as before observed, lead to the tonic C, which may be the basis of either the major or minor chord; in this manner, when the three first sounds of the second portion of the ascending scale of C minor are accompanied by the dominant harmony, A may be substituted for A♭, making the ascending scale as follows:—

C D E♭ F G A B C
1 ⅛ ⅛ ⅛ ⅛ ⅛ ⅛ 2 :
T S t T t T S

but the sound A in this scale, the major 9th of the dominant chord, is properly the 6th of the major scale of C, and is not the true 6th of the minor scale, any more than A♭, the minor 9th of the dominant chord, would, by parity of reasoning, be the 6th of the descending scale of C major.

The comparative ratios heading the last diagram in my last letter should be 1/1, 15/16, 8/9, instead of the reverse order, which I must have inadvertently given. I ought also to explain that these ratios refer to the relative pitch of sounds, nominally the same, which appear, or which would appear in an extension of the three different columns.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,
W. H. Parkinson.

Cheetham Hill, Manchester,
Aug. 17th, 1860.

Notice.

The Musical World *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

JOHN FIELD, who resided for many years at St. Petersburg—as indolent as Dussek and as eccentric as Steibelt or Woelfl—wrote some concertos, a few sonatas, and a vast number of less important works. These, though exhibiting a certain smoothness of character and graceful peculiarity of *trait*, or passage, admirably suited to the finished manner of playing which eminently distinguished their author (a disciple—we cannot think otherwise, although Field being an Englishman,* we should rejoice to proclaim him original—of Cramer) are not remarkable either for depth or variety of invention. Field deserves mention, nevertheless, if only for the extensive influence produced both by his playing (his many accomplished pupils—among whom, like Dussek, he boasted his Prince Ferdinands—to wit) and his music, sufficiently meritorious in its way, on a vast number of contemporaries.

* John Field—"Russian Field," as he was nick-named—was, we believe, born in Ireland.

Cipriani Potter,† another Englishman, and one far more illustrious than Field, has distinguished himself in every branch of composition; and to his influence as a master must be chiefly, if not wholly, attributed the remarkable progress which this country has made of late years in musical intelligence. But, although Mr. Potter has left nothing untouched, and nothing, we may surely say, "unadorned," especially in the department of instrumental music, it is of his pianoforte music alone that we have at present to speak. Mr. Potter is as thorough a master of the sonata form as Mozart himself, with a power of development no doubt derived from the great Beethoven, who, struck with his quickness and feeling, did not disdain to afford him his invaluable counsels. The specimens Mr. Potter has given us of the sonata for pianoforte solus (at least the printed ones) are not numerous, and are only published in Germany. Yet they are of such a solid kind, that, although sometimes wanting in fancy, they may with safety be constituted as models. Mr. Potter's Studies (two books) are justly esteemed among the very best of elementary works. Of his concertos, although, we believe, he has composed many, not being printed we are unable to speak advisedly; but some rare occasions of hearing them performed by the composer have unfolded their merits so plainly as to make us the more regret the impossibility of possessing them.

From men so gifted and so thoughtful we must take a great leap to descend upon such a level flat of commonplace as that occupied by Frederic Kalkbrenner, whom we notice simply because, as a pianist and a professor of the pianoforte, he has exercised considerable influence. His studies, possessing little musical merit, are decidedly useful; besides which, they facilitate certain mechanical peculiarities that, in the present age of executive wonders, are almost indispensable. As a composer Kalkbrenner had neither originality nor learning. His style, if style it may be termed, was a *melée* of the exuberances of Dussek and his cotemporaries, the unmeaning extravaganza of some of the modern fantasia-mongers, and the brilliant scale-passages of Henri Herz. We can find no vestige in the entire catalogue of Kalkbrenner's work, either of individual thought or musical ingenuity. True, some of his pieces attained an ephemeral popularity; but, of them, the variations on "Rule Britannia"—which are not so ingenious and scarcely more brilliant than those of Dussek‡—constitute a prominent example. We need hardly say, that such compositions cannot possibly have any influence on the progress of the art. Kalkbrenner essayed his talents in concertos and sonatas; of the former we need not speak—they are not worth the pains; of the latter we have a better opinion. We are acquainted with three of them:—that in A flat, generally known as the "Left-handed Sonata;" that in A minor, dedicated to Cherubini (!); and that in F minor. The first and second are the best by many degrees, and have some really beautiful passages, besides being, for Kalkbrenner, wonderfully symmetrical. The last, except a slow movement in C major, fantastically styled "The Song of the Quail," contains nothing above mediocrity. Yet, as Kalkbrenner is unanimously admitted amongst the most notable

† Chief for many years of the Royal Academy of Music—master of Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and other eminent musicians.

‡ It may be noted here that Kalkbrenner in his *Pianoforte Tutor*, while attempting to undervalue, betrays most extraordinary ignorance of the works of this great composer—speaking of his "Consolation" (a short theme with variations in B flat), as his most remarkable work!

persons who at a recent period devoted themselves to the progress of the pianoforte, we have necessarily included him in our *catalogue raisonnés*.

Of Henri Herz, who still lives and belongs to our immediate times, we need say little. Singular as it may appear, he adopted the *Fall of Paris*, of Moscheles, not only as a model for a single piece, but as a foundation of a new school, which he developed as far as it could go. But Herz brought with him a lively fancy, an inexhaustible facility in the invention of graceful, elegant, and natural passages, and a knowledge of music by no means contemptible. How popular this writer has been (and is)—what a fortune he has proved to the music publishers—what a boon to young ladies in the drawing-room, and what a torture to their visitors—what an invaluable stock of display for pianoforte teachers incapable of executing better music—and what a universal favourite with all, musicians as well as amateurs—everybody knows. To say more of Henri Herz would be superfluous; to say less would have been unjust. Nor should we quit him so soon but that, as far as our knowledge goes, he has not written one sonata for piano *solus*, nor do his concertos evidence any extensive acquaintance with, or profound attachment to, the sonata form—the great test for all composers. Before leaving him, however, we must say one thing in favour of Henri Herz, which is wholly apart from the influence, good or bad, his music has exercised, or continues to exercise, on pianists and composers for the piano. Out of the large number of works he has written we do not remember a single instance of *ennui* produced by the execution of one of them, great or small. As much cannot be said of many composers. Although compelled to deny him a place among the really great men who have benefitted and advanced the art, we cannot, with any show of justice, number Herz among those whose ignorance renders them pitiable while their assumption makes them intolerable.

Czerny, the most voluminous writer for the pianoforte of whom the whole history of the art makes mention,* must be content with this distinction, as the only one that has induced us to introduce his name here. He was a musician of some acquirement, and a professor of acknowledged merit. He lived a cotemporary of Henri Herz, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which by some might be accepted without suspicion as the compositions of Herz himself. He was a resident at Vienna while Beethoven flourished, with whom he was on intimate terms of acquaintance, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which nobody would, under the most difficult circumstances, accept as the compositions of Beethoven. Czerny has imitated almost every cotemporary, almost every predecessor, and, had he the gift of foresight, in all probability he would have imitated some composer yet unborn. Luckily for posterity he did not possess that gift. The sonatas of Czerny—which are frequently wound up into interminable fugues, based on interminable *chromatic* themes—are *not* sonatas, and, but for the title-page, no one would surmise the classical intentions of the composer. We are pleased to be able to say, that we neither know nor care whether Czerny has written any concertos, but we have heard more than 300 of his miscellaneous pieces, and have no desire at present of seeking to hear any more.

Charles Mayer and Prixis may be classed together, the first as a very good, the last as a very bad composer of pianoforte music. Mayer, we believe, lives in Russia; Pixis is dead many years. The influence of Mayer, who cannot boast of as much originality as musical knowledge, has been to improve the taste of his hearers, and the music of his cotemporaries; that of Pixis, who can boast of quite as little originality as musical knowledge, has been to spoil one and the other. We know of no sonatas by either; but we know of some very excellent studies (good music to boot) by the first, and we know of some exceedingly poor fantasias (bad music to boot) by the latter. Both are cited by competent authorities as men of note in what chiefly regards the art of composing, and playing on the pianoforte. The former we accept without hesitation; the latter we have named only to question his right to the distinction.

* We believe—thank heaven we have no practical experience of the fact—that the works of Czerny pass Op. 1100 ! !

A FEW weeks ago we called attention to the folly and bad taste of a gentleman (we forget his name) who wrote a querulous letter to *The Times* on the subject of singers' salaries, and especially about the enormous sums paid to them for attending festivals. No one in this country, where there is such an immense amount of competition in everything, is much overpaid, and certainly not singers and musicians. We remember reading some years ago in a French journal, that in Gluck's time the entire expenses of the Académie Royale, including the salaries of singers, dancers, chorus, corps-de-ballet, orchestra, costumiers, tailors, and scene-shifters, did not amount to half what was being paid to Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli alone for her services as first soprano. But was Mlle. Cruvelli, as a singer, worth more than twice as much as all the singers at the Opera in Gluck's time put together? That is the real question, and we have no hesitation in answering it in the affirmative. The vocalists for whom Gluck was condemned to write were notoriously incapable, so much so, that at a supper where it was arranged that he should meet Piccini, and where the two rivals became convivial, the German said to the Italian: "These French people amuse me; they want us to compose songs for them, and they don't know how to sing."

Nor do any of those people know how to sing, or care an atom for singing, who are astonished and amazed that some of the prizes of life should occasionally fall to the lot of a great singer. The envious, if nothing else will console them, should reflect that if there were no great temptations in art, we should not have nearly so many great artists, by which the envious themselves, and all who have not the temperaments of mere brutes, would suffer. It is a sad thing, no doubt, that men and women who cultivate such a divine art as music should care for such a common thing as money. But bishops, who show us the way to heaven, are not insensible to its advantages; neither are generals whose first thoughts are of defeating the enemies of their country; nor judges whose chief care is that the law shall be rightly administered. We have all heard of great writers making their thousands a year, and of one great historian receiving a cheque for twenty thousand from his publisher, which he doubtless pocketed as prosaically as a banker or a broker on settling day. For our part, we rejoice that just now those who do the best things in this world occasionally meet with a fair amount of worldly success, and are enabled to leave something behind them besides a good name. We hear in the present day of painters, writers, singers, and musicians, making their fortunes; there are even poets and composers who are largely remunerated;

and of all these successful ones it is quite a mistake to suppose that the *most* successful are those connected with the musical profession and the opera.

Formerly actors and operatic singers gained smaller salaries; but they led easier lives, enjoyed longer careers, and had fewer expenses. When a tenor has to shout John of Leyden's Morning Hymn at the top of his voice, and to yell Manrico's Song of War at the risk of cracking his A, surely he deserves to be better paid—(not that the performance is more difficult, but because it is more dangerous) than if he had only to warble the airs of Cimarosa and Rossini? Singing the music of Meyerbeer and Verdi he knows that his notes, if not his days, are numbered, and charges accordingly.

Then think how a modern tenor has to regulate his diet, to protect his valuable chest and throat from all possible and impossible draughts; to eat nothing but boiled fowl when all London sets him down as a glutton; to drink nothing but weak claret and water, when by universal consent he is a flaming fiery drunkard. *You* get your feet wet, are hoarse, and are well the next day. The tenor gets his feet wet, is hoarse, is not well the next day, and as long as he is unable to sing, not only loses his money, if he happens to be a concert singer, but is usually regarded as an impostor, because he frankly and conscientiously declines to torture the ears of the public he has been in the habit of delighting. In short, the tenor is as delicate as a soprano, who is as delicate as a singing bird in Australia, where singing birds will not live.

Then there is the question of expense. Singers who receive the highest salaries have usually to travel a good deal and to spend a considerable amount of money on their costumes. In the old Italian comedy, the Doctor, Scaramuccia, Arlequino, Lelio, Vespenã, &c., played a thousand different pieces in the same dress; and if they had to go from one town to another each could carry his stage wardrobe under his arm. At present a tenor or prima donna of renown cannot go from one capital to another without being accompanied or preceded by several tons of luggage, of which the mere transport — from London, we will say to St. Petersburg, from St. Petersburg to Paris, from Paris to Madrid, from Madrid to New Orleans, and from New Orleans through New York back to London—costs more every year than was given annually to a singer in the days when singers could not sing.

Those vocalists and musicians who do not belong to the Opera at all have still their expenses in the way of dress, and very heavy ones in the way of travelling, if they happen to possess great reputations, and to be in the habit of accepting engagements to appear at provincial concerts. These are secondary reasons why they should be well paid; the chief, however, of all being that their talent naturally commands a high price, and that they have a right to obtain for it its full market value, as the first-rate barrister who gets fifty pounds with his lying brief, or the celebrated doctor who takes a consultation fee of nearly as much from his dying patient. Indeed, it is only in connexion with music that this right is ever questioned; but people seem to think that in the musical profession high salaries should not be tolerated; moreover, that the habitual charges of eminent artists may without any sort of impropriety be first disputed, then disapproved of, and at last publicly outraged and condemned.

The above reflections and remarks have been suggested to us by some very offensive passages in the report of the Norwich Festival Committee, in which, after a brief and insufficient account of the arrangements for the forthcoming season, reasons are assigned for the non-engagement of several popular vocalists. "At your last meeting," says the report of the sub-committee, which the chief committee has just adopted "our difficulties respecting Mad. Sainton-Dolby were laid before you, and it was decided that a difference of sixty guineas between her and Miss Palmer would be more than we should be justified in acceding to. The latter singer had given complete satisfaction at the Bradford and Leeds Festivals, especially at Leeds, where, it is stated, 'she took, at very short notice, the contralto music of *Elijah*, &c., with so much success, that Miss Dolby's inability to fulfil her engagement was scarcely regretted.' We have therefore engaged Miss Palmer, and this has enabled us to introduce another attraction into our evening concerts, which we believe will give pleasure and instruction to many admirers of the instrument—we allude to the engagement of Miss Arabella Goddard the celebrated pianist, who will play a solo, a duet with our conductor on two pianos, and two splendid concerted pieces with other of the choicest instruments of our band."

Now, what possible right have the Norfolk committee men to tell Norwich, and through Norwich all in England who take an interest in Norwich proceedings, that Miss Palmer will sing at a festival for sixty pounds less than Miss Dolby? Artists have their fixed terms like the members of other professions, and they are not regulated solely and entirely by the artist's talent, but to some extent by his or her reputation, which is the result of the exhibition of talent during a certain number of years. Under the impression, no doubt, that they are benefiting Miss Palmer, these impertinent Norwichers are really injuring her, for most persons will conclude that if Miss Palmer asks for a given number of performances £60 less than Miss Dolby, she is necessarily inferior to her in that proportion—a proposition which, out of respect to both ladies, we shall not consider. On the other hand we trust Miss Dolby's beautiful voice will survive the assertion, so readily adopted by the business-like critics of Norfolk, that at Leeds "her inability to fulfil her engagement was scarcely regretted." Not regretted by whom? The statement of a few interested and offended committee-men, belonging to a county which is chiefly notorious for its marshes, its murders, and the fatness of its turkeys, is surely not important in a matter of this kind. We know whether Miss Dolby's inability to sing the contralto music of *Elijah* would be regretted at Exeter Hall, and if she is not appreciated at Leeds and at Norwich, all we can say is that we have no doubt she, on her side, *does* appreciate Norwich and Leeds. Some day the gallant Norwich committee will speak of Miss Palmer as they now speak of Miss Dolby, and after weighing her in their clumsy balance against some other contralto, will declare that she has been found wanting; that she is only £40 or £50, but certainly not £60, better than her rival (the appearance of rivalry being in the most unbecoming manner got up by the Norwichers themselves); and finally if she does not choose to sing at Norwich for less than she is in the habit of receiving elsewhere, her absence will not be regretted.

Shall we speak of the envy, both of taste and of figure, that occurs in other clauses of the report — as, for instance, in this one :—"We have therefore engaged Miss Palmer, and this has enabled us to introduce another attraction into our evening concerts, which we believe will give pleasure and instruction to many admirers of the instrument — we allude to the engagement of Miss Arabella Goddard

the celebrated pianist, who will play a solo, a duet with our conductor on two pianos, and two splendid concerted pieces, with other of the choicest instruments of our band." No; for our space is limited. Still we must protest our inability to understand the arithmetical method of the Norwich committee when they inform us that the non-engagement of Miss Dolby, by which they save sixty pounds, enables them to retain the services of Miss Arabella Goddard—whose terms must be considerably more than sixty, unless, out of love of Norwich, she consents to play for much less than a pianist of her reputation ever accepted before.

THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.

(Translated from "*Le Ménéstrel.*")

The history of the *Opéra Comique* is in some measure the history of music in France. Sprung from the wedlock of comedy with song, in other words, of the two most popular forms of literature and music in this country, it was a style of production which could not but be highly successful among us. At a time when the talent of the poet Quinault was indispensably necessary to insure the acceptance of the scores of Lulli, music crept timidly under the form of *ariettes* into comedies of a mixed character. In proportion as the taste for, and knowledge of, this art became implanted in our habits, it acquired a higher degree of importance on the stage, and from a secondary rank, such as it occupied in the works of Duni, and even of Monsigny, we find it taking possession of the foremost place, commencing with the score of the last twenty years. We may consider, it seems to me, the *Troqueurs* of Dauvergne, and *Zampa*, the immortal masterpiece of Herold, as the Alpha and Omega of the style of which I am about, as best I may, to trace the history.

It was in the first half of the foregoing century that certain French musicians, De Gilliers and Mouret* and some others, took up the idea of substituting in vaudeville pieces, melodies of their own invention, to the hackneyed times (*airs de Pont Neufs*) formerly introduced into them. These airs, which the public found it easy to retain in their memory, obtained an immense success, especially those which Gilliers had introduced into a prologue, entitled *Les Dieux de la Foire*, and represented at the theatre of La Foire St. Germain, in 1724. The success of these vaudevilles was such that the Opera took umbrage at it. They then hit upon the singular notion of letting down from the ceiling, suspended to a string, large placards on which were copied the words of the song; the actor gesticulated the appropriate action, the orchestra played the tune, and the spectators sang. This naturally could not last; the public at first came in crowds to the theatre to protest against an edict apparently so unjust; but such a system destructive of all illusion did not continue long.

The managers then agreed to pay a subvention to the Opera, in return for which they were allowed to introduce new *ariettes* into their comedies. This subvention was continued down to the revolution of 1830.

The first *opéra comique*, written in a regular and special manner as such, was played in 1753.

Part the First.

18th Century.

I.

DAUVERGNE AND DUNI.

Inspired by the buffo operas which an Italian company had represented in Paris, Dauvergne wrote the music for the comedy of *Les Troqueurs*, the words of which were by Vadé.† This piece, which must be regarded as the first opéra comique, had a colossal success, and deservedly.

Although the framework of the libretto is simple enough, the couplets are wittily rhymed, and well cut out for music. The score is feebly instrumented, and yet the accompaniments are superior to those of several of the works of that time, to the *Devin du Village*, for example, brought out only one year before *Les Troqueurs*.

Among the most interesting pieces should be mentioned the duo, "Troquons, troquons," in which the motive, repeated in imitations by the two singers, is very comical in effect. The same may be said of the quatuor which follows it, "Eh, non, c'est moi qui serai ton mari!"

Dauvergne was born in Clermont in 1713, and was the son of a violin teacher of that town, from whom he received his first lessons of music. He came to Paris in 1729 to complete his education, was received into the king's household as a violinist, and subsequently made himself known in 1732 as a composer by his opera, *Les Amours de Tempé*. His only opéra comique was *Les Troqueurs*. Afterwards he worked only for the Opera. He bought the post of master-composer of the king's music, and band-master, places which he filled up to 1790. Driven from Paris by the republic, he retired to Lyons, where he died Feb. 12, 1797.

Thus was the style created: a Frenchman was its inventor, an Italian was destined to bestow on it a higher degree of musical importance. It was the Neapolitan Duni, who improved on the creation of Dauvergne.

Born on the 9th of February, 1709, at Matera, a small town in the province of Otranto, Egido Romualdo Duni had acquired a certain amount of fame by about a dozen operas, played mostly with success in Italy, before he came to France. He had passed through his studies under the direction of Durante, in companionship with Jomelli and Pergolese. He travelled, in order to make known his talents, in Germany, France, and England. His operas were sung at Naples, at Rome, at Milan, at Venice, and at Genoa, where he made the acquaintance of Marshal Richelieu, who, after hearing one or two of his works, pressed him to write for the French stage. Having read while at the court of Parma the opera comique *à vaudevilles* of Favart, *Ninette à la Cour*, he thought the subject a pleasant one, and wrote new music for the couplets. The piece was represented in 1755, and the libretto writer, Anseaume, was induced, on hearing it, to confide to him a little piece in two acts, and in verse, called *Le Peintre amoureux de son Modèle* (1757).

With the same writer he composed *Le Docteur Sangrado*, in one act (1758); *L'Ile des Fous* and *Mazet* (1761); *Le Milicien* (1763); *L'Ecole de la Jeunesse* (1765); and *La Clochette* (1766).

These pieces, however, did not obtain so much vogue as those written in collaboration with Favart: *La Fille mal Gardée*; *La Plaideuse, ou le Procès* (1763); *La Fée Urgèle*, represented for the first time the 4th of August, 1765, with immense success (considered the masterpiece of the composer*); and, lastly,

* Grimm, nevertheless, says: "The music of *Urgèle* is rather old-fashioned and weak, but in other respects full of finesse."

Les Moissonneurs, composed in 1768, and which was also received with great favour.

To complete the list of the most remarkable works which he conferred on the Opéra Comique we must cite *Le Rendez-vous* (1763), the words of which are by Legier (?); *Les Sabots* (1768); and *Thémire* (1770).

The poem of these two last, or, at least, *Thémire*, was due to the imagination of a man far superior to the usual collaborators of Duni. The latter was in the habit of complaining that Favart only left in his comedies the smallest space possible for music, and that Anseaume, who, before turning author, had filled the very humble office of prompter, furnished him too frequently with the most insignificant material. He coveted the collaboration of Sédaine; and it was thus he obtained his desire.

The poem of the *Sabots*, the subject of which was borrowed from an old song, was by Cazotte. Duni did not think it good and resolved to get Sédaine to touch it up: but the latter, who, as Grimm expressed it, was wedded to Monsigny, and thought he should be doing an indelicate thing to give a libretto to any other musician. One day Duni said to Sédaine, who, before construct-

* De Gilliers, born in Paris, 1667; died *ibid.*, in 1773; he was a violinist, and wrote the music to the comedies of Regnard and Dancourt. Mouret, his pupil and imitator, born at Avignon, in 1683, and died mad at Charenton in 1738.

† A grotesque poet, author of *La Pipe Cassée*, an "epi-tragi-fish-faggi-heroi-comical" poem.

ing pieces for the stage, had begun a builder, "that he had a staircase which threatened to come down with a crash, and that he wished in repairing it to give it a more agreeable form, and would be glad therefore to have his advice about it." After dinner he sang to him on his harpsichord without affectation the first air of the *Sabots*. Sédaine thought it pretty, and asked to see the piece; this was precisely what Duni desired. Sédaine pronounced the piece a bad one, gave a few words of advice, promised to superintend the alteration of the staircase, and returned in a few days to see the workmen. Duni sang to him another air from the *Sabots*; Sédaine altered the words, corrected the first scene, and returned home persuaded he had only come about the staircase. By degrees, as the steps rise one above the other, properly supported, the piece is put into a better shape from beginning to end, so that with the exception of the first air, not a single word of Cazotte's remained. Sédaine discovers in the end, that without being aware of it, he has been writing a piece for Duni, who pleasantly remarked, that it had cost him a flight of stairs to get a pair of *Sabots*.

A short time afterwards, Sédaine gave him the opera of *Thémire*, the last successful opera of Duni.

This musician is entitled to our esteem, since to his name belongs the credit of having founded a style of opera which was hereafter to immortalise and render popular the works of French composers. Certainly his small scores do not shine by the richness of their instrumentation, or their harmonic combinations; they even contain gross faults, which induce one to ask what he could have learned in the school of Durante; but it must be remembered that he wrote for unskilled executants, whom modulations or a succession of chords would have disconcerted.

In the *Fée Urgèle*, for instance, there are *romances* of a most graceful simplicity. We must not seek in it for effective concerted pieces, because it should be borne in mind that at that time an opera comique was merely a comedy with *ariettes*.

He died in Paris, where he had fixed his residence for many years, on the 11th of January, 1775.

The successes of Duni had stimulated the ambition of the French composers. Monsigny and Phillidor competed with him, and soon left him far behind.

(To be continued.)

PROFESSIONAL SINGING IN CHURCHES.

We (*Leeds Mercury*) have reason to know that a letter has been addressed by the Bishop of Ripon to an incumbent, in consequence of his lordship's attention having been directed to an advertisement, which stated that, at the re-opening services of a church in the diocese, a Miss W—— had been engaged to sing select pieces of music. His lordship says:—

My Dear Sir,—My attention has been called to the form of notice in which the sermons to be preached at the re-opening of —— church, on Sunday last, the 5th inst., were publicly announced, I allude particularly to the advertisement that a professional singer, Miss W——, had been engaged to sing select pieces of music during the service. I consider such an announcement as this highly objectionable, nor can I refrain from marking my strong disapproval of it. The church of God is not the place to which crowds of persons ought to be attracted to hear professional singing. Performances of this kind belong to other places altogether, and it is a profanation of a church to convert it into a place of attraction for the lovers of fine music to attend for the purpose of hearing select pieces of music by eminent musical performers. I object to all singing in churches in which the congregation in general cannot take part; and, above all, I object to the announcement of any musical performers by way of inducement to the public to attend a particular service. I will thank you, therefore, in future to use your authority to prevent any repetition of the circumstance to which this letter refers. I doubt not you entirely agree with me in the belief that to attempt to swell a congregation by an advertisement of professional singing may succeed to attract a crowd together; but it is a course wholly unworthy of a minister of Christ, and very ill-adapted to promote the glory of God, or the spiritual edification of the people.

I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

R. Ripon.

The following is the reply of an incumbent to the Bishop's letter:—

My Lord,—I am in the receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., wherein, with your usual courtesy and Christian urbanity, you refer me to an irregularity in the notice announcing the re-opening of my church, after its having undergone extensive repairs.

To say that I was not a consenting party to the artistic singing on that occasion would be obviously wrong, since every incumbent, as you justly observe, is amenable to the law for the mode of conducting public worship in his church; and I feel deeply grieved that the persevering obstinacy of others in authority should have wrested from me a reluctant consent to a procedure complained of by your lordship—opposed to the religious instincts of right-minded people, and one to which, as my flock can attest, I am intensely averse.

It is sometimes urged, in extenuation of an act questionably expedient, that "the end justifies the means," by which on a former occasion I was induced to give my sanction to a kindred act, during the fifteen years of my incumbency; but although every fence was erected at the time, in the selection of an excellent clergyman to join me in the service, and by a discourse matured and adapted to such an assembly from myself, yet I freely confess I felt most painfully that the solemnity of the service was compromised, and resolved on no account to yield to the suggestion of others, or to allow any pecuniary emergency in which the churchwarden might be involved, to repeat it. The occasion to which I allude was in 1852, and the object of introducing aid, foreign to the *beautiful* and *unambitious* singing for which my church is characterised, was to mitigate a debt, which in his official capacity, and *solely* for the comfort of the parishioners, the churchwarden had unhappily contracted.

Your lordship will now probably ask why a procedure of which I expressed my disapproval should have been repeated; the reply to which is found in my delicate state of health, and consequent suspension from parochial duty; in other words to the delegation to others of a work which otherwise would have devolved upon myself, viz., of *adapting* the expenditure upon the fabric to *the actual receipts*, and of leaving undone unnecessary embellishments until money was lawfully obtained to meet them. Regardless, however, of the means of securing receipts, the expenditure was incurred, and my consent to a course, wrung from me by the churchwarden and curate, the latter of whom employing in the attainment of his purposes more *persistency* than delicacy, whilst I was menaced by the former on non compliance, with the immediate dismissal of the labourers from the fabric; thus my consent was obtained, but under a written protest in the possession of that officer.

I am not easily coerced into a line of action which reason, much more religion, disapproves, though flexible enough to harmless prejudices. I view, therefore, the constraint put on me at a time when the issue of my illness is scarcely held doubtful, as unmanly and ungenerous; and would hope that, if the parties imposing it had even faintly realised my susceptibility on the subject, they would have desisted.

Your lordship's surmises are correct; I neither saw a copy of the original bill, know at this time the purport of it, nor was I aware of the assistance to be rendered by the Bradford Church choir—to which there could be no objection—until shortly before their arrival; and so far from countenancing the proceedings, I requested my family NOT to attend the service.

I am much annoyed that justice to myself demands these strictures (which are made in no unfriendly spirit), on the indiscretion of an officer who has subserved the local interests of this church in a manner unexampled by his predecessors in office; and hope that for the future, the conscientious scruples of a minister of Christ will not be lightly esteemed by such, nor be made to bend to mere secular emergencies; the zeal, assiduity, and untiring energy he has enlisted in the discharge of his offics are known to the parishioners, and *within these limits* I feel personally his debtor.

I have only to add that, irrespective of episcopal authority, for which I have a sacred and profound respect, I shall protect the House of God in which by His grace I have been called to minister from every irregularity, much more profanation.

R. H. D.

The Parsonage, Aug. 16.

The Lord Bishop of Ripon replied as follows:—

My Dear Sir,—I write a single line to assure you how entirely I acquit you of any responsibility—under the circumstances—for the unseemly notice of which I complained in my last letter to you. I very much regret that your churchwarden or any others in authority, should have taken advantage of your weak state of health to do what they must have known you would clearly disapprove; but no blame of any

sort attaches to you in the matter. That it may please God to restore you to health, if it be His will, and to grant you abundantly of the comfort of His grace, is my sincere desire.

Believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

R. Ripon.

Palace, Aug. 14, 1860.

BROUGH MEMORIAL PERFORMANCE AT LIVERPOOL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

No theatre ever presented a more brilliant and animated appearance than the Liverpool Amphitheatre did on Tuesday night, on the occasion of the Brough performance. Every part of the house was crowded; and many parts seemed to *hold* about twice as many people as they could in any sense of the word *accommodate*. The entertainment was worthy of the audience. First came Douglas Jerrold's admirable comedy, *Saint Cupid*, played entirely by Liverpool amateurs; and, though these gentlemen would be quite willing, no doubt, to be considered only the bush to the good wine of the eminent Londoners who mainly contributed to the evening's delights, we must in common honesty record that they acted quite as well as the "Savages." Mr. Cummins, as Sir Valentine May, and Mr. Robert Crompton, as Queen Bee, especially distinguished themselves. To this followed, after a very brief and business-like interval, the great joint-stock burlesque of *The Forty Thieves*. Mr. Planché and his numerous confederates have illustrated so many proverbs, that they may be forgiven for belying one; and certainly in this instance the many cooks did not spoil the broth. Each cook was a *cordon bleu*; and almost every inch of the miscellaneous dish was piquant and delicious. The puns — some of them by reason of excessive goodness, and some by reason of unsurpassable badness — were most extraordinary. It was sharp work for the ears and the mind to catch them as they were rattled off line after line; and, if for a moment we were tempted, by any touch of unusual and unexpected good acting, to pay slight attention to the words, the laughter of those around immediately awakened us to the consciousness that some *jeu de mot*, either excellent or execrable, had been perpetrated. Mr. Talfourd, author of burlesques too numerous to mention, and too well-known to need mentioning, bore off the palm. He played the part of Morgiana, and a more telling make-up, or a more silurient or spiky performance we have too infrequently witnessed. Mr. Byron, too, played Ali Baba with extreme unction and points. Mr. Leicester Buckingham and Mr. Hollingshead were inconceivably ludicrous, as the Captain of the Forty and his lieutenant; and a very hard counter hit was made by Mr. Falconer — whose stage management also deserves special praise — in the character of a drunken cobbler, who, with a peculiarly unbecoming disregard of fitness and time, expressed in the chastest impossible Irish some very popular technicalities touching the present state of Naples. The burlesque included some capital bouncings — terpsichorean, not literary — by Mr. Talfourd, and wound up with a pathetic appeal for the kind consideration of the audience, which appeal contained one pun, at least, manufactured expressly for the occasion. "What!" said the writer, passionately, "come to Liverpool and find no mercy?" (Mersey.) Before dismissing this part of the performance, we must pay a passing compliment to the rank and file of thieves who took their parts and gesticulated them, as it were, most feloniously. The burlesque was followed by the exquisite dance, the "Pas de Miroir," which was rapturously received. Mr. Leicester Buckingham, whose admirable delivery of Mr. Sala's soaring and ferruginous prologue earlier in the evening also deserves to be noticed, now gave Robert Brough's poem, "Lady Godiva," with great taste and expression. The performances wound up with the old farce of the *Lottery Ticket*, in which Mr. Talfourd again distinguished himself by a most extraordinary make up as Wormwood, and a rendering of the character, which once seen can ever be remembered. Thus terminated an evening which will long be borne in mind by theatrical connoisseurs as a fit memorial of a talented humourist, presented by his compeers and successors in the art he so adorned. The performances realised a clear profit of £150.

Foreign.

M. E. Delaporte.—By a decree, dated the 6th of this month, and issued at the suggestion of the Secretary of State, M. E. Delaporte has been named a Knight of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour. This high mark of distinction, accorded to the artist who founded the prize-contests of the Orpheons in France, and, for twelve years, has consecrated all his energies to the propagation of choral singing, is pregnant with meaning, and will exercise a favourable influence on the future of the above institutions. In decorating M. Delaporte, Government decorates the Orpheonists of France; it renders a striking act of justice to the man and his work, and imposes silence on his detractors. Government is a good judge in matters of honour. While proclaiming the new knight, in the person of M. Delaporte, and saluting the cross thus bestowed on merit, the Orpheonists of France will proclaim their glorious principle, and salute the triumphant history of their progress. In the acts of peace, as in the field of battle, the decoration of the flag is the glorification of the idea—the advancement of the chief is the exaltation of the army. The banner of the French Orpheons, rendered illustrious by the festivals of Paris and London, and valiantly displayed at the various performances in the provinces, will always be firmly held aloft by the men who have fought under its patriotic mottoes. It will occupy a conspicuous position in all the pacific manifestations of our national spirit.—J. F. Vaudin.—From the *Orphéon*.

Cologne.—Professor Derffel, from London, has been staying here some days on a visit to his relations, and has afforded us a great treat, at several private parties, by his masterly performance of his own compositions. Ferdinand Schiller's *Loreley*—the principal part being sung by Mad. Offermann Hove—created an almost unexampled degree of enthusiasm at the musical festival at Arnheim in Holland.

Hanover.—After sending in his agreement with the Grand Opera in Paris, Herr Niemann has obtained a one-year's leave of absence, with no other condition than that of taking part, if desired, in the performances on the birthdays of the king and queen, and other festive occasions. Herr Niemann is engaged, for one year, by the manager of the Grand Opera, for the sum of about 72,000 francs. His engagement commences on the 1st September.

Leipsic.—A monster concert has just been given in honour of the well-known song-composer, Carl Zöllner. It was got up by all the Männergesangvereins, comprising 500 members. It was highly successful, and the attendance very numerous. The Hymn for a chorus of male voices (words by Herr Müller von der Werra, composed by Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha) was enthusiastically encored. It is intended to purchase, with the proceeds of the concert, a present, long since deserved, for Zöllner, who is now absent from here.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—The starring engagement of the tenor, Herr Niemann, who sang in *Tannhäuser*, the *Prophète*, and the part of Max in *Der Freischütz*; the performances of the Italian Operatic Company, under Herr Merelli; and, lastly, the admirable pianoforte playing of Herr Aloys Schmitt, Capellmeister at the court of Mecklenburg, infused into our town an amount of musical life, which even the fine summer-weather was incapable of interrupting.

Stockholm.—Mad. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt arrived here on the 17th June, by the steamer Swea, with her husband and two children. It is her intention to spend the summer at a villa in the environs. A large number of her admirers gave her a most enthusiastic welcome.

Malines.—The *Journal de Malines* announces the suicide of M. Mathein, professor of music. M. Mathein threw himself across the rails, at the arrival of the train from Antwerp. His body was found horribly mutilated. The legs were completely severed from the body, and the head crushed. He was unfortunately addicted to intemperance.

Numerous letters of congratulation have been addressed to M. Eugene Delaporte, by the Orpheons and choral societies of France, on his nomination as Knight of the Legion of Honour. Most of these letters are signed by all the members of the society

whence they come. In our next number we shall return to the subject.—*L'Orphéon.*

Italian Singers and Dancers.—An Italian journal, the *Trovatore*, states that the number of professional singers of both sexes now in Italy amounts to 1730. This aggregate is composed of 410 prima donnas, 330 tenors, 280 baritones, 160 basses, 50 buffos, &c. In addition to these, Italy has 1670 dancers, male and female.

Mad. Viardot is about to turn her genius, experience, and science to account by assisting to edit a selection of the best classical vocal music of the Italian, German, and French schools, with directions as to style, accentuations, colouring, &c.

Lola Montez not Dead.—Lola has recovered sufficiently from her severe attack of paralysis to be removed to Astoria. She is as yet scarcely able to lift her hand, and there is little or no hope of her ultimate recovery.—*New York Herald.*

Floral Hall Concerts.—It would be difficult to find out whether the bad weather has or has not benefited the very capital musical entertainments so unexpectedly provided by Mr. Alfred Mellon, in the spacious and magnificent saloon adjoining the new Covent Garden Theatre, at this slack and back season of the year. That the dismal damp evenings have prevented many from attending at the Floral Hall there can be no denying. But the wet has also detained thousands in London who had all except packed up their things, for Brighton, Bognor, Hastings, Margate, Ramsgate, Scarborough, Bath, Bristol, Dover, or any of those fashionable, semi-fashionable, or demi-semi-fashionable resorts, sea-board or inland, which entice metropolitans from home in the dog-days,—or, indeed, as it has been raining "cats and dogs" for the last two months—in the cat-and-dog days, as it might be called. Mr. Alfred Mellon must not, therefore, grumble and anathematise the pluvial gods like a farmer or a cricketer, since the ill-season makes as much for him as against him. Moreover, why should he grumble, when the attendance increases nightly, at least it did up to Monday and Tuesday last, on which nights we happened to be present, when an immense crowd assembled on both occasions. We cannot confidently attribute the increase on both nights to the engagement of a new bravura singer—Mr. Mellon is partial to bravura singers—in the person of Mlle. C. de Tifiensée, an expert vocaliser, but no very dangerous rival, we fancy, to Mlle. Parepa. Indeed, we incline to think, that if Mr. Mellon was particularly desirous of adding to his *prima-donna* stock, he should have looked for a simple ballad-singer, to contrast with his two *prima* flourishers, Misses Parepa and Thomson. He did no such thing; he procured flourisher No. 3 instead, whereby he was not greatly enabled to vary the vocal character of the programme. Mr. Wilbye Cooper, too, has been added to the singers, which proves to us unmistakably that Mr. Alfred Mellon has a notion of managing promenade concerts very different from what poor Jullien had. Jullien seldom or never engaged more than one singer, and that one was almost invariably a balladist. The announcement of the two last nights of Prince Galitzin made, no doubt, the special attraction of Monday and Tuesday. It was to be regretted, therefore, that the illustrious amateur-conductor was compelled to leave town on Wednesday, having been retained by Mad. Jullien to conduct the Jullien Festivals, about to be held on a large scale in the most important towns of the United Kingdom. This was why his highness was compelled to go, although, no doubt Mr. Alfred Mellon, no less than Mr. Alfred Mellon's audience, would have preferred his stay. On Wednesday, to make some amends for the Prince-conductor's absence, the entire choral force of the Royal Italian Opera was drafted into the performance, and a new waltz, yclept "Isabella," composed by Mr. Alfred Mellon, introduced. If anybody asks us what we think of the new dance composition of Mr. Mellon, we may aver, without the slightest pretension to a pun, that it is a *bella* waltz, which we trust may be understood and appreciated without explanation. To-night will be a Mendelssohn night—that is, the first part of the selection will be dedicated to the works of Mendelssohn; while, to please the Goths, the second part will be miscellaneous. The Mendelssohn programme is first-rate.

Provincial.

The Jacobowitch Family had the honour of giving a private concert at Townley Hall, the seat of Colonel C. Townley, on Tuesday, August 21, before a brilliant assembly of the highest aristocracy. The above party was honoured by the Colonel with a testimonial of the approbation and pleasure the audience derived from the evening's performance.

Plymouth.—A brief opera season has been inaugurated at the Theatre Royal. Mad. Rudersdorff, supported by well-selected *artistes*, drew a crowded and fashionable house on Monday night week to the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*. Madame Rudersdorff's acting of the heroine was very spirited, and met with universal approbation. Miss Fanny Huddart's Orsini has lost nothing of its speciality and decisiveness. Mr. Patey, who is a native of this neighbourhood, made his *debût* before a Plymouth audience, and created a favourable impression. Mr. Elliot Galer, the tenor, seemed not to be in good voice. The band was good, and reflects much credit on the liberality of the management. The opera on Tuesday night was *Il Trovatore*, and it was, on the whole, well rendered, Mad. Rudersdorff sustained the part of Leonora, and threw into it great energy and perspicuity. She was in excellent voice, and some of the solos were sung with infinite force and sweetness, while the more brilliant passages, with which Verdi's music abounds, were rendered with all the feeling of a true artist. Miss Fanny Huddart took the part of Azucena, the gipsy—a character which finds in her a pertinent and highly demonstrative impersonation. Mr. Patey, as the Count di Luna, maintained his standing, several of his solos being effectively given. Mr. Elliot Galer appeared in the popular part of Manrico. This gentleman suffered much from sea-sickness in coming from Jersey, and he has not yet recovered the strength and tone of his voice; but he sang much better than on Monday.—*Local Journal.*

York.—An excellent military and vocal concert took place on Tuesday evening in the Festival Concert Room, and notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather there was a gay and fashionable assemblage. In the orchestra was the band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, and it was quite a treat to listen to the manner in which they played the several pieces set down for them in the programme. The vocal artistes engaged were the Misses Brougham and Mr. Henry Haigh. Mr. Shaw presided at the piano-forte. The following is the programme:—

Part. I.—Overture—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn; Trio—"Ti Prego" Curschmam (Misses Brougham and Mr. Haigh); Song—"The Three Fishers" Hullah (Miss Elizabeth Brougham); Opera—Selection from *Dinorah*—Meyerbeer; Song—"Home of my Heart" *Lurline*—Wallace (Mr. Haigh); Duet—"I would that my Love"—Mendelssohn (The Misses Brougham); Song—"Gentle Troubadour"—Wallace (Miss Josephine Brougham); Valse—"Star of the West"—Montagne.

Part II.—Overture, *Der Freischutz*, Weber; Romance, "She appear'd," *Martha*, Flotow (Mr. Haigh); Duet, "Your Pardon Senora," Balfe (The Misses Brougham); Opera, Selection from *Lurline*, Wallace; Song, "The Beating of my own Heart," Macfarren (Miss Josephine Brougham); Serenade, "Young Agnes," *Fra Diavolo*, Auber (Mr. Haigh); Trio "I'm not the Queen," *Rose of Castille* Balfe (The Misses Brougham and Mr. Haigh); Galop "Maximilian," Kuhner; Finale, God save the Queen.

The band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue nevertheless executed Mendelssohn's overture with precision and perfect ease, under the baton of Mr. C. Boose, the bandmaster of the regiment. A selection from Meyerbeer's opera of *Dinorah* was then given, in which were solos for the cornet-a-piston by Mr. Catchpole, on the euphonium by Mr. Moss, and on the clarionet by Mr. Gale. These gentlemen are clever performers, and were listened to with great delight, particularly the clarionet. A valse by Montagne, introducing English, Scotch, and Irish airs, was an animated performance, and pleased much. The Misses Brougham and Mr. Haigh sung the trio "Ti Prego" in a charming manner; Miss Elizabeth Brougham sung Mr. Hullah's "Three Fishers," and Miss Josephine Brougham "Gentle Troubadour," from the opera of *Lurline*. Mr. Haigh was applauded in Wallace's "Home of my heart."

The performance of Weber's overture was very fine. The selection from *Lurline* and galop by Kuhner, were executed with the same amount of intelligence and proficiency. Mr. Haigh gave "She appear'd," from *Martha*, and "Young Agnes" from *Fra Diavolo*, both in his best manner. The Misses Brougham and Mr. Haigh joined in the trio "I'm not the Queen," from Balfe's *Rose of Castille*. This piece was given with so much spirit and vivacity, that the audience called for its repetition, and the vocalists sang it a second time with increased success. The concert was one of the best that has taken place in York for a considerable time, and the audience seemed to feel that they had spent a pleasant evening when the performances terminated with the National Anthem.—*Yorkshire Gazette.*

Grantham Brass Band Contest and People's Festival.—This important event came off in a field adjoining Mr. Ostler's house, on Monday last. The following bands competed:—4th Lincolnshire Volunteer Rifle Corps Band, Boston; 1st Lincolnshire Volunteer Artillery Corps Band, Boston; 20th West Riding Volunteer Rifle Corps Band, Doncaster; Conisborough Brass Band; Sutton-in-Ashfield United Sherwood Brass Band; the Batley Brass Band; the Ossett Temperance Brass Band; and the Sherwood Rangers' Yeomanry Band, Newark. Messrs. H. Farmer, of Nottingham, and H. Nicholson, of Leicester, were the judges. The following bands gained prizes:—20th West Riding Volunteer Rifle Corps Band, Doncaster, £12, and a silver medal for the band-master; the Sutton-in-Ashfield United Sherwood Brass Band, £8, and a silver medal for the band-master; the Sherwood Rangers' Yeomanry Band, Newark, £5; the Batley Brass Band, £3; the 1st Lincolnshire Volunteer Artillery Corps Band, Boston, £2. After the contest a grand *fête champêtre* followed, comprising assault at arms, dancing, and other rustic sports. The celebrated game of "Aunt Sally" was much indulged in, and the whole concluded with some of the finest fireworks ever seen in Grantham, by Mr. Seaman of Hull. The refreshments were provided by Mr. Fillingham, of the George Hotel, and they did credit to that gentleman. The arrangements throughout were admirable, and it is computed that 7,000 persons were present. Had the day been fine, which we are sorry to say it was not, there is every probability that 10,000 tickets would have been sold. No doubt the speculation has been a remunerative one, and the town and neighbourhood duly appreciate the movement.—*Nottingham Review*, August 17.

The late Mr. Alfred Dickens.—With very poignant sorrow we have to notice the death of Mr. Alfred Dickens (brother to the illustrious English author), who expired at Manchester, from a frightfully rapid attack of illness of a pulmonary nature. Mr. Dickens was the travelling and inspecting engineer under the Local Government Act, and was on an official tour when he was stricken down. He had been, we believe, a pupil of Brunel, and was in every respect an able and accomplished gentleman. His vocation did not lead him to the pursuit of letters, but his tastes were eminently literary.—*Illustrated London News.*

Toujours Grisi.—In default of operatic news of any positive kind we may mention a curious operatic rumour, proceeding, one would imagine, from a humourist or a cynic, but which is said to be traceable to very good authority and to be quite worthy of belief. It is reported, then, that Mad. Grisi, after receiving and refusing offers of re-engagement from Mr. Gye, has signed a contract for the season of 1861 with Mr. E. T. Smith. We can understand that the Ninetta of 1832 (it was about twenty-eight since that La Diva first appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in *La Gazza Ladra*), after the direct insults offered to her last year at Madrid, and the species of slight to which she may fancy she has been subjected this season at the Royal Italian Opera—we can understand that, after this two-fold mortification, the veteran prima donna may desire nothing so much as to gain a new success on the scene of her earliest triumphs in this country, and a success of a certain kind can, by certain means, be secured to any singer who possesses as much talent and true power as still belong to Mad. Grisi. Mad. Grisi's *popularity*, too, would have to be taken into account, and we have seen singers before now so eminently and inexplicably "popular" that they were applauded to the echo, when they had neither voice, nor style, nor any great dramatic ability to recommend them. On the other hand, there are excellent reasons why Mad. Grisi should no longer tempt fortune, but should retire on the laurels she has already gained before they lose their greenness altogether. She has already bidden adieu to the public so many times that the last night of this her supposed final season of leave-taking excited scarcely any interest. Revivals are seldom successful, and we do not think the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre will do himself much good by attempting to revive Mad. Grisi. What Mr. E. T. Smith would do with a Grisi and a Titiens in the same company is a question that chiefly concerns himself. Doubtless, however, the two Donna Annas, the two Valentines, the two Lucrezias, would be able to fight the matter out between themselves.—*Illustrated Times.*

Some Heresy from a True Believer.—Both the English Operas are to open early in October. In the meanwhile there are no performances of what operatic managers call "the lyric drama" (to distinguish it from the *Il*-lyric or Illyrian drama, celebrated and imitated by M. Prosper Mérimé) in any part of London. There are concerts on Fridays or on Saturdays, sometimes on both days, at the Crystal Palace. Here Mlle. Parepa and Mlle. Artôt are the chief stars; the band is that of the Crystal Palace; the conductor is, of course, Mr. Manns; and the programme is of the most diversified nature, including dance music, symphonies, operatic selections, and at times an entire opera. But an opera, such as the *Impresario* of Mozart, the *Son and Stranger* of Mendelssohn, or, indeed, any work of the kind, long or short, is a dull affair at the Crystal Palace, where it is of necessity presented without costumes, scenery, or any of the usual stage appliances, though, unfortunately, not without attempts by the performers to give dramatic significance to their parts when they ought simply to content themselves with singing the music. Let the directors of the Crystal Palace get a license from the Lord Chamberlain, and fit up a theatre, after the manner of Kroll's Theatre in the Berlin Cremorne, and they may then offer the public an occasional operatic performance with advantage. At present the *Impresario* and the *Son and Stranger*, at the Crystal Palace, are as sad as *Antigone;* and *Antigone*, with Mr. Vandenhoff's recitation of the dialogue, was, perhaps, the saddest thing we ever heard at Sydenham or anywhere else.—*Illustrated Times.*

Gibbon, the historian, is so indolent that he never even pares his nails His servant, while Gibbon is reading, takes up one of his hands, and when he has performed the operation, lays it down, and then manages the other, the patient in the meanwhile scarcely knowing what is going on, and quietly pursuing his studies.—*Prior's Life of Malone.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds at Breakfast.—Sir Martin Shee used to relate what struck him as a singular fact in reference to the President's deafness, an infirmity which, as is well known, compelled or suggested in his case the constant use of an ear-trumpet. While at breakfast, and during the long-protracted interview which accompanied and followed that meal, the conversation with his visitor was carried on in the ordinary tone, without any assistance from the acoustic tube, or any indication of imperfect hearing on the part of Sir Joshua. During the morning, however, they were not unfrequently interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a message or some communication that required his master's attention and oral reply; and on each of such occasions the appearance of a third person was the signal for the President to snatch up his trumpet, and resume a look of anxious inquiry and uncertain comprehension befitting the real or supposed defect of his auricular powers. It is, I believe, no uncommon thing for a deaf person to hear better in a *tête-à-tête* colloquy than when surrounded by the buzz of general conversation in a large party. But in Sir Joshua's case the contrast seems to have been unusually marked, and calculated to impart a peculiar significancy to Goldsmith's well-known couplet in the *Retaliation*, which winds up his description of the President:—

"When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

—*Life of Sir Martin Shee.*

Music.—There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough, but music is even more wonderful. It speaks to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits—to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up, it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how; it is a language by itself, just as perfect in its way as speech, as words; just as blessed. Music, I say, without words, is wonderful and blessed—one of God's best gifts to man. But in singing, you have both the wonders together—music and words. Singing speaks at once to the head and to the heart, to our understanding and to our feelings; and therefore, perhaps, the most beautiful way in which the reasonable soul of man can show itself (except, of course, doing *right*, which always is, and always will be, the most beautiful thing) is singing.

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Morning Post, April 26, 1860.

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Reviews.

AMONG a whole library of new publications, republications, new editions, reprints of old editions, &c. &c. that have lain in wait for the cessation of operas, oratorios, and concerts, to receive the attention to which their merits entitle them, we "stumble over" (without injury) a few of the earlier productions of M. Stephen Heller. The fresh look of their "exterior" encourages the belief (and warrants the hope) that Messrs. Ashdown and Parry intend *re*-bringing to light some of the most interesting features in the rich catalogue bequeathed to them* by their predecessors, Messrs. Wessel and Stapleton. If so, we are glad; and a better beginning could hardly be made than with some of the youngest (and freshest) compositions for the pianoforte of one, who, besides being gifted with marked originality, has striven his utmost from the outset of his career, and without one solitary dereliction from the right path, to elevate the art of which he is one of the worthiest modern representatives. Among the small number of "producers" who have devoted themselves in the course of the last quarter of a century, and with an earnestness equal to their ability, to enrich and vary the repertory of the pianoforte, M. Stephen Heller is deservedly accorded an eminent place. True, the spirit of the time has influenced him as it has influenced others, of as great, if not of greater talent. What he has given to the world, however, fully entitles him to be classed with those composers for the most universal of instruments, whom even their immediate contemporaries willingly accept as models, and whose works are in all probability destined to outlive the age in which they were originated.

The early pieces "upon," or "over," which we have but this instant "stumbled" (without injury)—to carry out our fishy metaphor—do not properly belong to the minnow-pond, however short in dimensions and unpretending in character, but rather to the trout-stream, their flavour being thoroughly genuine and excellent. First to take by the tails "and shake in the sun," are *Deux Caprices*, Op. 19 (Ashdown and Parry). These *Caprices* are both built upon one theme, viz. a melody by M. Henri Reber. About M. Reber this is not the place to speak. Enough that he is one of the composers haunting Paris and its environs, who have, with more or less sincerity, and more or less success, dedicated their efforts to the higher forms of art. The melody caught by M. Stephen Heller (an expert fisher in the waters of melody, although not nourished exclusively on fish) for the purposes of his *Deux Caprices*, is not inappropriately styled "La Captive." In its normal (subaqueous) shape it may possibly have been a vocal romance. Though piquant and pretty, it could hardly have laid any pretentions to be classed much higher than in the glittering tribe of "minnows;" but M. Heller, by the magic of his culinary process, has served it up as a pair of likely trout, seasoned with palate-tickling sauces. To quit trope, however, he has first given us the melody simply, in the key of A major, with a sort of pastoral accompaniment—possibly as it started originally from the brain of M. Reber. The first *caprice* consists of little more than the bare tune, which M. Heller has neatly but unostentatiously presented in the native key, but set off with harmony of a wholly different character, the technical form being a syncopated *arpeggio*, divided between the two hands, and carried out with dexterous completeness (and, it may be added, with *sinistrous*, also—the left hand being allotted quite as much to do as its companion). This *Caprice*, indeed, assumes the conditions of an attractive *Song without Words*, easy to play and easy to appreciate.

The second *Caprice*—again in A major (*allegro vivo*)—is much less accommodating to the executant, besides being much longer. An imitation of the original melody of M. Reber is first entrusted to the left hand, while to the right devolves some graceful passages in semiquavers. The order of distribution is then reversed, the right hand taking the melody and the left the semiquaver passages, a not very strict exemplification of double-counterpoint—of which, doubtless, M. Heller never once thought while constructing it. The whole is worked into a brilliant and effective movement, in the course of which the florid accompaniment is diversified and carried out with masterly completeness. The first part being repeated, the second part (or "free fantasia," as, with unlicensed freedom, it used to be termed at the Royal Academy of Music), is relieved by an agreeable episode in the key of F major, of which new material excellent use is subsequently made. Among the striking points in this *Caprice* may be cited a *pedale* on the dominant, which introduces the "*reprise*" (is that a better word than resumption?) of the subject in the tonal mode. There is a freshness of feeling, and spontaneity of *movement* about both the *Caprices*, Op. 19, which enhances the charm belonging to their thoroughly musician-like conduct. It may be superfluous, perhaps, to add that they are admirably written for the Rey-board. M. Stephen Heller is notoriously a proficient on the pianoforte, and though his passages are quite as novel as they are essentially "effective," they are invariably natural and elegant, and as invariably lie well for the hand.

In the next work—*Deux Impromptus*, Op. 20 (Ashdown and Parry)—M. Heller (to return to the fish-pond) has again submitted M. Reber to a culinary treatment calculated to gratify the most captiously Apician taste. He has this time taken by the tail and "shaken in the sun," a dainty little minnow, "hight" (yclept) "Hai Lulli," also, we are led to presume, in its normal (subaqueous) state, a vocal romance. "Hai Lulli" is quite as engaging and pretty as its companion prisoner, "La Captive;" and M. Heller has served it up in two *relais*, each representing trout made delicious to the imagination of the *gourmet* (too refined and delicate, "peraunter," for that of the *gourmand*) by sauces, *à la* Heller, of the most exquisite and pungent flavour—*sauces piquantes*, in the most relishing acceptation of the phrase. But to quit metaphor—(for, though we have not once in this essay alluded to "carp," time presses and space narrows)—the plan of these pieces is in a great measure similar to that already dissected and described. First the theme is proffered "in its integrity" (albeit "*simplex munditiis*" in some degree, as is M. Heller's wont); then comes a brief and quasi-ephemeral *impromptu* in full harmony; and, conclusively, another *impromptu*, in the florid style—longer, more brilliant, and more elaborately developed. The key of F is preserved in all the movements. Both *impromptus* are ingenious and interesting—the last especially, an *allegretto con moto* of remarkable fluency, abounding in nice and attractive points of musicianship. Neither *impromptu* is difficult, each being studiously adapted to the means of ordinary performers; the *allegretto*, nevertheless, demands force and precision in the left hand, in the absence of which it is likely to "fall through."

Such fish are welcome. The "minnows" of M. Reber are well worth the catching; and the "trout," into which M. Heller has transformed them, through the agency of his *pot au feu*, as well worth eating.

* Or, at any rate a great part of which was "bought in" by them, at the recent sale.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Aug. 30, 1860.

THE performance at the Grand Opera for the benefit of the Christians of Syria realised 10,000 francs, which is the largest sum the house will yield at the usual prices. This will help to swell the general subscription for this object, which, notwithstanding the great show of sympathy made by the French press, does not progress very satisfactorily, or prove that the people at large are very deeply impressed with the sufferings of their Christian brethren, to whose succour the Emperor has rushed so eagerly. The *Huguenots* was given on Friday, with Mlle. Caroline Barbot in the part of Valentine, and Mad. Vandenheuvel Duprez in that of Marguerite. This second *début* of Mad. Duprez was fully as successful as the first, and has quite borne out the favourable expectations of her friends. It is generally regarded that this lady's engagement is a valuable acquisition to the Opera.

The revival of the *Part au Diable* at the Opéra Comique, with Mlle. Monrose in the part of Carlo Broschi, for the first time, has proved a hit. The *débutante* has decidedly gained a step in promotion by her impersonation of this important character. *Le Docteur Mirobolant*, which was to have been produced this week, has been put off in consequence of the illness of Couderc. The new opera, which M. Offenbach has composed to a libretto by Scribe, is in course of rehearsal.

The programme of the Théâtre Lyrique for the ensuing season has been made public. It is to open with *Crispin, Rival de son Maître*,—a comedy by Lesage, turned into a comic opera by M. H. Berthoud, and set to music by M. Sellenick—followed by *l'Auberge des Ardennes*, in one act, words by MM. Carré and Verne, music by M. Aristide Hignard.

Among the revivals is promised *Le Val d'Andorre*, by Halévy, in which Bataille will sing his original part. A new opera by M. Maillart, *Les Pêcheurs de Catane*, is also promised, and M. Gounod's *Faust*, the *Noces de Figaro*, *la Fanchonnette*, and *Philemon et Baucis* will be reproduced for Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, as also will *Orphée* for Mad. Viardot and her pupil, Mlle. Oprawel, who is to make her first appearance.

I have also another programme to communicate, viz. that of M. Cazaldo, the manager of the Italian Opera here. I need not trouble you with a list of the works to be produced; an enumeration of the artists to figure in his troop will be more acceptable. Here they are, then, alphabetically ordered to avoid nice points of precedences. *Prime donne soprani*, Mdmes. Battu and Penco; *prime donne contralti*, Mdmes. Alboni and Edenska; *prime donne comprimarie*, Mdmes. Varona and Vestri; *primi tenori*, MM. Gardoni, Mario, and Pancani; *primi tenori comprimari*, MM. Capello and Morey; *primi baritoni*, MM. Badiali and Graziani; *primi bassi*, MM. Angelini and Patriossi; *primo buffo*, M. Zucchini; *seconde parte*, Mad. Lava, MM. Cazaboni and Soldi. *Direttore d'Orchestra*, M. Bonetti; *maestro alcembalo*, M. Uranio Fontana; *maestro dei cori*, M. Chiaromonte.

The sisters Marchisio have just made their first essay as drawing-room singers in the salon of Mad. Orfila, and have created so marked a sensation, that there is likely to be a run upon their talents during the approaching winter. They sang the two duos from *Semiramis*, and one from *Mathilda di Shabran*, to the manifest delight of their brilliant audience, who would not be content without a repetition of the latter. Mad. Ugalde was also present at the same soirée, and sang her serenade in *Gil Blas*.

I hear from Naples, that notwithstanding the troubled state of affairs there, the subvention paid to the San Carlo Theatre has been raised from 60,000 to 80,000 ducats; and it is now the most munificently supported theatre in Italy. It is said that great efforts are to be made to restore the school of dancing, for which Naples was once so famous, to its early splendour. It was the school of Naples which gave to the world Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, and Fanny Cerito. *A propos* of Italy, Camillo Sivori has just returned to Paris from Milan, where he has been giving a series of seventeen concerts in succession. Two of these were for the benefit of the poor, and three to advance the cause of Garibaldi, to whom Sivori was enabled to forward 15,000f. (£600). This is a very creditable act on the part of the little-great violinist, and shows the influence of the Garibaldi enthusiasm in a very strong light. M. Braga is also returned to us from Milan, bringing with him a libretto, to which he is going to compose the music. The opera is intended for Mad. Borghi-Mamo during her engagements at Bologna and Milan.

The Bouffes Parisiens have returned from their provincial tour, and are about to commence their Paris campaign. They open with *Orphée aux Enfers*, which has met with immense success during their travels. The first novelty will be an opera in two acts, called *Les Musiciens*; the music of which has employed the talents of no less than three young composers; *videlicet*, MM. Hignard, Delibes, and Eslanger. I wish I could tell your readers something about these gentlemen; but fame has hitherto spoken of them in such a low whisper as to be inaudible in this reporter's gallery. The manager, M. Offenbach, is moreover engaged on a new work in conjunction with M. Hector Crémieux, which is to be in two acts and four tableaux.

The municipal council of Lyons has voted a sum of 7000 francs (£280) for the purchase of instruments to suit the new diapason for the orchestra of the principal theatre. Whatever scientific or artistic value the pitch reform may have, it is evidently highly advantageous to the instrument makers; and I hope our friend Adolphe Sax will reap such a harvest from the change as will help him to restore the losses he has suffered from lawsuits with piratical imitators. The last of the long series of legal battles he has had to undergo has, by the way, been finally settled by the rejection of M. Gustave Benon's appeal to the Court of Cassation; and for the first time for fourteen years poor Sax can sit down to his meals without the sword of Themis being suspended over his head. Bordeaux has just lost one of its celebrities, Nicholas Schaffner, formerly director of the orchestra at the grand theatre of that city. You may remember how, many years since, that kindly and noble musical Mæcenas, the late M. Alsager, became enamoured of this gentleman's quintetts, and strove hard to get him accepted as a genius of the first rank, but could get no one to ratify his strange judgment. Composers of all countries, Spohr among the number, were invited to feast their ears on the Bordeaux quintetts, but rejected unanimously the spurious vintage.

There has been a concert at the Salle Pleyel in honour of the veteran Moschelles, the programme whereof consisted entirely of music of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, selected by M. Farrenc, well known for his antiquarian researches. In giving an account of this concert, a French critic informs the world that *la grande fugue de Bach* was executed on the organ by M. Georges Pfeiffer, as though old Sebastian's progeny, under that style, were limited to one. Yet France claims the first rank in the world in musical connoisseurship! This, too, with the *Société Bach* in full activity, who, by the way, have just published their ninth volume of the works of the great master. Prefixed to it is a curious notice on the construction of the harpsichord by the editor, M. Rust. I told you in a former letter that the Concerts Musard were about to close. I was misinformed; they are to continue open till the commencement of October. They are still very attractive, and they fully deserve their patronage by the capital way in which they are conducted. An ophicleide player, M. Moreau, is at present winning great favour by his solo performances.

The distribution of honours, *à propos* of the Imperial *fêtes* of August, still continues. It positively rains crosses of honour and medals. Let the most bombastic and *jejeunest* of scribblers but indite an ode on the "Imperial theme"—annexation—and let him annex it to the effusion of discord, herself turned maestro, and both author and composer will immediately receive an enormous medal, and be inscribed in the muster roll of the legion of honour.

Now for my foreign budget:—At Berlin they are celebrating the anniversary of Goethe's birthday. Theatrical representations were announced for four consecutive days, as thus:—The 27th, *The King's Lieutenant* by Gutzkow, and a military concert, conducted by M. Wieprecht; 28th, *Frederick et Sesenheiger*, operetta by Eberwein; *Brother and Sister* by Goethe; 29th, *Goethe-Marsch* by Liszt; *Lovers' Caprices* by Goethe; *Calm at Sea* by Beethoven; *Walpurgis Night* by Mendelssohn; *The Transfiguration*, a fragment of *Faust*, by Schumann; the 30th, the *Fair at Plimdersweiler*, by Goethe, concert. The receipts are to be

appropriated to Goethe's monument. At Hanover, M. Steger, the same who failed last season at Her Majesty's Theatre, in *Edgardo*, has been engaged to replace M. Niemann, at the Court Theatre. At Weimar M. Cheland's opera of *Macbeth* is to be produced at the Court Theatre. I believe it was performed in England, at Her Majesty's Theatre, by a German company, under the direction of the composer himself. From Vienna I hear that M. Rubinstein has just completed a new opera, and has placed the score in the hands of the manager of the Court Theatre. The management of the Italian Theatre has definitively been granted to M. Salvi, who will commence his season in April and continue it to the end of July. The season at Spa is said, notwithstanding the cheerless weather, to be unexpectedly brilliant. A grand concert has just been given there by the *Administration des Jeux*, whereof the chief attraction was Vivier, the horn player. It is almost incredible to relate that the pieces performed by him were the eternal cantabile and *chasse*, with which he has been favouring the world *sans* change or intermission for the last sixteen years, if not more. Has he expended the entire resources of his genius as a composer on these early works, or does he think that these prodigious creations entitle him to rest for the remainder of his mortal span? Is it not rather a parallel case to that of the "cadger" in our streets, who having by a superhuman effort carved in wood a distant resemblance to Salisbury spire, or combined a gigantic design in grasses and dried flowers, establishes a reputation for ingenuity and industry on which he resolves to trade, the weak and benevolent public aiding, in careless ease, till the parish or the hospital claim him.

Rotterdam is about to present itself with a German opera, the wealthy burghers of that ilk having subscribed to that end 80,000 florins, the interest of which is to be received by M. Vries, the Amsterdam manager, in support of the undertaking, which he is to organise and direct. Stockholm is overhauling its Academy of Music with a view to reform. Several new professorships have been instituted; among them one of history, one of esthetics, and one—though more humble, far more useful I suspect than these—of the art of tuning pianos. It would be well if the French Academy would follow this sensible example, for it is one of the points in which France is greatly deficient. At the German theatre in Pesth, Mahul's *Joseph* is given out for study. M. Borhowitz, the pianist, has just given a farewell concert here, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Szechenyi monument. Milan rejoices in the prospect of two new operas, one by Bottesini, the *Assedio di Firenzi*, which failed in Paris, when the composer was himself director of the orchestra, the other by the youthful maestro, Cianchir of Florence, composer of several successful works, and among them of *Salvator Rosa*. The sisters Fermi are here and have given a concert at the Carignano. At Genoa the San Carlo Felice is undergoing a thorough restoration, which is to render it one of the most richly adorned and elegant theatres in Europe. The ensuing season promises to be exceedingly brilliant.

MUSICAL DOINGS IN LONDON.

(From the *Vienna Recensionen*.)

THE season is drawing to its close. Her Majesty's Theatre is already shut, but the active manager, Mr. E. T. Smith, not deeming it advisable to leave the rival establishment of Covent Garden, under Gye, in sole possession of the field, has thought proper, "in obedience to the general desire," to give a few extra performances of *Oberon*. The reduced prices caused this to look very like a pecuniary expedient, but we are willing to believe that, on this occasion, the wishes of the public and those of the manager tallied with each other; both parties were, therefore, content with the result: the public with the performances, and the manager with the receipts. With regard to the effect of these performances, I will in a later account of the operatic season, as a whole, add a few remarks.

At Covent Garden, the management is relying, until further notice, on "hash-ups" of separate acts. Thus, yesterday, we had the first act of *Norma* and the second of *Fidelio* on the list. This patchwork is presented us to oblige Mad. Grisi. That lady, after her "farewells," announced with a grand flourish of trumpets, has again established herself on the stage *en permanence*, as they would have said in French parliamentary language, ten years ago. She is but the remains of her former greatness, and, had she only a little sense left, would have been contented with her farewell performances. She must, however, soon leave for younger talent, and, in my opinion, the public as well are sufferers by the present arrangement.

[This is a *sour-krout* view of the question. Grisi knows better.—ED.]

The flood of concerts with which we have been overwhelmed, during the months of June and July, has passed, and we can now, with dry feet, obtain some slight view of the ground over which it flowed. Many an unsteady craft was flung upon the shore, while many a flat-bottomed boat got safely over the shallows; novelties went, at high-pressure force, through thick and thin; but, as usual, there was only a moderate sample of what is good and beautiful. Public taste leads to what is out of the way. Nobody takes time to feel, think, nay, even to judge; what is remarkable obtains the upper hand.

This tolerance has its good side; in the search after what is new, everything is at least heard once, and consequently much that would, otherwise, never reach the ear of the public. Then, again, moderate music with rare beauties is particularly fitted to a public *just beginning to educate itself musically, and which, like young plants, requires thin nourishment.* (!) For a fermenting mass, such as that formed by men, who come to London for a three-monthly "Schwietchen," as the student of middle Germany would say, or for a "spree," as people say here, anything concentrated is dangerous, since, together with the eating and drinking, it would certainly get into their heads. We must, therefore, if only from considerations of health, be thankful to concert-givers for subordinating æsthetics to a contrary course.

Among the best samples of what is out of the way, we may reckon the "Russian Concerts," of Prince Galitzin, three of which were given in a tolerably short period, the last taking place on the 18th of July.* They comprise exclusively compositions by Russian authors, principally Glinka, Bortnianski, and the Concert-giver. This, however, does not say that the music was of a specifically Russian nature, that is, nationally original. Many of the pieces were evidently written with this tendency, while others attained it; a great deal, however, was most unmistakeably Italian. Such was the case with a trio and chorus, by Glinka, in the second part of the second concert, the first half of which was quite "transalpine," although the original Russian words, as in all the other pieces which had no Latin ones, were sung. Miss Parepa, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Patey, were excellent, and mastered all the difficulties of the strange music they had to sing in an admirable manner. The chorus prevented the hearer from experiencing weariness at the artificial nature of what he heard, and, especially by first-rate *chiar' oscuro* in the performance, brought the piece to a very pleasing end. I must award the same praise to the chorus for the "Te ergo," of Bortnianski, which, exceedingly harmonious and well proportioned in musical ideas, was justly encored by the public. The "Pater noster," a chorus by the concert-giver, was also repeated by universal desire, but this just proved the extravagant, the bad, or rather the entire absence of, taste of the public. A chorus begins with chords, then gives us the whole "Pater noster" *unisono*, and dwelling upon one note, in about twelve bars, ending in a harmonic "Amen," which the basses sing as the other voices die away. This is not merely straining for effect, but really and truly setting a trap for taste. The whole audience fell into it, and could hardly get out again. So long as men find pleasure in mere babble, either in religion or music, they have not attained the age of reason, and a species of music which lends itself to such trickery is yet in its swaddling clothes. May it soon grow up to more elevated beauty. (!) An *aria* by Glinka, sung by Miss Parepa, ends with a *subito* in the *forte* on a high note. Even this "scream" was encored by the insatiable audience. (!) Russian music is fond of unexpected terminations; this was evident at the close of the Kozlow Polka, by Prince Galitzin, which ends with the stringed instruments, which I can only designate as an imitation of a regular sacred "hurrah." The Pathockish "Romance,"

* Which "last" did *not* "take place."—*Printer's Devil.*

by the concert-giver, for contralto and violoncello *obbligato*—sung with great effect by Mad. Sainton-Dolby—is somewhat too gloomy and dull, and evidently no piece for a concert-room. At any rate the violoncello must be subdued before any one can arrive at a conclusive opinion as to the piece. The strength of Mad. Sainton-Dolby's voice lies in the low notes, while the high ones sound not unfrequently like a bad falsetto. (!) The character of her voice is, therefore, too similar to that of the accompanying instrument, a circumstance which produces an unpleasing uniformity. A deep alto part has always something disagreeable and almost unnatural about it, an impression we avoid upon the stage when we make spirits speak in a deep bass. If, in addition to this, there are a great many minor chords, the hearers shudder, a result we like on the stage, but would rather avoid in a concert-room.

A march for the orchestra, from Glinka's second opera, *Rosselane et Ladmila*, was characteristic; the oboes were, however, somewhat careless in certain delicate *staccato* parts. Glinka's "Mazurka" was played by Miss Arabella Goddard with wonderful brilliancy, delicacy, and perfection. I must also mention the great merit evinced by the instrumentalists, Messrs. Ries, Pollitzer, and René-Douay.

The slight political colouring which marked the first concert, was completely avoided in the second and third by the concert-giver, who had bought wisdom by experience. He obtained great success, and the encores taxed in a high degree the patience of the corpulent gentlemen, who, despite the great heat, conducted most energetically. In the sweat of his brow he received the wreath which the applause of the multitude bestowed upon his most careful direction of the songs and chorusses, his delicate instrumentation, his robust melodies, and his successful eccentricities. Prince Galitzin has gained great popularity, a result with which the respect he showed to the artists engaged in the performance had not a little to do. Thus, between the parts he himself brought bouquets to the ladies of the chorus, and sent the gentlemen roses for their button-holes. Even these pretty tricks of art have their advantages, and work simultaneously upon the goodwill of the performers and the sympathy of the audience.

In the *bravura* air by Glinka, Miss Parepa did not perhaps quite come up to the expectations justified by her natural powers and her method; she was deficient in certainty of intonation and evenness of sustained tone. On the whole, however, her performance was the most brilliant attraction of the evening, and the clearness with which she repeated some complicated figures was beyond all praise.

APROPOS OF THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

(*Concluded.*)

ARMIDA.

GLUCK'S *Armida* was produced in Paris on the 23rd September, 1777. The work had been ready earlier. The composer's well-known letter, addressed to M. L. B. D. R.—published in the *Années Littéraire*, 1776—(it was there stated, without its writer's connivance) distinctly announces his intention of holding his opera back till such time at which it could be given at the Great French Opera House, according to its composer's liking. That letter contains a courteous throwing down of the glove to Gluck's rival, Piccini, who, too, was engaged on a *Roland*—its writer announcing himself "as no longer a man made for any contests." But such courtesy only make Gluck's subsequent girding up of his loins for the strife more significant. "M. Hebert," writes he, "is a gentleman, and therefore I will not finally withhold from him my *Armida* on certain conditions. Should they not be granted, I shall hold back *Armida* so long as I like. The music of it is made in a manner not soon to grow old." Then follows Gluck's appreciation of his own *Alcestis*, as "a work to the perfection of which little is wanting. But you do not imagine," he continues, "of how many colours and humours, and various ways of arrival, music is susceptible. The whole effect of *Armida* is so different from that of *Alcestis* that you would hardly imagine them to be by the same composer. I have used what little vitality was left in my frame to complete *Armida*—have tried to be painter and poet more than musician. Judge for yourself, should it come to a hearing. I confess that with this opera I should like to end my career," That Gluck did not end his career by *Armida* we know, happily, from his *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The success of *Armida* was not rapid at first. The overture given in this edition was written for Gluck's *Telemacoo*, one of the many stage works produced by him ere he had come to an understanding with himself and his real power. A word remains to be said respecting the presentment of *Armida*, consequent on the claim for it of amplitude and pomp in setting forth the music, whether in the concert-room or on the stage. The large number of *dramatis personæ* announced from the original French opera book is a luxury, not a necessity, if the drama be looked into. Armida's ministering attendants—Phœnicia and Sidonia—as followers of an enchantress, may be fairly called on to "do any spiriting" necessary to support the delusions of the sorceress. This supposition allowed for, the cast of this opera resolves itself into a double quartett, consisting of Armida, Hate, Roland, and Hidraot, as four principal singers, supported by four accessory ones. It will be seen that the English words do not literally represent the French ones, save in the scenes of emotion. In the scenes of description, somewhat more of variety has been tried for than exists in the words of the old French Arcadian dramatist. The scenes selected for the Norwich Festival are from the second and third acts of *Armida*. The duet betwixt the Enchantress and Hidraot, in which the appeal to Hate is decided on,—the appearance of Roland in the Enchanted Garden, and his falling to sleep there,—a monologue of Armida,—ending in her invocation to Hate,—and the reply to her call by the Infernal Goddess with her attendant furies.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—In another fortnight the whole of the arrangements for the next "meeting of the Three Choirs," must be completed: the erection of the galleries in the nave of the Cathedral has been commenced, and will be finished within that period. The seats will be arranged on the usual plan, except that there will be a "first" and a "second" division in the nave. We understand that the Mayor intends inviting the Corporation to join him in attending the early morning service on the opening day of the festival, and that he will give a breakfast at Guildhall between the early service and the first oratorio. In our first notice, we gave a sketch of the morning performances at the Cathedral. The evening concerts at College Hall, will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the ball closing the week's doings on Friday. The concert on Tuesday opens with Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, in which Mad. Novello sings the music of the "Queen" and Sims Reeves that of the "Lover." The remainder of the scheme is made up of selections from operatic works, and three English songs. Wednesday evening's concert opens with Weber's overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*, followed by a novelty, in the shape of a *cantata*, by Niels Gade, entitled *The Erl King's Daughter*, the principal solos by Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Weiss. More selections from operas succeed with a sprinkling of English songs, first of all, being the *scena* from *Oberon*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," for Mad. Novello. The programme for the concluding concert on Thursday evening is a long one, selections from Wallace's *Lurline* forming one half of the first part. Miscellaneous pieces follow, and Mad. Novello (her last appearance at the Worcester Festival) will sing two—probably three—national airs. The concert closes, as usual, with the National Anthem.—*Worcester Journal.*

MOZART'S IMPRESARIO (*Schauspiel-director*).—After the performance at Schönbrunn this operetta was produced at the Karnthner-Thor Theatre at Vienna, but for some reason did not please, and after three performances was withdrawn. It has since then been unaccountably laid on the shelf, with only an occasional appearance. One of the most noticeable of these was that undertaken by Goethe during his management of the Court Theatre at Weimar in 1791, when it was brought out with considerable alterations from the pen of the Poet-Manager, under the title of "Theatrical Adventures" (*Theatralische Abendteuer*). It has been lately again revised by L. Schneider for the Berlin Theatre, and since then has had a considerable run in Germany. In Schneider's version, four pieces, adapted from the pianoforte songs of Mozart, were added; and, indeed, there can be no doubt that in its dimensions—too short for an opera, too long for a mere piece in an ordinary concert—we find the secret of the neglect of so charming a composition.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THERE is more good music to be heard during the season in the little town, from which Napoleon the Great intended to sweep down to the invasion of Britain, and which, since then, has, *en revanche*, become completely subject to our peaceful rule, than in any other English colony. Our antipodal brethren would deem themselves fortunate if they heard a tithe of the eminent *artistes* who pass through Boulogne, at the termination of the London season, and delay their flight southward to inhale for a few days the healthful sea air, and to delight the Anglo-French population with an exhibition of their skill. This year the Boulognese have been more than usually favoured, for they have had the rare good fortune to hear the most highly-gifted singer of the day, both in the concert-room and on the stage. The musical entertainment which M. Reichardt arranged for Mad. Alboni at the *établissement des bains* has been already noticed in your columns. Since then the great contralto has appeared in the newly-built theatre of the town, in two widely differing characters. Many of your readers may remember that since the destruction (we need not add, by fire, for every place of public amusement seems doomed to be periodically consumed), of the old house, some six years ago, a barn-like edifice styled "Théâtre Provisoire," has been used by a small company of comedians to display the unfailing histrionic talent which seems born with every Frenchman. Within the last few months, however, a new theatre has been opened, which is a perfect *bijou*, and which might well serve as a model for many of larger size. The exterior is handsome, and the decorations of the interior are designed with admirable taste. White and gold predominate, contrasting well with the rich crimson of the stalls and boxes, and the different tiers are patterned with beautifully painted wreaths, and other floral devices. The theatre is well constructed for sound, the approaches are spacious; the stage itself is of unusual depth; and, indeed, the only faults we could perceive in the entire edifice were the heavily and coarsely painted ceiling and the imperfect ventilation which we meet with in all French buildings. Our neighbours certainly have no idea of the value of fresh air. We need scarcely add that the theatre is constructed with the usual *balcon* and *loges*, we cannot say *private boxes*, for they are certainly anything but *private*; the openness of the boxes adds, however, to the effect of the gay toilettes of the inmates, and on the occasion of Mad. Alboni's first appearance on Thursday week, in *Le Barbier de Séville*, when the house was crowded to suffocation, the general effect of the audience portion was remarkably pleasing. Mad. Alboni's representation of Rossini is so well known to all London opera goers, that we need not enlarge upon its merits. On the French stage all the dialogue is spoken instead of sung, and although we missed the familiar recitative, we could scarcely regret its absence, so charmingly did Mad. Alboni speak the words of the French text. In the lesson scene, she introduced the rondo *finale* from *Cenerentola*, and she brought the opera to a brilliant but somewhat summary conclusion immediately after the orchestral description of the storm, by the Tyrolienne from *Betly*, which she sang with such *entrain* as to excite an enthusiastic demand for repetition that could not be resisted. We should not have been sorry, however, to have heard the order of the two *morceaux* reversed, for an *aria* by Donizetti should scarcely be made to do duty to an opera by Rossini, while on the other hand the lesson-scene, according to immemorial usage, may fairly be used as a vehicle for display, irrespective of the composer. On Saturday *La Favorite* was given, and this representation was much more interesting to the English portion of the audience, because Léonore is a *rôle* which Mad. Alboni never undertakes in London. We were fully prepared to hear the music rendered by this "Hermaphrodite de la voix," as she is styled with more force than elegance by Théophile Gautier, as it has never been sung before; we were not astonished by the splendid power and irreproachable finish of her singing of the air "O mon Fernand," the chief opportunity for vocal display in the opera, but we must confess that we were most agreeably surprised by Mad. Alboni's admirable acting of this very trying part. We have more than once remarked on the genuine, but unobtrusive humour which Mad. Alboni infuses into several comic *rôles*; but the care with which she has hitherto eschewed all tragic characters, led us to believe that she did not possess the histrionic power necessary for success in the higher walks of the lyric drama. We confess with pleasure that we were greatly mistaken. Not only did the fulness of her lower tones enable her to give unaccustomed prominence to many passages which are generally unnoticed — witness, for instance, the startling effect that Mad. Alboni produces by her energetic delivery of the phrase "Ne me le demande pas," when the king's mistress is urged into a distasteful explanation by her ardent lover — but her entire delineation of the character, considered merely as a histrionic display, was distinguished by truthful adherence to nature. All the last scene was elaborated with great care — not a gesture was exaggerated; so that, while Mad. Alboni's acting was the result of art, it had all the appearance of being perfectly spontaneous. We trust that we may yet have the opportunity of witnessing Mad. Alboni not only in *La Favorite*, but in other tragic characters, on the boards of a London stage. On Sunday the great contralto again appeared in *Il Barbière*, with the same success as on the first occasion, although the English residents, true to their insular convictions, studiously avoided the profane exhibition, and left the "high places" of the theatre, to which, as conquerors, they ordinarily lay claim, comparatively deserted. Of the general casts of the operas we can say nothing, unless it be to draw attention to the tenor, M. Jourdan, who is at least entitled to the merit of consistency, for he sang out of tune with a complacent and determined opposition to the orchestra that was worthy of a better cause. The orchestra itself, though absurdly small, and therefore very ill-balanced, played with a correctness and care that do great credit to the conductor.

Letters to the Editor.

ONE INVALID AND TWO KEY BUGLES.

SIR,—I am an unobtrusive man, loving quiet, but not averse to an occasional enjoyment of the "concord of sweet sounds;" though harsh words, loud-tongued women or men, and all kinds of discordance, are my utter aversion. Judge my daily and nightly terror and misery, consequently, when I tell you that in the "quiet" locality I have chosen for a temporary sojourn from the turmoil of business (say Walsingham Place, for instance), two of the male inhabitants, who are my unneighbourly neighbours, constantly do all they can to drive me mad, by attempting to produce unearthly music on two key bugles or some such brazen instruments, a musical acquaintance with which they are insanely trying to accomplish! Talk of hurdy-gurdies, Italian organs, Scottish bagpipes, or German bands! why the torture of those who listen to these can be nothing compared with the vile discordance which my two mad amateurs produce. Where is your corporate inspector of nuisances? Do, kind sir, do what you can to assuage the tortures endured by

AN INVALID.

Truro, August 28, 1860.

A PROTEST AGAINST "VETERAN."

MY DEAR M. W.—You promise a "word" with a Veteran in your next (p. 337). Please don't forget to touch him up on the blunder he has made about Haydn. *Michael* Haydn and *Joseph* Haydn were two different people, and I never heard that the former wrote symphonies for Solomon.

Yours,

SYPHNX.

P.S. Who the d— were "Spöhr and "Palestrini?"—and what kind of phenomenon is "*donnerblitz*?"

UP TO C IN ALTISSIMO.

WILL the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD be good enough to inform his friends how long he thinks it will be before the compass of the pianoforte is extended to C, completing the seven octaves?

London, August 27th, 1860.

[Inquire of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons.—ED.]

LEEDS.—The Jullien Festival—Conductor Prince George Galitzin—takes place on Monday evening, under the direct patronage of Sir Peter Fairbairn.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE; Proprietor, E. T. SMITH.—The Proprietor has much pleasure in informing the Public that he has purchased, at an outlay of £3,000, one of the greatest living wonders and curiosities of the age, a PERFORMING HIPPOPOTAMUS. This amphibious animal was captured in the month of April, 1858, but a narrative of the capture by Mr. John Petherick, Her Majesty's Consul for the Soudan States, may be amusing to the visitors of this elegant edifice:—Since the year 1853 I have devoted six or seven months of that and each succeeding year in exploring the unknown regions of Central Africa. My starting point Khartoum, a town of 60,000 inhabitants, the capital of seven provinces, dependent on Egypt, called the Soudan, between 13 and 20 degrees N. latitude, and 27 to 36 degrees E. longitude. Leaving Khartoum, and navigating the White Nile to between 9 and 10 deg. of North latitude, a narrow channel, for the most part overgrown with reeds, which by former Nile travellers, had been considered unnavigable, attracted my attention, and pursuing it—not without difficulty finding a passage through various narrow openings in a forest of high reeds—I discovered this to be the connection between a large lake and the Nile, of which it is one of the most important feeders hitherto known. Its waters ornament several promontories and islands, more or less wooded by the acacia, mimosa, and sycamore, but little frequented by man, literally are swarmed by crocodiles and hippopotami; the latter in particular having made many rude attempts to dispute the passage over their hitherto secluded home by attacking my boat, battering-ram fashion, both under and on the surface of the water, and on one occasion, to the surprise and horror of all on board, a huge beast suddenly raising half its great carcase, with an agility hardly to be expected, out of the water, close under the larboard bow, carried off my unfortunate cook from the gunwale, on which, his back to the water, he was sitting, one bite of his powerful jaws severing his body in two at the waist. It was here, while returning in the month of April, in the year 1858, from the regions of the equator, when I founded an establishment of 25 armed men whom I brought with me (a part of a numerous escort from Khartoum), while the lake, according to the information received from the negroes of the Rajk tribe inhabiting its southern confines, from its continued drainage into the Nile, after a more than usually dry season, was much lower than it had been known for many years, that the look-out at the mast-head, almost frantic with excitement, sang out "a young hippopotamus," and pointing to the reeds, within a few yards of which we were sailing, a dozen sailors leapt into the water, and, disappearing in the thick herbage, soon returned, one of them grasping in his arms a young animal about the size of a spaniel dog; they both kept afloat, and propelled themselves towards the boat amid the shoutings and rejoicings of their brave fellow-companions. The unexpected but welcome guest was reared with milk, and was treated with all the attention we could bestow upon it. An Arab, Salama by name, one of the most intelligent servants, was appointed to administer to the wants and look after the animal, who from that time to the present has been its constant attendant, and never, I believe, was there more attachment to man shown by any animal than exists between Bucheet (the Arabic for "fortunate," or, according to the manner of expression, "lucky dog"), the name given to the young hippo by its keeper Salaama. This enormous quadruped is a native of Africa, and is always found either in water or in its near vicinity. In absolute height it is not very remarkable, as its legs are extremely short, but the actual bulk of its body is very great indeed. The average height of a full-grown hippopotamus is about 6 feet. His naked skin is a dark brown, curiously marked, with innumerable lines like those on cracks in china or oil paintings. The mouth is enormous, and its size is greatly increased by the odd manner in which the jaw is set in the head. The tusks have a terrible appearance, but are solely intended for cutting grass and other vegetable substances, and are seldom employed as weapons of offence, except when the animal is wounded or otherwise irritated. Although in its native river, the female hippopotamus is a most kind and affectionate mother, the tame animal does not display such excellent qualities. The female hippopotamus, in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, has twice been a mother, and twice has killed her offspring. On the last occasion she appeared to have been seized with a sudden fit of anger, for the marks of her teeth were only too plain on the poor little beast when its dead body was discovered, and her tusks had penetrated into its lungs. On the first occasion she killed it from sheer awkwardness, and after carrying it about on her neck in the proper manner, she bruised it so severely in her clumsy efforts to teach her offspring the proper mode of getting out of the bath that it never recovered from the hurts which it received. The hippopotamus has for years been extinct in Europe, but the fossil remains of the animal are found abundantly in London clay, showing that, in some remote age, the hippopotamus must have traversed the plains of England and wallowed in its rivers. There is another species of hippopotamus, which is smaller than that which has just been described, and is termed hippopotamus liberiensis. The hippopotamus has nothing in common with the river-horse. He seems to us an aquatic pig, or four-footed land porpoise; in fact, he appears to partake of the wild boar, the bull, and the porpoise, the latter predominating at present; but when he gets his tusks we much fear there will be an alteration in his manners for the worst. As to his eventual size the prospect is alarming. He is at present only a few months old, and he will continue growing till he is 25 years of age. A full-grown hippopotamus generally yields about 2,000lb. weight of fat, which is salted, and much esteemed. In Africa it is compressed, and a milk oil drawn from it, which is considered a certain remedy for diseases in the breast. In Angola, Congo, Elmina, and the western coasts of Africa they look upon him as an inferior deity. P. Labat considered that the animal had sufficient intelligence to let himself bleed when necessary, and performs the operation of rubbing himself against a sharp-pointed rock, and when he thinks he has bled enough rolls himself in the mud until he has stopped the wound; and it has been affirmed that the Indian painters make use of his blood as one of their colours. He does the most injury when he can rest himself against the earth, but when he floats in the water as he only tries; he has been known to upset a boat of six men, by lifting it out on his back. The hippopotamus has been mentioned in the earliest ages in sacred writings by the name of behemoth, and his figure engraved upon the pillars of Egypt. Aristotle scarcely mentions him. Mr. Bruce wrote in his travels through Africa that he frequently met them in Lake Tzana, in Upper Abyssinia. Dr. Klockner, in his translation printed at Amsterdam, stated that this beast deserved the most particular attention, being five cubits long, with cloven feet, like ruminating animals, and tusks like a wild boar, while the side of his body resembles an elephant. The hippopotami have been on many occasions exhibited by the Emperors of Rome to the people in the circus; 1800 years elapsed before the council of the Zoological Society in the Regent's park undertook the conveyance of one from Upper Egypt; all attempts to obtain one on the west coast having proved fruitless. The visitors to the gardens in the Regent's park rose from 169,000 to 370,000 to visit this extraordinary beast; the proprietor of the Alhambra trusts that the same number will view this extraordinary performing hippopotamus. The proprietor makes no additional charge. The Royal Alhambra Palace is open daily from 2 o'clock until 4 o'clock, and from 8 till 11 o'clock. The various performances will be continued, adding amusement, instruction, and enjoyment to the old and young, daily. Every novelty that can be procured for the public will be purchased and produced, no matter at what expense, and the charge will be 6d. and upwards, according to the means of the visitors. The hippopotamus will, as nearly as possible, be exhibited at 3 o'clock daily, and at 9 o'clock at night. Reserved seats and private boxes can be booked during the day at the Alhambra. The public are earnestly solicited to witness this exhibition of the greatest living wonder of the age; more especially as such another opportunity may never occur, for, in all human probability, this will be the last hippopotamus brought to this country, as Mr. Petherick, the Consul, declared that the expense of bringing the animal to England cost double the amount he had received for it. This the reader will more readily credit after perusing Mr. Petherick's interesting account of its capture and transport, which is sold in the Alhambra Palace for 3d. each.

Marriage.

August 25, C. J. MICHAELI, Esq., to Miss Louisa MICHAEL, of the Royal Opera, Stockholm, and Her Majesty's Theatre, London.

Death.

August 27, the Right Hon. LOUISA, Dowager Countess of CRAVEN, aged 78, formerly the celebrated Miss Brunton, of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

WE have omitted TOMASCHEK, WORSHCEK, BERGER, and a host of other pianoforte writers from our catalogue *raisonnée*, of the epoch immediately preceding our own, for the same reason that we have not spoken of LOUIS ADAM and some other composers of the time of Dussek. Though clever men, and the authors of a large variety of works, some of which have unquestionable merit, we cannot find that they have had much influence on their cotemporaries; nor have any of them left examples of the sonata, to show their acquaintance with, and attachment to, that grand form of musical composition. But there is one, who, though we name latest, merits perhaps the very first place among all those who were his cotemporaries,—we mean CARL MARIA VON WEBER, one of the greatest geniuses and one of the most original and distinguished musicians of all time. The gifted author of *Der Freischütz*, as our readers well know, ranked among the remarkable pianists of his age. He wrote a great number of works for the pianoforte, in many of which the peculiar characteristics of his genius are prominently displayed. Perhaps the most generally popular concert-piece ever written is the fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra in F, denominated *Concert-stück*. This *morceau* has been for many years the *cheval de bataille* of numberless players, from Mad. Pleyel, Liszt, and Litolff, to Alexandre Billet and Arabella Goddard. We have heard almost every pianist of fame execute the *Concert-stück*, Thalberg alone excepted. Weber also wrote a grand concerto in E flat, a brilliant effort, in which, besides a number of passages entirely new, there are orchestral effects of great originality and excellence. The variations and miscellaneous pieces of Weber are well known, as are his quartet in B flat, and other compositions for the chamber — the latter not by any means his best works, while the former are in their way incomparable. But after the *Concert-stück*, the most highly esteemed of Weber's productions are the four grand sonatas for piano solus in C major, D minor, A flat, and E minor. All of these contain movements as remarkable for their freshness as for their ingenuity—as, for example, the *rondo finale* ("moto continuo") of the first, the *andante* with variations of the second, and the *allegretto* and *finale* (*tarantella*) of the fourth. But most perfect of all in many

respects is the third, in A flat, a work of romantic loveliness—a masterpiece which every pianist who loves his art should know and profit by. The fault of Weber's sonatas—we say it with deference—is a certain diffuseness which damages the regularity of their form, and an occasional monotony, arising from the too frequent employment of passages strongly resembling each other in character. But the movements we have specialised are almost free from them, while in the sonata in A flat, from the exquisite grain of the principal themes and the captivating luxuriance of the subordinate passages, they become an absolute beauty. Weber, as everybody knows, has had numberless imitators, but fewer copyists of his pianoforte works than of his dramatic compositions and orchestral overtures, to which, and above all to his *Der Freischutz*, he owes his universal popularity. He may, therefore, be placed apart, like Beethoven—a lesser star, perhaps, but still of the first magnitude.

Of MENDELSSOHN we may say, as of Beethoven, that he shines apart from the rest of his cotemporaries. He was, beyond comparison, the greatest genius and the most learned musician of the age in which he lived, and which he has undoubtedly influenced more than any other individual, Spohr not excepted. The number of Mendelssohn's imitators are legion; the shelves of the music publishers groan under the heavy weight of their productions; you cannot see a new catalogue without observing at least fifty compositions which you may safely swear, without once looking at them, are little better than parodies of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* (the most popular type), or of something else equally his and equally not theirs. But these copyists of a great original, like the other copyists of another great original—Dussek—have chiefly occupied themselves with his mannerisms, being, as we have already said, wholly incompetent to emulate his beauties or his scientific acquirements. The best of them are those who began to write before Mendelssohn, and were afterwards carried away in the vortex of his fascinating style. The most eminent of these, and justly so, are FERDINAND, HELLER, and TAUBERT. Whether either of these wrote sonatas we are unable to say; we have seen many specimens of their works, but not a single sonata—although some stringed quartets, a pianoforte quintet, and a few orchestral essays of Hiller, who is a very admirable musician, show that he had cultivated the form, however inclined to develope it with undue exuberance. Heller, nevertheless, chiefly owes his influence to his *Etudes*, which have been assiduously practised by pianists, and have facilitated several peculiarities of mechanism. Most of Taubert's pieces which we have had the opportunity of perusing are caprices, fantasias, *et hoc genus omne*.

It is unnecessary here to enter into details about the composers of our own time. Nearly the whole may be dismissed as followers, more or less successful, of Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Henri Herz, or Liszt, according to their respective tastes and styles. Of Mendelssohn we need say no more; of Henri Herz we have said enough. Of Thalberg and Liszt we may speak in a separate review, since neither having revealed any tendency to the development of the sonata form, it is not requisite to introduce them now, and our future task will be merely to discuss the influence they have exercised upon the pianoforte as the original of particular schools—schools of execution rather than of composition. Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett—the three most distinguished composers for the pianoforte of our own times, with the single exception of Mendelssohn—of course demand a special consideration, and on more important grounds. Henselt, and a crowd of others, romantic, unromantic, and "middling," may also come in for their share of attention. Macfarren, Reber, and other thoughtful writers, whose pianoforte compositions, highly as they must be rated, only occupy a subordinate position to their other works, can hardly be ranked in the same category.

WE were entering the Alexandrina theatre for the purpose of superintending the rehearsal of our tragedy of *Osiris*, when we heard a voice from the manager's room utter these words, "Give me my goose and my pig, and I'll go." The door opened and forth stepped a little man, followed by a big man who carried in one hand a pig, and in the other a goose. The two men proceeded to a cab, which was in waiting at the stage door, deposited the animals therein, entered the vehicle themselves, and drove off.

"That was Flexmore," said the manager to us a moment afterwards. "The pantomime has been running eight weeks, and his sucking pig has grown such a size that now he can't put it in his pocket. That's his affair, however. I shan't buy him another, and I've told him so."

This was the first time we had seen a clown in his private clothes, and we had scarcely noticed him! Yet how often had we asked ourselves what a clown *could* be like in everyday life, and to what extent he probably introduced into it the manners and practices of his stage existence. It seemed to us, however, from the little we *had* seen, that whatever might be the case with others, Flexmore, at least, was almost as comic and eccentric a personage out of a pantomime as he was in one; and from that time we never could think of Flexmore without laughing—until last week, when we heard that he was dead! And what a strange death to befal the most agile of our pantomimists—for it is said that he actually died of atrophy! One would as soon expect Paul Bedford or Tilbury to perish of St. Vitus's dance.

The death of a popular clown, like Flexmore, surprises and shocks one the more from the fact that no one ever hears of clowns being ill; and perhaps also because from seeing them exposed, on the stage, without any ill effects, to all sorts of violent treatment, one gets accustomed to look upon them as proof against all the ordinary catastrophes of life. A singer of reputation is indisposed a certain number of times every season; but a favourite clown is never unwell, and it always seemed to us that the same immunity from bodily injuries and ailments, by which he is notoriously attended on the stage, accompanied him somehow or other even into private life. At all events since the death of Grimaldi (which, be it observed, did not take place until long after he had ceased to be a clown), we have heard of no clown dying, except a Lancashire one, who appears to have been an inexpert performer, and who, waking suddenly from a dream in a railway carriage, sprang through the window and received mortal injuries in his fall. Certainly no one who saw Flexmore last year in the Covent Garden pantomime could have imagined that he was so near death, nor do we know now either when he died, or even whether he was long ill. The clown asks us how we all are on boxing-night; but who, when the pantomime season is once at an end, troubles himself about the health of the clown?

By the marriage of Flexmore with Mlle. Auriol, the families of the two most celebrated clowns of France and England became united. We involuntarily think of a line

uttered by the despondent hero of "*Locksley Hall.*" The first half: "As the husband is the wife is" was not strictly applicable, for Mlle. Auriol chiefly cultivated an elegant style of dancing; but the second: "Thou art wedded to a clown," might have been addressed to that lady with as much propriety as to the Amy of the poem. In marrying Flexmore, however, the daughter of the active and facetious "clown" of the Parisian Cirque made what was really a most suitable match; and had poor Flexmore lived, old Auriol—whose feats, and especially those wonderful and celebrated ones with the chairs, were imitated to perfection by his son-in-law—would have had the honour of being succeeded not only by his son, but also, in a manner, through his daughter. Thus old Debureau was succeeded and replaced by young Debureau, and in so perfect a manner, that many who saw the son for the first time in his flour and his white tunic, fancied they were still witnessing the performances of the father.

Flexmore, unhappily, leaves no one to replace him—neither in a professional nor in a domestic sense—and his widow has a family of young children to provide for. We have first of all then, to regret the loss of a great artist, and without disputing as to which are the highest and which the lowest branches of art, we may here suggest to the reader, that it is a greater thing to be an admirable clown than to be an inferior tragedian; and that to dance a burlesque cachucha in a perfect spirit of parody, is a more artistic achievement than to declaim the soliloquies of Hamlet with much mouthing and no true dramatic expression. In the second place, there is something to be done for the artist's wife and little ones. It is said that Mr. E. T. Smith (if not, why not the managers of Covent Garden?) will give the use of his theatre for a representation, which it is proposed to get up for their benefit. Let the public think of the much laughter for which they have been indebted to Flexmore, and of the tears that his family are now shedding for his loss; and even if the performance be less attractive than it probably will, it, at all events, will be numerously attended.

FLORAL HALL.

THE recent stormy weather which with most persons (says *The Morning Post*) has proved a plaintive theme, susceptible of endless dismal variations, has been to Mr. Alfred Mellon, the justly celebrated conductor and *entrepreneur* of the Floral Hall Concerts, a veritable "Godsend;" for the "ill-wind" has brought him nothing but good, and the constant showers have been to Mr. Mellon golden showers. Driven by stress of weather from Cremorne, Rosherville, and all other places devoted to "open-air" amusements, our pleasure-seeking public has wisely sought refuge and delightful solace within the brilliant, and at the same time comfortable, precincts of the great glass-house in Bow Street, where, besides the charms of a splendidly and tastefully decorated *locale*, excellent refreshments, and every possible convenience with respect to seats (so eagerly sought for by shilling "promenaders"), have been displayed, the attractions of the Royal Italian Opera's incomparable band and chorus, together with those of such celebrated and first-class singers as Mlle. Parepa and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. All circumstances then duly considered, the success of Mr. Alfred Mellon's speculation (although the chosen time, according to received ideas, meteorological propriety, and social custom, was certainly "out of joint") is not at all to be wondered at. To enjoy anything at all, especially anything musical, at this moment, out of one's house, without being wet through, is assuredly a great privilege, and with due respect for the Coldstream and other famous bands performing at decidedly damp places, we really must claim for Mr. Alfred Mellon the honour of having conferred a very great benefit upon our unhappy townsmen, who instead of valourously "breasting the tide" at Brighton or Margate, are obliged to sneak under dropping and dripping umbrellas upon the London "Strand;" who, instead of scaling the heights of Dover, are forced to seek shelter ignominiously under the nearest portico which our metropolitan streets may afford; and who without the Floral Hall concerts could not possible at this season of the year hear any really fine music worthily performed in town—that is, with a dry skin. Mr. Alfred Mellon, with all his tact and experience, is not yet quite a man for the moment—a thorough "master of the situation," whatever it may be, otherwise he would not have confined himself to one illustration of the state of the weather—namely, "The Storm," from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, as he has done, but would have made Mr. Wilbye Cooper sing "Did you ne'er hear of a jolly young Waterman," "Cease rude Boreas," "For the rain it raineth every day," or have requested Miss Parepa to favour us with "The Meeting of the Waters."

The concert on Saturday night, the first part of which consisted of a selection from the works of Mendelssohn, was as successful as the lovers of good music could have desired. The unpropitious weather failed to rob the familiar name of its attraction; and, though it rained all day without intermission, the doors of Floral Hall were not long thrown open before an immense crowd had assembled. Mr. Alfred Mellon may be complimented on his programme, which, besides being marked by excellence and variety, was so arranged that each succeeding piece afforded an agreeable contrast to its immediate predecessor:—

Overture—"A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Part-song—"Oh hills and vales."
Concerto—Pianoforte (No. 1, in G minor).
Air—"When the Evening Bells are Chiming."
Symphony in A major (Italian).
Finale from the opera of *Lorelei*.

The performance, from first to last, was worthy of the music, and the audience thoroughly appreciated both. The overture to Shakspeare's immortal fairy play, which, though an inspiration of early youth, is one of the most original and imaginative productions of its composer, was given with a delicacy and precision quite marvellous, the enormous area and configuration of Floral Hall taken into account. But—as was shown later in a still more elaborate work—the band of the Royal Italian Opera, with a director at its head like Mr. Mellon, is capable of achieving difficulties under any circumstances short of absolutely antagonistic. Nothing could come more happily after a piece so full of energy as the overture, than the part-song—perhaps the most universally popular thing of its kind—an image of repose such as music has seldom reflected, a dream of the setting sun throwing its last rays on the quiet hills, a bit of harmonious landscape, in short, the "spirit of whose beauty" (to quote the English paraphrase of the words that inspired it) "can never fade away." After this the attention of the hearers was diverted into an altogether different channel by the impetuous concerto in G minor—another example of Mendelssohn's astonishingly precocious talent—executed by Mr. George Russell, a young and rising pianist, if not precisely with the "impetuosity" most congenial to its character, at least with spirit, clearness, and well-sustained brilliancy. A trifle more of sentiment would not have been unwelcome in the slow movement; but Mr. Russell was probably of opinion that very nice shades of expression might be lost under the dome of the Bow Street Crystal Palace, and so designedly eschewed them. The accompaniments to the concerto were carefully played by the band, and at the conclusion Mr. Russell left the orchestra amid warm and honourably-earned plaudits. The song from *Heimkehr* (known in England as *Son and Stranger*)—an opera composed by Mendelssohn to commemorate (what the Germans call) the "silver wedding" of his father and mother (25th anniversary of their union)—is as full of character as it is charming. This, introduced last winter with great success by Herr Reichardt at the Monday Popular Concerts (St. James's Hall), and equally welcome on the present occasion, was delivered with genuine artistic feeling by Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The tranquil opening phrase is finely relieved by the episode describing the night-watch of the soldier, so appropriately announced

by the trumpet, and the whole was well adapted to separate the pianoforte concerto from the orchestral symphony, with neither of which it has the smallest feature in common. The Italian symphony was given entire, with the repeat of the first part of the *allegro vivace*—exactly, indeed, as the composer intended. On the whole, we can scarcely remember a more satisfactory performance of this fresh and genial work. The profoundly touching *andante* —of which it was said years long past that in writing it Mendelssohn had composed his own requiem—might have gained something by being taken a little slower, but here objection ends. The remainder, especially the last movement, to which alone the symphony is indebted for the geographical expletive now conventionally accepted (undreamt of by Mendelssohn himself, who simply entitled it, "Symphony in A major") the restless *Saltarello*, suggesting by its peculiar rhythm and colour the idea of a Neapolitan carnival, with all the contingent bustle and excitement —was beyond criticism. How thoroughly the whole was appreciated may be gathered from the fact that the movement in question was redemanded. With the *finale* of *Lorelei* before him, nevertheless, Mr. Mellon did wisely in withholding compliance, and resting content with the unanimous applause elicited. In this colossal piece—a splendid pledge of the dramatic genius of its composer, and of the triumphs he was likely to achieve had he been spared to labour for the stage as earnestly as he laboured for the choir, the orchestra, and the chamber—all concerned won laurels. Band, chorus, principal singer, and conductor, were alike assiduous in their duties, and with the like result. It was the last performance, and also the best, in a concert where everything was good. Never were the solos of Leonora—who devotes herself to the spirits of the Rhine in order to acquire the means of being avenged on a fickle lover (a Leonora promising to rival the still incomparable Leonora of Beethoven)—declaimed with more fire and vigour than by Miss Parepa, who (as everybody might have concluded) has just the voice for the part, and (as everybody might not have concluded) a true and forcible conception of it. The audience were so delighted that, without awaiting the final notes, they burst into such a storm of applause as almost drowned in its vehemence the united efforts of the voices and instruments, which go on accumulating power and grandeur to the climax.

The "Volunteer Night" was given on Monday, under distinguished patronage, and attracted an immense audience. There was a fair sprinkling of the grey-coated confraternity in the reserved seats and promenade, and the appearance of uniforms among the ranks of the orchestra had a very novel appearance. The programme embraced the overtures to the *Siege of Corinth* and *Fra Diavolo*, the funeral march from the *Eroica* symphony, grand selection from *Guillaume Tell*, Jullien's quadrille, "The Campbell's are coming," and his "Last Waltz," and a new volunteer song, entitled, "Let any man with heart and soul," by Mr. Alfred Mellon. The audience was extremely enthusiastic, and when Mr. Wilbye Cooper came forward in the well-known uniform of the 38th Middlesex Artists' to sing Mr. Mellon's new volunteer song, the excitement was boundless, not without cause indeed, since the composition is full of martial ardour and was capitally sung. Jullien's quadrille, too—one of his most enlivening dance compositions—was received with thunders of applause, and No. 4 figure encored. Mr. Thomas Harper performed "The Soldier Tired," on the trumpet—a perfectly marvellous piece of execution —and was compelled to repeat it. Mlle. Parepa added to the attraction by some vocal performances. So attractive was the "Volunteer Performance," that the entire of the programme was repeated on Tuesday. The "Mendelssohn night" was repeated on Thursday.

Last night the *Messiah* was announced to be performed, the principal characters to be sustained by Mlle. Parepa, Miss Augusta Thomson, Mad. Laura Baxter, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Thomas.

MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE REV. DR. COLERIDGE.—At the west end of Exeter Cathedral has been erected, by subscription, a beautiful stained window to the memory of the late Dr. Coleridge, prebendary of Exeter, and formerly vicar of Kenwyn and of Lawhitton, in this county. It bears the following inscription:—*In memoriam viri Rev. James Duke Coleridge, D.C.L., Prebendarii Procuratoris. Obit.* 1857.

JULLIEN—MELLON—GALITZIN.

(From the *Weekly Dispatch.*)

POOR JULLIEN!—whenever the bill is first beheld of the new enterprise in Covent Garden, this will be the exclamation of every candid lover of music. Now he is gone we can do him justice. Remoteness seems to be essentially a condition of just criticism. Not but that M. Jullien managed, in the twenty years he was among us, very effectually to live down the solemn sneering he first encountered. There was a traditional dulness in our orchestras, which had so long been considered dignity, that when the little Frenchman presumed to outrage it in his appearance and vivacity, as a matter of course, he was called a quack. There was also something so strange and irregular in the novel resources he employed to give character and vigour to some of his dance music —his pistol-shots and whip-crackings, his gongs and orchestral shoutings—when his musicians seemed to grow envious of the glory of their instruments, and suddenly break in for a share, that among the dignified and somnolent of our musical cognoscenti, he was a charlatan forthwith. But all this was so much smoke—thin and transparent enough, it is true—that was sent up wreathing, to excite attention. People soon began to see that under it was flame! It was discovered after a time that this much scoffed at *entrepreneur* was not merely a being composed of a white waistcoat, striking gestures, startling pistol-shots and gongs, and a rather poetic style of literature. Year by year the fact came out that he had a purpose in him and a growth. As he found a public, he furnished music. He fed taste, he did not deprave it. He began by simply giving the world a round of polkas and quadrilles; he ended by presenting it with nights devoted to Beethoven and Mozart. He commenced with attacking the senses, he finished with entering the soul. His whole career had a progressive character, that gives us fair grounds to suppose he contemplated from the first a gradual improvement of the public taste. His very outset seems to show this. He started with giving expansion to the conception of Musard. With the latter arose the notion of addressing music to the million, which, however light and exciting, should be enjoyed for itself alone. With the former this idea expanded into a scheme for elevating the music, till at length it was of a character to refine as well as delight. That M. Jullien, in carrying it out, sensibly aided in the spread of a musical taste among us, it would be perfectly futile to deny. The art history of our time cannot fail to acknowledge the service rendered by such a means as he presented, in its cheapness, excellence, and freeeom, to the gradual diffusion of an improved taste among the million. We can look back, then, with respect to the career of our lost musician, and readily excuse his eccentricities in the presence of his achievements.

Where M. Jullien left his project, Mr. Mellon takes it up. Starting from the platform, as they say in America, of an advanced public appreciation, he has it in his power, it seems to us, to carry out the scheme to its utmost possible results. He can not only give us single nights, but important selections from the best masters, which, combined with good performances, both vocal and instrumental, of the first talent in the country, would gradually expand these concerts into a sort of Philharmonic for the masses. If few will deny this as a great end, as few will be found we are inclined to think, to question the capacity of Mr. Mellon to achieve it. A thorough musician and a good composer, he is perfectly conversant with all the music that is best adapted to his purpose, whilst his long experience as a conductor, both in concert-rooms and theatres, supplies him with the special faculty of conveying his selections in the best form. He has the further advantage of youth, which can combine with art and knowledge the vigour that is so essential both to inspire effort and to sustain it.

It is not to be disguised, however, that such a project demands a certain talent for management as well as musical direction. And we are happy to see that Mr. Mellon is not wanting in indications of capacity in that quarter. He retains, in the first place, the services of the Covent Garden band and chorus, the very first in Europe. He selects for his locality the Floral Hall, and he associates with his enterprise the illustrious name of Prince Galitzin—a nobleman who may be instanced as one of the most striking social phenomena of our time. We had lately occasion to comment on the present

age as one of wonders, and we might here adduce a proof that would of itself sustain our statement. Here is a Russian nobleman of such liberal sympathies that he raises funds for Garibaldi, and of such devotion to the cause of music that he is willing to become a public performer, in order to convey to the English public a just sense of Sclavonic genius. Such a fact alone stamps this enterprise with great distinction; and we need not say that, so inaugurated, the Floral Hall Concerts, which propose rather to develope than to resuscitate those of M. Jullien, commenced their essay on Monday evening, with no ordinary success. The performance may be said to have consisted of four distinct features—its orchestral playing—its solo playing—its part singing—and its Russian music. Of these it cannot surprise that the last was the great attraction; and it is only justice to it to say that it deserved the interest it excited. Prince Galitzin's valse and polka, essentially Sclavonic in their character, had a vigour and variety that rendered them quite as enjoyable as they were interesting nationally. The "Sanctus," by Bortniansky, was a very able composition; and the gay finale to the Russian opera, which was also the finale to the concert, was as commendable for its dramatic spirit as its instrumental force and skill.

THE MECHANIC TO HIS SWEETHEART.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

I know that my hands may be hard and rough,
That my cheek may be wan and pale,
But my heart is made of a good sound stuff
That never will falter or fail;
And though in the world with my mates I stand,
To share in the battle of life,
I take thee, my girl, by thy dainty hand,
As my own, my bonny sweet wife.

Though never a jewelled wreath may span
The curls on thy beautiful brow,
I'll pledge thee my heart and troth as a man,
And love thee for ever as now;
And though the bright dreams of love's sunny prime
Too often the future belie,
The steep hill of life together we'll climb,
And conquer our fate,—thou and I!

My coat may be poor, my words be but few,
Yet there's never an ermin'd king
Can offer his Queen a present more true
Than mine of a heart and a ring;
That tiny gold link with which we may bind
Our fortunes in one common bond,
And rear us a home where happiness shrin'd
May dwell with affection most fond.

What more would we seek? What more would we have?
What more could fair Nature bestow?
If, of all her gifts, we ventured to crave
The richest that mortals might know.
For aye, dearest girl, shall our wedded love
Flash—star-like—a-top of our life;
And never will I a base traitor prove
To my Heart, my Home, or my Wife!

LADY ORGANISTS.

[We have been requested to publish the subjoined statement.—ED.]

A YOUNG lady of talent, who has produced several musical compositions, and having a reputation for ability, good character and conduct, has recently been dismissed from her situation as organist at a well attended District Church, after applying for increase of salary. This lady was educated for the profession under a musician of high repute. Her first appointment was at a Chapel of Ease about seven miles from London, at a salary of £20 a year. Here she continued for four years, respected by the congregation, and kindly treated by the clergymen. However, finding the distance (nine miles from her residence) was inconvenient, she retired, and obtained an organ at a District Church, newly erected, and nearer to her home. At this latter place she has also remained four years, and during that time has been subjected to much mortification, unusual interference, and harsh treatment.

The services, added to the practising of a choir and instructing the children, necessitate 228 attendances in the year, for £20, or 1*s.* 9*d.* each attendance, and occupy a large portion of the organist's time.

The church is, in commercial phrase, a "paying concern," and the incumbency profitable. Some short time since the organist made respectful application to the incumbent and the churchwardens for an increase of salary. The result has been a dismissal and notice to leave from the incumbent, of his own "hoc volo sic jubeo." His power to dismiss an organist paid by the wardens out of church expenses' fund, and one who had given no just cause for removal, is doubted, but will not be contested.

The organist will submit. Nevertheless, in most cases, and, even where the ruling powers are desirous of getting rid of the organist, it is customary to give the party an opportunity of obtaining another situation, and of resigning. Not so in this case. Twenty pounds a year, with a chance of a little teaching, yields but a poor income for a lady's maintenance; and there is much praise due to this class of the under-paid for reserve and delicacy in not wishing their trials and humiliations to be paraded before the public. In this rank stands the young lady in question, and it is to be hoped that her friends will recommend her as a teacher of music and singing, for which she is said to be highly competent.

In the mean time, the subject of church organists and their pay deserves inquiry and consideration.

GRISI AND MARIO.—A few days since, our contemporary, the *Globe*, gave a flat denial to the report that Grisi and Mario were engaged by Mr. E. T. Smith, for Her Majesty's Theatre, next season. Subsequently our contemporary makes a retractation of its denial, and acknowledges that there is some foundation for the rumour.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The performances under the Pyne and Harrison management commence in October with Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*—the great success of last season. The first novelty will be the production of Wagner's *Tannhauser* in English; the second, a new opera by Mr. Balfe. It is reported—but we cannot give the report credence—that the performances of English operas will be alternative with Italian operas, for which Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini have been engaged as principal singers.

EASTERN OPERA HOUSE, PAVILION THEATRE.—If few doubted the energy and enterprise of Mr. John Douglas—manager of the Royal Standard and Pavilion Theatres, and great musical and dramatic caterer for the east end of London—none were prepared for the introduction of *bonâ fide* Italian opera into the *bourgeois* regions of Whitechapel. Mr. Douglas, however, is too cunning to make so lofty an appeal all at once to the tastes and sympathies of his oriental audience; he knew better, and in place of commencing with unadulterated Italian opera, gave them a foretaste, on the opening night, of his Ansonian entertainments, by the performance of *Norma* in English. In short, to speak plainly, Mr. Douglas has opened his season at the Pavilion Theatre with English and Italian opera alternated, and has provided a numerous, and, in some respects admirable vocal company, with a tolerable band, under the direction of Mr. Isaacson, formerly conductor of the Princess's Theatre, and an efficient chorus.

The theatre has been newly painted and redecorated, and sundry private boxes affixed, to give the interior the veritable operatic air. The house is extremely handsome and commodious, and is well adapted for musical purposes. The company, we have said, is numerous. Mad. Lancia is the *prima donna assoluta*, and Miss Leng the *seconda donna*. Others are announced to appear in due season. As yet these two ladies have had all the leading

business to themselves. The tenors who have already sung, are Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. W. Parkinson, and Signor Giuletti; the first two in English, the last in Italian opera. The new speculation commenced on Saturday with *Norma*, Mad. Lancia, of course, sustaining the part of the hapless Druid priestess; Mr. Augustus Braham that of Pollio; Miss Leng, Adalgisa; and Mr. Rosenthal, Aroveso. Of Mad. Lancia the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD have already heard something. In April, 1858, our own correspondent at Turin wrote us a flaming account of the *début* of Mad. Lancia, an English lady — then only seventeen years of age — in the *Barbière*. Our correspondent wrote evidently under the influence of much excitement. It was certain, however, that the young lady had made a great hit. Mad. Lancia came to London the same summer, but did not create a profound sensation in the concert room. She then went on a starring tour to the provinces, and was very successful both in Italian and English opera. In Dublin and Edinburgh, more especially, she grew into high favour, and some of the local journals attempted to establish comparisons between her and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mlle. Piccolomini, all of which went to assert the superiority of Mad. Lancia. We believe the fair artist also performed last year in a series of operas at the Surrey Theatre. We have now heard Mlle. Lancia twice within the week in *Norma*, and can speak with some confidence as to her powers and capabilities. If style and method alone were to constitute a great singer, Mad. Lancia would, unquestionably, be one of the greatest before the public. Her mode of producing the voice is most admirable, and has evidently been derived from the best Italian teaching. Her voice, a real soprano, is neither particularly full nor sound in quality, nor has it yet attained weight to adapt it to the performance of grand parts like Norma. It is, nevertheless, a most telling voice, extremely sympathetic, and always full of meaning. When we add that Mad. Lancia — at least as far as we were enabled to judge from two trying performances — invariably sings in tune, it will be acknowledged that the lady's vocal excellences are by no means inconsiderable. Of her merits as an actress we can speak with no less assurance. She is certainly deficient in largeness of style, and wants breadth and power for high tragic parts, as may be easily surmised, considering her youth and her size, which is somewhat *petite*. Her conception of the character, nevertheless, is wonderfully true to nature, is striking, and at times even powerful. Moreover, the lady has great earnestness and feeling, and is as graceful as a fawn. We saw nothing in the whole performance, indeed, which did not please us infinitely, and much which surprised no less than delighted us. Weighing the lady in the scale of our critical consideration, we have no hesitation in saying that she is the best dramatic vocalist we have had on the English stage since Adelaide Kemble. Mad. Lancia is extremely young, and has many things to learn, but that she is destined at this moment to become a great artist is our firm conviction. The Pollio of the first night was Mr. Augustus Braham, who sang the music with much vigour and like a practised artist. The performance of *Pollio*, however, it seems, is alternated by Mr. Augustus Braham and Mr. W. Parkinson, the meaning of which entirely escapes our comprehension, more especially as Mr. Parkinson does not know a note of the music, and could not sing it if he did. Mr. Parkinson has been put into *Pollio*, we may suppose, for no other reason than that he is a great favourite with the public in the locality. Luckily for Mr. Parkinson, the audience on Thursday night was innocent of Count Pepoli's book and Bellini's music. Miss Leng, who played Adalgisa, has a good voice and a vicious style. If she could get rid of her vicious style, her good voice might be turned to considerable advantage. *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in Italian, was performed on Tuesday with Mad. Lancia as Lucy; a new tenor, Signor Giuletti, as Edgardo; and Signor Onorati as Enrico. All we can say of this performance is, that the tenor was no hit. Many operas are in preparation for Mad. Lancia, who, as may be imagined, is becoming better understood and appreciated every successive night. *La Sonnambula* is announced for to-night; *Linda di Chamouni* and *Martha* are being rehearsed. In the meanwhile, it behoves Mr. Douglas to be more careful of his *prima donna*. Singing every night in the week operas like *Norma* and *Lucia* would endanger the constitutions of even Grisi or Titiens.

The Theatres.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The revival of Mr. Boutcicault's drama, *Janet Pride*, is a judicious step on the part of the Adelphi management. At the old theatre, where most of the plays that constituted the type of what was called a "real Adelphi piece" had been acted so often that the public was familiarised not only with the several plots, but with every incident and every joke, *Janet Pride* appeared as a new specimen of the class, with every attribute by which the old successes had been achieved. A strong domestic interest, situations that with small need of elucidating dialogue appeal at once to the eye, a number of leading personages large above the average, and a good comic character — these are the elements that from early days have obtained the patronage of an enormous public, and they are all to be found in *Janet Pride*. The character of Richard Pride, first the drunkard of humble life, then the fearless bushranger, and, finally, the London scamp aping gentility, has always remained fresh in the memory as one of Mr. Webster's most striking creations, and the fact that he resumes it now is sufficient to render the piece attractive. The drunken scene, as of old, is the most effective connected with the part. That peculiar kind of inebriety that does not arise from any conviviality of disposition, but from a dogged resolution to drown unhappy thoughts, is delineated with wonderful truth in its various oscillations between surly brutality and maudlin grief. The part of Janet Pride is new to Miss Woolgar (Mrs. A. Mellon), who never acted more finely than as this heroine of humble life. The airs of the town-bred coquette, who is most severe in the discharge of her household duties, and most pertinacious in tormenting her lover, while she dotes on him from the depth of her heart, are as natural as possible, and nothing could be more forcible than her passionate appeal to the Court, during the trial scene in the last act. It is a great merit of Miss Woolgar's delineation that even in the most pathetic moments, she never forgets the station of the character. She is still the woman of humble life,—the same whose plebeian style of coquetry has, half-an-hour before, provoked the laughter of the audience. The enamoured Dicky Trotter, violent in all the emotions of love, joy, and grief, to such a degree that he is comic even when heart-broken, is played with free, genuine humour by Mr. J. L. Toole, whose efficiency as a leading low comedian seems constantly increasing. Mr. Selby, excellent as the old French watchmaker, which is one of his best characters, and Mr. Paul Bedford as the ruffian of the Australian bush, with a song of the Blueskin school, are, of course, welcome apparitions.

ST. JAMES'S.—After a series of benefit performances, the St. James's Theatre has launched itself into a regular "summer season." The programme is of a somewhat varying character, as far as the earlier portion of the evening's amusement is concerned, but there is a permanent attraction in Mr. Planché's excellent burlesque, *Fortunio*, which has been produced with no small degree of care. Miss Clara St. Casse is the smartest and most dapper of knight-adventurers, deporting herself with the most amusing confidence, and singing to the best purpose; and Mr. Joseph Robins abounds in grotesque "fun" as the terrible Emperor, who bullies everybody and finds such constant difficulty in keeping his imperial word. A good chorus and an excellent *corps de ballet* also do good service to the burlesque.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.—(*From the Times.*)—The hippopotamus in the Regent's Park is so fond of concealing every part of its person save its extremely ugly face, which usually appears on the surface of the water, like an ill-favoured bubble, that the public may fairly welcome a specimen of the rare genus forced to abide on dry land, and consequently to take that direction of its amphibious nature which it seems most anxious to avoid. A hippopotamus placed under these circumstances is now exhibited at the Alhambra Palace, where its slow walk round the arena contrasts wonderfully with the rapid feats of the Brotners Berri, likewise amphibious beings, inasmuch as they divide their existence between earth and air. It is not too much to say that the tame hippopotamus in Leicester Square is one of the tardiest creatures ever witnessed. The surprise it occasions is precisely the reverse of that which was expressed by the Indian who saw bottled stout opened for the first time, and declared that his admiration was caused, not by the escape of the foaming liquor, but by his reflections on the immense difficulty that must have accompanied its incarceration. We are not so much surprised by the tameness of the animal as we are puzzled to imagine how a creature, raised to such an infinite power of piggishness, could ever have been wild. As some peoples seem

to have been fitted by nature for constitutional government, so does the hippopotamus seem to fall with the greatest facility into that peculiar kind of civilisation which consists in doing nothing. If we may apply to virtues the categories which are commonly applied to sins, we may say that those of the hippopotamus are all of omission. It is admirable, not for what it does, but for what it leaves undone. It allows a bulky gentleman of colour to thrust his head into its mouth without attempting his decapitation; it permits him also to ride on its back without trying to throw him off; nay, it listens to a comic song sung in its honour by Mr. Tom Matthews, and, though the pleasantry is somewhat of the dullest, it does not give the least sign of impatience. Altogether an exceedingly docile and well-mannered beast.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—For the forthcoming season, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. Lambert (from Australia), Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mrs. and Miss Stirling are engaged, and will form part of Mr. E. T. Smith's company, to appear in a new drama from the pen of Mr. Thomas Taylor. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean perform here early in February, to be followed by Mr. Gustavus Brooke.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. F. Strange was fortunate in hitting upon one of the finest days of the entire summer for his annual benefit, which took place on Thursday. The entertainments, as last year, were of a novel and various description, including a concert by popular artists, with songs by the "inimitable" Mackney and the more imitable Sam Collins, performances by the band of the Coldstream Guards, racing on the cricket-ground, balloon race, display of the whole series of the great fountains, stick-play, boxing, high jumping, putting the stones, the broad-sword exercise by the Second Life Guards, ventriloquism, organ performance, Sinclair's magic, and magnificent fireworks. The Concert took place at two o'clock in the new concert-room, under the direction of Mr. Manns. Every seat was filled. The singers were Miss Emily Gresham, Miss Leffler, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Jane Palmer, Mrs. Lee, Messrs. George Tedder, L. Thomas, F. Scotson Clarke, and Montgomery. Miss Emily Gresham was encored in the air from *Lurline*, "Take this cup of sparkling wine," and "Coming through the rye,"—the last not accepted—Miss Leffler, in "The Skipper and his Boy;" and Miss Rebecca Isaacs in "Logie o' Buchan." The visitors numbered between 16,000 and 17,000.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—On Monday week there was a general rehearsal of the principals at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Mr. Benedict's *Undine* was gone through, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss sustaining the solo parts in it. Incomplete as such a performance must necessarily be, we are still enabled, even from this very inadequate development of its merits, to give an estimate of the value of this production as a work of art, and that estimate we are happy to say, is of an unequivocally favourable character. The main design, and the constituent ideas, as well as all that pertains to practical elaboration, give token of high musical genius, no less than of consummate skill in the nice adjustment of instruments, and the artistic production of effects. Herr Molique's *Abraham* has also had a trial, but without the solo singers. Mr. Benedict went to Norwich on the 22nd, for the purpose of conducting rehearsals of the local band and chorus. He remained a week, and was present at four rehearsals—of *Abraham*, the *Last Judgment*, the *Dettingen* "Te Deum," and *Undine*, *Armida*, and the *May Queen*.

CHELSEA (*From a Correspondent*).—On the 16th inst. (August), a concert was given in the Oakley Assembly Rooms "for the benefit of a Professor of Music in adverse circumstances," for which occasion the services of the following artistes were kindly given:—Miss Clari Fraser, Mrs. Robert Paget, Mr. George Tedder, Mr. Kenny, and Mr. Alexander Thornley, assisted by the Chelsea Glee Club. Solo, Pianoforte, Miss Ward; accompanist, Mr. H. Parker. Conductor, Mr. John Davis. An excellent programme was provided, and the artists acquitted themselves in a manner which elicited well-merited applause and many encores. Mr. Alexander Thornley, a new bass, possessing a voice of excellent quality, sang "I am a roamer," at once effectively and correct. The programme contained the following favourite Glees by Martin:—"Auld Lang Syne," "Haste ye soft gales," "The Evening Star," "Our Saxon Fathers," which were well rendered. There was a good attendance, and we doubt not a satisfactory pecuniary result; and much credit is due to Mr. Lane, the promoter of the concert, for his laudable exertions in the cause, as well as for his valuable assistance in the vocal department (his voice being a capable alto).

MR. AND MRS. BOURCICAULT have returned from Paris. A new piece by Mr. Bourcicault is now in active rehearsal, under his immediate superintendence, at the Adelphi Theatre.

MEYERBEER is taking the waters, not at Spa, but at Schwalbach.

Mr. HOWARD PAUL gave his entertainment on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the Lying-in-Hospital, Birmingham, and has handed over a handsome sum to that institution.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE ORGANIST OF LEEDS TOWNHALL.

Tenbury, May 8, 1860.

I have great pleasure in stating my conviction that of all persons I know Mr. Wm. Spark is the most fitted for the post of organist of the townhall at Leeds; for no one has so many opportunities as he has had of making himself thoroughly master of all the many and complicated resources and splendid musical effects which are the characteristic features of that magnificent instrument, in the handling of which he has proved himself so successful an adept. I should be truly sorry to hear that the post in question had fallen into other hands, for I retain a vivid and delightful recollection of the judicious and talented way in which Mr. Spark showed off the various beauties of the townhall organ when I visited it last winter, and I am quite sure it would be difficult, if not impossible, to do better justice to it, and very full of risk to entrust it to other and less experienced performers.

I therefore cordially wish Mr. Spark all success.

FREDERICK GORE OUSELEY,
Prof. Mus., Oxon., and Precentor of Hereford.

DEATH OF FLEXMORE, THE CLOWN.—The pantomime-loving public will learn with regret that Mr. Richard Flexmore, the well-known clown, died on Monday night, of atrophy, at his residence, Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Flexmore may be said to have commenced life as a pantomimist, for at the early age of eleven years he made his first appearance at a small theatre which then existed at Chelsea, in a fantastic piece called *The Man in the Moon*. He danced very effectively a burlesque shadow dance. He subsequently became a pupil of Mr. Frampton, and showed great aptitude for stage business in his own peculiar line. He was especially celebrated for his close and natural imitation, *à la Clown*, of the leading terpsichoreans of the day, such as Perrot, Carlotta Grisi, Taglioni, Cerito, &c., and in these imitations none laughed more heartily or enjoyed them more than the originals who happened to witness them. He married Mlle. Auriol, and both himself and his wife, who survives him, became great favourites with the public. His last appearance before the public was for a benefit at the Surrey Theatre, either in March or April.—*Express*.

THEATRICALS IN NEW YORK.—It is only natural that we should take an interest in the dramatic progress of our Anglo-Saxon brethren on the western edge of the Atlantic; and it is observable, as we look over the columns of the New York journals, that in spite of the very large admixture of the German and the French element in the population, there is still a vast affinity with what may be considered *thoroughly* English tastes. Some, indeed, trench even upon the floor of the "Nursery;" for at Niblo's Garden, New York, and in one of their finest theatres, *Blue Beard* some time since was drawing crowded audiences—a Mr. Nixon,

the lessee, having "mounted" this mediæval legend with unusual splendour. The number of ladies who thronged to this spectacular exhibition is very great—a fact for which it is not easy to account, seeing that the hero is one of the least sufferable of domestic tyrants. Let us, however, charitably attribute their curiosity to pity for his victims. At the theatre called after, and belonging to, Miss Laura Keene, a higher quality of dramatic performance has been the staple—resembling in some sort that of our own Adelphi. The recent season was exceedingly successful. The name of Wallack revives many associations with the dramatic past of London; but the old English favourite has become thoroughly Americanised as the proprietor of the popular theatre under his name in New York—a theatre in which there is said to exist a wonderful perfection of *mise-en-scène*. The Bowery is another favourite place of resort, though not so fashionable as those before named, and we can hardly institute a comparison between it and any London establishment. Something between the Folies Dramatiques of Paris and the London Lyceum, will perhaps give the best notion of it. This, as well as the New Bowery, possesses some clever comedians, one of them, a Mrs. Allen, very pretty and accomplished, being the star at the former establishment. But we must not forget that the New Yorkists are proud of their Opera, and that they lavish large sums upon their Academy of Music. For the most part they have not recently been fortunate in assembling first-rate talent at this grand establishment, although the temptation to cross the Atlantic is sufficiently great as far as emolument is concerned. At the present time, one young lady who appears to be almost as much American as Italian, takes the lead, and is decidedly the "Pet of the Public"—we allude to Mlle. Angelica Patti. Our republican friends are not so easily pleased by names as many imagine. Nay, although they extend much toleration to singers, who would here be classed only as fourth-rate, they cannot, and do not, forgot the comparisons they have been enabled to institute with a Lind, a Grisi, an Alboni, or a Bosio (whom, by the way, they were the first to appreciate).

DISCOVERY OF OLD MUSIC.—The Minister of Public Instruction in Modena, having been informed that there existed some pieces of music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, mice-gnawn and worm-eaten, in the Palatine Library, and that another collection equally valuable was stored in the National Palace, has ordered them to be put together and preserved. M. Angelo Catelani, master of the Cathedral Chapel and conservator of the library, much experienced in bibliography and musical literature, has been recently ordered by the Government to draw up a catalogue of these musical works, among which are many of the famed Stradella, many having been never published. This catalogue, accompanied by biographic, bibliographic, and historic notes, is to be published to the world.—*Builder*.

HOOD'S JOKES ON HIMSELF. — The very fingers, so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly at "the ills that flesh is heir to;" my coats have become great-coats, my pantaloons are turned into trousers, and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemehl's I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am of a bad colour with very little body. I am working nevertheless, with pen and pencil, in spite of the M.D.'s, who ordered me to do nothing; but I found it so hard to do I preferred writing and drawing. Besides which, for all my ill-lookingness, there is one man coming to draw me, another to model me, as if I were fat enough to *bust*. Luckily, I am capital at sitting just now, and not bad at lying; as to walking or standing, I am as feeble almost as a baby on my pins, which, by the way, have dwindled into needles. — *Memoirs of Hood*.

THE SUBJECTIVE AND THE OBJECTIVE.—*Othello* is perhaps the greatest work in the world. From what does it derive its power? From the clouds? From the ocean? From the mountains? Or from love strong as death, and jealousy cruel as the grave? What is it that we go forth to see in "Hamlet?" Is it a reed shaken with the wind? A small celandine? A bed of daffodils? Or is it to contemplate a mighty and wayward mind laid bare before us to the inmost recesses? It may perhaps be doubted whether the lakes and the hills are better fitted for the education of a poet than the dusky streets of a huge capital. Indeed, who is not tired to death with pure description of scenery? Is it not the fact, that external objects never strongly excite our feeling but when they are contemplated in reference to man, as illustrating his destiny, or as influencing his character.—*Macaulay*.

ANTIQUITY OF CARDS. — In Hindostan, the tradition is, that cards were known in that country at a remote period, — upwards of a thousand years ago; but I have not been able to learn that they are mentioned in any Hindostanee work of an early date; and I am informed, on the authority of the Sanscrit professor at Oxford, that there is no Sanscrit word for playing-cards. This last fact is, however, of but little weight as negative evidence of cards being unknown in Hindostan a thousand years ago; for long before that time, Sanscrit had become obsolete as a vernacular language. In China, if any credit can be attached to the two dictionaries, or rather cyclopædias, of the greatest authority in that country, "dotted cards" were invented in 1120, in the reign of Seun-ho, and began to be common in the reign of Kaoutsang, who ascended the throne in 1131. Cards—*carte*—are mentioned in an Italian work, said to have been composed by Sandro di Pipozzo, in 1299; but as the MS. is not of an earlier date than 1400, there is good reason for concluding the word to be an interpolation, seeing that in several works in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, which had been cited to show that cards were then known in Europe, it has been discovered that the term cards was an interpolation introduced at a later period by a transcriber. The author of the "Güldin Spil," a work written about the middle of the fifteenth century, and printed at Ansburg, in 1472, says that he had read that the game of cards was first brought into Germany in 1300. No fact, however, confirmatory of the correctness of this account, has been discovered; and the omission of all notice of cards by European authors of the earlier half of the fourteenth century, even when expressly treating of the games in vogue at that period, may be received as good negative evidence of their not being then known as a popular game in Europe: "*De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*" Admitting cards to be of eastern invention, it would seem that they first became known in Europe, as a popular game, between 1360 and 1390. Covelluzzo, an Italian chronicler of the fifteenth century, says, that the game was first brought into Viterbo in 1379; in 1393, three packs of cards were painted by Jacquesim Gringonneur, for the amusement of Charles VI. of France; in 1397, the working people of Paris were forbid to play at cards on working days; and, in the same year, card playing was prohibited by the magistrates of Ulm. Such are the principal facts relative to the introduction of cards into Europe. The game appears to have been rapidly spread amongst all classes of people. The manufacture of cards was a regular business in Germany and Italy prior to 1425; the importation of foreign cards into England was prohibited by act of parliament in 1463; and about 1484, cards, as at present, was a common Christmas game.—*Chatto's History of Playing Cards*.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND HIS EAR TRUMPETS.—Sir Martin used to relate, what struck him as a singular fact in reference to the President's deafness — an infirmity which, as is well-known, compelled, or suggested, in his case, the constant use of an ear trumpet. While at breakfast, and during the long-protracted interview which accompanied and followed that meal, the conversation with his visitors was carried on in the ordinary tone, without any assistance from the acoustic tube, or any indication of imperfect hearing on the part of Sir Joshua. During the morning, however, they were not unfrequently interrupted by the entrance of a servant, with a message or some communication that required his master's attention and oral reply; and on each of such occasions the appearance of a third person was the signal for the President to snatch up his trumpet and resume a look of anxious inquiry and uncertain comprehension befitting the real or supposed defect of his auricular powers.—*Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee*.

A POSSIBLE CONSTRUCTION.—Abernethy once said to a rich but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption, "Let your servant bring to you three or four pails of water and put it into a washtub; take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well with soap and a rough towel, and you'll recover." "This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "it may be open to such a construction."

MACAULAY AND MRS. BEECHER STOWE. — Nothwithstanding Macaulay's reputation for conversational power, he appears to have uttered few *bon mots*, to have made few conversational points which are repeated and remembered. One of the very few good stories current of him is the following: It is said that he met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles

Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakspeare. "Which of his characters do you like the best?" said he. "Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man."—*Once a Week.*

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VOL. 38—No. 36 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860 PRICE {4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped}

ROYAL ACADEMY of MUSIC.—The Michaelmas Term commences on Monday, September 17th, 1860. Candidates for admission must attend at the Institution for Examination by the Board of Professors, on Saturday, the 15th inst., at One o'clock.

By Order of the Committee of Management,
J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
1 Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, September 5, 1860.

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F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—SOCIETY of BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The Committee have the gratification to announce that the valuable Library has miraculously escaped destruction by the late Fire, and will be Re-opened to the Members and Associates as soon as arrangements can be made, of which due notice will be given.

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ELLIOT GALER'S NEW SONGS, composed expressly for him by W. MEYER LUTZ, are just published, viz.:—"Under the Linden Tree" and "Merry little Maud," price 2s. 6d. each, by Duncan Davison and Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

Reviews.

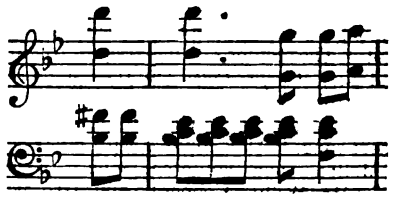
SOME pieces signed by an unfamiliar name—Anton Rée—have sufficient cleverness combined with musical feeling to atone in a great measure for their want of originality, amid other shortcomings. Published at Kiöbenhavn (Copenhagen), we are unable to explain in what manner they found their way into the fish-pond we have recently begun to explore. At the same time, minnows though they be, we are glad to look at them. The least pretending, though not the least pretty, are three dance pieces (Op. 11)—"*Ecossaise*," "*Polska*," and "*Bolero*." Of these the most spirited and characteristic is the "*Bolero*." The "*Ecossaise*" has not a vestige of Scottish character; but the "*Polska*" (the name of a Swedish National dance in *three-four* measure—not a bit like its near namesake, the *Polka*) is quaint and charming. "*Deux Morceaux de Piano*" (Op. 10) though infinitely more pretending than the foregoing, are not so satisfactory. "*La Plainte*" is an *andante*; "*La Joie*" is an *allegro*; both "*Plainte*" and "*Joie*" consisting of a sort of hash of Sterndale Bennett, the latter seasoned here and there with sauce *à la* Dussek. It is difficult to describe these pieces; but in looking them over, one can hardly get rid of the feeling that something of Sterndale Bennett is going on not exactly as it should, that is, *not exactly* as Sterndale Bennett would have written it. There is a hint here of his *Allegro Grazioso* in A major; a hint there of one of his three romances (the last, in G minor); a hint elsewhere of some other piece from the same graceful pen. The exquisite finish which declares the Bennett-touch, however, is *not* in the touch of M. Rée—who, but that he publishes at "Kiöbenhavn," might have signed his name Rae, or Rea, or Ray, or Wray, or (for a trifle) Ra. "Rée" though he be, he is well acquainted with our own Sterndale; and also has a sly hankering for Dussek's *Elegy* (Op. 61—on Prince Ferdinand), the last movement of which—with the famous syncopations—he has unblushingly parodied in page 10 (*La Joie*). "Unblushingly," we have said; nay—terrifically. A set of *Cadences* for Mozart's great pianoforte concerto in D minor—three in number—might have elicited unqualified praise as improvisations, or extempore productions; but (we submit it with deference) were scarcely worth publishing. The first (for the first movement) begins with a sort of parody of the "freakish" passage that runs through the *finale* of Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in F sharp major. In another place a fragment of Mozart's second subject is forced into wedlock with the accompaniment to a chorus in Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* (in E flat). Decidedly Herr (Mons.?—Gospadin?—Mynheer?) Rée is not original. Cadence No. 2—for the same movement—has some bold (if not always exemplary) strokes, and is more to our liking than Cadence No. 1; the hint at another "freakish" passage in the slow movement of Mozart's own symphony in E flat being less open to criticism than the parody of Beethoven already cited. Cadence No. 3 (for the last movement of the concerto) is by much the weakest of the set, and contains, moreover (page 8), an attempt at *canon* on the fifth above, in which the keys of D minor and A minor are so clumsily alternated as to produce an effect infinitely more disagreeable than musical.

"*Une petite Fleur*," for the pianoforte, by Charles Lüders, Op. 48 (Chappell and Co.), could hardly have been more fitly designated. A little flower it is, and no mistake. Moreover (an evident advantage) its fragrance is at the command of the majority of amateurs. Though not by any means difficult, "*Une petite Fleur*" is, on the other hand, not so easy as to be played without some practice; but the trouble will be well bestowed. It is as graceful as it is unpretending, and as well knit as it is graceful, declaring at once the taste that disdains common-place, and the ingenuity that can make what is simple at the same time interesting. Mr. Lüders should manufacture a few more such "little flowers." They are worth the pains.

We had got away from the fish-pond. To return to it, however; here is a minnow, or rather a stickleback, for in one place (page 2—line 3, bar 3, as far as line 4, bar 3) it decidedly sticks, or stickles. This is a setting of a smooth translation (by Mr. W. Anderson) of Beranger's "*Oiseau*." The melody begins well and progresses well, until the point in question is reached. Here the key of B minor comes very uncomfortably, just after a *six, five, three* on D sharp has brought us into E major; and the uncomfortableness is not atoned for by an abrupt return to the key in which the song commences (A major)—the melody jumping up to F sharp, while the bass climbs from D to E, as if to demonstrate that a progression of consecutive fifths was not the most disagreeable in the harmonist's *index expurgatorium*.

"*The Bay of Dublin Quadrilles*"—by Wellington Guernsey (Brewer and Co.)—represent a whole globe full of glittering minnows. The view of the famous Bay itself (from Kingstown Quarries) which adorns the title-page is alone an attraction, and calculated to raise a vision of herrings, or conjure up an exposition of mackerel. But Mr. Wellington Guernsey's fish, though lively and tempting, are not of larger dimensions than properly appertains to the minnow tribe. On the other hand, all of them are extremely pretty and to the purpose. They might be served up to Terpsichore, with the Guernsey sauce, and Terpsichore not be dissatisfied. To be literal—all the figures are as taking as they are Irish, spirited, rhythmical, and (as our ferociously vivacious neighbours say) "*dansantes*." Mr. Guernsey, in short, could hardly have selected more attractive tunes or have arranged them more "convaniently. Two vigorous and excellent examples of the general treatment may be pointed out in "Kiss me, Lady" and "Dermot."

"*Still waters run deepest*," words by "Zeila"; "*Love's messenger*," ditto ditto; "*Song of the Survivor*," words by the Rev. W. Calvert (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas); are all more or less worthy the well-earned reputation of their composer, M. Francesco Berger, being—though for the most part somewhat too elaborately written—invariably melodious. In the last of the three, however—besides a transition to A flat (the key of the song being G) in the opening symphony, which being made nothing of subsequently, is (to say the least) superfluous—we note a false relation (page 1—line 3, bar 3) between G natural in the first chord (*six, three* on E) and G sharp in the next (*six, five, three* on G sharp); further on (page 2—line 2, bar 3), a dissonance, composed of a major ninth, major seventh, and major sixth, on D, most unceremoniously taken, and decidedly objectionable; and still further, one or two other discrepancies which M. Berger might with advantage reconsider. Even the simpler (if not the better) song, "*Love's Messenger*," might be improved, with less endeavour in the harmony to avoid the beaten track. This over-fastidiousness is indeed M. Berger's besetting sin. He has given way to it less manifestly in the Spohrish ballad, "*Still waters run deepest*," but even here he may be

taxed with one or two questionable backslidings. What, for instance, becomes of the F sharp on the chord of B flat in the second bar of page 2? The terrible dissonance that immediately follows (B flat, C, E flat and D—on E flat) by no means accounts for it.

We hoped we had caught some trout!

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Sept. 6, 1860.

THE long-announced comic opera in one act, *Le Docteur Mirobolan*, has at last become palpable to the sense; and after the gloom of the long dreary wet summer, brings a welcome occasion for a little wholesome laughter and enjoyment. This merry little production is founded on *Crispin Medecin*, by Hauteroche, a writer who flourished in the last century, the date of its first appearance being 1764. It is needless to describe the plot, which savours of the broadest farce, and which, in the old piece, is treated with the license peculiar to the stage of that time. Much of the fun trenches on the delicate ground which Molière almost exhausted in *Le Malade Imaginaire*, and one of the principal scenes is that in which Crispin is laid out on a table in the place of a hanged criminal whom the Docteur Mirobolan is about to dissect. The authors of the opera, MM. Cormon and Trianon, have, however, dexterously softened whatever was too excessive in this species of humour, while retaining enough of the pith and pleasantry of the original work to engender the heartiest mirth without offence to the comparative squeamishness of modern audiences. The music, by M. Eugène Gautier, is entitled to a full share of the success which the piece obtained. It is extremely dramatic, and the resources of the orchestra have been well employed by the composer. Among the more successful *morceaux* were a lively quintet, a comic duo between Conderc and Mlle. Lemercier, and a pretty little song by Conderc, who plays the Docteur Mirobolan admirably, as well he may, for the part is exactly fitted to him. Mlle. Lemercier also showed herself an actress worthy of the Théâtre Français, and might vie with the best soubrettes that have appeared in our day.

At the Grand Opéra *Le Prophète* is announced for Saturday, when Mad. Tedesco will sing the part of Fides. The performance is to be for the benefit of the pension fund of that theatre. Immediately afterwards, Mad. Tedesco and M. Niemann will place themselves at the disposal of M. Wagner for the rehearsals of *Tännhauser*. M. Obin, the excellent bass singer who lately distinguished himself in the part of Assur in *Semiramis*, is re-engaged for the ensuing season. *Apropos* of *Semiramis*, an edition of this opera is about to be published by the publishers of *Le Menestrel* in a very grand and luxurious form. It is to be adorned with two portraits of Rossini, one taken in 1820, the date of the production of *Semiramide*, by the miniature painter Mœyer; the other from a recent photograph by Numa Blanc. It is to be further illustrated by drawings executed by M. Belin, representing the principal scenes of the opera. If the material part of the work be on a level with this magnificence the result will no doubt be a very valuable discovery.

The new opera at the Opéra Comique, which is announced as forthcoming under the title of *Le Roi Barkouf*, is the same which was spoken of under the provincial title of *La Revolte dans l'Inde*. It is by MM. Scribe and Offenbach.

I was extremely amused the other day by a paragraph in a French musical journal, of which, that you may share my enjoyment, I give you the exact translation:—"The impulse given by M. Delaporte to choral music, and the recent visit of the Orpheonists to London, are bearing their fruits. *Two Choral Societies* are in full progress towards organisation. Is not this want of information and conceit incredible? Is it wonderful that a nation which can thus morally shut itself within an impenetrable Chinese wall, beyond which all is in its idea barbarian—is it wonderful that such a nation should be despot-ridden, as it always was and always will be? In the same paper, however, a little justice is done to this country in the letter of a correspondent from London, who says:—"The English nation is perhaps the only one in the universe which does not think itself the greatest musical nation, whence it follows that it possesses at the present time the best music in the world."—meaning the best musical performances. The writer, however, goes on after this to brag about his own countrymen, and how they have carried the palm in everything during the late expired season, which is simply not true, but he is obliged to bolster up his assertion by claiming a whole list of people as French who are English, Belgian, Italian, &c.

Some of the Italian papers have been amusing themselves with murdering Vieuxtemps at Stockholm by the hand of an assassin. These are the same bravos, no doubt, who aimed a deadly blow at poor Rubinstein last year, but did their work so badly that his mangled remains have been writing an opera for the court of Vienna. Why did not the bunglers finish him? As to the amiable Vieuxtemps, so scatheless has he escaped the assassin's dagger, that he has been, as I told you some weeks since, playing at Baden and at Hombourg, and was seen quite recently in Paris with not the slightest indication of the murderous attack upon him at Stockholm. The *coward* murderous is the most pitiful of the breed, and argues a terrible dearth of the imaginative faculty in the authors of his existence. I don't know whether the late announcement of another aristocratic marriage with an *artiste* is to be ranked with this sort of poultry—it is that of Mlle. Nathalie Eschborn with Prince Ernest of Wurtemburg. It is gravely stated in the papers here, but I wash my hands of all responsibility in regard to its truth.

From Brussels I am informed that the Belgian Association of Musical Artists has recently held its eleventh annual meeting, when the report of the secretary, M. Albert Delabane, was read, announcing that the capital of the society had increased from 85,000 fr. (£3,400) to 94,264 fr. (£3,770). The society is composed of ninety-eight members. The municipality of Cambrai have offered for competition the design of a new theatre, to contain from eleven to twelve thousand places within an area fifty-five metres in length by from twenty to twenty-two in breadth. There is evidently some error here in the number of seats.

The diapason reform proceeds. M. Calzado, the manager of the Italian Opera in Paris, is about to adopt it. The new instruments required to carry it into effect have been ordered and will be shortly ready. The pitch at this theatre was the highest of any in Paris, and it is said the singers will be grateful for the change. M. Calzado pays the expenses of the reform out of his own pocket. Lille has also adopted the new pitch, and here the city pays half the expenses to which the artists will be put by conforming with the alteration.

THE SAINTONS AT TOULOUSE.

(From the *Journal de Toulouse*).

Nous avons dit hier, en quelques mots rapides, que la Société chorale de Clémence-Isaure avait donné une sérénade à notre concitoyen M. Sainton. Cet hommage rendu au caractère et au talent d'un artiste de notre ville avait réuni à l'hôtel de l'Europe un grand nombre d'amis de M. Sainton.

Après l'exécution de la *Polka* de Laurent de Rillé, du *Veni Creator* de Besozzi, et du *Combat naval*, dont notre compatriote avait emporté un bon souvenir à la suite du concert qu'il donna ici, il y a dix-huit mois, M. Sainton est venu remercier les Orphéonistes et les féliciter de l'ensemble qu'ils avaient montré dans l'interprétation de ces morceaux. Aux paroles bienveillantes et flatteuses de M. Sainton, Mme. Sainton, née miss Dolby, a voulu joindre ses compliments et témoigner comme elle était sensible à l'attention de l'Orphéon toulousain. Elle ne pouvait le

faire d'une manière plus agréable qu'en se faisant entendre aux chanteurs.

Mme. Sainton s'est mise au piano avec une grâce charmante, et elle a chanté plusieurs morceaux anglais et allemands avec un style remarquable et un grand talent. Familiarisée depuis longtemps avec la belle musique d'Haydn et de Haëndel, elle interprète ces célèbres compositeurs avec le plus grand succès.

Elle n'a point ces éclats de voix que l'on entend chaque jour sur nos scènes françaises, ni les notes basses de nos *contralti* de conservatoire, sons équivoques qui n'ont de chant que le nom. Mme. Sainton-Dolby possède un organe exceptionnel, un *contralto*, comme on en trouvait à l'époque où Rossini écrivait pour ce genre de voix, d'une bonne étendue et descendant sans le moindre effort aux notes les plus graves. Elle chante avec art, avec expression, avec âme. Elle nuance chaque phrase; chaque note a une intention particulière et quelque morceau qu'elle interprète, Mme. Sainton va droit au cœur.

Nous lui avons entendu chanter plusieurs airs de Haydn, de Haëndel, des chansons populaires de Londres, deux mélodies composées *expressly* pour elle par Luders et Randegger, et à chacun de ces morceaux elle trouve le moyen d'intéresser l'auditeur; on est parfois saisi d'une douce émotion par la manière heureuse dont elle rend les plus simples idées. Elle cesse de chanter, on l'écoute encore.

On reproche à la nation anglaise un extérieur froid et compassé; on prétend que l'Angleterre ne produit pas de bons chanteurs; Mme. Sainton-Dolby est une preuve évidente du contraire: et si les Sociétés philharmoniques de Londres ont des éléments, nous ne dirons pas pareils, parce qu'on trouve rarement une organisation riche et complète comme celle de Mme. Sainton, mais des éléments que puisse seconder un si beau talent, nous comprenons l'effet que produit chez le peuple anglais les réunions musicales, si vantées, et nous regretterons de n'avoir pu connaître plus tôt une grande artiste qui unit à un si beau talent la grâce et l'affabilité les plus exquises.

PAUL DE LABURTHE.

FLORAL HALL.

THE concerts under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon had, in less than a week after their institution, taken so firm a hold of the public that their early approaching termination was a matter to be regretted, not alone by the speculator, but also by the lovers of music who, at the actual season of the year, are afforded so few opportunities in this metropolis of enjoying their favourite recreation. Since our last notice the Mendelssohn selection has been repeated, the programme (with one unimportant exception) being identical with that which conferred such unqualified satisfaction on this day fortnight. A still bolder step—that of presenting Handel's *Messiah* (the whole oratorio—allowing for those slight curtailments in the last part rendered conventional by Exeter Hall)—was followed on Friday week by a success which our neighbours "*d'outre manche*" might reasonably style "*éclatant*." The solo singers were Miss Parepa, Miss Augusta Thomson, and Mad. Laura Baxter, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Lewis Thomas—all artists of eminent merit, and for the most part thoroughly versed in the music of Handel. The performance of this immortal masterpiece, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon—who conducts an oratorio just as well as he does an opera, a symphony, an overture, or a concerto—literally enchanted an audience estimated at between 4,000 and 5,000 in number. So much for "unmusical London," at the non-musical period of the year. In any other city of the world, under the circumstances, there would, in all probability, not have been found a dozen persons to support such an undertaking.

But the two "Mendelssohn nights," added to the "*Messiah* night," only led to further enterprise in the same praiseworthy direction. Mr. Mellon doubtless had occasion to note that the "education" given by the late M. Jullien to the "masses" was too sound and general to be affected, in a prejudicial sense, even by the lamented death of the musician who was first to emulate the "schoolmaster abroad" of Lord Brougham. A Mozart selection was provided on Tuesday evening, a selection from Haydn's *Creation* was the chief attraction on Wednesday, while Beethoven's colossal "No. 9" (the *Choral Symphony*) was given on Thursday, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (entire) on Friday. The production of this last great work (worthy pendant to the Handel *chef d'œuvre*) was fully warranted by the reception accorded to *The Messiah*.

Meanwhile the concert on Monday night, which was attended by an immense concourse, was extremely interesting, inasmuch as the first part was wholly taken up with compositions by native musicians. Among these, such ephemeral pieces as Mr. Kingsbury's ballad of "The Sailor's Wife" (sung by Miss Leffler); Mr. Callcott's *Artists' Corps Polka* (by the band); Mr. Mellon's *Isabella Waltz* (ditto); the cavatina, "O bright were my visions," from Mr. Mellon's *Victorine* (encored—singer, Miss Parepa); Mr. Hatton's part-song, "Ah! could I with fancy stray" (by the chorus); Mr. Mellon's new volunteer song, "Every man join heart and soul" (Mr. Wilbye Cooper); and Dr. Arne's "Soldier Tired," marvellously executed, as usual, by Mr. Thomas Harper—the most admirable trumpet player in Europe, who has not merely succeeded, but surpassed his justly eminent father (also encored)—chiefly represented our English composers in the light of unpretending, but, at the same time, none the less acceptable, *dilettanti*. On the other hand, the trio from Mr. John Barnett's *Mountain Sylph* (Miss Parepa, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Thomas), together with that unexcelled choral glee of Bishop, "The Chough and Crow" (solos by Miss Parepa, Miss Leffler, and Mr. Thomas), consecrated by time, are now universally admitted as "classical." Nevertheless, the most striking features of the programme were Mr. Alfred Mellon's own brilliant and admirably instrumented concert-overture, entitled *Romulus* (literally, as the French say, *enlevée* by the orchestra); a pompous and thoroughly dramatic march, from Mr. Charles Horsley's new oratorio of *Gideon* (which, to the shame of our London societies, Glasgow had the credit of producing); and the better-known *cantata* of Mr. Howard Glover, entitled *Tam o'Shanter*. The last-named (with which Mr. Mellon took such pains as became him when the work of a distinguished brother musician was committed to his charge) was capitally executed, and brought the first part of the concert to a close with the utmost *éclat*. Mr. Wilbye Cooper's performance of the solo part was in all respects first-rate, the graphic text of Burns, and the stirring and characteristic music to which it has been set by Mr. Glover, being equally well delivered. No composition of recent times has more legitimately attained popularity than *Tam o'Shanter*. The warmest lover of the poetry of Burns, and especially of this his admitted masterpiece, could hardly have wished to see *Tam o'Shanter* wedded to music more inspiriting. Every scene, every incident, every shade of expression is felicitously caught and illustrated by the English composer, who—it may be said without exaggeration—has translated the romantic and inimitable Scottish legend into music so graphic and congenial, that it would be difficult hereafter to fancy it associated with any other. *Tam o'Shanter* was received with the warmth of appreciation that has never yet failed to attend its adequate performance since first produced (under M. Berlioz) at the New Philharmonic Concerts.

On Friday the 31st ult. (writes an occasional contributor) was assembled one of the largest audiences that ever listened to the *Messiah*. That an announcement of the work that has been and is more frequently performed than any other extant, attracted so many auditors, must be attributed, over and above the work itself, to the reputation of the Royal Italian Opera Chorus, and to the important fact that it was Mr. Alfred Mellon's first appearance as an oratorio conductor in London. That gentleman, the versatility of whose talent is truly remarkable, brought the band and choir through with triumphant success. The choruses might have been more effective in the remoter parts of the Hall if the choir had been more numerous; but the capability of each member of the body was proved beyond dispute. Miss Parepa's execution of "Rejoice greatly" claims our suffrages for very brilliant delivery. Miss Augusta Thomson's singing is exactly suited in the air "How beautiful," which she rendered with very correct intonation. Mad. Laura Baxter and Miss Leffler divided the contralto music, the first lady achieving a well-merited success in "He was despised" (encored); and the latter singing "But who may abide" in a commendably correct style. Mr. Wilbye Cooper's

exertions to do justice to the arduous tenor music did not pass unnoticed; the plaudits bestowed on him were thoroughly deserved. Mr. Lewis Thomas (like his contemporary and senior, Mr. Weiss) holds the enviable position of a bass among a shoal of baritones. His solid manner, and the full round tone which increases in volume as he descends into the abyss below the stave, are all his own. He was enthusiastically applauded in "Why do the nations?" his delivery of the triplet passages being wonderfully exact, and the ponderosity of tone preserved throughout. The audience enjoyed the performance as if the work had never before been produced. Indeed the applause was occasionally more boisterous than is advisable at a sacred concert.

(From the *Illustrated Times.*)

A QUANTITY of new dance music has been produced at the Floral Hall, much of which has a military character, or at least military titles. Thus, there is a lively "Rifle Galop," by H. Farmer, in which the orchestra have to shout "Hurrah!" (a performance demanding no inconsiderable amount of animal spirits, especially as the said shout is in no way suggested by the music); and a polka, by Callcott, named after the "Artists' Corps," to which valiant company about half of the Covent Garden band belong. Let these admirable instrumentalists fight together as well as they play together — let their execution in the field be anything like what it is in the orchestra, and their enemies will fall before them like one man. "The Artists' Corps Polka" (which we have not heard) was to have been performed for the first time at a semi-military concert given in honour of the volunteer movement and for the special benefit of the band of the said "corps." This company was, we believe, founded by artists of the brush; but the artists of the fiddle and the bow (or "artistes," as most of our contemporaries think fit to call them) seem now to form the majority of its members.

We must not forget that Private Mellon has been wielding the bâton (Field Marshal in the orchestra—Full Private in the Rifles!) over one of his own compositions—a new waltz, named (as all waltzes should be) after a young lady, and not after a ferocious Muscovite republican like Mr. Alexander Herzen. What *can* there be in republicanism, and, above all, in Russian republicanism, that suggests waltzing? The memory of Colonel Pestal, one of the leaders of the insurrection of 1825, has been more damaged by an unscrupulous London music publisher, who connected his name with a vapid waltz-tune, than by all the sneers and misrepresentations directed against him by Russian absolutists. Prince Galitzin has behaved better to Mr. Herzen, the waltz named after *him* being, at least, a waltz of some beauty and some character. Now the Prince has given us a quadrille (performed for the first time last week at the Floral Hall) which is founded on Russian melodies, and entitled the "Ogareff," Mr. Ogareff being another republican, also (what is far more important) a poet, and a co-operator of Mr. Herzen in the publication of the Russian journal, of Paternoster Row, known as the *Kolokol*, or "Bell."

But to return to Private Mellon. His Isabella Waltz, then, is a very charming waltz, and an honour to the young lady after whom it is named. The new cornet-player, too, of Private Mellon's band has brought out a polka which gives the new cornet-player an opportunity of bringing out some difficult and distressingly loud passages. This is called, with some propriety, "The Whirlwind Polka," and when Mr. Levy is playing it we expect every moment that he will blow his own head off.

Finally, we "assisted" one night at the fag end of the performance of a quadrille, in which the music of the last figure appeared to have been twisted out of the magnificent march in the *Prophète*. One of Handel's oratorios is announced for next week. Let us hope that no attempt will be made to convert any of its choruses into galopades.

As to the vexed question of the Floral Hall's special adaptability for musical performances, we can safely say that it is far superior in that respect to all other glass buildings that we know of—such, for instance, as the Crystal Palace, or the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris. The waves of sonority, however, are not sufficiently compressed by walls of glass, which, moreover, have the disadvantage of letting in a considerable amount of sound—that is to say, noise—from the outside. During the recent tolerably successful imitation of a deluge the clatter on the roof has been like the rattling of small shot, and occasionally like the roll of a score of drums. Such an accompaniment, not having been devised by the composer, nor calculated upon by the conductor, nor in any way taken into account by the singer, is sure to produce a bad effect, especially with an air that commences piano like "Casta diva." There are portions of *Norma* in which the tattooing of the rain upon the roof would not be *quite* so much out of place; but it does not (as Mlle. Parepa we are sure will testify) suit "Casta diva" at all.

PROFESSIONAL SINGING IN CHURCHES.

REPLY OF THE CHURCHWARDEN TO THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

MY LORD,—It is with painful feelings of regret I feel bound to reply to your lordship's letter, published in the *Leeds Intelligencer* of the 11th inst.; also to that of an incumbent, which was also published in the *Intelligencer* on the 18th inst.

In your lordship's letter you state, "that a professional singer, Miss W., had been engaged to sing select pieces of music during the service. I consider such an announcement as this highly objectionable." I would ask your lordship whether you mean the engagement of Miss W., or the announcement of the pieces she sung as highly objectionable, or both. In either case I beg respectfully to express my dissent from your lordship's views.

This feeling is not mine alone, but also that of many others. We do consider select pieces—as anthems, spiritual songs, &c.—as parts of divine service, and quite as sacred; and when the performances of these sacred pieces draw together an attentive and sober-minded congregation to listen to and hear the Word of God preached, surely your lordship should pause and learn our position before you hastily condemn our proceedings. It may suit the purpose of one or two individuals to cause your lordship to censure us, the churchwardens; notwithstanding which I do not feel, as yet, convinced that we have justly merited your lordship's displeasure.

Your lordship also says, "I delight in good music." If so, how are you to have good music except through the medium of those who make a profession of it? It is usual in cathedrals and parish churches to engage professional singers. I cannot perceive the difference why the *constant employment of professional singers should differ from their occasional engagement*, as was the case in our church on the Sabbath alluded to. Again, I cannot conceive why the same objection will not apply to the organists of cathedrals and churches, they being chiefly professional men, and engaged in many instances at very high salaries. In either case their services are paid for. Nor can I see any objection to it.

I agree with your lordship that it is desirable that "all singing in churches in which the congregation cannot take part is objectionable." In order to avoid that inconvenience, we stated in our notices, as your lordship will have perceived, what sacred pieces would be sung, and anyone who could or thought proper to join might do so. In doing this we only did what is regularly done in many cathedrals and some parish churches. If, on the other hand, it be your lordship's opinion that all professional singers and players are to be dispensed with, who are to sing the anthems, or sacred songs, during divine service as directed in the Book of Common Prayer? Your lordship will be aware that the anthems in the earliest period of church service consisted usually of a solo, or sacred song, followed by a chorus, in which the congregation might join: the same is generally the case with more modern music. You will also be aware that few, except a professional singer, would attempt to sing a solo.

Perhaps your lordship may say that it is the announcement of some particular singer which is objectionable. If so, may I ask your lordship in what way the announcement of the name of a particular clergyman to preach a sermon differs from that of a singer, when the object in both cases is the soliciting of money from the congregation for a purpose? The object in either case is to attract the attention of the public, and through that medium to procure their charitable donations. I will now go to a statement of circumstances which induced us to appeal to the parishioners and others through the medium of the church service. The district church, with which I am officially connected, not having undergone any repairs for the last 18 years (the warming apparatus erected in 1851 cannot be considered as such), it had suffered greatly from the severity of last and previous winters. The rain had penetrated the roof, and, in the rainy season, the water ran down on both the pulpit and reading-desk, as well as into the pews. The woodwork in the roof was beginning to decay. Matters standing thus, we,

the churchwardens, were conscious that if the church could not be repaired it would soon become untenable. The next question was, how were we to raise the money for the repairs? Those who attend the church are nearly all of the labouring class. The great body of the inhabitants are dissenters. Consequently it would be impossible to raise the money by a church rate. Our only alternative, therefore, was to appeal to the generosity of the neighbouring gentry, and I am happy to say that appeal was not made in vain. After exhausting all probable resources near home, we still required a sum of more than £20 to complete the work. Our only feasible plan, which your lordship so much condemns, of raising the money was to enlist the assistance of a *deservedly popular clergyman* (the Rev. Mr. Stowell), who, together with the curate, should preach sermons in behalf of the object in question, and to engage a portion of the Bradford Parish Church Choir, as well as a Miss W., who had lately been of the choir of Huddersfield Church. This was not done without first consulting the incumbent *by me alone*; the curate, not being at home at the time, did not and of course could not take part in the matter, though I must state that in soliciting aid from the neighbouring gentry, I should not have been so successful without his assistance. On Thursday, July 9th, I waited on the incumbent at the Parsonage, to lay before him a statement of the monies subscribed, and also explained to him what further sum would be required to complete the repairs necessary to be done. In these repairs there was *no ornamental work or "embellishments" contemplated.* After some conversation as to the mode of raising the sum further required, we both agreed we had no alternative but to follow former precedents: he suggested the following in addition, that "silver should be charged on all who went into the church." This I could not comply with, so far as the body of the church was concerned. He also stated, that "our own choir will not be sufficient for the occasion:" hence the engagement of the Bradford Parish Church Choir, &c.

The sermons, together with the singing, drew to the church a great number of people, and to quote the words of the Reverend Mr. Stowell, he said he "had never before preached to so large a congregation as had assembled in the church that evening, and *never to a more attentive and orderly one.*" Such being the case, I take the liberty to express a hope that it was "no profanation of a church," and my conviction is that the inhabitants of this township and of the surrounding district know how to appreciate a *good sermon* as well as *good singing.* By these means we were put into a position to pay the work-people for their labour, and the church was put into good repair and preservation, forming a strange contrast with that state of dilapidation *which the day-schools in connection with the church now present;* and in neither of which is there either a *teacher or a scholar.* Had we not had recourse to the means above stated, our collections would have been very inadequate, as may be surmised from the fact that the collections at our annual sermons have seldom, if ever, exceeded £2. 10s., and very rarely ever have reached that amount.

The incumbent, in his letter to your lordship, states that "so far from countenancing the proceedings, I requested my family not to attend the service." Whether from illness, or from some other cause, best known to himself, his memory seems to be at fault, or his request was not attended to, for *four of his family out of six*, I have reason to believe, were present at *both afternoon and evening service.* He also alludes in his letter to "a kindred act in 1852," and deplores the consequences. Notwithstanding which, in June 1853, he sanctions the preaching of two sermons, the engagement of four professional singers, and one amateur. A circular printed on that occasion is in my possession, and *that circular was drawn up by the incumbent*, although in his letter to your lordship he professes to be so "INTENSELY ADVERSE" to such proceedings. That circular I took as a guide in the arrangement of the course which your lordship so strongly condemns. It may happen that your lordship may charge me with uncharitableness in thus alluding to the part taken by the incumbent at a time when he is suffering from sickness, but your lordship will bear in mind that I am not the aggressive party, I am merely standing in self-defence. You may also say I speak strongly on these matters, *I certainly feel so;* and were your lordship fully acquainted with the difficulties I have had to contend with, from different sources, for years past, I think your lordship would sympathise with instead of blaming me.

I am, my lord, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. WRIGHT, Churchwarden.

RETORT OF THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

Palace, Ripon, August 23, 1860.

Sir,—I have to acknowledge your letter, which (without either date or address appended to it) has reached me by this morning's post. You state that you feel bound to reply to a letter of mine which was inserted in some of the provincial newspapers on the 11th inst., and also to a letter from an incumbent which appeared at a later date in the same papers.

You have taken upon yourself the responsibility of defending the practice against which I have thought it a duty to record my strong objection.

The practice which I condemn is that of announcing that any professional singer whatever will, at any particular service, sing select pieces of music, for the sake of attracting large numbers of persons to attend church on such an occasion. In the letter which you have addressed to me you defend the practice upon the following grounds:

1. The custom in cathedrals.
2. The requirements in our book of Common Prayer.
3. The ordinary practice of announcing, on special occasions, particular preachers.
4. The difficulties which churchwardens experience in obtaining the funds which are required for the repair of churches, &c.

With respect to "the custom in cathedrals," there is a wide distinction between cathedrals and ordinary parish churches. I, for one, should be very sorry to see the ordinary plain and simple service of our parish churches supplanted by cathedral music; nor do I believe that the great body of English Churchmen would regard with any favour an attempt to assimilate the mode of conducting public worship in ordinary parish churches to that which prevails in cathedrals. But you are mistaken in supposing it is the custom to announce that professional singers will take part in cathedral services. Each cathedral has its own staff of singers, who are trained to the practise of music, and to whom devolves mainly the due performance of the musical portions of the service. I am not aware of any instance in which professional singing has been advertised as an attraction to bring persons to attend cathedral service. It is universally known that cathedral service differs from the ordinary parochial service, and the custom in cathedrals is not the law for parish churches.

(2.) With respect to the "requirements of the Book of Common Prayer," you ask "who are to sing the anthems or sacred songs during divine service as directed in the Book of Common Prayer?" If you will be at the trouble of looking at the Book of Common Prayer, you will find there is no such direction as you appear to imagine.

The services, such as the "Venite exultemus," "Te Deum," &c. &c., are to be "*said or sung.*" There is no law that they are to be sung. With respect to the anthem the rubric specifies the place in the service where, if sung, it is to be introduced; but the terms of the rubric, "*in quires and places where they sing here followeth the anthem,*" distinctly imply that the performance of an anthem is the exception, not the rule.

The experience of the overwhelming majority of the parish churches in the kingdom clearly proves that the requirements of the Book of Common Prayer may be kept without resorting to the practice which you have come forward to defend, of engaging and advertising professional singers to take part and sing select pieces of music during divine service. You are surely aware of churches in your neighbourhood where the musical portions of the service are admirably conducted—where even services and anthems are occasionally introduced—but where it is never the custom to make a parade of professional singing to attract a congregation, or on the plea of meeting the requirements of our Book of Common Prayer.

(3.) You attempt to draw a parallel between the announcement of some eminently gifted singer to perform at a special service, and the ordinary notice that some well-known clergyman will preach the sermon.

The two cases are totally different. The people are invited to attend the ordinance of preaching because it is one of the chief instrumentalities of which it pleases God to make use to save souls. The object of advertising a particular preacher is not to afford an intellectual treat, but to give to greater numbers the opportunity of hearing from one of Christ's ministers the exposition of God's word, in order that their souls may receive spiritual profit. Will you compare this with the advertisement that a particular vocalist will sing on some special occasion, in order that the lovers of music may have the gratification of hearing his, or her, musical talent, and then pay for his entertainment by casting in his offering to swell the so-called *charitable* collection? Is the Lord's Day the time for musical entertainments? Is the hallowed house of prayer the place for the display of musical talent? or the sacred hours of the Sabbath to be spent in gratifying the appetite and taste for beautiful music?

But (4.) you seem to defend the practice upon the ground of the financial difficulties in which unhappily churchwardens who are zealous in the discharge of their official duties are often placed. I can honestly assure you that I sympathise with you in those difficulties. I regret that, owing in a great measure to the present unsatisfactory state

of the Church-rate question, so much difficulty sometimes attends the obtaining requisite funds whether for the repair of the fabric or the maintenance of the services of your church.

But it is a fundamental principle "not to do evil that good may come," nor do I believe that it ever can be necessary to resort to such unworthy means as the hiring and advertising professional singers to perform in our churches, in order to raise the necessary funds to maintain the ordinances of public worship. The practice is in reality indefensible. It is derogatory to the honour of God. It is at variance with the spirit of your Church Service. It is fraught with many evils. Its tendency is to degrade our churches to the level of the concert room; to make persons lose sight of the real ends of public worship, and, in their admiration of musical talent, to forget that we meet in the Lord's House for *united* prayer, *united* praise — and in order that our souls may be fed with the wholesome food of God's holy word and sacraments.

When a parish is blest with an active and laborious minister of Christ, in season and out of season, abounding in his Master's work,—preaching to his people both by word and example, and shewing himself "in all things a pattern of good words," I am sanguine enough to believe that such a minister will succeed to rally around him an attached and willing people, ready to uphold to the utmost of their power the due observance of our holy religion. There will be no need in such a case to employ any doubtful measures for creating an interest in behalf of the Church or her services. I am desirous to see these services upheld with the utmost propriety and efficiency. There is not a parish in the diocese in which there may not be found a sufficient number of persons competent to lead congregational singing. I think it important to cultivate the taste for music. We ought to give to God of our best; but it is no gain to the cause of religion, whenever by the introduction of highly artistic music the congregation are deprived of the privilege of joining in the praises of God; or whenever, for the sake of replenishing a churchwarden's exchequer, the season for the celebration of public worship is employed as an occasion for calling together a multitude to have their musical taste gratified by the performance of select pieces of fine music.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
R. RUTON.

Mr. Joseph Wright, Churchwarden.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.

THE SONATA, the noblest form that instrumental music can assume, appears to be going out of date. So much the worse for the art. Let the Sonata be once entirely laid aside, as antiquated, and music will rapidly fall from the high place it now occupies as a beautiful and intellectual pursuit. Sonatas continue to be written, it is true; the German and French catalogues of new music, the latter more rarely than the former, and the English still more rarely than the latter, occasionally announce a new sonata, by some unknown composer; but few of the tried and acknowledged writers ever venture on producing, certainly not on publishing, a work of this gravity and importance. A young musician not seldom begins his career with "a grand sonata," with all the four movements unusually long, which, for want of encouragement, he prints at his own expense. Finding that it does not sell, and that, excepting the few he may have presented to his friends, who do not thank him, the fifty or hundred copies originally issued remain a dead weight upon the shelves of his publisher, he abandons all idea of composing a second sonata, and at once sets to work upon capriccios, fantasias, romances, sketches, songs without words, and whatever he may consider the most marketable commodity. If he be ambitious, and a lover of his art, he will not descend to the variations, rondos, sketches *à la valse*, &c., with which our pianofortes are covered by those who are neither; he follows, however, in the train of his contemporaries, and gives birth to a series of short movements in the *capriccio* form — that is in no form whatever — which he dignifies by names borrowed from others, or names of his own coinage, having no intelligible connection with the works to which they are applied. Whether from all this farrago of the fancy, anything clear and symmetrical will arise, to induce us to regret the sonata no longer, it is for some commanding genius to prove. Mendelssohn invented a beautiful form, in the *Lieder ohne Worte;* but he exhausted it himself. To him it was but an exercise of the fancy, an easing of his continually inventive brain from some of the ideas with which it was overstocked, and which he did not find convertible to loftier purposes; but his imitators—for the most part unblessed with one idea in a twelvemonth, destitute of fancy and invention—attempting to emulate him, have only demonstrated their incompetency. Their *Lieder ohne Worte* are little better than an empty figure of accompaniment, to which a meagre and passionless tune has been made to fit, with infinite and unprofitable labour. So true is this, that the title of *Songs without Words*—in German, French, or English—affixed to a piece of new music, predisposes us against the author, and takes away all the inclination we might otherwise have felt to look at his work. To Mendelssohn, also, may be traced the endless forms which the *capriccio*, or caprice, has assumed within the last twenty years. But his imitators—who include, we may almost say, the entire race of modern composers for the piano—independently of the barrenness of their invention, have altogether overlooked that element which in Mendelssohn's smallest efforts is never absent—the symmetry and consequence of form which ally them more or less to the sonata.

The fantasia used to be regarded, among the old writers, as a sort of improvisation, and was an exception, not a rule. But what would Mozart have thought, had he lived now, and found nine works out of every ten devoted to the pianoforte and other instruments, fantasias—long or short—in other words improvisations, without plan or order—unmeaning jumbles of themes, good or bad, which might belong to anything else than that in which they appear, with quite as much or quite as little propriety? Mozart would not have believed his ears. The ingenious development, or working out, of a theme—which was wont to signalise, not merely fantasias, but actual improvisations—he would have sought in vain; much more in vain the elaborate fugue, demonstrating the composer's facility in counterpoint, that lent interest to the fantasias of the elder masters.

Some will have it that Beethoven completely exhausted the sonata. But this is a manifest error. Beethoven rather showed, by the infinite variety he imparted to it, that the sonata was inexhaustible. He was aware of all the latest resources of the art—as may be well supposed, since he had so large a share in their invention; but he could find no better or more convenient field for their development than this particular one, which already existed, and already, if constant use can wear, had been worn threadbare by Mozart

and Haydn—to say nothing of Dussek, a composer too often disregarded by superficial writers, in considering the history and progress of the art. But Beethoven came to the sonata with a world of new ideas; in his hands it was as fresh, and vigorous, and young, as when it first issued from the prolific brain of Haydn, who by right of this one invention enjoys the undisputed title of "Father of Instrumental Music."

The numberless and prodigious inspirations of Beethoven still filling the world with new delight and wonder, it was an impossible task for any instrumental writer immediately coming after him to take him as a model, without becoming his slavish imitator. This shows Mendelssohn and Spohr, the two original composers of instrumental music in our day, in a worthier light. What they accomplished, when it is considered how near they were to Beethoven, must be admitted to be extraordinary. In their symphonies, quartets, and other productions of the kind,* while adhering to the plan of Haydn, which cannot be profitably neglected, they revealed new thoughts, new means of development, and entirely new styles. There is not a shadow of resemblance in the writing of either of them to those of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven. Spohr, the elder of the two, may be said to have completely fulfilled his mission, while Mendelssohn, the younger, was unhappily cut off in his prime. Happily he lived to complete the oratorio of *Elijah*, the greatest masterpiece of modern art. Wholly original as are the manners of these great men, they emulated their predecessors—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven,—in their reverent adherence to the one true form—that of THE SONATA.

IN a general view of the history of the Opera, the central figures would be Gluck and Mozart. Before Gluck's time the operatic art was in its infancy, and since the death of Mozart no operas have been produced equal to that composer's masterpieces. Mozart must have commenced his *Idomeneo*, the first of his celebrated works, the very year that Gluck retired to Vienna, after giving to the Parisians his *Iphigenie en Tauride;* but though contemporaries in the strict sense of the word, Gluck and Mozart can scarcely be looked upon as belonging to the same musical epoch. The compositions of the former, however immortal, have at least an antique cast; those of the latter have quite a modern air; and it must appear to the audiences of the present day that far more than twenty-three years separate *Orfeo* from *Don Giovanni*, though that is the precise interval that elapsed between the production of the opera by which Gluck, and of that by which Mozart, is best known in this country. Gluck, after a century and a half of opera, so far surpassed all his predecessors that no work by a composer anterior to him is now ever performed. Lulli wrote an *Armida*, which was followed by Rameau's *Armida*, which was followed by Gluck's *Armida;* and Monteverde wrote an *Orfeo* a hundred and fifty years before Gluck produced the *Orfeo* which was played only the other night at the Royal Italian Opera. The *Orfeo*, then, of our existing operatic repertory takes us back through its subject to the earliest of regular Italian operas, and similarly Gluck, through his *Armida*, appears as the successor of Rameau, who was the successor of Lulli, who usually passes for the founder of the opera in France—a country where it is particularly interesting to trace the progress of that entertainment, inasmuch as it can be observed at one establishment, which has existed continuously for two hundred years, and which, under the title of *Académie Royale*, *Académie Nationale*, and *Académie Impériale* (it has now gone by each of these names twice), has witnessed the production of more operatic masterpieces than any other theatre in any city in the world. To convince the reader of the truth of this latter assertion we need only remind him of the works written for the Académie Royale by Gluck and Piccinni (or Piccini) immediately before the Revolution, and of the *Masaniello* of Auber, the *William Tell* of Rossini, and the *Robert the Devil* of Meyerbeer, given for the first time at the said Académie within sixteen years of the termination of the Napoleonic wars. Neither Naples, nor Milan, nor Prague, nor Vienna, nor Munich, nor Dresden, nor Berlin, has individually seen the birth of so many great operatic works by different masters, though, of course, if judged by the number of great composers to whom they have *given birth* both Germany and Italy must be ranked infinitely higher than France. Indeed, if we compare France with our own country, we find, it is true, that an opera in the national language was established earlier, and an Italian Opera much earlier there than here; but, on the other hand, the French, until Gluck's time, had never any composers, native or adopted, at all comparable to our Purcell, who produced his *King Arthur* as far back as 1691.

Lulli is generally said to have introduced opera into France, and, indeed, is represented in a picture, well known to opera-goers, receiving a privilege from the hands of Louis XIV. as a reward and encouragement for his services in that respect. This privilege, however, was neither deserved nor obtained in the manner supposed. Cardinal Mazarin introduced Italian Opera into Paris in 1645, when Lulli was only twelve years of age; and the first French opera, entitled *Akébar, Roi de Mogol*, words and music by the Abbé Mailly, was brought out the year following in the Episcopal Palace of Carpentras, under the direction of Cardinal Bichi, Urban the Eighth's legate. Clement VII. had already appeared as a librettist, and it is said that Urban VIII. himself recommended the importation of the opera into France; so that the real father of the lyric stage in that country was certainly not a scullion but in all probability a Pope.

The second French opera was *La Pastorale en musique*, words by Perrin, music by Cambert, which was privately represented at Issy; and the third *Pomone*, also by Perrin and Cambert, which was publicly performed in Paris. *Pomone* was the first French opera heard by the Parisian public, and it was to Perrin its author, and not to Lulli, that the patent of the Royal Academy of Music was granted. A privilege for establishing an Academy of Music had been conceded a hundred years before by Charles the Ninth, to Antoine de Baif,—the word "Académie" being used as an equivalent for "Accademia," the Italian for concert. Perrin's license appears to have been a renewal, as to form, of de Baif's, and thus originated the eminently absurd title which the chief operatic theatre of Paris has retained ever since. The Academy of Music is of course an academy in the sense in which the Théâtre Français is a college of declamation, and the Palais Royal Theatre a school of morality; but no one need seek to justify its title because it is known to owe its existence to a confusion of terms.

Six French operas, complete and in five acts, had been performed before Lulli, supported by Mad. de Montespan, succeeded in depriving Perrin of his "privilege," and

* It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that a symphony is a sonata for the orchestra—a quartet a sonata for four stringed instruments, &c.

securing it for himself—at the very moment when Perrin and Cambert were about to bring out their *Ariane*, of which the representation was stopped. The success of Lulli's intrigue drove Cambert to London, where he was received with much favor by Charles II., and appointed director of the court music, an office which he retained until his death.

Lulli had previously composed music for ballets, and for the songs and interludes of Molière's comedies, but his first regular opera, produced in conjunction with Quinault—being the seventh produced on the French stage, was *Cadmus* and *Hermione* (1673).

The life of the fortunate, unscrupulous, but really talented scullion, to whom is falsely attributed the honour of having founded the opera in France, has often been narrated, and for the most part very inaccurately. Every one knows that he arrived from Italy to enter the service of Mad. de Montpensier; some are aware of the offence for which he was degraded by that lady to the post of scullion, and which we can no more mention than we can publish the original of the needlessly elaborate reply attributed to Cambronne at Waterloo*; and a few may have read that it was only through the influence of Mad. de Montespan that he was saved from a shameful and horrible death on the Place de Grève, where Lulli's accomplice was actually burned, and his ashes thrown to the winds. The story of Lulli's obtaining letters of nobility through the excellence of his buffoonery in the part of the Muphti in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, has often been told. This was in 1670, but once a noble, and director of the Royal Academy of Music, he showed but little disposition to contribute to the diversion of others, even by the exercise of his legitimate art. Not only did he refuse to play the violin, but he would not even have one in his house. To overcome Lulli's repugnance in this respect, Marshal de Gramont hit upon a very ingenious plan. He used to make one of his servants play the violin in Lulli's presence, upon which the highly susceptible musician would snatch the instrument from the varlet's hands, and restore the murdered melody to life and beauty. Then excited by the pleasure of producing music, he forgot all around him, and continued to play to the delight of the marshal.

Lulli must have had sad trouble with his orchestra, for in his time a violinist was looked upon as merely an adjunct to a dancing-master. There was a King of the Fiddles, without whose permission no catgut could be scraped; but in selling his licenses to dancing-masters and the musicians of ball-rooms, the ruler of the bows does not appear to have required any proof of capacity from the purchasers. Even the simple expedient of shifting was unknown to Lulli's violinists, and for years after his death to reach the C above the line was a notable feat. The pit quite understood the difficulty, and when the dreaded *démanchement* had to be accomplished, would indulge in sarcastic shouts of "*gare l'ut! gare l'ut!*"

Strange tales are told of the members of Lulli's company. Duménil, the tenor, used to steal jewellery from the soprano and contralto of the troop, and to get intoxicated with the baritone. This eccentric virtuoso is said to have drunk six bottles of champagne every night he performed, and to have improved gradually until about the fifth. Duménil, after one of his voyages to England, which he visited several times, lost his voice. Then, seeing no reason why he should moderate his intemperance at all, he gave himself up unrestrainedly to drinking and died.

Mlle. Desmâtins, the original representative of *Armide*, was chiefly celebrated for her love of good living, her corpulence, and her bad grammar. She it was who wrote the celebrated letter communicating to a friend the death of her child, "*Notre anfan ai maure, vien de boneure, le mien ai de te voire.*" Mlle. Desmâtins took so much pleasure in representing royal personages that she assumed the (theatrical) costume and demeanour of a queen in her own household; sat on a throne and made her attendants serve her on their knees. Another vocalist, Marthé Le Zochois, accused of grave flirtation with a bassoon, justified herself by showing a promise of marriage which the gallant instrumentalist had written on the back of an ace of spades.

The opera singers of this period were not particularly well paid, and history relates that Mlles. Aubry and Verdier, being engaged for the same line of business, had to live in the same room, and sleep in the bed.

Marthé Le Zochois was fond of giving advice to her companions. "Inspire yourself with the situation," she said to Desmâtins, who had to represent Medea abandoned by Jason; "fancy yourself in the poor woman's place. If you were deserted by a lover whom you adored," added Marthe, thinking, no doubt, of the bassoon, what should you do?"

"I should look out for another," replied the ingenuous girl.

But by far the most distinguished operatic actress of this period was Mlle. de Maupin, now better known through Théophile Gauthier's scandalous but brilliant and vigorously written romance, than by her actual adventures and exploits, which, however, were sufficiently remarkable. Mlle. de Maupin was in many respects the Lola Montes of her day, but with more beauty, more talent, more power, and more daring. When she appeared as Minerva in Lulli's *Cadmus*, and, taking off her helmet to the public, showed her lovely light-brown hair, which hung in luxuriant tresses over her shoulders, the audience were in ecstacies of delight. With less talent, and less powers of fascination, she would infallibly have been executed for the numerous fatal duels in which she took part, and might even have been burnt alive for invading the sanctity of a convent at Avignon, to say nothing of her attempt to set fire to it. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Lola Montes was the Mlle. Maupin of *her* day; a Maupin of constitutional monarchy, and of a century which is moderate in its passions and its vices as in other things.

But what has Mlle. de Maupin to do with the 8th of September 1860? Merely this, that thinking of the Royal English Opera which is to open in October, our ideas reverted to the Royal Italian Opera which closed in August.

One of the most interesting and one of the latest works represented at the Royal Italian Opera was Gluck's *Orfeo*, and the reader has already seen how the *Orfeo* of Gluck takes us back to Rameau, Lulli, and the earliest days of the musical drama. We might have given this explanation beforehand. Perhaps the reader will be kind enough to accept it now?

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The English operatic performances at this establishment commence on the 8th of October with Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*—according to all accounts a masterpiece. It is now positively decided that on the alternate nights (up to Christmas) Italian operas will be presented, Mlle. Titiens (already in London) *prima donna*, Signor Giuglini *primo tenore*.

* Cambronne is said to have been very much annoyed at the invention of "La garde meurt et ne se rend pas;" and with reason, for he didn't die, and he *did* surrender.

MORE 'APROPOS OF THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Die Letzten Dinge (*The Last Things*), the earliest of Spohr's three oratorios, was composed about the year 1825. It was first produced before an English audience at the Norwich Musical Festival, on Friday, the 24th of September, 1830, under the title of *The Last Judgment*, and received with the greatest possible favour. Professor Taylor, in his preface to the English edition of Spohr's second oratorio, *Calvary*, says:—

"I know there are many persons who will regard the subject of this oratorio as an improper exercise for the musician's art. With every respect for an opinion conscientiously adopted and avowed, I venture to dissent from it. The arts have been tributary to the service of religion in all ages of the Jewish and Christian churches; and of these, none is more calculated to enkindle the flame of devotion, to elevate the spirit, or to touch the heart, than Music. Our immortal bard invoked the 'mixed power' of 'voice and verse,' in order to 'present to our high-raised phantasy

> 'That undisturbed song of pure concent,
> Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
> To Him that sits thereon,
> With saintly shout and solemn jubilee.'

"If there be truth as well as poetry in this sentiment, then are the musician and the poet deserving of honour in proportion as they labour to accomplish the high and holy purpose to which it points; in proportion as they succeed in carrying the mind out of the walks of every-day life, in order to raise it into a purer element, and breathe into it a profounder and more pious emotion.

"There are minds over which no combination of sounds united to kindred words has the power to exercise any influence; but I think it impossible for any who are capable of being thus moved, to hear such a composition as the present without responding to that powerful appeal which it makes, not to the senses only, but through them to the heart. The truly devotional spirit, the really grateful heart, loves to dedicate those gifts, with which its Maker has especially endowed it, to His glory. The impulse of one is to rear to His honour the stately temple; the inward prompting of another bids him dedicate to His praise the boldest flights of poetic inspiration; whilst a third aspires to 'celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness; what He works, and what He suffers to be wrought, with high providence in His church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, and the deeds and triumphs of His servants.' The last is the end here proposed. I have only to hope that its purpose will be accomplished, and that while it affords to the musician the conviction that the springs of his heart are perpetually gushing out afresh, and its waters ever flowing, it will serve the purpose for which it was especially designed, by awakening the devotion and cherishing the hopes of the Christian."

THE MAY QUEEN.

This pastoral was produced with complete and unqualified success at the Leeds Musical Festival in September, 1858. The overture is a very beautiful composition, and this charming work displays a marvellous combination of simplicity and ingenuity. The persons represented are the Queen of England, the May Queen and her lover, and a nobleman disguised as Robin Hood. The story is simple enough. The Queen of the May, elated with her May-day dignity, teazes her faithful swain by her indifference, and by her semi-encouragement of the advances of the Greenwood King. An attempted kiss on the part of the latter arouses very naturally the ire of the true lover, who proceeds to a pugilistic punishment of the offender. A flourish of trumpets, and the Queen appears amid "pageant music." She soon arrives at the true state of matters, reproves the interloper for trifling with the affections of the May Queen, and commands the latter to wed her lover at morn. The chorus is very happily introduced—first singing in praise of May, then in praise of the May Queen, afterwards in the pageant music, and finally in the concluding piece—"A blessing on the bridal—a blessing on the Queen." The first two of these are the most striking. "Wake with a smile" is a most exquisite piece of modern music, in the truly rural style; and the preservation of the tonic pedal through the harmonious device and melodic abundance is highly clever. The May-pole chorus, "With a laugh as we go round," is well constructed, and is plentifully tuneful; it is immediately followed by a solo from the May Queen, the chorus resuming their burden, "Was never such a May-day," at the close of each verse. Each of the persons represented has a solo except the Queen. The lover (a tenor, of course) leads with a languishing and desponding air, "Oh! meadow clad in early green;" and subsequently Robin Hood has a very spirited song, "'Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight;" a duet for the May Queen and her lover, "Can I not find thee a warrant for changing?" and a trio for the same persons and Robin Hood, "The hawthorn in the glade," are exceedingly beautiful. A most charming simplicity pervades every *morçeau* referred to, and at the same time, as before hinted, there is no lack of novelty in harmony, or ingenuity in construction. The thoroughly dramatic character of the pastoral is also deserving of especial notice. The dialogue is made to lead immediately into each set piece, so that the action, slight as it is, is never impeded, and interest is kept thoroughly alive. The credit of this is due to Mr. Chorley, who composed the poem. The parts will be distributed:—The May Queen, Mad. Clara Novello; Queen, Miss Palmer; Lover, Mr. Sims Reeves; Robin Hood, Mr. Weiss; and no doubt will be admirably sustained.

NORWICH FESTIVAL CHARITIES.—As a kind of appendix to the sketch of performers and performances at the festival, we find an account of the sums of money given by the festival committee to the following charities:—Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, the West Norfolk and Lynn Hospital, the Yarmouth Dispensary, the Eye Infirmary, the Blind Hospital, the Sick Poor Society, Lying-in Charity, District Visiting Society, Shipwrecked Mariner's Association, and the Jenny Lind Infirmary. The total sum received and paid over to the respective institutions is £8,270. 2s. 9d., of which £5,568. 1s. 9d. has been paid to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. What would have been the result had these been annual concerts, got up by private individuals, long ago urged as a substitute, may easily be imagined. The public will see from the above that a very substantial portion of the price charged for admission has found its way into the hands of the local treasurers of our benevolent societies, and thus music has lent a very effective helping hand to charity.

NEW THEATRE AT LEEDS.

[WE have been requested to publish the following prospectus. ED.]

The legitimate entertainments of the stage are recognised as an indispensable means of conveying instruction and amusement of the highest class, in every part of Europe where civilisation and refined tastes prevail.

In this country theatres are found in most large towns, but all experience has proved that their success depends upon respectable management, able and efficient acting, and the proper adaptation of the buildings in which the performances take place.

On the other hand, wherever theatres are not so managed, and are not conducted in well-selected localities, with all the means and adaptations required for displaying the beauties and powers of our best dramatic and lyric authors, experience has proved that amusements of this nature will nevertheless abound in spite of every discouragement; but that under such circumstances they greatly degenerate, are found in obscure localities, are marked by a vitiated and impure taste, and therefore cannot conduce to the successful representations of those sublime inspirations which have immortalised their authors, and which are calculated to cultivate not only a refined taste, but an elevated tone of moral sentiment.

The town of Leeds is at this moment without a theatre possessed of those agencies and attractions which command success.

It is under the influence of feelings of this nature that a number of influential gentlemen in Leeds have met and are co-operating together to elevate the town in this respect to a position equal to other large towns in England, by erecting a Theatre in some appropriate and central locality, capable of giving accommodation of the highest class, both to the performers and the audience.

They feel fully convinced that if such an institution were once established, it would receive such support as would enable the management to organise and sustain a highly efficient permanent company, and to obtain frequent assistance from actors and artists of the first reputation.

In the assurance that these results will follow from a careful and judicious selection of a site, and the erection of a new Theatre, combining all the improvements of the day, a committee has been appointed who have by careful inquiries and estimates satisfied them-

selves that such a building, with all requisite fittings, scenery, and decorations, may be provided at a cost of, at the utmost, £15,000, which sum it is proposed to raise in shares of £10 each. When the requisite amount shall have been subscribed, a meeting of the subscribers will be called with the object of making such arrangements as may be best adapted to carry the project into execution, having regard to the interests both of the public and of the shareholders.

In order to meet the general objection to joint stock companies, it is intended that the buildings and other property shall be vested by deed in trustees to be elected by the shareholders upon the same principle as the Exchange and other public buildings in Leeds. This will be a complete guarantee to the shareholders not only against any further liability or responsibility beyond the amount of their respective shares, but for the proper management and conduct of the theatre, as it is intended that the trustees thus selected shall have the sole power of selecting the manager and granting leases upon such conditions as they may think proper and advisable.

Already many gentlemen (including some of the principal inhabitants of this neighbourhood) have subscribed towards the undertaking, and thus upwards of £3500 have already been assured. It is, therefore, clear that a vigorous effort at the present moment will secure the success of the project, and will at once supply this important desideratum, and add another to those numerous public buildings which adorn our native town.

The committee therefore appeal for support to the well-tried public spirit of Leeds in the full assurance that the appeal will not be made in vain.

P. FAIRBAIRN, Chairman of the Committee.

Foreign.

BADEN-BADEN.—At Baden-Baden the performances are on a grand scale. M. Benazet spares no money to make *his* Festival attractive: and gives *carte blanche* to M. Berlioz for rehearsals; and with such singers as Mdmes. Viardot and Miolan-Carvalho, and M. Roger, and such players as MM. Vieuxtemps and Jacquard, the result could hardly fail to be what it was, one of the most superb and interesting concerts of which we have recollection. We must speak first of the music. The first overture to *Les Francs-Juges*, by M. Berlioz, was new to us,—one of its writer's best works, since the melodic phrases therein are longer, and in their treatment are less traversed and obliterated by extraneous embroideries, than is the case with much other music from the same pen. Were this overture revised, it might be made one to rank amongst the highest works of its kind. The instrumentation is ingenious and splendid. The chorus—Sylph Dance and Dream from *Faust*—we have long rated to be one of the happiest inspirations of M. Berlioz: the melody is charming, and but for a *bizarre* outbreak towards the close, the conduct of the movement, however intricate and rich in detail, is clear; as also the Dance in accelerated *tempo*, which follows the chorus—so deliciously instrumented. It should be a grave lesson to all lovers of art, that one whose aspirations are obviously so noble, and whose talent has one phase so original as M. Berlioz, should, till now, have been able to reap so limited a success, and that dependent on such exceptional resources as a M. Benazet—or other despot emperor—can alone furnish. He *might* have been "the musician of the future,"—as it is, we can hardly fancy his music surviving when his own energy and resolution, and the *prestige* which a man of intellect must always command, shall have passed away. At this remarkable concert Mad. Viardot took the crowded audience by storm in her great scenes from *Orphée*, executing them with incomparable expression and brilliancy. This superb music, we repeat, is as yet unheard in London: and that such an artist, in her prime, whose performance of the character is one of the most notable things of our musical century, should have been overlooked for one so unequal to the task as Mad. Czillag must be signalised as a self-injurious piece of managerial perversity; as though the object had been to deny Gluck a chance of entrance within our borders. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho was *encored* in a re-arrangement, by M. Gounod, of Bach's first Prelude, to which a vocal and an orchestral part have been added. M. Vieuxtemps is playing as splendidly as ever, but his concerto-music is intensely tiresome; shallow, pompous, and perpetually balking expectation; music to which every remark made on M. Litolff's compositions applies with extra force. The chorus was excellent; the soprano voices singularly sweet and fresh. On the whole, we never attended a more interesting concert.

WIESBADEN.—This is the time of show-concerts at the German baths, somewhat presumptuously called "Festivals"—in reality, so many speculations of those who undertake to provide for the diversion of the guests, and who cater "stars" of first, second, or third magnitude, affording them such opportunities of shining as they find too rarely. Thus, at Wiesbaden the other day, a Litolff Festival gave us a fair chance of appreciating the talent of a composer who has in some measure been successful of late years in Germany, and who has received much praise from the pens of critics whose praise carries with it authority. Three movements of one pianoforte concerto, two movements of another, two movements of a violin concerto, an overture for full orchestra, and a liberal operatic selection, are sufficient to justify persons habituated to listen in forming some notion of what the average powers of their composer may be. After the elaborate panegyrics of which M. Litolff and his music have been the theme, the statement of such impressions as must be here offered will seem harsh, grudging, unsympathetic. But, to our thinking, he does not fill a place or a corner of his own in the world of living composers. So much as belongs to a group—call it not a school—of writers whose ambitions are very large, who have no perverse desire to be iconoclastic or irregular, but whose works, though carefully made, fall to the ground because of their ample platitude, and because their enterprise, when looked into, proves only seeming. There is no need for the moment to name those who may thus be grouped with M. Litolff as a composer. In the *allegro* of the first *concerto-symphonique* performed by him at Wiesbaden, there are so many surprises, stoppings short, languid episodes, under a false idea of expression, as entirely to destroy the character of an *allegro* movement, and to throw out the average listener, who desires form, be it ever so freely dressed and disguised. Some invention is to be recognised in the florid passages for the pianoforte. The orchestra is well treated; but the perpetual notion of brewing a *crescendo* seems to have been present to the writer, and somehow the brewage, perpetually interrupted, becomes inevitably vapid. The second movement of this concerto, an *andante religioso*, is in every respect better,—an excellent *andante* for a modern concerto, with a melody free and flowing, if not very new,—a rich instrumentation, and a gracefully effective employment of the principal player. In the *scherzo* (*quære*, last movement?) a pretty eight-bar phrase is hunted to death,—occurring as it does some thirty times, in all manner of keys. "*Whipped* to death" might have been said, since among other piquancies of orchestration, the use of the violins (if our ears told right) gave reviving sprightliness to what would else have been stale and threadbare. There may possibly be a *finale* to this curiously elaborate composition. As a player, Herr Litolff has neither advanced nor receded from the position taken by him years ago, when he was in London together with Dr. Liszt. There is dash,—there is volubility,—there is an apparent determination to storm Olympus (only the achievement is not done),—there is little charm. Meritorious, ponderous, not to be sat through a second time,—such, in brief, are our impressions of Herr Litolff's music. To attempt to analyse, even so slightly as has been done, his own other *morceaux* of his programme would tempt us into tautology. There are happy effects here and there,—there is considerable cleverness,—there is a discouraging absence of idea,—there is a false notion predominant of grandeur and interest being secured by parenthesis, not continuity. A word or two more have to be said concerning this Wiesbaden Concert. The violin concerto was entrusted to a young boy (named Auer), who is a capital boy, handling his instrument without hesitation, strictly in tune, and showing that instinct for measurement of *tempo* which nothing can teach or regulate, but which is one of the signs of a grand and noble artist to come. Herr Formes sang the very *aria* from *Die Zauberflöte* in which he grasped as a new comer his English public; but his voice is "over and gone,"—method he never possessed,—what remains being a striking presence and imposing manner. Endowments so superb as his, with passing flashes of

instinct for what is high, and true, and liberal, and poetical, have never in our experience been so mercilessly flung to the winds by their possessor as in his case. Grander natural means were rarely given to man; in saying this we only except Lablache.—(*Foreign Correspondence of the "Athenæum."*)

A MUSICAL ELENCH.—The German admirers of Herr Wagner are considerably puzzled just now to know what to do about the consistency of the author of *Oper und Drama*, — the man who denounced all concession as so much claptrap, and everything that pleased the ear as blasphemy against the holiness of Art,—having heard that, in order to adapt his work to the Grand Opéra of Paris, Herr Wagner has consented to the interpolation of a ballet, for which he has written the music. Why will those who create lay down principles in their prefaces, and recommend their noble selves by abusing their predecessors and contemporaries? When was there ever a more specious and convincing document than Gluck's preface to *Alceste*, in which repetition was denounced as among other meretricious arts to please the public at the expense of truth. Yet in this very *Alceste* there are as many examples of *da capo* quite as superfluous, save to show the singer *per se*, as in the operas by Hasse, Lampugnani, and other of the light and gay Italians whom Gluck professed to mow down. Thus, after Herr Wagner's Spartan and self-asserting diatribe, this quiet acquiescence in attempting to popularise a composition which might else offer too little to satisfy the sprightly and dance-loving public of Paris is indeed instructive, by way of warning to all theory-spinners, self-praisers and haranguers, if the rumour be correct. As historians bit by bit of the smartest controversy which has occurred in music since that betwixt Gluck and Piccini, we cannot overlook the rumour, nor the chagrin which it has caused among the sincere disciples of a prophet who is supposed to be yielding to "French influence."

The Theatres.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The "summer" performances at the most western of theatres takes this week a tragic direction, in consequence of the engagement of Mr. Barry Sullivan, who has just returned from America. As on the occasion when some years ago he made his first appearance before the London public, he has chosen *Hamlet* for the inauguration of his career. All the qualities that have rendered his memory estimable in the minds of playgoers he retains to their full extent. He is a careful, correct, and perspicuous declaimer, turning to good account his natural advantages of voice and figure, and he is, moreover, thoroughly versed in the routine of the part, which he has evidently studied with laudable assiduity. Though he makes no particular attempt to startle his audience, he is neither tame nor listless, and all that he does is well considered and quite to the purpose. A numerous audience witnessed his performance of Hamlet, and greeted him with a hearty welcome.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Under the management of Mr. Batty the old equestrian theatre promises to recover its ancient popularity. *Mazeppa*, always attractive from time immemorial, has been revived with new scenery and appointments, and draws audiences numerous far above the average. The scenes in the circle are all of them first-rate in their kind, Mademoiselle de Berg, the chief female equestrian, being at once remarkable for her gracefulness and courage. An entirely novel feat performed by this lady is a leap *through* a mail coach, which occupies the place usually assigned to hoops and banners. Of course, the coach is constructed of paper, but, although its material is frail, it has the three measures proper to solidity, and the sight of it is sufficient to baulk any but the most daring artist. Generally a spirit of thorough renovation pervades Mr. Batty's management. Astley's is so essentially a theatre of old associations that a lessee may easily be tempted to let it rest on its traditional fame alone, without essaying to provide it with the attractions familiar at other establishments. But Mr. Batty still adheres to the principle by which he was regulated when, previous to his opening last Easter, he had the house freshly decorated in every part. His dramas are admirably put upon the stage; the personages in the ring, whether equestrian or grotesque, are all costumed in tasteful fashion, and on each succeeding night look as smart as though it was the first occasion of their appearance. Altogether there is not a cleaner, brighter, and more commodious house in London than the time-honoured edifice at the foot of Westminster Bridge.

Letter to the Editor.

MUSIC FOR THE AUTUMN AND WINTER.

SIR,—Everybody is delighted with the Floral Hall Concerts. They have come at a most acceptable time, are given in a building admirably adapted for the purpose, and Mr. Alfred Mellon has exactly hit upon the kind of musical entertainment, calculated now-a-day to satisfy all. Mozart and Haydn, and Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Rossini may safely be given as the staple of the feast, provided a fair proportion of the pieces be vocal. The next six months will be the opera season of the class who frequent promenade concerts;—a very large proportion of the music-loving public, who either cannot afford the expensive enjoyment of Italian opera, or who will support the English from a desire to see the noble art advance amongst their countrymen. Should not the success at the popular concerts of the music of the great masters suggest the desirability of substituting a performance occasionally of the operas of Mozart, Rossini, &c., in English in place of the interminable repetition of the native ones, which, excellent as one or two are, cannot be listened to for the 115th, 116th, and 117th times without tiring? If our best English singers be employed, we can do without one Italian Opera and have a genuine National one instead. A great Italian company was named for Her Majesty's Theatre for last season—let me give not a bad English one for the next; to wit—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Parepa, and Miss A. Whitty, Mrs. Baxter and Miss Pilling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley and Mr. Weiss.

Begging that you and Mr. E. T. Smith will take these matters into serious consideration, I subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

A VOICE FROM THE PROMENADE.

Floral Hall, Tuesday Evening.

THE YORK ORGAN.

[THE following, which appeared in a musical journal upwards of twenty years ago, will be read with interest by such of our subscribers as sedulously treasure up all that relates to the history and progress of organ building in this country. Dr. Monk himself, the present able and conscientious director of musical affairs in York Minster, may probably derive some slight gratification from its perusal. ED.]

HILL AND OTHERS, *v.* THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF YORK.

THE written and oft-repeated testimony of the York organist, in favour of the new instrument, closed our first notice of this trial.

The plaintiffs called Sir Robert Smirke, Mr. Gauntlett, Mr. Lincoln, and a numerous band of agents and workmen. Sir Robert Smirke, it appeared, was engaged by the Dean and Chapter to superintend the restoration of the Minster, and in that situation forwarded a plan to the plaintiffs in which was delineated the position and disposition of the organ between the double screen walls of the choir and the side aisles. Subsequently he received orders to draw out a second plan, which totally differed from his former draft: he delivered this to the plaintiffs in June 1831, about fifteen months after the plaintiffs had been supplied with the other. The organ was built according to the second plan. The plaintiffs' workmen proved that during the whole of these fifteen months the work was proceeded with, and that by this alteration alone nearly the whole of the labour and material had been rendered useless. The expense was estimated at £1500 or £1600. Dr. Cockburn, the dean, is described to have been very troublesome, and the vagaries he indulged respecting the situation of the organ with the arch under it, the heights of the swell-box, the position of the 32-feet pipes, caused great additional labour and loss of time. Neither was he inclined to listen to the suggestions of Dr. Camidge, of whom he said "the doctor fancies my cathedral to be a case for his organ." The expense of the organ was sworn to be about £6000, of which more than £2000 was incurred by alterations and delays, caused by the parties connected with the cathedral.

Mr. H. C. Lincoln, organ builder to His Majesty, proved he had carefully gone over the instrument, which was described as "a monster organ." In his opinion the machinery and construc-

tion were admirable, and not possible to be improved upon. It was the largest organ witness had ever seen, and he really could not form an estimate of its cost, neither would he choose to be tied down to a contract in the construction of an instrument so large and peculiar as to its situation, a part of which could not be erected without enormous expense. The builder has certainly spared no expense or exertion to render his work perfect. THE ORGAN WEIGHS ABOUT NINETY TONS; witness could put no price upon such an instrument, and no man in the kingdom could do so. By comparison with the amount witness received for the Brighton organ (that in His Majesty's Pavilion) witness conceives the plaintiffs' demand very reasonable.

Mr. Gauntlett had seen that portion of the organ which had been constructed according to the first plan of Sir Robert Smirke, and had also seen, tried, and examined the York organ as it now is. It is now as to its conformation totally a different organ. In magnitude and mechanism it is unquestionably without rival in this country or any other. The effect of *the pedale* is astounding, although witness has heard a more brilliant quality of tone than that produced from the manuals.* The mechanism is very beautiful and complete, particularly the movement relative to the wind, which is perfectly *unique* in its construction and effect. Would consider any departure from the builder's original draft as involving a very serious expense in an instrument so large and complicated in its details. The reverend defendants called their organist and organ tuner; also a provincial organ builder who had repaired the old organ, and a London builder who had not seen the new one. Also a parish organist who had been engaged formerly in trade as a dealer in barometers. Dr. Camidge proved that the old organ had originally cost £1800 and had been repaired at an expense of £1200 more. Considers the organ as complete as possible, and should take it altogether as the finest in the world; witness certainly never heard such an organ, and considers it full a third larger than Birmingham. The scale of the pipes are as large as the room would allow. Considers £2500 a very fair price for the organ as it stands at present: but witness on being shown his own letter to Lumley Saville, in which he writes, "I firmly believe that the labour and material will require the whole sum," retracts that opinion and could not consider it a remunerating price. Witness considers the plaintiffs executed the work very amply, and thinks if they had proceeded as on a close contract, plaintiffs might have *screwed* him in the work. Says the Dean was "rough and rude" to the plaintiff Hill, and admits him to have been hasty and grumbling that the organ was not erected at an earlier period.

Ward, a country organ builder, deposed to repairing the old organ, and his astonishment at the new. Considered it impossible to make the large pipes speak when he first saw them. The York organ, witness thinks, is as fine a piece of mechanism as any workman could turn out.

Other unimportant testimony was adduced to which it is unnecessary to refer. The verdict gives the plaintiffs nearly £4000. They are supposed to lose about £1500 or £2000 by the transaction.

* The reason (says a contemporary critic) is obvious. Dr. Camidge has multiplied the unison stops (diapasons and reeds), but forgotten to do the same with the compound stops. The old organ was built by Blyth, in 1803, and subsequently repaired and enlarged at a total expense of £2,000. Here is a list of the stops:—

GREAT ORGAN.	CHOIR ORGAN.
Open Diapason (3 ranks)	Dulciana
Stopped Diapason	Stopped Diapason
Principal	Principal
Twelfth	Flute
Fifteenth	Fifteenth
Nazaral	Cremona or Bassoon
Sesquialtra (3 ranks)	
Furniture (3 ranks)	SWELL ORGAN.
Cornet (5 ranks)	Open Diapason
Trumpet	Dulciana
Clarion	Stopped Diapason
	Principal
	Trumpet
	Oboe
	Sesquialtra (4 ranks)

In this organ are thirteen unison stops; and compound stops making fifteen ranks, besides a twelfth and nazaral. In the present organ there are only nineteen ranks of compound stops (five of which are in the swell) to stand up against twenty-three unison stops (namely, fourteen diapason, and nine unison, reeds). Let our readers balance the weight of a modern diapason with that of Blyth's scale, and the result must be as clear as a sunbeam. Dr. Camidge should add clarions, octave clarions, twelfths, larigots, tierces, and mixtures almost *ad libitum*. It may be remarked that the list of stops given to the York organ, in "Bellerby's York Guide," is most inaccurate, and not at all to be relied upon. We allude to the edition of 1832.

MR. SIMS REEVES is climbing mountains, and regaining health and strength, in the Swiss Oberland.

MR. JOHN OXENFORD has completed a translation of Clapisson's opera, *La Reine Topaze*, and is already engaged on another (we trust a better), both intended for Mr. E. T. Smith, an ecclectic, if there ever was one.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.—There is to be one novelty at the Worcester Festival, which takes place, be it recollected, the week after next,—this is, "The Erl-King's Daughter," a ballad, or cantata, by Herr Gade. This should recommend the concert at which it will be given to all who are tired of scraps, tawdry ballads, and thirty-times-told opera songs, with the opera dresses and scenery left out.

EPPING (*From a Correspondent*).—On Thursday evening, August 30th, a highly successful concert was given here, in aid of the funds for the completion of the Epping and Sheydon Garnon National Schools. The programme was of a superior kind; the first part sacred, the second secular, and was entrusted to the following artistes:—Mad. Weiss, Mad. Gilbert, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss; at the pianoforte Mr. Alfred Gilbert. Through the exertions of the Rev. J. Tuck and Mrs. Tuck, the room was filled by the *élite* of the neighbourhood, who testified their gratification by numerous encores and by retaining their seats until the very last note of the concert.

BELFAST.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—At the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Dorian, the coadjutor Roman Catholic Bishop of Belfast, the following programme was performed at St. Malachy's in an excellent manner by Mr. R. Sutton Swahy and the choir under his command:—

Veni Creator, Gregorian; *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, and *Credo*, Haydn; *Sanctus*, Mozart; *Tantum Ergo*, Spanish; *Agnus Dei*, Cramsic; *Te Deum*, Webb; Overture, *Athaliah*, Handel; *Offertoire* (No. 5), L. Wély; *Larghetto*, in F (Symphony), Haydn; *Fugue*, J. S. Bach; March, *David*, C. Horsley.

The soloists were Mrs. Ling and Mr. Cramsie, who acquitted themselves most creditably. Mr. Swahy deserves great praise for the marked improvement in the choir since it has been under his management.

OPERATIC MUSIC IN GERMANY.—There is no novelty in German dramatic music to be heard of. At Frankfort they have been playing *Der Vampyr* (with an ovation to Herr Marschner, who is said to have designs on the Grand Opéra at Paris, and for the moment is sojourning in the free town) and *Der Freischütz*; at Carlsruhe, Mozart's *Titus*, without one singer adequate to the music. There, it may be recollected, Herr Wagner's *Tristan* was to be produced last year. It was put in rehearsal; but after many weeks of laborious study, was abandoned as too uncouth—too little like music to be endured—or learnt. His day, we believe, and, for the interests of art, *hope*, is done in his own country. Whether he will revolutionise Paris, under imperial protection, remains to be seen. In the theatrical line, Fraulein Gossmann, a comic actress, is turning the heads of young and old in Frankfort by her lively performances.

AGENCIES.—Our intention of offering a few remarks on some of the morals and manners of musical administration has not been laid aside, though its fulfilment was deferred to a time when no possible personality could be connected with what was said. Our reason is, the universally reported increase of a system of indirect

dealing, which works ill for the art, ill for the artist, ill for the public: to come to the point, the system of agency and *douceur*. In no other world of selling and buying (says a contemporary) are these found satisfactory, both in one important feature being distinct from all business done by commission openly avowed. This feature is the secresy of the transaction, which naturally brings on an abuse of public good faith, placing it at the mercy of the artist who can bid highest for the agent's good word,—and of the agent who, by producing ware not worth its reputation for a "consideration," inevitably renders the task of merit more delicate in its scruples, more averse to all intermediate transactions,—possibly, too, less ample in its means. While we would fain protect the artist struggling upwards, we are bound in continuation to ask whether the artists who have arrived are themselves clear of aiding and abetting so thoroughly vicious a system? What is to be said of the performer who, having before him the world of good music where to choose, prefers to perform, on the appeal of a per-centage, or payment in full, music from which pickings and perquisites are to be gleaned? Simply, that in all proceedings of the kind they cease to be artists, and become hired agents in their own turn. It is only the mediocre or the mean among the composers who will bid for such spurious protection, by extending which the public again suffers, and the standard of taste is inevitably depreciated. Much has been said by those before the public concerning the venality of the press. Were this true to the extent complained of, have those who resort to indirect influence on the one hand, or on the other to covert payment, a right to complain? We put the case, in all its strength, before all real musicians. To them it will be known that any amount of evidence could be brought in justification of our broaching a question as important as it is delicate.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—The disaster at St. Martin's Hall deprives London, for a time at least, of one of its best concert halls. We are sorry to see it stated that Mr. Hullah has lost a portion of his musical library by the fire.—*Athenæum.*

CRUMBS OF NEWS.—Mr. Gye has gone over the Alps, it is said, in search of the Black Swan, *alias* a real Italian *prima donna* who can sing.—Herr Hiller, though cordially invited to Leipsig to fill the place vacated by Herr Rietz, as chief at the Gewandhaus Concerts, declines leaving Cologne. In this we hold him wise. Herr Reinecke, some seven years ago known as a pianist of promise, has been appointed in his stead.—"They say" that Herr Reinthaler is composing again; we should have had something new from him long ago.—What, by the way, has become of Herr Gade? He might have melted into the empty air for any "sound himself hath made" in Europe lately.—M. Bataille is about to leave Paris for the Grand Opéra at Brussels,—a real loss this to the French capital.—The Belgian capital is at last to possess an organ worth playing on, a new instrument of first class having been bespoken for the Palais Ducal, in which great musical celebrations are to be held.

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Morning Post, April 26, 1860.

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WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WORCESTER, *Sept.* 10, 1860.

THERE is a charm about the meeting of the Three Choirs which is almost sufficient to reconcile the London critic to the infringement upon the already sufficiently brief respite from his labours between the close of the summer and opening of the winter musical campaign. There are the nice, pleasant, quaint, clean old cities, redolent of historical memories and associations, each overshadowed with its cathedral more or less beautiful, with their quiet "closes" and "college greens," their cool cloisters, their rich deaneries, suggestive of easy living and good cheer, and, added to all this, the healthy and unusual excitement of the towns' folk; the streets all alive with people gaily dressed wending their way festival-wards; the serried line of spectators watching their progress, seeming to think that the next best thing to enjoying yourself is witnessing the enjoyment of others; the frequent glimpse of a well-known face, familiar in the London orchestras, also hieing to the central point of attraction; and then the delightful neighbourhood of Worcester, with its bold range of Malvern hills; Gloucester with its Cotteswolds, and the lovely ride to Birdlip; Hereford with its no less agreeable vicinage, hardly inferior in beauty, if not altogether as well known. Again, the rivers; who that has ever eaten of Severn salmon can fail to associate that king of all fish with the gently winding stream on which stand Worcester and Gloucester? The Wye, too, most picturesque of all English rivers—the "Rhine of England"—with its glorious Tintern Abbey, Symmon's Jut, Wyndcliffe, boasting a view in no way inferior to the famous "Ehrenbreitstein;" the Caldwell Rocks; Goodrich Court and Castle (now, alas, closed to the public); Ross with its "Prospect," its "Man," whom Pope has immortalised, its grandly situated Royal Hotel, with the not inappropriate motto in the garden, "Ici on se rajeunit;" and Wye salmon, also not to be forgotten, much less despised; and all three counties rejoicing in their cider and perry, excellent in draught, superb in bottle; indeed, in the latter form far superior to champagne, when taken with the salmon aforesaid. All these things being considered, we feel mollified, and to a great extent reconciled to the prospect of four morning and three evening performances (to say nothing of two balls) which characterise these triennial gatherings.

As this is the one hundred and thirty-seventh meeting of the three choirs, the reader will have no difficulty in fixing the date of commencement of the festivals, which have gone on increasing in magnitude and importance year after year. It is perhaps almost needless to reiterate the fact that charity is the primary object, the relief of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy in the three dioceses being the purpose of the collection at the doors, and whatever surplus may accrue from the receipts of the Festival, after payment of all expenses; but as a deficit is the general result, and the difference is not taken from the voluntary contributions, a certain number of gentlemen accept the office of stewards, and from their own pockets make up the balance which ordinarily occurs between receipts and expenditure, leaving the collections intact for the fund. The idea of making a collection at the doors originated in 1724, with Dr. Thomas Bisse, chancellor of Hereford, and brother of the Bishop; £31. 10s. was the amount obtained. The following year at Worcester, £48. 10s. was subscribed. In 1729, Dr. Bisse in his Festival sermon, rejoiced that the meetings had already assumed the highest importance, but £38 was all that was collected. At Gloucester the following year, it sunk to £28. 3s. It is needless to pursue the monetary part of the question farther, but for the purpose of comparison it is sufficient to say that at Gloucester last year £1,143. 3s. was subscribed (being the largest collection ever known), and that Worcester has a sufficient sum invested in the funds to contribute her yearly quota of some £60 to the charity. When the meetings were originally established, the members used to assemble the first Tuesday in September, and choral services were performed in the cathedral the two following days, on the last day a service and collection. For many years past the collections have been made every day, and the service held on the first. Worcester has made a change in the arrangements this year, devoting the whole of the four mornings to oratorios, and giving the sermon at an earlier hour—half-past eight, substituting Croft in A in place of the *Dettingen Te Deum*, and one anthem only in place of the two which were usually given, and making no charge whatever for admission. In point of fact, divesting the strictly religious portion of the week of all appearance of or pretence to a grand musical performance, the members of the choirs alone, without the stars, band, chorus, &c., sustaining the services throughout. This we take to be a sensible step, as it not only disarms the objections of the captious, who did not like the association of a sermon with the names of London concert-room singers and opera-house players, but also affords an opportunity for enlarging the programme by the addition of another clear morning for sacred music in the cathedral.

A wonderful contrast is suggested between the humble gathering of what was then literally the meeting of the choirs and the vast assemblage now—a band of some seventy or eighty performers, most of them selected from the Philharmonic, Royal Italian Opera, &c., and chorus, making up with the instruments upwards of 300—all the leading talent of the metropolis engaged as principals, the railway facilities bringing people in thousands where they formerly scarcely mustered in hundreds. In the important item of stewards, too, there is a remarkable difference. In 1754 the stewards were reduced from six to two, at which number it continued till 1798, when it was augmented to four, and afterwards to the original number. During this period the fortunes of the festivals fluctuated considerably. In 1774 the collection at Hereford amounted to £622. 5s. 9d., while at Worcester, nine years afterwards, it fell to £384. 12s. At the same city, in 1794, it was still further reduced to £266. 2s. 2d.; but in 1809 Worcester redeemed itself by subscribing £810, a sum which would not be considered a bad average at the present time. Apart from the sums collected at the doors, the success (pecuniary) of the festivals has been very varied, so much so that even within the last four years it has been more than doubtful whether or not the music meetings would be brought to a final close. For this the clergy are in some degree to blame. At Hereford the Bishop is absent—the Dean proclaims himself a violent enemy to the proceedings, and shuts up the Deanery, flying the city as if it were plague-stricken. The Archdeacon, who formerly was one of the most active supporters, goes off in a huff, and but for the energy and public spirit of some few gentlemen, there would have been no Festival in '58. Some years previous a serious hitch occurred at Gloucester, and to the late Rev. Dr. Evans, for so many years one of the most active supporters of the Festival, the credit is mainly due of having persisted, at all sacrifices, in carrying out the original design, and preventing Gloucester being the first to break through the time-honoured observance of the music meetings.

It would be curious and interesting were it possible to investigate the balance-sheet of the early festivals as compared with these of present times. We have, however, but little information on this head, beyond the fact that the members chiefly belonged to the college, their performances being gratis, with an exception in favour of the leader, whose pay was 5s. nightly, the members being refreshed with ale, cider, and tobacco. To induce regularity of attendance, a fine of 6d. was inflicted on each absentee. The *Te Deum* of Purcell and that of Handel, composed for the peace of Utrecht, were given alternately for many years, until the latter was superseded for the well-known *Dettingen*, which has held its place until the present year. The original price of the concert tickets was 2s. 6d.—they are now 10s. 6d.—the leader's pay being one guinea for the whole meeting. Mr. Woodcock, of Hereford, who then filled that important office, was famous for his performance of the fifth concerto of Vivaldi, whose *Cuckoo Concerto* may be known to a few amateurs of this generation. In 1733, the "famous Mr. Powell, of Oxford" was the great star of the Gloucester meeting. Of this gentleman we know nothing at the present day; but that he occupied a position of great eminence in his time may be gathered from an extravagant rhapsody in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1744, where the obituary pathetically exclaims:—

"Is Powell dead? Then all the earth
Prepare to meet its fate:
To sing the everlasting birth,
The choir of Heav'n's complete."

This is hardly inferior to the well-known—

"One God, one Farinelli."

As our readers are well aware, these Festivals are conducted by the organists of the respective cathedrals. Now, with all possible respect for the ability of these gentlemen, who are doubtless thoroughly at home with their own instruments, we cannot but think that it would be desirable to have a *chef* with whose method of conducting the band is familiar; for it is hardly to be expected, however great the capacity as an organist, that any one assuming the bâton once in three years should be competent to direct performances on the scale of magnitude that these Festivals have assumed. Granting that Messrs. Done, Amott, and Smith are not altogether unused to such oratorios as the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, &c., (although in these, without being hypercritical, we have more than once had occasion to find fault) it is in the evening concerts that their deficiency as conductors is apparent; a wavering beat, uncertainty and changes of time, frequently putting band and chorus at variance, and in some instances marring the efficiency of the principal singers. Of late years, however, this has fortunately not been quite so apparent, thanks to having a leader like M. Sainton, whose unvarying steadiness is of immense service, acting as a foil to the somewhat eccentric gyrations of the local conductor's stick. More than once an attempt has been made to alter this, and secure the direction of a London conductor, but vested interests and other prejudices of like character have interfered, and so kept things in *statu quo*. One of the objections urged has been the time-honoured cry of precedent—"It always had been so, and why should there be a change?—It would alter the character of the meetings, &c" Now, the fact is that it was not always so; for in 1737 Dr. Boyce, many of whose anthems still hold their place in our churches, was engaged to conduct the festival, and wrote an anthem for the occasion; and, as we shall show farther on, other conductors presided at various times. When Handel's oratorio of *Samson* was produced in 1752, the prices were raised in consequence of the extra expense of engaging London performers, although this was not the first time that the metropolis had contributed her aid; for in 1733 (Mr. Powell's year) French horns, trumpets, hautboys, German flutes, and a "fine treble harp," were engaged, to say nothing of the "first vocal" performers, of whose names we have no record. In 1754 Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was produced at Gloucester. In 1755 at Worcester the singers were Miss Turner, daughter of Dr. Turner, organist of Westminster Abbey; Mr. Wass, of the Chapel Royal; Mr. Denham; Mr. Baildon; and Mr. Beard. The latter gentleman was the Sims Reeves of his day, taking the principal part in almost every musical piece that was performed, and being the original tenor in *Esther*, Handel's first oratorio. He was one of the singers in the Duke of Chandos's chapel at Cannons; and in 1739 gave great scandal to the aristocracy by marrying Lady Henrietta Herbert, only daughter of James Earl of Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Earl of Powis. Our musical readers will remember that the late Lord Waldegrave married a daughter of the great John Braham. Touching the marriage of Lady Herbert, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in one of her letters to Lady Pomfret, says:—"Lady Herbert furnished the tea-tables here with fresh tattle for the last fortnight. I was one of the first informed of her adventure by Lady Gage, who was told that morning by a priest that she had desired him to marry her the next day to Beard, who sings in the farces at Drury Lane. He refused her that good office, and immediately told Lady Gage, who (having been unfortunate in her friends) was frightened at this affair, and asked my advice. I told her honestly that since the lady was capable of such amours I did not doubt, if this was broke off, she would bestow her person and fortune on some hackney-coachman or chairman, and that I really saw no method of saving her from ruin, and her family from dishonour, but by poisoning her, and offered to be at the expense of the arsenic, and even to administer it with my own hands, if she would invite her to drink tea with her that evening. * * * Her relations have certainly no reason to be amazed at her constitution, but are violently surprised at the mixture of devotion that forces her to have recourse to the church in her necessities, which has not been the road taken by the matrons of her family." With much more of the like good-natured character.

Her friends, however, were disappointed, as Beard appears to have been a man of superior attainments, good principles, and respectable conduct; and consequently he and his noble wife enjoyed a fair share of happiness in the married state. After her death Beard married a daughter of Rich, and eventually became one of the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, dying in 1791, at the age of seventy-four. In 1757 Handel's *Messiah* was given at Gloucester for the first time, and received with enthusiasm, Dr. Hayes being the conductor. The following year Pinto, an Englishman by birth, but of Italian parentage, conducted. Pinto's son, who died in 1808, at the early age of twenty-one, was a most extraordinary genius, but of very irregular habits. In addition to being an excellent performer on the violin and piano, his compositions for these instruments, as well as for the voice, were both numerous and original. The Monday Popular Concerts gave one of his sonatas, A major, for pianoforte, the early part of last year, if we remember rightly. At the Gloucester meeting of 1760, Dr. Hayes again conducted, *Esther* being given in memory of Handel, who had died since the preceding anniversary. In 1770, at Worcester, Miss Linley (afterwards the wife of Sheridan) sang. *Israel in Egypt* was given for the first time at Gloucester with a new oratorio, *Ruth* (now entirely forgotten), by Giardini, who at that time led the band. Hereford, in 1777, took a novel step;—the introduction of an entire Italian opera: the example, however, was not repeated. Mr. Cramer, father of John Cramer, led the band at Hereford in 1780. Four years later the church services and anthems were confined for the first time to the morning meeting in the cathedral, and the music which had been performed the same year at Handel's commemoration at Westminster Abbey substituted for the ordinary service. In 1788 George the Third and his queen honoured the Worcester Festival by their presence. The following year Mrs. Billington made her first appearance at these festivals. Lindley, the celebrated and well-remembered violoncello player, made his first appearance at Gloucester in 1798, and his last appearance at the same place half a century later. Gloucester certainly seems to have taken the initiative both in the production of new works and new performers; for in 1796 we find that John Braham made his appearance as principal tenor for the first time. Worcester, however, brought out Incledon in 1803; and Gloucester, in 1802, Mrs. Billington, and in 1811, Mad. Catalani, when Braham resumed his post as first tenor, having just returned from Italy; and in 1814 Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex. We have before alluded to the responsibilities of the stewards; and so heavy were the losses they had to defray, that at one time (1798) no gentleman could be found to accept the office, consequently the meetings ran the imminent risk of being abandoned altogether. The Duke of Norfolk, however, overcame the difficulty; and, although since then great trouble has been experienced in getting stewards, and from that and other causes the festivals have been repeatedly endangered, we think that now there is every reason to believe that they are established on a firmer basis than ever, the losses of late years having diminished to a mere trifle, and indeed twice at Gloucester, 1853 and '56, a surplus being obtained for the charity. To Mr. J. H. Brown, the indefatigable secretary of the Gloucester meetings, belongs the credit of extending the number of stewards, having gradually increased from eight to no less than forty-four, whose names we find heading the programme of last year's meeting. The Rev. Robert Sarjeant, the zealous secretary of the Worcester festivals, has secured the goodly number of thirty-four stewards, amongst whom we find the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, Earl Coventry, the Hon. F. G. Calthorpe, M.P., Hon. F. Lygon, M.P., Sir H. E. Lambert, Bart., Sir E. Lechmere, Bart., the High Sheriff of the county, &c., &c. Should any loss arise it is not felt when distributed over so many; but when a deficit of £1500 has to be divided amongst six, as it has been within our recollection, it becomes a serious matter. Another advantage, too, in numbers is this:—The majority of gentlemen selected are generally residents in the neighbourhood, and being pecuniarily interested in the success of the Festival, fill their houses with company for the week, and every day bring large parties to the Cathedral and Shire Hall, who not only swell

the attendance, but contribute handsomely to the plates held at the doors with such persistence by the most charming and fascinating of ladies, whose earnest appeals are literally irresistible. We can understand any one refusing a donation when the plate is handed round at "Ebenezer" or "Little Bethel" by a sour-visaged deacon, elder, or some such functionary, the mind having been previously prepared by listening to a dreary discourse from the Rev. Mr. Howl, and the body chastened by sitting in the most uncomfortably angular pew constructed of the hardest wood known. But after hearing a glorious oratorio, in a no less glorious cathedral, the dulcet strains of Clara Novello or Sims Reeves ringing in our ears, to have to run the gauntlet of a dozen or so of the most elegant and fashionable belles of the county, the heart would not be made of flesh and blood who could possibly withhold his mite under such circumstances.

The list of principal singers is strong. First we have Mad. Clara Novello (who made her first appearance at Gloucester twenty-five years ago with Caradori Allan), and as this is the last opportunity the public will have of hearing her marvellous voice in the place of all others where it sounds to the greatest perfection—the nave of a cathedral—we doubt not that this fact will of itself be sufficient to attract vastly increased numbers to the morning performances. The remaining soprani are Mesdames Rudersdorff, Weiss and Parepa; contralti—Mad. Sainton-Dolby (the Worcester stewards not following the example and bad taste of the Norwich committee), and Miss M. Wells. Tenors—Mr. Sims Reeves (without whom no festival can be considered complete), Messrs. Montem Smith and Mason. The basses—Messrs. Weiss, Briggs, and Signor Belletti; the first-named gentleman this time sustaining the part of *Elijah*, as he had always done at the festivals of the choirs until last year at Gloucester, the circumstances of which need no repeating here, having engaged sufficient attention at the time. Mr. H. Blagrove leads the band in the morning, M. Sainton in the evening performances. Nearly the whole of the principal players of M. Costa's orchestra are engaged, but amongst the violoncellos we miss the familiar name of W. Lovell Phillips, unhappily numbered with the dead since the last meeting of the choir, and also of Signor Cioffi, first of trombone players, likewise taken from us this year.

To-day there has been a long rehearsal at the cathedral, and this evening another rehearsal at the College Hall. From what we hear there seems every prospect of a good festival, by far the larger proportion of seats for both morning and evening performances being secured. The weather is charming, a trifle cold perhaps, but bright, clear, and promising a continuation.

TUESDAY.

This morning, at half-past eight, divine service was held in the choir of the cathedral, the Rev. R. Cattley, minor canon, intoning, the Rev. Canon Lewis, reading the first, and the Hon. and Rev. the Dean (Dr. Peel), the second lesson,—the chant being the Rev. F. Havergall's festival chant. The choristers and lay clerks of the three choirs were all present, and rendered the service, Croft in A, and Goss's anthem, "Praise the Lord O my soul," with steadiness and efficiency, Mr. G. Townshend Smith, of Hereford, presiding at the organ. An excellent and appropriate discourse was preached by the Rev. George Herbert Pepys (son of the bishop), from a text taken from the 3rd chapter of the book of Proverbs, 9th and 10th verses—"Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." Although the congregation was very large, the collection was but little more than £14, which does not say much for the liberality of the Worcester townspeople, whom we take to have formed the staple of those present. True it is that the Mayor and Corporation, who came in state, reserved their contributions for the oratorio performance, which was to take place later in the day, when no doubt the charitable feelings of the corporate body, and many others, would be stimulated by a bounteous champagne breakfast, with which the Mayor regaled his friends at the Guildhall, a building which has just undergone thorough repair and redecoration, the festivities of to-day serving as a sort of house-warming to the edifice. We remarked that the choir or east window of the cathedral has been partially restored, six out the ten stained glass lights having been recently filled in by Hardman of Birmingham. The purport is to depict certain events in the life of our Saviour, but what they are intended to represent must be taken entirely on trust, as from the choir it is quite impossible to decipher their meaning. The colours, moreover, are poor and cold, lacking that rich and lustrous effect which the old artists were wont to produce in stained glass. And while we are on this subject, it may not be out of place to mention that upon visiting Gloucester cathedral last Sunday, we found three new and very fine specimens of stained glass windows had been inserted in the south aisle, and it is in contemplation to complete the series by filling in the whole of the lights on the south or college green side in a similar manner. When this is finished, the nave of Gloucester may challenge comparison with any cathedral, the very large and no less effective west window, erected to the memory of the late Bishop Monk greatly enhancing the appearance of the building.

At 12 o'clock the musical performances were inaugurated by the first part of Haydn's *Creation*, in which the most marked feature was the singing of Mad. Clara Novello, whose voice told wonderfully in "The Marvellous Work," and "With Verdure clad." The choruses went well, "The heavens are telling," bringing the selection to a fine close. Mr. Weiss is so thoroughly at home in this as in all other of our standard works, that we need do no more than remark that his delivery of "Rolling in foaming billows" was characterised by all those good qualities which have raised and retained him in his deserved position. After a few minutes' pause, Mendelssohn's oratorio of *St. Paul* commenced, and allowing half-an-hour's interval between the first and second part, did not conclude until just 4 o'clock. Our readers are sufficiently well acquainted with this masterpiece to render all criticism on its intrinsic and manifold beauties quite superfluous. Suffice it to say then, that the general execution is entitled to commendation—principals, band, and chorus alike exerting themselves to do justice to the great work, which twenty-four years ago was produced with such success at the Dusseldorf gathering, under the direction of the great composer himself. Mesdames Clara Novello and Rudersdorff divided the soprano music; Mad. Sainton-Dolby, assisted by Miss M. Wells, the contralto; Mr. Sims Reeves alone sustaining the tenor part, and Signor Belletti the bass, supported by Mr. Briggs, one of the lay clerks of the cathedral. The choruses producing the greatest effect were "Stone him to death," "Rise up, arise," and "O great is the depth," marred, however, by people who could not wait for their refreshment until the end of the first part, but persisted in getting up and disturbing everybody else. The chorales, forming so distinctive a feature in this oratorio, were also given with great smoothness and attention. The one "To thee O Lord," performed at the funeral of the late Duke of Wellington, and "Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling," especially calling forth praise. The final chorus "Not only unto him" was altogether lost for the same reason we have above alluded to. Perhaps four hours is rather too long for a sitting, especially when we consider there are yet three full mornings and three long evening concerts to come. The attendance was larger by some 300 than is usual on the Tuesday morning (a good argument for continuing the same order at future meetings)—about 1,350 persons being present. An alteration has been made since the last festival, by taking away the western gallery and substituting reserved seats; another change too has been made, the prices of the aisles—formerly 5s. but last time 3s. 6d.—are now 2s. 6d.; and the result is that they were quite full, instead of, as in days gone by, being but a third occupied. One singular fact has come to our knowledge (and that from an undoubtedly authentic source) which it will not be out of place to mention here. The elegantly dressed ladies would perhaps feel offended if they were told that their devotion to fashion sadly interfered with the charitable objects of the music meeting, and could not think it possible that their skirts amplified by crinolines (which large as they are in the metropolis become positively gigantic in the provinces), should be enemies to the festival to the extent of more than £200—but so it is, for this time there are 230 seats fewer than last, to allow room for the present outrageous height, or rather width, of fashion. Readers of a calculating turn of mind who feel inclined to multiply this number by 15 shillings, the price of the reserved seats, can arive at a correct result. But this is not all, we have spoken only of the seats in the cathedral; at the College Hall, where the

concerts are held, the number of places is diminished by 119—which according to Cocker (the most often quoted but least known of arithmeticians) will at 10s. 6d. each give, or rather *not* give, £63. 9s.—so that altogether some £235 are sacrificed, because the ladies will "make broad the borders of their garments." We give this merely as a curious statistical fact, not for a moment supposing that any of our fair readers will diminish their circumference in consequence.

WEDNESDAY.

"Music hath charms," not only "to soothe the savage breast," but also to extract money from the civilised pocket, and efficacious as pulpits and preachers may be upon some occasions, orchestras and singers are yet more powerful upon others. Excellent as was the advocacy of the reverend gentleman who officiated yesterday morning, and urged the claims of charity, less than £15 was collected at the doors, as we have already stated; but after Haydn's *Creation* and Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, the plates were replenished by donations amounting to upwards of £355, a sum more than double that usually subscribed the first day, and a splendid beginning for the Widows' and Orphans' fund. This has put the stewards and everybody connected with the festival in high spirits, and as the weather is magnificent and the plans for morning and evening performances present the gratifying sight of nearly the whole of the reserved and numbered seats marked off as let, all of them for Friday, the *Messiah*, and always the great day, and all for Thursday night, the last concert, the pecuniary success of the meeting ought to be certain. Should the anticipated attendance be fulfilled, there is a right to expect a surplus for the charity, or at any rate no deficit, for if there is any call upon the stewards after filling cathedral and concert hall every day, it must be a sign of radical mismanagement somewhere, as after all it amounts to a mere matter of calculation. So many seats at so much will produce a given sum, the engagements and other expenses will cost so much, and allowing a margin for casualties, the expenditure should not be allowed to exceed the estimated receipts. The attendance last night at the College Hall was the largest we remember for a first concert, 530 being present. The body of the room will hold about 600 persons, and the gallery some 300 more, but for the fact we mentioned yesterday, a thousand people might be accommodated. Perhaps when the present fashion is discarded (it cannot last for ever, that's one consolation), and ladies return to the straight and limp costume of their grandmammas, "when George the Third was king," and the festival of 18—, well, we cannot fix the date exactly,—has let every seat for morning and evening, the "consummation devoutly to be wished" may be accomplished.

The concert of Tuesday was a decided improvement in more respects than one on those generally given at these meetings. In the first place the length was not excessive, as it commenced at eight and would have terminated at eleven, but for the *encores* in the second part. So much for the quantity. Next as to the quality, likewise praiseworthy, including, as it did, two works each equally great in its way, and sufficient to stamp the concert with the individuality of good music. We allude to Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, heard for the first time at Worcester, and now fairly making the round of the provinces (it only remains for Hereford to follow the example of Gloucester the "fayre," and this the "faithfulle" city, to complete the circle of the choirs), and Beethoven's Symphony in D, No. 2, which occupied the post of honour, the opening of the second part. Mad. Clara Novello, as the heroine, Mr. Sims Reeves as the lover, Mr. Weiss, as Robin Hood, and Miss M. Wells as the Queen, one and all acquitted themselves to perfection; the chorus, too, was unusually good, and but for the orchestral accompaniment being far too loud throughout the entire execution, would have been entitled to unqualified praise. Of course for this the conductor is responsible, and it really was a pity to hear the voices of the principals all but drowned by the loudness of the instruments. We have so frequently eulogised this work that any further laudation would be superfluous, but it is sufficient to say that the intrinsic goodness of the music is such that the pleasure of the hearer is increased at each performance, a fact which never occurs with music of an inferior character, however attractive and catching it may have been at first hearing. The audience, although cold during its progress, applauded loudly at the close of the *May Queen*, which was succeeded by Mad. Rudersdorff, who gave an energetic reading of Meyerbeer's "Va, dit-elle." Mr. Montem Smith followed in a ballad of Hatton's, from the Spanish, "The maid I love hath many a grace." Macfarren's charming ballad from *Don Quixote*, "Ah, why do we love?" gave us an opportunity we have not had frequently of late—the hearing Mad. Weiss, who sang with unaffected taste and expression. The accompanyist, however, did his best (or his worst) to mar her efforts, by dragging the time unpleasantly, and it would be an advantage to the gentleman in question if he could attend one of the Monday Popular Concerts, and take a lesson from the manner in which pianoforte accompaniments are played there. Mr. R. S. Pratten received an immense welcome upon appearing to play his solo, "Maria Stuart," on his newly-perfected flute, and by the extraordinary powers of execution he displayed, commanded a perfect hurricane of applause at the conclusion.

The performance of the Beethoven Symphony was on the whole satisfactory; and although in parts lacking that nice discrimination of light and shade, without which a symphony is nothing. Mozart's "Questi Avventurieri," sung by Signor Belletti, seemed to fall flatly upon the audience, who were, however, roused to enthusiasm by Knight's old ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," given by Mad. Rudersdorff, with a pathos amounting almost to exaggeration, especially in the last verse. It had its effect, however, for a tremendous encore ensued, when the lady returned to the platform, seated herself at the piano, and treated her auditors with one of those Spanish songs ("Cola séra") with which Mad. Viardot Garcia has so frequently indulged the public. We have never heard the unaccompanied quartett from *Dinorah* go better than it did last night, being sung to absolute perfection by Mesdames Weiss and Sainton-Dolby, and Messrs. M. Smith and Weiss. The "Shadow Song" from the same opera, has been so frequently sung by Mlle. Parepa, that we need say no more than that the Worcestrians insisted upon its repetition, with which demand the fair singer immediately complied. The remaining encore was to Mad. Sainton-Dolby, for her expressive rendering of Virginia Gabriel's ballad, "The Skipper and his Boy," the last verse being repeated. Two duets, "E il sol dell' anima" (Verdi's *Rigoletto*), by Mad. Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves, and "Quanti amore" (Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*), by Mlle. Parepa and Signor Belletti, and Mozart's quintett, "Sento, oh dio," completed the programme of a concert which seemed to give perfect satisfaction to the large number of persons assembled.

The College Hall, where these concerts are held, forms the south side of the cloisters, which connect it with the cathedral. It is by no means a comfortable-looking room, the coloured wash with which the walls are covered, and the dilapidated condition of the stone columns detracting from its appearance. The bare roof, open timber work of no ornate character, also adds to the effect we mention. It has, however, two very great merits, which in this age of defective ventilation and faulty principles of acoustic construction, must not be overlooked. The height of the building, and its tall windows with their lofty openings, secure an amount of circulation of air which we may seek in vain in any of our London concert-rooms. Indeed, last night the fault was the other way, for the cold was so excessive that the opening of the windows might well have been dispensed with, ladies gathering their opera cloaks round them, and looking as if they would have liked to put their feet to the fire. For sound, too, it is excellent, and perhaps had the conductor and his band known how thoroughly their sweet strains travelled, and how the softest note may be easily heard in every part, they might not have fallen into the error we have already alluded to. The building in olden times served as a refectory, and is used ordinarily as the College school; and as the pupils must necessarily have a holiday while the room is occupied for the purposes of the meeting, we have no doubt that these young gentlemen look with great respect upon the Worcester festivals, which would of course be increased if they were held every year instead of triennially.

As the cathedral is under repair, the Dean and Chapter having agreed to expend some £20,000 on the work of restoration, masons are busily engaged both inside and outside the edifice, and in some parts to the great inconvenience of the occupants of the orchestra

in the cathedral, as it is not altogether pleasant to have unglazed windows in close proximity with such a cold north-east wind as we have had the last two or three days, and which has made itself felt despite the bright sunshine; this morning, however, it is decidedly warmer. This being market day, the streets are crowded with farmers and dealers, their wives and daughters with butter, poultry, fruit, &c., and by their rustic garb and dialect contrasting with the throngs of elegantly dressed people who swarm all over the town. About 1100 were present at this morning's performance in the cathedral, and certainly enjoyed a treat of the highest order,—for the execution of Spohr's *Last Judgment* was irreproachable from beginning to end. It was at first our intention to have specialised the most remarkable points, but we find upon consideration that so doing would involve a recapitulation of almost every piece from the overture to the final chorus, and so our readers must be content to learn that never perhaps has Spohr's masterpiece been heard to greater effect. The soloists were Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. Weiss, all of whom were in excellent voice, and sang with great artistic skill, Mr. Weiss especially distinguishing himself in the arduous bass part, the descriptive recitative describing the approach of the last day being given most admirably. At the request of the Dean, who is supposed to preside in absence of the Bishop, the quartett "Blest are the departed," was repeated. The second part consisted of a selection of the most striking pieces from *Judas Maccabæus*, comprising the choruses, "Mourn ye afflicted children," "O father whose Almighty power," "Disdainful of danger," "Fallen is the foe," "We never will bow down" and "Sing unto God." The whole of these were given with the greatest effect, band and singers working with a will. To Mad. Clara Novello fell "Pious orgies" and "From mighty kings." To say that she sang these to perfection would be faint praise, and so marked an impression was produced by the latter that no one could help feeling gratified when the Dean got up and requested its repetition, with which Mad. Novello gracefully complied by again singing the second part. It made every one feel a regret that we are so soon to lose such a voice from among us, and that future festivals must look long and far before they again find any one conveying the sensations produced by those clear ringing bell-like notes. No less magnificent was Mr. Sims Reeves's delivery of the two airs set down for him, "Call forth thy powers" and "Sound an alarm," both equally well sung, but the latter absolutely electrifying the audience. Mr. Reeves was asked to repeat this, but wisely forbore from overtaxing his voice by a repetition of such a terrifically trying song. Of course all audible manifestations of applause are suppressed in a sacred building, but after such a display as those of Sims Reeves and Clara Novello, a subdued murmur seems to run round, and a thrill of delight is visible in the face of every one. Mad. Weiss achieved a most decided success in the air "O Liberty," and made many regret that the air, "Wise men flattering," had not also been allotted to her. Mad. Sainton-Dolby had but little to do, but what she had was done well. Signor Belletti, who has been suffering from indisposition throughout the festival, was consequently unable to do himself justice in "Arm, arm, ye brave," or "The Lord worked wonders." Before dismissing this morning's performance we must make one remark, as the same thing has struck us both yesterday and to-day. Admirable as is the chorus, comprising, as it does, not only the three choirs, but also a contingent from Bradford, it might be improved by the addition of a few more sopranos, this department seeming weak in comparison with the tenors and basses, which are remarkably good. One more exception and we have done. The cathedral is an extraordinary building for the conveyance of sound, and the 800 in the orchestra really produce a stronger effect than double that number at Exeter Hall (including sixteen double basses), especially do the brass instruments make themselves heard. This morning (and in places yesterday also) the trombones completely drowned the violins. This was evident enough in all parts of both choir and nave, in the orchestra it must have been positively deafening; and it behoves a conductor to use his ears as well as his stick, and spare the "tympanum" of his audience, if we may so speak of a collective auricular organ. The collection to-day amounted to £229. 2s. 6d., which includes cheques from the Rev. J. Fortes, one for £20, and the Gloucester dividend £22. 17s. 4d. At the festival of '57, £221. 5s. 8d. was taken.

As the plateholders are pretty much the same each day, we shall reserve their names until the last, but we may as well mention that the large collection of yesterday included the following:—Lady Emily Foley, £50; Sir J. Pakington, £10; Mr. Lycett, £10; Mrs. Padmore, £20; Mrs. Peel, £10; Earl Beauchamp, £10; Mr. Ricardo, £20; the united subscription of the Corporation, £30. 6s., being a guinea from each alderman and half a guinea from each councillor, a very shabby donation considering the immense benefit to the town these festivals unquestionably are. Such illiberality only convinces us that the people who care the least for their success or failure are the townsfolk, who should be the most active supporters, instead of leaving it to the county families and strangers.

THURSDAY.

Our notice of last night's concert must necessarily be short; and as there was but one novelty in the evening (the greater part of the remainder of the programme being of an uninteresting character) our task is easy. The plot of Niels W. Gade's cantata, *The Erl King's Daughter* (first time of performance in England), is remarkably simple. A certain Sir Oluf, on the eve of his marriage, appears to have been taking a post-prandial ride "while twilight around was closing;" very unwisely he decides upon also taking a nap on the Elfin Hill, although his mamma has expressed her objection to his being "out" at night. The elfin maidens, no doubt gratified at the presence of such a distinguished guest, serenade him, and invite him to dance, while the Erl King's daughter tempts him by the offer of a silk waistcoat ("a silken vest it shall be thine"), a decided novelty in the way of attire, as the young lady's mamma, who must have been a laundress of original ideas, seems to have bleached it in "pale moonshine." Whether he accepts or declines the gift is not altogether clear; however, the lady "hurries him on," and having attained her wish ungratefully dismisses him with a prediction that he will die on the morrow. As she tells him to "ride home to his bride clad in robe of red," we conclude that in elfinland an extensive stock of ready-made gentlemen's apparel is kept on hand. Sir Oluf's mamma, who has been terribly distressed at his absence, welcomes him on his return, as does also a chorus of what we may suppose to be his tenants. Unfortunately for Sir Oluf, but fortunately for the public, the prediction is fulfilled, and the hero expires promptly; and so ends the cantata. An epilogue is tacked on very much in the shape of the "moral" to the celebrated pathetic legend of "Villikins and his Dinah;" only instead of the advice being addressed to "All ye young maidens take warning and nor," it is "Knights who will on horseback ride" who are counselled to "stay not, like Oluf, in elfin grove with elfin maidens till morning."

Of the music we need say little more than that in parts it is invested with a certain graceful flowing melody, and that Mendelssohn has been the model the composer has sought to imitate. The execution was good, Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, with Mr. Weiss as Sir Oluf, sustaining the principal parts. On the whole, however, it is not very interesting, lacking invention, and displaying a tendency, especially in the melodramatic part of the story, to run into commonplace. The audience were not very enthusiastic at its termination; but that says nothing, as enthusiasm does not appear to be an attribute of the Worcestrians. Weber's overture the *Ruler of the Spirits* and Mendelssohn's concerto (very finely performed by M. Sainton) were the only instrumental pieces. A change in the arrangements made the first part of the concert unusually long, which was happily balanced by the second part being uncommonly short. *Au reste*, it is enough to say that there were three encores—Signor Belletti, in Rossini's "Sorgete;" the same gentleman with Mad. Rudersdorff, in the duet "Per piacere" (*Turco in Italia*), and Mlle. Parepa, in Auber's "Laughing Song." The attendance was about 900.

This morning the *Elijah* has been given with enormous success. The same remarks that we applied to the *Last Judgment* will serve equally well with reference to the performance of Mendelssohn's masterpiece, which has seldom been heard to greater perfection. Mr. Weiss sustained the whole of the arduous part of

the Prophet, and well as he sings upon most occasions, was never heard to greater advantage than on this day—his voice being in excellent order, and his delivery throughout being unexceptionable. He certainly has taken his revenge for the treatment received at the last Gloucester Festival, and at future meetings we can hardly imagine the conductors entrusting the part of Elijah to any other than Mr. Weiss. Of course, Mad. Clara Novello took the first soprano music, her fine voice producing the usual effect, especially in the duet with the Prophet, and "Hear ye Israel." Mr. Montem Smith sang the tenor part in the first, Mr. Sims Reeves in the second division, "Then shall the righteous" being magnificently declaimed. Mesdames Weiss and Sainton-Dolby were equally praiseworthy, and touchingly as the latter lady sang "O rest in the Lord," we are glad that its repetition was not requested "by authority," as was the case with the trio, "Lift thine eyes." We have protested so frequently and unavailingly against this barbarism (for it is nothing less, to destroy the chain of harmony in such a manner), that we fear until every one shall know the *Elijah* thoroughly there will be no chance of correcting such egregious want of taste. The choruses went admirably from beginning to end; and we cannot but compliment Mr. Done, the conductor, upon the excellent judgment displayed in taking the time as it is marked, and not accelerating or retarding, for the sake of producing effect. Upwards of 1600 persons were present, and to-morrow it is anticipated that there will be a much larger attendance, the *Messiah* always bringing immense numbers from the country, who regularly come every festival to hear that imperishable work. The collection to day amounted to £255. 5s. 1d., being £10 more than the Thursday of three years ago. This includes the £60 Worcester dividend on funds. In yesterday's return the name of J. C. Dent, Esq., who gave £50, was omitted.

To Correspondents.

B. T. B., Bath.—*The music shall be looked for.*

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

WHEN Sir William Davenant obtained permission from Cromwell to open his theatre for the performance of operas, Antony à Wood wrote that—"Though Oliver Cromwell had now prohibited all other theatrical representations, he allowed of this, because, being in an unknown language, it could not corrupt the morals of the people." Thereupon it has been imagined that Antony à Wood must have supposed Sir William Davenant's performances to have been in the Italian tongue, as if he could not have regarded music as an unknown language, and have concluded that a drama conducted in music would for that reason be unintelligible. Nevertheless, in the present day, we have a censor who refuses to permit the representation of *La Dame Aux Camélias* in English or even in French,* but who tolerates the performance of *La Traviata* (which, we need hardly say, is the *Dame Aux Camélias* set to music) in Italian, and, we believe, even in English; thinking, no doubt, like Antony à Wood, that in an operatic form it cannot be understood, and therefore cannot corrupt the morals of the people. Since Antony à Wood's time a good deal of stupid unmeaning verse has been written in operas; and sometimes, when the words have not been of themselves unintelligible, they have been rendered nearly so by the manner in which they have been set to music, to say nothing of the final obscurity given to them by the imperfect enunciation of the singers. The mere fact, however, of a dramatic piece being performed in music, does not make it unintelligible, but, on the contrary, increases the sphere of its intelligibility, giving it a more universal interest, and rendering it an entertainment appreciable by persons of all countries. This, in itself, is not much to boast of, for the entertainment of the *ballet* is independent of language to a still greater extent, and *La Gitana* or *Esmeralda* can be as well understood by an Englishman at the opera houses of Berlin and Moscow as at Her Majesty's Theatre in London; while, perhaps, the most universally intelligible drama ever performed is that of *Punch*, even when the brief dialogue which adorns its pantomime is inaudible.

Opera is *music in a dramatic form*; and people go to the theatre and listen to it as if it were so much prose. They have even been known to complain, during or after the performance, that they could not hear the words, as if it were through the mere logical meaning of the words that the composer proposed to excite the emotion of the audience. The only pity is that it is necessary in an opera to have words at all; but it is evident that a singer could not enter into the spirit of a dramatic situation if he had a mere string of meaningless syllables, or any sort of inappropriate nonsense to utter. He must first produce an illusion on himself, or he will produce none on the audience, and he must therefore fully inspire himself with the sentiment, logical as well as musical, of what he has to sing. Otherwise, all we want to know about the words of "Casta diva" (to take examples from the most popular, and also one of the very finest of Italian operas) is that it is a prayer to a goddess; of the Druids' chorus, that it is a chorus of Druids; of the trio, that Norma, having confronted Pollio with Adalgisa, is reproaching him indignantly and passionately with his perfidy; of the duet, that Norma is confiding her children to Adalgisa's care; of the scene with Pollio, that Norma is again reproaching him, but in a different spirit,—with sadness and bitterness, with the compressed sorrow of a woman who is wounded to the heart, and must soon die. We may be in error, however, for though we have seen *Norma* fifty times, we have never examined the libretto, and of the whole piece know only the two words which we have already paraded before the public—"Casta diva."

One night, at the Royal Italian Opera, when Mario was playing the part of the Duke of Mantua, in *Rigoletto*, and was singing the commencement of the duet with Gilda, a man dressed in black and white like every one else, said to us gravely—

"I do not understand Italian: can you tell me what he is saying to her?"

"He is telling her that he loves her," we answered.

"What is he saying now?" asked our inquisitive amateur two minutes afterwards.

"He is telling her that he loves her," we repeated.

"Why, he said that before!" objected this person, who

* *La Dame aux Camélias* was to have been played last summer at the St. James's Theatre, with Mad. Doche in the principal part; but its representation was forbidden by the licenser.

had apparently come to the opera with the view of gaining some kind of valuable information from the performers. Poor Bosio was the Gilda, but our horny-eared neighbour wondered none the less that the Duke could not say "I love you" in three words.

"He will say it again," we answered, "and then she will say it, and then they will say it together; indeed they will say nothing else for the next ten minutes, and when you hear them exclaim 'addio' with one voice, and go on repeating it, it will still mean the same thing."

What fool was this who wanted us to tell him the words of a beautiful duet? And is there much difference between such a one and the art-blind savage who would look at the texture of a canvas to see what the painting on it was worth?

We will admit that as a rule no opera is intelligible without a libretto; but is a drama always intelligible without a play-bill? A libretto for general use need really be no larger than an ordinary programme, and it would in our opinion be a positive advantage if it contained merely a sketch of the plot, with the subject, and perhaps the first line of each of the songs.

Then the foolish amateur would not run the risk of having his attention diverted from the music by the words, and would be more likely to give himself up to the enjoyment of the opera in a rational and legitimate manner. Another advantage of keeping the words from the public would be that composers—full of the grossest prose, but priding themselves on their fancy—would at least see the inutility (as well as the pettiness) of picking out one particular word in a line, and "illustrating" it; thus reproducing a sound when their aim should be to depict a sentiment. Even the illustrious Purcell has sinned in this respect, and Meyerbeer no end of times, though always displaying remarkable ingenuity, and as much good taste as is compatible with an error against both taste and reason. It is a pity that great men should descend to such anti-poetical and indeed nonsensical trivialities; but when inferior composers are unable to let a singer wish she were a bird without imitating a bird's chirruping on the piccolo, or allude in the most distant manner to the trumpet's sound without taking it as a hint to introduce a short flourish on that instrument, we cannot help thinking of those literal-minded artists who follow a precisely analogous process, and who, for example, in picturing the scene in which Macbeth exclaims "Throw physic to the dogs," would represent a man throwing bottles of medicine to a pack of hounds. What a treat it would be to hear a setting of Othello's farewell to war, by a determined composer of imitative, picturesque music! How "ear-piercing" would be his fifes! how "spirit-stirring" his drums!

The words of an opera ought to be good, and yet need not be heard. They should be poetical that they may inspire the singer, and they should be rhythmical and sonorous that he may sing them easily and with due effect; above all, they ought not to be ridiculous, lest the public should hear them and laugh at the music just where it was intended that it should affect them to tears. Indeed we would have every thing good at the Opera, down to the rosin of the fiddlers, and including the words of the libretto. Even the chorus should have good verses to sing, though no one would be likely ever to hear them. Indeed it is said that at the Grand Opera of Paris, by a tradition now thirty years old, the opening chorus in *Robert le Diable* is always sung to these touching lines—which we confess we never heard on the other side of the other orchestra:

La sou- | -pe aux choux | se fait dans la mar- | -mite
Dans la | marmi- | -te on fait la soupe aux | choux.

We have said nothing about the duty of the composer in choosing his libretto, and setting it to music, but of course if he be a man of taste he will not take the work of an idiot. English composers, however, have not much choice in this respect, and all we can ask of them is that they will do their best with what they have been able to obtain; not indulging in too many repetitions, and not tiring the singer and provoking such of the audience as may wish to "catch" the words, by setting more than half-a-dozen notes to the same monosyllable, especially if this monosyllable occurs in the middle of a line, and the vowel *e*, or worse still *i*, in the middle of the monosyllable. One of our most eminent composers, Mr. Vincent Wallace, has given us a striking example of the fault we are speaking of, in his well-known trio "Turn on, old Time, thy hour-glass" (*Maritana*), in which, according to the music, the scanning of the first half line is as follows:—

Türn ōn | öld Tī- | ī-ī ‖ ī-ī-ī-ime, | &c.

We know that Time is infinite, but seven sounds do not convey the notion of infinity; and even if they did, it would not be any the more pleasant for a singer to have to take a five-note leap and then execute five other notes on a vowel which cannot be uttered without closing the throat. If we had been in Mr. Vincent Wallace's place we should at all events have insisted on Mr. Fitzball making one change. Instead of "Old Time" he should have inserted "Old Parr."

Türn ōn | öld Pā- | ā-ā ‖ ā-ā-ā-arr, | &c.

would not have been more unintelligible to the audience than "Turn on, old Tī-ī-ī-ī-ī-ime," &c., and would have been a thousand times easier to sing.

Nor, in spite of the little importance we attach to the phraseology of the libretto when we are listening to "music in a dramatic form," would we, if we were a composer, accept such a line as

"When the proud land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof"

—with a suspension of sense after the word hoof. No; the librettist might take his hoof elsewhere. It should not appear in *our* opera; at least not in lieu of a plough. We should tell such poets that they might keep such ploughs for themselves

Sic vos *pro* vobis fertis aratra boves.

The singer should certainly understand what he is singing, and still more certainly should the composer understand what he is composing; but the sight of Latin reminds us that both have sometimes failed to do so, and from no one's fault but their own. Jomelli used to tell a story of an Italian chapel-master who gave to one of his solo singers the phrase *Genitum non factum*, to which the chorus had to reply *Factum non genitum*. This transposition seemed ingenious and picturesque to the composer, and suited a contrast of rhythm which he had taken great pains to produce. It was probably due only to the bad enunciation of the choristers that he was not burned alive.

Porpora, too, narrowly escaped the terrors of the Inquisition, and but for his avowed and clearly proved ignorance of Latin would have made a bad end of it, for a similar though not quite so ludicrous a blunder as the one perpetrated by Jomelli's friend. He had been accustomed to add

non and *si* to the verses of his *libretti* when the music required it, and in setting the creed found it convenient to introduce a *non*. This novel version of the Belief commenced *Credo, non; credo, non credo in Deum*, and it was well for Porpora that he was able to convince the Inquisitors of his inability to understand it.

Another chapel-master of more recent times is said, in composing a mass, to have given a delightfully pastoral character to his "Agnus Dei." To him "a little learning" had indeed proved "a dangerous thing." He had somehow ascertained that "Agnus" meant "lamb," and had forthwith gone to work with pipe and cornemuse to give appropriate "picturesqueness" to his accompaniments.

WE are glad to find, for the sake of the Norwich Festival, of the musical profession, and of our own ears, that, after all, Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini *are* engaged for the forthcoming celebration at the great musical city. (We call Norwich "the great musical city," in order to avoid repeating the name; also by way of making some amends to the Norwichers for the abuse we felt bound to heap upon them a few weeks since *apropos* of their making arrangements public that ought to have been kept private; and finally, because some very admirable compositions have been written specially for the city in question, and, on their production, have been thoroughly appreciated by the native population, as well as by the intelligent visitors from the metropolis. We will conclude the parenthesis by remarking that we have always liked Norwich, its cathedral, and even its inhabitants; and in particular have always enjoyed its festival, and hope to do so again this year.)

Let us not imitate the Norwichers and inquire too curiously what Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini are to receive for their invaluable services at this festival; but since the committee have now become reasonable, and have engaged the only first-rate soprano and the only first-rate tenor they could possibly have secured as leading vocalists for the concerts (Mad. Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves will, we imagine, have enough to do, or nearly so, singing in the oratorios), we will explain to them that, even in a commercial sense, they have done no foolish thing, as we are sure the result will prove.

The question a directing committee should consider is not whether it costs more in the first instance to engage a first-rate or second-rate singer, but whether it is more profitable to obtain £210 by the outlay of £200, or £300 by the outlay of £250—or in some such proportion. We learn from the *Norwich Mercury* that "the hall has never been filled, or anything like filled, at every performance." If then by engaging the best available talent the committee can succeed in filling the hall in every part there will be no loss, but on the contrary great gain, both in a pecuniary sense and in the reputation acquired, or at least maintained by Norwich as a musical city. "Politically," says the *Norfolk and Norwich Mercury*, "Norwich has no enviable reputation, and in manufactures its ancient *prestige* is scarcely sustained. We need some redeeming characteristic, some excellence which may secure us a place in history. Our musical pre-eminence gives us this; and we must jealously preserve it, or Norwich may hereafter be known only as a city which, once famous, gradually lost everything which conferred on it an honourable distinction."

We quite agree with our contemporary.

WHAT a number of old associations have lost the link that fastens them together by the death of the admired and esteemed Mrs. Yates. Though eleven years have elapsed since her final retirement from the stage, there is not a more clearly defined figure in the memory of playgoers, including many who are still too young to merit the name of veterans.

We can look back upon Mrs. Yates as upon the pure spirit under whose auspices the little Adelphi Theatre rose from a vulgar condition of Tom-and-Jerryism into a house for that domestic drama which, more than any other, retains a hold upon the sympathies of the public. Tragedy only draws when connected with some particular star (we never have a new tragedy now),—the comedy of manners is extinct,—the plays that bear the name of comedy owing their success, in a great measure, to their approximation to domestic drama.

The pieces in which Mrs. Yates appeared at the Adelphi may be regarded as the classics of their kind. The *Wreck Ashore*, *Victorine*, *Henrietta*, and others, are constructed on a principle from which dramatists who would please have not yet departed. And it was to the thoroughly artistical, and at the same time thoroughly natural acting of Mrs. Yates, in these plays, that they owe that vital reality which found favour with all classes.

It should never be forgotten that Mrs. Yates, though her name will go down to posterity as that of the heroine of the domestic drama, was trained in the high school of comedy, the illustrious school of Mrs. Davison and Mrs. Glover, and that she went through a "legitimate" course at Covent Garden, before she drew the tears of the thousands who witnessed her performance in the smaller edifice. The older melodramatic actors were, as a rule, trained in the higher departments of theatrical art. The rush of an unprepared novice upon the boards of a London theatre is a phenomenon peculiar to the present day.

Mrs. Yates was as highly esteemed in private life as she was admired on the stage, and to no one could the ordinary commonplace be applied with greater propriety:—"She died deeply lamented by all who knew her."

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Sept. 13, 1860.

SYMPTOMS of returning animation are beginning to show themselves in the operatic no less than the dramatic world. The *Théâtre Lyrique* has just opened under a new manager, M. Rety, M. Carvalho having retired. This house, as your readers know probably, is a second Opera Comique, and plays a very useful part in the republic of art by affording opportunities for young artists and young composers to try their strength. The season commenced with the new opera in two acts I have already mentioned, *Crispin Rival de son maitre*, being Lesage's well-known comedy turned into an opera, and cut into two acts. This plan of having recourse to the *repertoire* of the Théâtre Francais for operatic subjects seems coming into fashion. I wrote to you last week of Hauteroche's *Crispin Médecin* being so served up. Some of the critics are inclined to raise an outcry of profanation against the practice, and say that soon the *chefs d'œuvres* of Molière, Regnard, and Destouche will be cut up into scenas, duos, and concerted pieces. If they were we cannot see what harm would result. Molière's *Don Juan* is no less a masterpiece because a libretto has been founded on it, giving occasion for the production of another masterpiece by Mozart.

The only objection to resorting to the old comedies for subjects to be operatically treated, is that they are seldom suited to musical expression. The comedy of Lesage in question is an

instance of this. It turns on the intrigues of a valet to supplant his master in his suit to a young lady who is to present her husband with a handsome portion. There is nothing in such a subject suggestive of music, which, if not inspired by deep or noble passions, cannot at any rate dispense with the lighter graces of sentiment and tenderness, or simple, frank and joyous humour. A keen encounter of wits working against each other by stratagems and plots, is a barren soil from which no composer can hope to reap a rich harvest. Had the lover and his mistress been rendered more prominent, and the intrigues of the valet more subsidiary, the composer would have had a better chance. As it is the opera appears tedious from the monotony and unmusical character of the interest, and it would be better if it were reduced to its original dimensions of one act, as Lesage, who must have known what he was about, designed it originally. The author of the music, M. Sellenick, was a little while since director of the orchestra at Strasbourg, and is now band-master of the Imperial Guards. Although there are evident marks of inexperience and uncertainty of hand in his present attempt, it would be unjust to deny it considerable merit, while the ungratefulness of his subject must also be taken into consideration. Several pieces were received with marked applause, and Lisette's song, "Tromper une filette," was demanded a second time. Mlle. Faivre was the Lisette, and gave the song with a lively and spirited manner, the impression of which would have been still more favourable, but for her tendency to force the natural power of her voice, in other words to scream.

On the same night another novelty was produced, *L'Auberge des Ardennes*, a trifle in one act, the music of which is by M. Hignard. And lest you should be perplexed by this information, I will inform you that he is a promising young composer, already favourably known to the Parisian public by several productions, of which *Les Compagnons de la Mœrjolaine* is one, and *Le Nouveau Pourceaugnac* another. He also was not happy in his subject, which turns on the tricks played by a new married couple at an inn on an unfortunate travelling bailiff (*huissier*) who alights at the same hostelry and disturbs their *tête-à-tête*. This groundwork is both stale and flimsy. To render M. Hignard's position still harder, two unsuccessful *débutants*, a tenor and a soprano, were intrusted with important parts in his work. Nevertheless, the intrinsic merit of one or two of the pieces made their way with the audience, notwithstanding these drawbacks. Since the opening night *L'Enlèvement du Serail* has been revived for M. Battaille, and *Les Dragons de Villars*, in which Mlle. Roziés made her first appearance in the character originally played by Mlle. Borghése. Next month Halévy's *Val d'Andorre* will be produced, and Mad. Carvalho will make her re-appearance in Gounod's *Faust*.

This lady is, by the way, at Berlin at present, with the Italian Opera Company which is to open next week. She is to sing first in *Lucia*, and afterwards in *Il Barbière*. If Mad. Carvalho appears, as it is expected she will, in *Le Pardon de Plöermel*, she will play in German. It appears there is no foundation for the report that this artist will sing in French Opera Comique while here. Berlin has been anxiously looking out for a new grand ballet by M. Paul Taglioni, the title of which is *Le Rêve et le Réveil*, or *Veder Napoli poi Morire*. It was expected to come out in the course of the present month, and to be a very magnificent affair. Gropius, the celebrated painter, has been busy on a series of scenes for it, which are said to be of the most picturesque effect. The principal characters will be filled by Marie Taglioni and M. Carl Muller. Dantzic is to have an Italian Opera this year. It is to be under the direction of M. C. de Paëz, and one of the *prime donne* is to be Mad. Seemann-Paëz.

The other artists are said to have come from the Italian Opera in London, but which is not stated by my informant, who, however, gives me the name of the conductor — M. Moderati — a name of promise certainly, if anything be in a name. The hundredth anniversary of Cherubini's birthday, September 8th, has been celebrated at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and *Faniska*, an opera composed by the celebrated maestro in Vienna, in the year 1805, and played there in 1806, was produced on the occasion. I see by the German papers that the operas played at Vienna, at the Court theatre, from the 6th to the 26th of August, were the *Huguenots*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *Satanella*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Don Juan*, *Falstaff*, *Belisario*, *Le Prophète*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, and *Lohengrin* — a sufficiently eclectic series in all conscience! Mad. Czillag does not return to the Court Opera, but proceeds across the Atlantic to fulfil an engagement at New York. M. Rubinstein's new opera, entitled *Les Enfans des Landes* will be produced, it is said, in the course of November next.

I informed you some time since that on the occasion of their Imperial Majesties visiting Chambéry a *Te Deum* would be performed at the cathedral, recently composed by M. St. Arod. I have just received a few details relative to this performance, which may be found interesting. The choruses were composed of more than two hundred voices, selected from the schools of the city, from the Choral Society of Chambéry, and from a choral society at Lyons. The instrumental parts were confided to the band of the 54th Infantry, whose ranks were swelled by the addition of a number of instrumental performers, both professional and amateur, from Lyons. M. Cazant, the bass singer of the Paris Opera, had been sent for from Paris for the solo parts, and was assisted by M. Peront, a prizeman of the Conservatoire, and M. Mermant, first tenor of the principal theatre in Ghent.

I have received from my friend at Baden an account of a grand concert organised and conducted by M. Hector Berlioz, according to his annual custom. It took place in the Conversation Hall, and the principal artists engaged were Mesdames Viardot and Carvalho, and MM. Roger, Vieuxtemps, and Jacquard. The choruses and the orchestra were composed of professional performers from Baden, Carlsruhe, and Strasbourg. Among the items of the programme were M. Berlioz's overture to *Les Francs Juges*, and a fragment from *Faust*, comprising a recitative and air, chorus of gnomes and sylphs, by MM. Eberius and Eberhoffer, of the chapel of Carlsruhe.

Both these pieces were listened to with every mark of admiration, and the effect of the supernatural music in *Faust* was heightened by the thunder and lightning which was growling and flashing without during its execution. Meyerbeer has been staying for the last six weeks at Schwalbach, which he has now left to betake himself, it is said, viâ Paris, to Dieppe.

The San Carlos Theatre at Lisbon has made up its Italian company for the winter, under the management of M. Corradini. The principal names are: prime donne, Marietta Gazzaniga and Ferranti Kennet; prima mezzo soprano and contralto, Mad. Galli Marié; primi tenori, Sig. Agresti and Neri Beraldi; primo barytono, Sig. Fagotti; primo basso, Sig. Antonucci.

The theatres are beginning to wake up slightly, although not much novelty has yet made its appearance, the chief signs of novelty being one or two revivals. The Odeon has opened for the season with two new pieces; one in verse, entitled *Le Parasite*, and the other, in prose, called *Les Mariages d'Amour*. The first is by a very young author, M. Pailleron, who adopts the *cigne* of Emile Augier as his model. The second, by M. Ernest Dubreuil, takes up once more the hackneyed subject of marriages for mammon's sake, and does not relieve its staleness by any very refined or witty treatment. There has also been a new piece at the Gymnase, by M. Latour St. Ybars; it is entitled *La Folle au Logis*. The *folle* is a flighty young lady who throws up an engagement with a very "eligible party" on the eve of marriage, and runs after a dandified gentleman whom she has caught sight of but once. She is soon undeceived as to the merits of her dandy, and returns to the arms of her first love, who is soft enough to receive her there and make her his wife.

COLOGNE.—Herr Merelli's Italian operatic company has given several performances in the neighbouring towns of Dusseldorf, Crefeld, Bonn, and Aix-la-Chapelle. Here in Cologne, their head-quarters, we have had *Don Juan*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, and *Ernani*, portions of which were admirably rendered, though, as a whole, the performances were inferior to those of the comic operas. According to report, Herr Merelli has been requested by the Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal in Berlin to give a series of performances in that city. He is, in consequence, now engaged in strengthening his company, a measure which is decidedly necessary before they appear in the capital.

LEEDS TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1861.

(*From our Correspondent*).

In compliance with a notice issued by the Mayor (Wm. Kelsall, Esq.), a public meeting was held in the Civil Court of the Leeds Town Hall on Wednesday, "to make arrangements for the Musical Festival in 1861, and to consider the object to which the surplus fund shall be devoted." The Mayor presided, and amongst the gentlemen present were—Messrs. E. Wurtzburg, John Marshall (Horsforth Hall), P. O'Callaghan, C. Frost, G. Smith, J. Kitson, R. Barr, W. E. Hepper, S. Lawson, R. M. Carter, G. Brooke, J. W. Atkinson, Wm. Spark, W. Joy, G. Buckton, J. Holt, R. Rooke, E. C. Dray, J. Kitson, jun., J. N. Dickinson, Lyndon Smith, Fred Spark, &c.

The Mayor having briefly stated the object of the meeting, read a letter from Mr. Nunneley, suggesting that the whole of the surplus, if any, should not be devoted to the Infirmary, but be divided amongst the medical charities of the town.

Mr. Frost then moved the first resolution as follows:—

That in the opinion of this meeting, it is desirable to hold a musical festival in Leeds in the autumn of 1861.

He had not, he said, given much attention to the working of a musical festival, but judging from the great success of the first Leeds Festival, he saw no reason to fear a different result for the second. (Hear, hear.)

Ald. Kitson said he had much pleasure in seconding the motion, and he trusted that the Festival of 1861 would be but the beginning of a long series of successful triennial musical festivals in Leeds, (Hear, hear.) Those persons who had had the opportunity of hearing the opinions of musical men as to the magnificent performances at the first Leeds festival, could not but agree with him that an effort should be made to retain the good name which the town had won. (Hear, hear.) He saw nothing to prevent the second festival from being equal to the first, both in a musical and in a pecuniary sense. They might enlist the sympathies of those who were not what is called "musical" by assisting the charities of the town; and at the same time produce musical works which should prove attractive to lovers of music not only in Yorkshire, but throughout England. (Applause.)

Mr. Marshall heartily concurred in the opinions of the previous speakers, and cordially supported the resolution. In Leeds we had all the means and facilities for making a musical festival successful. There was a large population, a growing intelligence, and, he hoped he might say, an increasing wealth; and when they saw a small town like Norwich holding its established triennial festivals with success, could there be any doubt that Leeds would be entirely successful in the movement they were met that day to promote? (Applause.) Believing that a festival in 1861 would prove of great advantage to the town, he had great pleasure in supporting the resolution.

On being put to the meeting, the resolution was unanimously carried.

Mr. O'Callaghan said he had been entrusted with a resolution; but as he was neither an inhabitant nor a ratepayer of Leeds, he thought it should be proposed by some other person. He therefore begged to ask Mr. Marshall to undertake the duty.

Mr. Marshall admitted his readiness to do anything in support of the proposed festival. The resolution was a necessary and an important one—it was the appointment of an efficient committee. He begged to propose:—

That the following gentlemen be the General Committee, with power to add to their number, to make the necessary arrangements for the festival, and to take steps for procuring a guarantee fund:—The Mayor, J. W. Atkinson, Robert Barr, George Brooke, S. J. Brown, George Buckton, R. M. Carter, H. Dawson, J. N. Dickinson, E. C. Dray, Thomas Eagland, Sir Peter Fairbairn, John Gott, T. W. George, Joseph Gill, W. E. Hepper, Samuel Hey, Joseph Holt, William Illingworth, Walker Joy, James Kitson, J. D. Luccock, C. G. Macles, Julian Marshall, T. H. Marshall, Joseph Middleton, H. Oxley, John Piper, jun., R. L. Rooke, Samuel Smith, J. M. Smith, G. Smith, J. W. Scott, E. Stead, H. M. Sykes, John Wilkinson, Jos. Wright, E. Wurtzburg, and A. J. Williams.

This was seconded by Mr. J. Kitson, jun., and carried unanimously.

Mr. G. Buckton said that at a meeting of the old committee, recently held, a sub-committee was appointed to send out circulars for the meeting that day, and to draw up a series of resolutions. It was an instruction to that sub-committee to word a resolution recommending that the profits arising from the next festival should be divided as follows:—one half to the Leeds Infirmary, one-fourth to the Dispensary, one-eighth to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, and one-eighth to the Hospital for Women and Children. There was considerable discussion on the question, some gentlemen being of opinion that the whole of the profits should be again given to the Infirmary. (Hear.) He was not, however, prepared to move any resolution on the subject, but would leave it to any one present to do so.

Mr. G. Smith said he believed there was some intention to build a new Infirmary for Leeds. If that were so, and the festival profits could be wholly devoted to the building fund, it would no doubt make the festival popular, and tend to increase its success.

Mr. Barr remarked that nothing definite was yet decided upon relative to a new Infirmary.

Mr. Smith suggested that the question of appropriating the profits should be deferred to a future time, so that opportunity might be given to decide the question concerning a new Infirmary.

Mr. Wurtzburg was of opinion that the appropriation of the profits should be left for decision with those who subscribed to the guarantee fund. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Carter said that the subject was thoroughly discussed at the meeting of the old committee, and they decided that the profits should be divided in the manner stated. He thought that one of the greatest inducements to persons to subscribe to the guarantee fund would be a knowledge of the fact that the profits of the festival were to be divided amongst the principal charities of the town. A great deal of dissatisfaction was expressed at the close of the last festival because the whole of the profits were given to one charitable institution only. (Hear, hear.) There was the Dispensary, in North Street, which was equally deserving the support of the town, and stood quite as much in need of it as the Infirmary. (Hear, hear.) The question ought to be decided at once, and he therefore begged to move:—

That the profits of the next Leeds Festival be appropriated in the following manner:—one-half to the Infirmary, one-quarter to the Dispensary, one-eighth to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, and one-eighth to the Hospital for Women and Children.

Mr. G. Buckton observed that the old committee were divided in opinion as to the division of profits arising from the next festival. It appeared to him that it would be a strong inducement to persons to subscribe to the guarantee fund, if they were told that by so doing they would have a voice in disposing of the profits. Of course there would be a distinct understanding that the profits were to be divided amongst some of the charities of the town.

Mr. Frost supported Mr. Carter's resolution, and remarked that the Dispensary had not received that support from the town which it fairly deserved. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Wurtzburg then moved, and Mr. Buckton seconded:—

That the appropriation of the surplus fund of the Festival be left to the decision of the subscribers to the guarantee fund, it being an instruction to apply the same to the purposes of one or more of the public charities of Leeds,

Mr. Hepper seconded the original motion. They must all be aware, he said, that considerable dissatisfaction was caused in the town by the exclusive appropriation to the Infirmary of the profits obtained by the last festival; and they would extend the popularity of the next festival if they decided at once to divide the surplus money amongst the different charities of Leeds. (Hear, hear.) By deferring the question they would meet with considerable opposition: for it would very naturally be said that those connected with the Dispensary were a smaller body than at the Infirmary, and by a majority of numbers on the guarantee fund list, injustice might be done to the Dispensary and the other charitable institutions. He was one of the gentlemen who went to the Board Room of the Leeds Infirmary at the close of the festival in 1858, to present that Institution with the sum of £2,000. Of course it was accepted, but in his opinion it was received in an exceedingly cool manner;

and those connected with the Infirmary had given scarcely any encouragement to the Festival. Gentlemen would know that he always spoke what he thought, and he certainly believed that the Festival Committee were not well treated by the patrons of the Infirmary.

The amendment was then put and lost, and Mr. Carter's motion was carried by 14 to 10.

A vote to the mayor, proposed by Mr. Joy and seconded by Mr. Dray, closed the proceedings.

The first meeting of the general committee is to be held on Monday afternoon next, when the honorary secretaries will be appointed, the sub-committees elected, and other important arrangements made for the festival.

IN RE READE AND MORE THAN READE.

(Not from the *Saturday Review*.)

The letter from a French dramatic author which has recently come under the public notice was curiously well timed. With a tenderness and courtesy worthy of all respect it pointed out one of the most flagrant and ludicrous instances of that "cleptomania" which Mr. Charles Reade has riddled through and through with the sharpest arrows of a literary quiver, inexhaustibly rich in arguments and illustrations. No reader of that powerful and attractive fiction, *It is never too late to mend*, will be surprised at the occasional eccentricity and the thorough nobleness and generosity of Mr. Charles Reade's commentaries on "The Eighth Commandment," as it is interpreted by our legislators, and obeyed by our playwrights, under cover of a certain proviso smuggled into the International Copyright Act of that famous millennial year 1851. "For in that year," writes Mr. Charles Reade, "the chief nations of Europe agreed that intellectual property should pass frontiers and sheets of water, yet still be property." We must do Mr. Reade the justice to say that he takes no pains to conciliate the goodwill of that class of writers which, to distinguish from the "independent" and the "immortal," he defines as salaried and ephemeral, a class to which, we fear, most journalists (unless they happen to be novelists or dramatists in the bargain) must belong. Perhaps we ought to despair of persuading so ardent and eloquent an admirer of the present Emperor of the French, that even an English journalist, though "salaried and ephemeral," need not, therefore, be "incapable of a noble action or of a noble sentiment," or "the enemy not only of the country but of the human race." These harmless amenities belong naturally enough to a page devoted to the glorification of that eminent patron of "independent" and "immortal" literature, Napoleon III.; but whether they assist the cause of an English author, jealous of his country's legislative and literary honour, is a question we leave to the calmer reflections of Mr. Reade. At any rate, no ebullition of an "inkster," whom we delight to reckon among the "Immortals," shall prevent us from thanking Mr. Reade in the name of national honour and international justice for having written a volume which is something better than a good book, for it is a good action. It is not the fault of the author of *Christie Johnstone* that he cannot make even "The Eighth Commandment" dull as fact, and unsaleable as a syllogism. He has fought like a Paladin; but you forget his sufferings and his dangers when he caracols through nearly four hundred pages clad in a suit of dazzling armour of art, scholarship, logic, irony, science, anecdote, and sarcasm. No doubt Mr. Reade has learnt in suffering what he sings in such inimitable prose. He tells us that his chivalrous enterprise has cost him heartache, headache, and heavy loss; but the British public, who think that authors ought to be pillaged for the public good, will revel in the Cervantic humour of the sermon, and lose sight of the brilliant preacher's text. We cannot find it in our hearts to count among Mr. Reade's sufferings this admirable performance. "The Eighth Commandment" becomes, under his hand, quite as amusing and infinitely more instructive than a batch of "novels of the season," and he may be very well content if it is its own reward.

Who was it, then, that invented the shameful proviso in the Act of 1851, according to which the protection accorded to the works of foreign dramatic authors is "not intended to prohibit *fair imitations or adaptations* of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively, but is only meant to prevent piratical translations?" By this proviso, as Mr. Reade proves exhaustively, and beyond the possibility of cavil, "the protection sold so dear to the dramatist in the heart of the statute is all juggled back, together with the heavy expenses the promised protection inveigles him into." The men who "carried wigged" the legislature into an act of fraud were "the stupidest of all the literary pirates that filch under false colours," "the smallest dunces of the century,"—in other words, the playwrights who live on "adaptations" and "imitations" from the French stage. The result of this iniquitous and contemptible proviso has been the destruction of a national drama in a country which once had the finest national drama in the world, and the assimilation of the trade of playwright to the business of one of those establishments where rags, and bones, and "dripping," are bought and sold. Mr. Reade quotes, chapter and verse, the playbills of the principal London theatres during a single year; nine-tenths of the pieces are "adapted" from the French. It is notorious that within the last year or two plays written by English authors of repute and described as "original" have been "adapted," scene by scene, from the French. There are English "dramatists" who have lived for years at the expense of the French inventors. No man who lives and moves habitually between Fleet Street and Pall Mall would hesitate to name the probable authors of a proviso which has closed the market to dramatic genius at home, starved all but the chiefs of the piratical crew, flooded the stage with exotic representations utterly and absurdly false to English life and nature, and, last but not least, sanctioned the robbery of the French dramatist under cover of a treaty supposed to protect him. No one who is fortunate enough to have a French dramatic author among his friends can be insensible to the deep stain which this miserable "adaptation" proviso has inflicted upon our national honour; and where the good opinion of a body so influential in the formation of public feeling and popular opinion as the French dramatic authors is concerned, an act of mere bad faith, involving damage to particular interests, becomes an act of grievous national impolicy as well as of grave international injustice. There is no alliance, as we have repeatedly insisted, between two such nations as France and England, so hopeful and enduring as a moral and intellectual alliance; but no such alliance can subsist on deliberate dishonesty on the one side, and a contemptuous sense of injury on the other. Mr. Charles Reade has completely annihilated the impudent sophistries of the piratical interest, who presume to hoist the banner of Free Trade, as if "duty free" meant "purchase free." Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Reade appears to be pointing a sixty-eight pounder at a "bluebottle," so inane are the pretensions of his enemy. For instance, when he undertakes to prove that English genius is dramatic, that great novelists may be great dramatists, and that stolen French invention drives English dramatic inventors from the stage, and starves all but the leaders of the shameless gang, we feel that he is wasting excellent powder and shot. Alphonse Karr, years ago, drew up a law of copyright in a single clause, declaring that intellectual property *is* property. It will take a long time yet to convince a mechanical, industrial, and sporting Legislature that brainwork *is* work, and that intellectual produce *is* property. Mr. Reade shows how in the United States, where patent rights are strictly asserted, mechanical invention is in advance of all the world; whilst, in default of international copyright, American national literature may be said to exist only by favour of the occasional chivalry of a few English publishers. In France, though dramatic literature is by no means in the high moral and intellectual condition which Mr. Charles Reade, as an admirer of the Second Empire, loves to imagine, it is certainly flourishing enough, in a commercial sense, to pay the playwrights who adorn the Second Empire, and to pay them handsomely. But if we look at home, we find an English playwright described in the bills of one of the most respectable of our theatres as the author of Casimir Delavigne's best play, and of a famous drama by Alexandre Dumas.

Mr. Charles Reade, armed with poignant personal experiences, spurns the preposterous theory that "adaptation" is not less difficult than invention, for he has himself achieved conspicuous success in both. Only; when he proposed to adapt a French drama

he bought the right first, and was driven to law to defend the same from wholesale pillage. We believe that the evil is slowly correcting itself; and if our national drama revives, it will thank the author of "*It is never too late to mend*" for having saved it from suicide.

[PANURGE to the rescue! Surely the foregoing must be the perpetration of an "inkster," to "mend" whose pen would bother the "trenchant glaive" with which Sir Gawaine and brethren hewed King Pellinore—who had slain King Lot—who had married King Arthur's sister, and was yet not the father of Sir Mordred, King Arthur's unnatural son and nephew—who was killed at "the last great battle," by the hands of King Arthur himself—who was King Lot's wife's own brother—who, &c.—ED. *M. W.*]

BENEDICT'S ERIN AND CALEDONIA.*

(From the *Illustrated Times*).

THAT these brilliant morceaux de bravoura should have attained almost unexampled popularity is not to be wondered at, considering the manner, at once clever and congenial, in which Mr. Benedict has treated the beautiful melodies that form their groundwork. For "Erin" he has selected two of the most racy of the (supposed) Irish national tunes, which will be recognised under the comparatively recent titles of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms" and "The Minstrel Boy." For "Caledonia" he has had recourse to "Auld Robin Gray," and one of the liveliest, most piquant, and characteristic of the Scottish reels. In both instances the wisdom of his choice is borne out by the complete success of his workmanship. The airs are admirably harmonised, and the passages are, without exception, graceful, showy, and effective. The plan of each fantasia is clear, well defined, and masterly; and in the Irish as in the Scotch essay the character of the tune is imitated throughout with the utmost felicity, though it is by no means certain that "The Minstrel Boy" is an *Irish* tune, any more than "The girl I left behind me," "The Cruiskeen Lawn," and others which were never thought to be anything but English until Moore adapted them. We often hear of Scotch and Irish music being wonderfully "characteristic," and yet persons who should be good judges are perpetually making mistakes as to the character of each. Mr. Chappell in his volume of English national music, frequently remarks and shows that such and such a composer or compiler (among others Moore) could not tell the tunes of one country from those of another. From this we infer—while fully believing that each possesses a certain number of airs clearly impressed with the stamp of nationality—that owing to interchange, imitation, and probably some other causes, there is a far greater resemblance than is generally supposed between the airs of England and Ireland, and also between those of England and Scotland. During the last year "fantasias on Irish airs" have been published by Mr. Wallace (an Irishman) and Mr. Benedict, in each of which one of the motives is "The Minstrel Boy," otherwise "My lodging is on the cold ground." With regard to the nationality of this tune, Mr. W. Chappell tells us that it has been a stock song in England since 1775, and that it was never claimed for Ireland until the beginning of this century, when Thomas Moore included it among his Irish melodies. "I believe," he adds, "there is no ground whatever for calling it Irish. The late Edward Bunting, who was engaged to note down all the airs played by the harpers of the different provinces of Ireland when they were collected together at Belfast in 1792, and who devoted a long life to the collection of Irish music, distinctly assured me that he did not believe it to be Irish, that no one of the harpers played the tune, and that it had no Irish character. I do not think a higher authority as to Irish music could be quoted, or one more tenacious of any infringement upon airs which he considered to be of truly Irish origin. I might add the testimony of Dr. Crotch, Messrs. Ayrton, T. Cook, J. Augustine Wade, and others, both Irish and English, who have expressed similar opinions to that of Bunting; but, in fact, there is a total want of evidence, external and internal, of its being an Irish tune. About the same time that Moore claimed it it was printed in Dublin in Clifton's 'British Melodies.'"

* Published by Boosey and Sons.

GRISI.—The report that Mad. Grisi intends to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre, proves, as we hoped it would do, for her sake, a mistaken rumour.—*Athenæum.*

MEYERBEER has consented to become President of the Kerein Teutonia, a choral union in Paris, and is said to have composed a new chorus for them.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—This establishment is announced to commence its third season, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, on Monday, October the 1st.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—The *Critic* says it is feared the fire at St. Martin's Hall has not only destroyed the extensive music library of Mr. Hullah, but also that belonging to the Society of British Musicians.—The *Critic's* fears are groundless.

ROTTERDAM.—A society has been formed to establish a German opera. Herr Skruss, of Prague, has been engaged as conductor, and has already arrived to enter on his new sphere of action. It is said that Mad. Prausse, from Prague, is to be the *prima donna;* Herr Grimminger, the tenor; Herr Brassin, the barytone; and Herr Carl Formes, the bass.

COBLENTZ.—A short time since, Mlle. Marie Cruvelli gave a concert, at which she sang airs from Rossini's *Tancredi*, and Donizetti's *Favorita*, a romance from Verdi's *Trovatore*, and two German songs by Schumann and F. Schubert. Her beautifully full alto voice and admirable style, especially in the Italian pieces, gained for her enthusiastic applause.

OSTEND (From *Le Courier des Bains*).—A numerous and fashionable audience assembled last Wednesday, to "assist" at the concert given by M. Depret in the salons of the Casino. This excellent artist, whose talent has been admired for the last two years in London, and the principal towns in England, sang several compositions, which were most charmingly rendered, and met with the greatest success. M. Depret is certainly the best singer that we have heard for a long time; he possesses a splendid voice of unusual compass, power, and flexibility, which he uses with an excellent method. M. Depret was ably assisted by Mlle. Vronen and M. Libotton, for whom a brilliant career is in store, and who gave unqualified satisfaction. In short, M. Depret's concert satisfied the most critical, and the unanimous applause he received proves that his talent was deservedly appreciated.

EASTERN OPERA HOUSE, PAVILION THEATRE.—Mr. John Douglas can hardly estimate his *prima donna*, Mad. Lancia, at her true artistic value, else it is not possible that he would make her sing six nights in the week, a call upon her means, histrionic and vocal, that no artist living could undergo with impunity. That Mad. Lancia can sustain herself through such an ordeal without breaking down is owing to her admirable method and her indomitable energy. From the judgment, as well as enterprise exhibited in all former administrations by Mr. Douglas, we may nevertheless infer that such a hazardous employment of his principal operatic strength is to be attributed to necessity not choice. The difficulty of procuring a soprano singer who could with anything like success alternate performances with Mad. Lancia may be easily supposed; and the audiences of the Eastern Opera have been too well taught in the new campaign not to appreciate the difference between legitimate and spurious talent, or to be satisfied with mediocrity. Hence Mr. Douglas finds himself in "a fix!" and Mad. Lancia is unintentionally made the sacrifice, or will be, provided no competent artist be discovered in time to sing on the off-nights. The difficulty is enormously increased now that the two great Italian theatres are about to be opened for English opera, which of course involves the engagement of a large complement of our available artists; and still farther—if we are informed rightly—by the conversion of Drury Lane and the

Alhambra into minor opera houses, whereby, it may be presumed, all the superfluous talent of the country will find employment, if their services have not been already retained. Under these circumstances we can sympathise with the manager of the new opera house in Whitechapel, who is enforced against his will to make too free a use of his *prima donna*.

Since our last notice several operas, Italian and English, have been produced. Of these the *Traviata*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Fra Diavolo* proved most attractive—the last, indeed, so much so that it has been repeated frequently. The *Traviata* was given in Italian, and, but for Mad. Lancia's delightful singing and admirable acting as Violetta, would have proved a failure, from the utterly bad performance of the tenor, Signor Giuletti, whose Alfredo was literally unworthy the lowest audiences of Whitechapel. *La Sonnambula* fared something better, although Mr. Parkinson knows nothing of acting, and does not appear to find Italian music kindred to his means. This gentleman, nevertheless, is very popular with the East-end public—why, we have not been able to ascertain—and as favouritism, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, his deficiencies and solecisms not merely escape censure but are converted into causes for approbation. Mr. Parkinson, indeed, may thank his stars that his audiences are so indulgent, or their senses so obtuse. Both in Violetta and Amina, Mad. Lancia created a perfect *furore*, and had she been even decently supported either opera might have been played for weeks successively. *Fra Diavolo* has, however, proved the most enduring success. Mr. Augustus Braham sustains the character of the brigand chief with excellent spirit, and sings the music with much taste and sweetness; and Mr. Parkinson shows to greater advantage in the part of Lorenzo than anything operatic he has yet attempted. As for Mad. Lancia's Zerlina, it cannot be too highly praised. The music is sung with irreproachable grace and expression, and the acting, in many respects, is better than that of any artist we have seen. *Linda di Chamouni* is in rehearsal for Mad. Lancia and Mr. Augustus Braham.

Manchester.—The Jullien Festival.—Last evening the friends of the late M. Jullien mustered extensively at the Belle Vue Gardens, in aid of the fund being now raised for the widow of the amiable and talented conductor. The number present was about ten thousand, and, as the weather was fine, music and dancing, to say nothing of liberal feasting, were evidently enjoyed with no common gusto. First came the Campbell Minstrels; after which Blondin walked on the tight rope, stretched across the lake in front of the city of Badajoz; upon this followed performances by the military bands of the 11th Hussars and 84th Regiment. They both played with good taste, conducted by their respective bandmasters, Mr. J. P. Clarke and M. Brozang. Part second of the concert introduced to us his Highness the Prince George Galitzin—one of the finest built men that has ever stepped before a critical public, and who presents also finely cut features, full of an intelligent expression. We learn that he is in England because of his love of that good cause which is to end in the freedom of Europe. The Prince was here as conductor of the instrumentalists, once known as Jullien's Orchestra, and in addition he appeared during the evening in the character of a composer, his popular "Surprise" Polka being played under his baton with remarkable effect. There is genius in his eye, and in his conducting he shows great nervous energy, as well as that precision of manner which the position he undertook so much demands. The noble conductor—noble beyond the conventional—received a most hearty welcome from an audience packed in every part of the great music hall. That most pleasant of ballad singers, Miss Poole, appears to be as great a favourite as in those younger days when she used to stir the hearts of young England with her brilliant tap of the drum. Her voice and manner are as charming as in her brightest time, and she seems to be one of those whom kind mother Nature takes a delight in cherishing with the freshness of youth. Besides all these good things, we had the pleasure of listening to a large volunteer chorus, under the direction of Mr. D. W. Banks, who kept them together in his usually able style. The whole "went off" very successfully, and so did the fireworks, and then the people "went off," and all as "merry as a marriage bell." We trust the result may be a success to Madame Jullien; and it is gratifying to find that a further effort in her aid is to be made in the Free-trade Hall on Saturday next, when a considerable part of the above musical entertainment will be repeated, along with other attractions. She will in that locality appeal to those audiences which used for so many years to gather liberally at the call of poor Jullien, whose baton, we are informed, was there wielded for the last time.—*Manchester Weekly Times*, *Sept.* 8.

Band Contest at Manchester.—There was a band contest at Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, on Monday last. The following five bands competed:—Sherwood Rangers (Yeomanry), Newark, conductor, William Lilly; Dewsbury, John Peel; Halifax (Volunteer Rifles), J. Dewhurst; Albion (Heckmondwike, near Leeds); Deighton (near Huddersfield), Philip Robinson. Each played two pieces; one of their own choice, the other being Herold's *Zampa* overture. This having been done, the judges required that two bands whose number they stated, should play again. This proved to be Halifax and Dewsbury; and the latter repeating their own selection (one from "La Sonnambula") were required once more to play. All five bands then joined in the National Anthem; and the judges made the following award of the prizes:—1st, Halifax, £35; 2nd, Dewsbury, £15; 3rd, Sherwood Rangers, £10; 4th, Albion, £5; 5th, Deighton, £2. Bands from Wyke, near Cleckbeaton, and the Barrington Colliery, near Morpeth, were stated to be unavoidably prevented from competing after being entered. The judges were:—Herr Brozang, 84th Regiment; Mr. J. P. Clark, 11th Hussars; and Mr. G. Kern, 41st Regiment.

GERMAN MEN'S SONG FESTIVAL.

We will put a question and try to answer it. This question is: What bearing have the German Men's Singing Societies had upon the growth and development of musical art? Have they furthered or retarded it? This question may be sub-divided into two. First: Has the cultivation of male part-singing benefited the productive side of musical art-composition? and secondly; has it benefited the vocal reproduction, the art of singing.

All musical persons of judgment and taste agree, that by far the greater part of compositions for male voices have but very little musical merit, if any at all. The classic German masters, Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, have produced so little in this line, and what there is of them is so decidedly inferior to their other vocal works, that it would never have been a sufficient cause to establish special societies for its reproduction. Franz Schubert, too, has written too little to build societies, upon although of some of his male four-part songs might be truly said: *ex ungue leonem*. It is characteristic however of the tendency and the taste of their societies that you see very seldom—perhaps never—a piece of Franz Schubert's on their programmes; and that the few compositions left by Robert Schumann are neglected just as much. It is true that Mendelssohn has written some very remarkable works for male voices, among which the *Antigone* music stands prominent, but none of them, save one, has become popular with our societies, so that hardly a festival passes by during which the "Farewell to the woods" is not sung by heart—and, generally speaking, very poorly too.

The principal food of these societies at their private meetings, as well as at their grand joint festivals, consists—besides the Gambrinic malt juice—of the "still" liquid brewed by a few artizan-composers, who meet the enormous yearly demand for new part-songs by opening their sluices of musical idiocy and mediocrity *par excellence*. Masterworks, similar to the Singer's Rambles, Student's Rambles, Mordgrundsbruck, &c., flood the market in the cheapest of editions, excluding all competition of copyists, and satisfy to a marvel the wants and tastes of most societies and their respective directors. In these productions phrases take the place of an original melodic element, and instead of an independent carriage of the parts you find a piano accompaniment arranged for voices; for in almost every bar of these popular works you can trace the keyboard easily.

To proceed to the second part of our question: in the art of singing, are the voices benefited by the cultivation of male part-singing? Every musician who has any experience in vocal music

would answer, not at all; on the contrary, it is highly injurious to voices. All the mediocre manufacturers of male choruses speculate on the effect of the highest notes of the tenor-voice. Such an Amphion of the Liedertafels thinks to himself; a high A or B never fails of its effect, and there is hardly a society without one or two first tenors who can sound these high notes with full chest voice; why then should I not put them in as often as possible? It would be well if the assassination of tenor voices could be placed under the surveillance of the police. Any one who has ever been present at a regular meeting of a Men's Singing Club must have noticed, that instruction in the proper use of the vocal organs, or even correct pronunciation of the words, is never thought of. Practising, cigar in mouth, and beer glass within reach, is kept up till the first tenors cry for grace, and the bill of fare.

An excursion generally proves fatal to some young promising tenor voices, which if they had joined a mixed chorus instead of a male chorus might have been preserved and been useful. But it has of late become very difficult to obtain male members, especially high tenors, for singing societies in which ladies participate. In the first place the compositions which are studied and performed there are altogether too classical, that is to say too tedious for the majority of our young men. Of course nobody can become interested in the works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, without first possessing himself of some initiatory musical knowledge. Moreover our first tenors, if they were to join mixed choruses, would but too often stand convicted of utter ignorance in reading readily—especially in the tenor-clef—in counting and keeping time. And this is reason enough for keeping aloof from societies in which they sing fugues—horrid word! Such is the state of things now, that Choral Societies have to engage professional singers to get even a decent proportion of tenors and basses. It has happened quite lately that, in a pretty large provincial capital, not far from Berlin, there were but seven male singers to ninety-seven ladies present at an oratorio rehearsal. Many choral societies which used to flourish have been obliged to disband only for reasons of this kind. The principal cause of this is the so-called cultivation of male part-singing. Really, if old *Zelter*—supposed to be the Columbus of the Liedertafels—could have known how this discovery would affect the higher vocal music, he would have looked at it with horror.—*Berlin Vossiche Zeitung.*

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL REVIEW AND MUSICAL WORLD came to us last week in its new form, which is substantially the old form of the *Review*. We part with reluctance from our old friend the *Musical World*, which for many years, under Mr. R. Storrs Willis, was a constant and faithful advocate of whatever was highest and best in art, and the memory of which will always be pleasantly associated with his name. The new paper will doubtless gain a new life and strength from their union of forces, and, under the able conduct of its editors, and its enterprising publishers, Mason Brothers, we doubt not will have continued prosperity and success.—*Dwight's "Boston Journal of Music."*

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WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WORCESTER, *Sept.* 15, 1860.

We were necessarily compelled to close our notice at the termination of the Thursday morning's performance. The concert the same evening, being the last, was attended by an audience which not only filled the hall to suffocation — even standing room being unobtainable, — but overflowed into lobbies and staircase, and necessitated the refusal of upwards of 300 persons, who had unwisely deferred taking tickets until the last moment, and so had only themselves to thank for the disappointment. A selection from Vincent Wallace's *Lurline*, including the overture, the songs, "Flow on, O silver Rhine," by Miss Parepa; "Sweet Form," by Mr. Sims Reeves; the quartet, "Through the world;" and chorus, "Sail, sail on the midnight gale;" inaugurated the first part. Mad. Novello's reading of "Robert toi que j'aime," although somewhat deficient in energy, was much applauded, as were also Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Mad. Rudersdorff—the first, in Handel's "Cangio d'aspetto;" the last, in Ferdinand Hiller's "Wanderer's night hymn," and "The Lark." Arnold's old song, "Flow, thou regal purple stream," originally sung in *The Castle of Andalusia*, was forcibly given by Mr. Weiss; and a fine performance by Mr. Blagrove of his own violin *fantasia* on *Luisa Miller*, brought the first part to a close. That the overture to *William Tell* should be received with enthusiasm and encored (the last movement being repeated), was not surprising; and, if we had occasion in the opening of our article to take exception to the local conductors generally, we must make the *amende* to Mr. Dove, whom we congratulate upon his direction in both the sacred and secular music. Mr Sims Reeves was encored in a new ballad, by Mr. Henry Oakeley (an amateur of the neighbourhood), to Lord Byron's "Farewell, if ever fondest prayer." Mozart's duet, "La dove prende," by Mr. and Mad. Weiss; the familiar "La biondina in gondoletta," executed by Mlle. Parepa; two national airs by Mad. Clara Novello, and a third upon a vociferous recall; Balfe's "Green trees," by Mad. Sainton-Dolby; "Il mio piano," by Signor Belletti; Mendelssohn's "O hills, O vales," with a bolero of Randegger, sung by Mad. Rudersdorff; and "God save the Queen," solos by Mlle. Parepa, brought the concert to an end at eleven o'clock. By some want of arrangement the windows, which on Tuesday night, with less than 600 persons, and a very cold north-east wind blowing, were kept open to the manifest discomfort of the audience, as already mentioned, were this time carefully closed; the external temperature being decidedly mild. The consequence was, that the densely crowded room was warm to an unpleasant degree, an evil admitting of a very simple remedy, to which it seemed nobody's business to attend. An improvement has been effected since the last meeting in the lighting of the orchestra—a semicircular line of gas jets throwing an ample flood of light on the music-desks. The weather, which up to this point had been magnificent, took a turn, and Friday morning broke with heavy clouds and a generally lowering look, foreboding rain, which soon came down in cold driving showers. Fortunately, before eleven o'clock the sun burst forth, and all looked bright again by the time that the stream of people and carriages had set in towards the Cathedral. Here, as elsewhere, the *Messiah* is sure to attract the largest attendance, and nearly 2500 persons were assembled in the Cathedral, an increase of 700 on the Festival of '57. As every reserved seat had been taken for some days, an additional space was made in the aisles, and several found seats in the choir, where the effect is, perhaps, finer than in any other part. From an early hour numbers of vehicles from the country poured in; the spring-cart and old-fashioned gig, evidently accustomed to do duty on ordinary market days, for the conveyance of the sturdy farmer and his thrifty wife, now carried the roseate daughters, dressed in their best, and bearing that glow of health in their faces which residence in fresh air and among green fields alone can give. Numbers too came in by trains from Gloucester and the neighbouring towns, and speedily made their way to the Cathedral, anxious to secure a good position as early as possible. Later in the morning came one unbroken line of elegant equipages, many of the unquestionable Long-Acre stamp, and showing by their emblazoned coats-of-arms the style and title of the occupants; Worcestershire being remarkably rich in county families and aristocratic residents. We missed, however, the presence of Earl Dudley, who, as Lord Ward, has made himself so well known a supporter of matters musical, and we should have thought would have made a point of attending, or if not, at least of sending a handsome donation, considering his large possessions in the county. We do not at present see his name amongst the donors to the charity, but hope we may yet hear of a cheque being forwarded from North Britain, where his lordship is at present enjoying himself in Grouseland.

With one exception (the chorus "Let us break their bonds," which opened unsteadily,) the execution of *Messiah* was irreproachable, and the effect such as it is impossible to obtain elsewhere. Mad. Clara Novello seemed determined to leave an impression on her hearers which should not easily be forgotten, and the emotion was manifest not only among the audience, but also in the orchestra, when she had finished her last air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." We could not be surprised at this being re-demanded by the Dean; and although we have elsewhere expressed our opinion as to the propriety, or rather impropriety, of encores, knowing that this was the last time we should ever have an opportunity of hearing Mad. Novello, we felt that this was an exceptional case, and shared in the general satisfaction when the song was repeated. As an instance of the superior capabilities of a cathedral for sound, we may state that the most delicate note of the *pianissimo* shake with which the air concludes was distinctly heard at the furthest end of the building. Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Comfort ye," with all his accustomed pathos, and "Thou shalt break them," with almost more than his usual vigour and impassioned energy. Not less admirable was his delivery of the recitative air, "Behold and see." "How beautiful are the feet," fell to Mad. Weiss, who again sang with the care and skill of a true artist, while Mad. Sainton-Dolby, in the airs "He shall feed his flock," and "He was despised," as usual left nothing to be desired. Mr. Weiss and Signor Belletti divided the bass music—the Englishman taking the first, and the Italian the second part, and both singing their best. Of course Mr. T. Harper played the trumpet *obbligato* to "The trumpet shall sound." The entire audience remained standing during the choruses, "For unto us a child is born," "Lift up your heads," and the "Hallelujah," and it was a fair sight to see the multitude rising up as if by general assent. In no country but England can such a spectacle be witnessed. The collection on Friday amounted to £290 11s. 8d; the corresponding day at the last Festival realised £247 11s. 8d. Mr. Sims Reeves, we learn, gave ten guineas, and the total of the collections, including the sums obtained at the early services, amounted to £1124 18s. 4d. We understand that there are yet other donations to come in—Worcester, with commendable rivalry, being determined to exceed Gloucester in the sum gathered for the charity. In 1857, £999 11s. 7d. was the total of the four days' collection.

A grand full-dress ball at the Guildhall brought the Festival to a brilliant termination. Dancing was kept up with unflagging spirit to the strains of Adams's band until four in the morning, and even then many evinced no desire to depart. The supper was on the most liberal scale, the comestibles of the highest order of excellence, and the champagne of undeniable quality. The stewards, however, should be reminded that their duty consists in something more than wearing a distinguishing mark in their button-hole, and taking all the best partners for themselves, as many strangers were present who had to remain as unwilling "wall-flowers" the whole of the evening. Before concluding our notice, special mention must be made of the excellent example set by the Dean—the Rev. Dr. Peel (brother of the late Sir Robert Peel)—who kept open house throughout the week. The duties of secretary are not merely confined to the actual week of the Festival, but extend over several months beforehand, and are not concluded until some time after the meeting is over, involving a correspondence of much extent, and an amount of labour and knowledge of details incredible to the uninitiated. To the Rev. Robert Sargeant, who has now fulfilled this arduous post for the last three meetings, all credit must be given for the admirable way in which he has acquitted himself; and to his persevering activity the unprecedented success of the Festival is in great measure due.

THE ORGAN.*

TENTH STUDY.—ON QUALITY OF TONE (*timbre*) AND ITS THREE PRINCIPAL CAUSES. FIRST PRINCIPAL CAUSE,—SCALE.

IT is undoubtedly the duty of every pipe in the organ to give the sound of some one note of the gamut with the greatest possible perfection; but this one note may be given with equal perfection in an almost infinite variety of qualities of tone, and in as many different shades of the same. This one note may remain the same, without varying in the slightest degree as regards the pitch, in a hundred different pipes, but its special quality of tone may be different in every one of them. To take an example in illustration of this matter, in the works of two piano-makers whose works are everywhere most justly celebrated, Erard and Pleyel; how striking is the difference between the pianos of one and the other! The latter aims at giving to his instruments all those qualities of tone which are tender, delicate, and refined, though nervous; and in this the quality of his instruments approaches, generally speaking, more nearly of the two to that of the German and English makers. The first, on the contrary, gives to his pianos, both grand and cottage, a brilliancy, a roundness, and an elasticity of tone, which accompanies all the modifications of their sound without causing it to lose its chief characteristic—namely, roundness; and, what is not a little remarkable, from father to son, from uncle to nephew, the respective qualities of the two makers are perpetuated in such a way that, as we still find in the pianos by Pleyel a reflection of that grace and elegance which may be met with in the still musical, though now perhaps somewhat antiquated ideas of a composer of the same name, so we may find in the pianos of Peter Erard the vigorous, brilliant, and flexible organisation of his great uncle Sebastian. With these two piano-makers the notes may be the same in each, the pitch may not vary; what is *fa* with one may be *fa* with the other, what is *do*, *do*; and yet, for all that, the *do* and *fa* of Pleyel are no more the *do* and *fa* of Erard, as regards quality of tone, than the *do* and *fa* of Erard are those of Pleyel. Any maker, any pianist, of even the most moderate experience in such matters, would detect at once the difference between the qualities of tone of both these makers.

Quality of tone, then, may be described as this or that particular shade out of those unnumbered shades which it is possible to give to one and the same note. Thus, a note or pipe of an organ may have this or that shade of tone—it may be delicate or cutting, sweet or tender, and still be the same note in the scale. For example, the note *do* of the scale may be given in any of these different qualities of tone in as many different organ-pipes, and still be the note *do*; for, without any change at all in the note, quality of tone may vary infinitely, and quality of tone alone.

This quality of tone depends mostly on three things—namely, on *scale*, *form*, and *material*. Scale is not that which is usually understood by this word, but is the greater or less distance from one another of the sides of the pipes; in other words, scale is the same thing as the diameter of the pipe. The Germans call it measure, *mensur*. From this it may be seen that the very same note may be expressed by pipes of different diameters. There are also a great many varieties of scale or measure; but they may be all reduced to three principal ones, to the *full* scale, the *fine* scale, and the *mean* scale. The arithmetic proportions between three pipes made to sound the same note, but each in a different scale, is thus given by Dom Bedos:—"Let us take," he says, "a pipe, the height of which is six inches: if it is made to the *fine* scale, its diameter should be six lines; if made to the *mean* scale, and an open pipe, its diameter should be nine lines; and if to the *full* scale, and an open pipe, it should be twelve lines; if a stopped pipe, and made to this last scale, its diameter should be by fourteen lines." This writer takes care to observe that these measures are not absolute, and allows to builders, as we should also do, considerable freedom in every case. He would also grant that, besides the *fine* scale, there is another, the *very fine*, and, in a word, that the scale of organ pipes varies according to their situation, the special duties they have to perform, and the effect they are intended to produce. "Thus," he says, "the *do* of four feet, which is the third *do* of a series of pipes, the longest of which is sixteen feet, should not be more than three inches in diameter; but that, if this *do* of four feet is intended to be itself the first of a series of pipes, and therefore the largest of them, then its diameter should be increased to three inches and a half." In fact, the comparative shrillness in the tone of the pipes of this series must be compensated for by the vigour of their sounds. Now the more the scale enlarges the size of a pipe, the greater does the vibrating column of air become which is gathered within its walls; the more the scale is narrowed, so much the more also is the sound resulting from it diminished, so much the more refined does it become in the quality of its tone.

Pipes of the full scale, which absorb a great quantity of wind, are suited to the largest organs only, to sound-boards only of the largest dimensions. These sounds ought to be at the very greatest degree of roundness and force. The very fine scale, on the contrary, is a luxury in the way of sound that a bare sufficiency of means alone does not admit of. It is that sort of quality which represents the delicate and rather meagre sounds of the viol, and which gives point to certain foundation open pipes, which are indispensable to the general body of organ tone in its more perfect state. Pipes of this quality of tone are, in matter of fact, put upon all the clarions in greater or less quantity, and with good reason, because of the effect of this kind of pipes, which is sweet, though penetrating, and very useful as an accompaniment to the voice.

Pipes of mean scale have generally more sweetness than delicacy as compared with the others, though they are not deficient either in a certain amount of brightness. Like everything else of a mixed character, they do not at all times take after the stock from which they first drew their origin. Thus deprived, as they are, of the strength and mellowness of pipes of the full scale, they partake of the infirmities of the fine scale, without possessing, at the same time, the delicacy, the refined and pleasing quality of tone, which is its distinguishing characteristic. In a large organ they are placed on the choir sound-board, or, when their number is very considerable, on some subordinate sound-board, for it is usual to place some series of them on each of the key-boards. Regard, however, must at all times be had to the place for which the organ is being built. In a small church, where a large number of pipes of full scale would be simply deafening, it would be found very useful to combine with a sufficient number of those, pipes of the mean, and even the fine scale; but within the walls of a vast cathedral, all the efforts of pipes, more especially of this last scale, would be utterly abortive and without effect. Pipes of both the mean and fine scale do certainly occupy a most necessary place in organ building, but they should not prevail in it to such a degree as is too often found to be the case in those sham organ schemes to which poor congregations, and other good but simple persons, are asked to put their names by dishonourable organ-builders.

Writers on this subject do not find it difficult to give some notions of comparison between scale and scale as long as the question is only about open flue pipes, because these pipes are for the most part made in the form of a cylinder, the apex of which is the same size in diameter as the base. But the pipes of reed-stops being conical in shape and wider above than below, their diameter and their length depend on one another, and it is not therefore easy to establish so exactly in their case an arithmetic proportion between one scale and the other. Nevertheless, Dom Bedos gives some measures by which the lengths of reed-pipes as compared with their diameters may be approximately determined, and these are the measures commonly in use amongst builders. Following him, then, they speak of a trumpet of 6 inches, of 5, or of 4 inches for the three scales of the trumpets, which corresponds in its notes with the *do* of eight feet in the open flue pipes. Dom Bedos himself gives three different measures for the scale of the trumpet, and says that the first measure or full scale should be five inches and nine lines; the second, or mean scale, should be four inches and nine lines; and the third, or fine scale, should be four inches and two lines.* This is a matter which it is impor-

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

* It will, of course, be borne in mind that the French inches are rather longer than the English, and that the *ligne* is rather less than the English 16th. *N. Tr.*

tant to study, and the comparison is one that should often be made, with the compass in the eye, if not in the hand, for the diameters and speaking lengths of the pipes for reed-stops are some of those many things on which dishonourable builders speculate with cruel impunity, making use of far too many pipes of fine and mean scale where they should place pipes of full scale, and this even in large churches, and without any regard to what may be the importance of the instrument which they are employed to build.

As regards organs for accompaniment only, commonly called choir organs, and, indeed, as regards great organs for small churches, this class of builders always find an excuse for their avarice in the smallness of the locality and the position of the organ; and hence, if possible, we intend to give a graduated table of the scale of one note as compared with another for each scale of the three kinds, and for every note of the key-board. By this means, on inspecting an organ, the eye, however little practised, will detect at once the scale which the builder has chosen as his starting point, and the greater or less exactness with which, in the same series of pipes, he has observed the proportions of one note to another throughout this scale so chosen. I say the proportions, and not the progression, for a strict logical progression would be the cause of such magnitude in the largest pipes made to the full scale, that it would not be possible either to find a place for them, or if such a place could be found, to supply them with a sufficient quantity of wind. But still there are proportions for the lowest bass pipes of the full scale, which are not the proportions for the corresponding pipes of the mean scale; as there is also a means by which the size of the lowest bass pipes of the mean scale may be distinguished from that of the lowest bass pipes of the fine scale. Where these proportions are not attended to, there is not only the difference between what the diameters really are, and what they ought to be, but there is also the very great difference between the quality of the sound in such pipes from what it really ought to be; a difference which amidst the general body of full-organ tone may possibly escape the notice of the ordinary unpractical hearer, but cannot escape that of either the inspector of the organ—if he knows his business—or of the builder himself, who cannot be supposed to be ignorant of such matters, or of the professed musician.

Supposing for a moment that there was no difference in the quality of the sounds produced by pipes of different scales, the builder would no doubt do most wisely in choosing for his standard the smallest scale of the three, as being for him the least expensive; but when he does so, well knowing that there is this difference, then he takes you in. Not only does he do so by taking metal from your pipes and money from your purse, but also by taking the soul out of your organ, in depriving it of all its most pure qualities of tone, and leaving it with such qualities only as are for the most part dull and veiled in the open flue pipes, thin and cutting and without body in the reed pipes. Or, if your organ has not all these defects, it still has one which is no less intolerable than these, and that is, that it is not *the* organ as at first contracted for between the purchaser and the builder, an organ that is of such and such a scale in all its parts, and consequently of such and such a quality of tone. When we consider, and we know it to be the fact, that a reed-pipe will speak just passably at three-fourths of that length which is necessary for it in order that it may produce its better tones, we shall more easily understand what the injustice is which is committed by a fraudulent builder, who thus murderously cuts off the heads of his pipes. To such an one of course the more perfect quality of tone in his pipes is as nothing, so long as he can reckon with any amount of certainty, either on the profit he is about to make out of you upon his instrument, or on the fact that it will be placed in a church where there is no lack of resonance, or, more than all, on the ignorance of those who are to hear it.

A few words only remain to be said on the relations between the scale and the length of the speaking part of the pipe. As a general rule, this latter may be diminished in proportion as the former is increased, and, *vice versâ*, the length of the pipe may be increased if its diameter is very considerably diminished. Thus an open flue pipe of fine scale sounding the eight-feet *do*, ought certainly to be more than eight feet long, because the amount of air necessary for the production of this note will be very considerably diminished by the narrowness of the diameter of the pipe. But this increase in the length of a pipe is only found to be necessary in the very fine scale, when it is used as a starting point; in the fine and mean scales the pipe of eight feet is cut to the same length as the pipe which produces the same note in the full scale; and the reason of this is, that these three scales, fine, mean, and full, are calculated upon a sufficient quantity of vibrating air; with this only difference, that the fuller the scale of a pipe, the fuller also will be the tone produced by it. For it is clear that the full scale causing the air to vibrate in a greater space, and being provided with a vibrating apparatus in proportion to the size of this space, will produce much more powerful sounds than the other two.

To conclude: after having made these observations on the differences between the three chief scales, it would remain for us to consider the quality of tone in pipes which, owing to the directions taken by their sides, unite to themselves the characteristics now of one now of another scale, as is the case with some flue pipes, and the bodies of those trumpet pipes, which begin with being of fine scale, enlarge themselves gradually into full scale, and end oft with being no larger than the very fine scale. But this is less a question of diameter than of form, and as such it is more fitted to become the subject for another chapter.

THE LONDON CONCERT SEASON.*

WITH the close of the operatic season came also the termination of the concert-giving period in London, or, to speak more correctly and generally, the period when the aristocratic and more especially art-loving world is in town.

Most of the concerts given by the various musical associations, as well as the morning and evening concerts of individual artists, took place between the 1st May and the 1st August. It is almost incredible what a number of musical entertainments there have been in the course of these three months, and what patronage — for without patronage there is nothing to be done — what love of the art, and also what fashion and *bon ton* are brought into play to procure a full attendance for each concert. Filling a concert-room here is a very different thing to what it is in Paris, where two-thirds of the audience enter with free admissions, and the real profit of the concert-giver is next to nothing. In London there is a large subscription list for all the oratorios and orchestral concerts, as well as for the Associations for chamber-music, while the artists who lend their assistance, and likewise those who, relying upon their reputation and the distinguished patronage they enjoy, give concerts of their own, find it worth their while to do so — a state of things long since passed away in Paris. Like everything else in London, the orchestral and vocal associations are colossal and innumerable.

After naming the Sacred Harmonic, the Musical Society of London, the Amateur Musical, the Philharmonic, and the New Philharmonic Societies, the Vocal Association, the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, Leslie's Choir, the Society of British Musicians, the London Orchestral Association, the Bach Society, Hullah's Concerts, the Monday Popular Concerts, the London Glee and Madrigal Society, the English Glee and Madrigal Union, the Choral Society, the Arion, Robinson's Choir, the Musical Union, Wilby's Quartet Union, and Dando's Quartet Concerts, I have by no means exhausted the entire list. As we see, Paris, despite all its vapouring about art, is nothing in comparison. In that city associations for oratorios and choral works are out of the question, while the two or three orchestral associations to be found in addition to the Concert-Society of the Conservatory, drag on their existence with difficulty.

The Monday Popular Concerts, a new institution, have been fortunate enough to secure the continuous favour of the public, and that, too, from the beginning of November to the beginning of July. And what do we hear at them? Waltzes by Strauss, polkas by Wallerstein, and selections from operas? Not a bit of

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

it, but, instead of this, sterling chamber music, especially for the stringed quartet, although there is no deficiency of pianoforte and vocal music. I will give you a few samples from the programmes; such, for instance, are a quintet by Boccherini, sonata for two violoncellos by the same (played by Piatti and Schröder), quartet, in D minor, by Cherubini (played in conjunction with Messrs. Reis, Blagrove, and Piatti, by Herr Becker, from Mannheim, who has always met with extraordinary success wherever he has appeared); Clementi's pianoforte sonata in C, Op. 34, and three pieces by Scarlatti (Miss Arabella Goddard). In addition, we had vocal compositions by Paesiello, Jomelli, Salvator Rosa (whose landscapes, however, I admire more than his musical compositions), Salieri, and Mozart.

The concert of the 24th June was devoted entirely to Mozart. It began with the quintet in A, for clarionet and stringed instruments. Miss Goddard and Herr Becker then played the sonata in F (with the variations), for pianoforte and violin, the lady playing also the solo sonata in B flat. As a wind-up, we had a most admirable performance of the violin-quartet in G. Mad. de Paez (a German lady) made her first appearance at these concerts as a vocalist, in the airs "Parto" from *Titus*, and "Voi che sapete" from *Figaro*. A German bass, Herr Hermanns, sang two of Osman's songs from *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. He created a sensation, and was obliged to repeat the last air. Sims Reeves sang Don Ottavio's "Della sua pace," in his usual artistic and highly finished manner.

The previous concert was dedicated to Beethoven, and the following, and last, "to all the great masters," as the bills expressed it. This concert was the twenty-seventh since November, and took place on the 2nd July. St. James's Hall, large as it is, could scarcely contain those who flocked to obtain admission. The lowest number of persons present at one of these concerts was 1500, and the highest 2500. On the occasion in question about 1600 persons paid their shilling each to the cheapest places, while the other part of the hall and the three-shilling galleries were filled by subscribers. And what was the music such numbers flocked to hear? Subjoined is the programme: —

PART I.

Violin quartet in C major	*Spohr*
Song, "Der Wanderer,"	*F. Schubert*
Pianoforte pieces (Fugue in D minor)	*Scarlatti*
"Liederkreis an die ferne Geliebte"	*Beethoven*
Prelude, saraband, and gavotte for violoncello	*Bach*

PART II.

Violin quartet in E flat major	*Mendelssohn*
Song, "Zuleika" (new)	*Meyerbeer*
Suite von Clavierstücken	*Handel*
Song, "Il Pensier"	*Haydn*
Song, "La Gita in Gondola"	*Rossini*
Sonata in D major for two pianofortes	*Mozart*

Is it not something astonishing that such chamber music as this should attract thousands of persons to seven-and-twenty concerts during a period of eight months?

The quartet performers were Sainton, Goffrie, Doyle, and Piatti. Herr Hallé was the pianist in the first, and Miss Goddard in the second part. To hear them both in Mozart's double sonata by far the greater portion of the audience remained to the end; indeed, as a general rule, the rudeness of leaving the hall before or during the last piece is far less usual at these concerts than at those exclusively patronised by the aristocratic world.

The projectors and directors of these concerts, the popularity of which increased wonderfully in the second season just terminated, are the Messrs. Chappell; and they have made a very good thing of them. These gentlemen have avoided all interested praise of the artists engaged, and most particularly eschewed anything approaching boastfulness or humbug; a plan which is all the more praiseworthy because it is so rare here.

The regular concerts at the Crystal Palace are still under the direction of Herr Manns. In addition to these, several monster concerts have been given in the immense building. Such, for instance, was a performance of *Elijah*, on the 4th of May, by 2500 persons; a concert of the Vocal Association, with 1000 voices, &c. That nothing is gained for art by performances on so gigantic a scale even artists here concur in thinking; but speculation and trade find their profit in them.

I am sure you will spare me the task of giving you a list of the hundred and odd artists who have given concerts at their own risk. These persons are, with very few exceptions, all musicians and vocalists, male and female, who reside and teach in London. Non-resident professionals play, as a rule, only at the concerts of the musical societies and associations for chamber music.

It is still impossible for any operatic speculation to succeed side by side with the two Italian operas. An English opera was started at Drury Lane, but lasted only a week; a French company at the Lyceum stood its ground somewhat longer, thanks to Offenbach's operettas, but, like its English predecessor, could not establish itself on a firm basis.

We have here facts which are scarcely comprehensible opposed to each other. 2500 persons listen applaudingly to quartets and pianoforte pieces by Scarlatti, Bach, and Handel, and do not expend a shilling for English, French, or German opera. Such contrasts can be found only in England.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Sept. 20, 1860.

THE spirit of musical and theatrical activity last week has left us languid again. I have nothing more important to inform you of than the production of the *Trouvère* (*Trovatore*) at the Grand Opera, with M. Michot for the first time in the part of Manrique, and Mlle. Barbara Marchisio in that of Azucena, also for the first time. Both *debuts* were successful, but especially the latter. The fine contralto voice of Mlle. Barbara, and her power of expressing deep emotion, brought out the characteristics of the gipsy mother with great force. M. Michot was much applauded in such passages as demand feeling and tenderness, but in the more vigorous portions he was not quite up to the mark. The Opera Comique gave last Monday a *représentation extraordinaire* for the benefit of the Christians in Syria. The bill was of the most miscellaneous composition, commencing with the *Chaises à porteurs*, followed by *L'Etoile du Nord* (first act), *Ma Tante Dort* (transplanted from the Théâtre Lyrique), the second act of *Fra Diavolo*, a scena and duo from *Chateau Trompette*, and three pieces from the *Pardon*. A new opera in three acts is about to be put into rehearsal at this house. The music is by M. Victor Massé, and the book by M. Dumanoir, who gives to his work the title of *Le Lutrin*. At the Théâtre Français, Mlle. Marie Royer, a recent acquisition from the Conservatoire, has been trying her strength in *Mlle. de Belle-Isle*, and has won very favourable opinions from the critics. At the same time another pupil from the Conservatoire has been making a brilliant *debut* at the Odéon in the part of Camille in *Hornee*. There is, therefore, some chance that the vacant niches of Melpomene and Thalia may once more be filled up in the National Theatre. The new comedy by M. Octave Feuillet (author of *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*), which has been so much talked of, and is entitled *Redemption*, is in active rehearsal at the Vaudeville. The principal parts will be played by MM. Briadeau, Felix, Ribes, and Mlle. Fargaiol. The Porte St. Martin Theatre had been known to be labouring for some time past with a new edition of the celebrated fairy-spectacle *Pied de Monton*, and it has at last burst upon the world in the full splendour of new scenery, dresses, and decorations, and bespangled with fresh jokes by M. Hector Cremieux. I have not yet seen it, but it is said to be drawing nightly crowds.

The patriarch of song, Rossini, has been giving a series of musical soirées at his villa in Passy, and among the artists who have had the honour of exhibiting their *savoir faire* before the venerable maestro, were the sisters Marchisio. It was their second appearance in a private arena since their debut in the salons of Mad. Orfila, and was no less brilliantly successful than the first. They sang the duo in *Semiramis*, and also that in *Mathilda di Shabran*, in which they never fail to produce the most captivating effect by the admirable blending of their fine voices, and the brilliancy and perfection of their execution. On the same evening M. de Braga, the violoncellist, gave a touch of his quality

by playing, with a very pure tone and exquisite expression, a melody composed by the maestro expressly for him, and called *Une larme*. M. Rubinstein the younger also displayed his powers on the piano. He appears to aim exclusively at brilliancy, rapidity, and feats of execution. M. Huerta, the guitarist, whom every one supposed to be dead, has appeared in the flesh at these soirées, as also have Ronconi, M. Castellani the buffo, M. and Mad. Tiberini, Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and M. Delle Sedie, an accomplished baritone, whom the Victoria Theatre at Berlin has just carried off from the Scala at Milan. Apropos of the "swan of Pesaro," it is said that he has been very angry with the author of the programme of the festival-concert given at Boulogne the other day under the direction of M. Venoitte, in which one of the items (No. 10 in the 2nd part) was "*Un air classique* par Rossini." This excited the wrath of the maestro, who, it must be here related, that the sequel may be understood, has been lately presented with a copy of his ancestral coat of arms, as recently discovered, engraved on a bell in the church of Cotignola. They were engraved on a seal, and accompanied by a pedigree drawn up by M. Luigi Cosmo Ferrucci, the learned librarian of Florence. The crest consists of a branch of a rose tree, on which is perched a nightingale, surmounted by three stars and a wreath of "palms." Alluding to this proof of the antiquity of his family, the maestro is said to have expressed his dissatisfaction with the Boulogne programme in these terms:—"Va pour le rossignol, les trois étoiles et les palmes de l'immortalité; je consens à les léguer à la postérité; mais je me refuse, et me refuserai de mon vivant comme outre tombe, au titre de *classique* et à tous les honneurs y attachés." ("The nightingale, the three stars, and the palms of immortality are all very well; I consent to bequeath them to posterity; but I refuse, and always shall refuse while I am alive and from beyond the grave, the title of a classic, together with all the honours thereunto belonging.")

I have already informed you how the company of the forthcoming Italian Opera here is composed. The opening night is fixed for the 2nd of October, and the first opera produced will be *La Sonnambula*, with Mlle. Batta and Signor Gardoni in the principal parts. The next opera will be Flotow's *Marta*, in which Mario, Graziani, and Mlle. Edenska, the new contralto, will sing. I hear from Milan that M. Bottesini's opera, *Il Assedio di Firenza*, has at length been produced there, but did not meet with a very enthusiastic reception. The composer was applauded, but not called for at the end of the performance. The blame is kindly laid by my informant on the feebleness of the execution. Another young composer, M. Cagnori, author of the famous *Don Bucefalo*, has had a new opera performed at the Scala with great success. It is entitled *Il Vecchio della Montagna*. Mad. Carvalho has made her first appearance at Berlin in *Il Barbiere*, and she has made such an impression on the German critics that they proclaim her the Jenny Lind of France. It is a proof with how little disturbance of the ordinary course of things the Neapolitan revolution has been effected, that in the midst of the Liberator's triumph and the king's flight, a new opera has been produced by Signor Petrella. It is called *Il folletto di Gresy*, and met with the most brilliant success, the composer being called before the curtain, I am told, at least twenty times.

I generally favour you with the matrimonial rumours that cross my path connected with the artistic world, because I know that, whether true or false, they always cause a little flutter of agreeable excitement among your lady readers. Here is one which has all the requisite ingredients of interest, more especially its uncertainty:—Mlle. Louise de la Rochefoucault, daughter of Count Wilfrid de la Rochefoucault, granddaughter of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, some time ambassador at the Court of Prussia, will exchange the illustrious name of her ancestors for the somewhat less distinguished patronymic of M. Henri Litolff.

From Brussels, I hear that the opening of the new theatre, styled "Du Parc," has taken place, and was honoured by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Brabant. The alterations in the body of the theatre are said to be a great improvement, and the decorations are very tasteful. The first opera which will be got up this season at the Royal Theatre is *Herculanum*, by Felicien David. It will be followed by a grand opera, the music of which is composed by M. Hanssens, the director of the orchestra.

A Brussels paper announces the curious fact that Mr. Lumley has obtained the management of the national theatre, the Cirque, of that capital, and that he is about to open it with a company of Italian singers, wherein will be found more than one name of distinction. If this be true, and there is no particular reason to doubt it, we have another proof of the indefatigable spirit of the celebrated impresario, and if ever energy against adverse fortune deserved the favour of the gods, they should smile on him now.

The salons of Erard have been the scene of a grand congress, or rather, the preliminary meetings for one, the object of which is the restoration of plain song and church music. An article in a class paper, called *La Maitrise*, under the title of *L'Idée Mère du Congrès*, has appeared, explaining fully the intentions of the association, which has received the patronage of the chief ecclesiastical dignitaries of the country. The first regular meeting of the congress will be held at the end of November in the premises of the *Société d'Encouragement pour les Beaux Arts et l'Industrie*; and the editors of the above-mentioned journal have presented the association with a series of medals in gold, silver, and bronze, to be distributed as prizes for the best *missa brevis*, the best compositions for the voice and organ applicable to the celebration of divine service, of a simple and severe style, and easy of execution. A grand competition of *Orpheonists*, organised by the instrumental and choral societies of the department of the Seine, is announced to take place next Sunday at Livry-Sévigné. The competition will be preceded by a solemn mass, which will be sung by one of the choral societies of the upper division.

An interesting discovery has just been made in the royal library of Munich, consisting of an autograph piece by Mozart, not hitherto known to exist, and of which there is no mention in any list of his compositions. It is an Italian air for a soprano to words commencing *Fra cento affanni e cento*. From the inscription it bears, this air would appear to have been written by Mozart while at Milan, in the year 1770, when he was only fourteen years of age, and while his fourth dramatic composition, *Mitridate re di Ponto*, was being played with striking success.

The Paris correspondent of a Belgian paper relates how a considerable stir is being made in diplomatic circles here, in order to have another posthumous work of the Russian composer Bortniansky performed. The Prince W——— is said to be at the head of this movement, and in order to popularise the music of this composer he is about to organise a number of concerts; to which end he has sent for a Russian choral society composed of artists whose execution is said to be unrivalled throughout the world. The Greek Church allows no musical instrument to be used in its religious services, and the choristers are therefore accustomed to execute pieces without accompaniment. It is only in Russian churches that the *contra basso* voice, less rare in Russia than elsewhere, is employed, the compass of which extends to the lower A, two notes below the c *à vide* of the violoncello. The effect of these voices singing an octave below the basses is beyond conception. They are, in fact, human double basses. In the choral troop brought to Paris by Prince W. are several of these *contra bassi*, among whom one in particular, M. Ivan Norrowine, enjoys a high reputation, and is destined, it is said, to make quite a sensation. The opera of Bortniansky, which it is sought to get performed in Paris, was found, it is said, among his papers. The libretto is by the celebrated Russian poet, Ponschkin. Several unaccompanied choruses occur in this opera, and these are the choruses which will be performed at the concert in question. Bortniansky occupied the post of chapel-master to the Emperor of Russia from 1782 to 1826, when he died. His music is chiefly dependent for its effect on the employment of choral masses, with all the resources of which he was thoroughly acquainted.

In your record of the movements of the nomad tribe of musical artists, note that Joseph Wieniawski has returned to Paris from Hamburg and elsewhere.

In your obituary, since the bills of mortality in art know of no geographical limit, set down that Jean Louis Heiberg, the "creator of the Danish vaudeville," whatever that may be, has himself lapsed from the number of living created beings. At Copenhagen his eyes first saw the light, and in Iceland the curtain of death was drawn over them. In the interval he had studied

medicine and written for the stage; — among other things a *Don Juan* for a company of puppets at the age of three and twenty.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Saturday Mr. G. W. Martin gave a performance of his own national part-songs, prize glees, &c., with a choral force numbering nearly 2000, in the Great Handel Orchestra. That Mr. Martin is popular as a composer may be inferred from the fact that more than 10,000 people assembled on the occasion. The attraction of the concert, however, entirely escaped our observation. Of the fourteen pieces given ten were written by Mr. Martin; the others were harmonised by him. The national part-songs—four in number—we did not greatly like, though all were received with vociferous acclamations. The part-song, "Brightest hopes are fleetest," is really charming—the best, indeed, we have heard of Mr. Martin's compositions—and well merited the *encore* it received. That Mr. Martin has a large circle of friends none could doubt who saw the crowd and heard the applause on Saturday afternoon.

Notice.

In consequence of the communication from our own reporter being mislaid in the transit, our notice of the Norwich Festival is unavoidably postponed until next week.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

THE retirement of Mad. Clara Novello from the Sacred Concert-room will leave a blank which at present there does not appear any likelihood of being filled up. Such a loss to sacred art is indeed to be deeply lamented, more particularly at a time when oratorios, become an entertainment for the people, are progressing rapidly in general estimation, and when their performances are no longer restricted to special localities and periods. Such an artist as Mad. Novello must have had some hand or voice in conducing to this progress. Many no doubt would at first go to hear the singer, with no particular predilection for holy strains, who subsequently, taught to attend and understand, would be attracted by the music itself. If ever singer was constituted to exercise an influence over a large auditory, it was the lady who forms the subject of our remarks. Mad. Novello has not only a voice of surpassing quality and purity, but her style and manner are eminently adapted to sacred music. The beauty and purity of her voice were acknowledged from the first moment when, as a girl, she was launched into artistic life, and dared the fiat of the public alongside of Malibran, Grisi, Caradori, Sontag, Mary Paton, and other *cantatrice*, native and foreign, who were more or less remarkable in the roll of fame. A new star in such a constellation, the youthful Clara Novello was not obnubilated in the surrounding lustre. She gained hosts of admirers, who were enchanted with her lovely voice and the refinement of her style, and augured the most brilliant results for her future. That these auguries have not been falsified we need hardly say. Mad. Novello's career has been one of undeviating success, and no part of her progress has been marked by greater triumphs than that which dates from her return to public life after several years' interval passed in retirement. Indeed, our principal regret at losing the artist is bound up with the fact that her vocal powers are as transcendent as ever, and that time has only added to the purity and delicacy of her style. Had Mad. Novello's powers been on the wane our regrets would have been extenuated by the consideration that she was acting cautiously and judiciously; anticipating Time as it were, and succumbing to his supremacy ere he could lay too heavily his hand upon her—thereby exhibiting art to the last, as she stood on the threshold of the temple about to take her leave. Mad. Novello's reasons for quitting public life are alleged to be of a private nature. The loss to the public is the same whatever the cause.

The qualities which eminently befit Mad. Clara Novello for the sacred concert-room are the peculiar character of the voice, and a style essentially devotional. Mad. Novello's voice is a high soprano, pure, open, brilliant, clear and liquid as a well-tuned silver bell, and extremely sympathetic. In the upper register some of the tones are wonderfully touching. This rare organ, so available, it would seem, for all purposes, so capable, so beautiful and so telling, is toned down and sobered to a religious feeling that lends it its peculiar characteristic, and makes it almost sombre in expression and colouring. From this peculiarity, this sombreness of tone, Mad. Novello derives her special power in sacred music. Of that "demonstrative" quality so indispensable to the dramatic singer she exhibits but little, and is seldom outwardly energetic or forcible. Intensity without display, and earnestness arising from a manner full of repose and apparently absorbed, constitute the specialties which distinguish Mad. Novello from all other singers of sacred music. So rapt, indeed, is she at most times in her performance, that, even when singing, could our ears deceive us so, she might stand as an exemplification of Wordsworth's Nun, "breathless with adoration." Whether this be pure instinct or the most consummate art, we cannot say. In either case the result is the same, and the wondrous influence of the vocalist made manifest. When shall England be able to boast of another singer who can produce such extraordinary effects by such simple means? When shall England boast of another singer who, while disclaiming, if not failing in, that dramatic vigour and impassioned energy which all candidates for lyric honours, on or off the stage, have made the be-all and end-all of their acquirements, may be able to achieve such greatness and renown? The brightest luminary of the Sacred Concert-room is about to disappear for ever—when to be replaced lies buried in the womb of Time.

BESIDES accusations of unintelligibility and of *contra-sense* (as for instance when a girl sentenced to death sings in a lively strain), the Opera has been attacked as essentially absurd, and it is satisfactory to know that these attacks date from its first introduction into England and France. To some it appeared monstrous that men and women should be represented on the stage singing, when it is notorious that in actual life they communicate in the speaking voice. Opera was declared to be unnatural as compared with the Drama. In other words, it was natural that Desdemona should express her grief in melodious

verse, but unnatural that she should do so in pure melody. (For the sake of the comparison, we must suppose Rossini's *Otello* to have been written long before its time). Persons with any pretence to reason have long ceased to urge such futile objections against a delightful entertainment which, as we shall presently show, is in some respects the highest form the drama has assumed. Gresset answered these music-haters well in his "Discours sur l'harmonie." "After all," he says, "if we study nature, do we not find more fidelity to appropriateness at the Opera than on the tragic stage, where the hero speaks the language of declamatory poetry? Has not harmony always been much better able than simple declamation to imitate the true tones of the passions—deep sighs, sobs, bursts of grief, languishing tenderness, interjections of despair, the inflexions of pathos, and all the energy of the heart?"

For the sake of enjoying the pleasures of music and of the drama in combination, we must adopt certain conventions, and must assume that song is the natural language of the men and women that we propose to show in our operas, as we assume in tragedy that they all talk in verse; in comedy that they are all witty, and yet are perpetually giving one another opportunities for repartee; in the *ballet* that they all dance and are unable to speak at all. The form is nothing. Give us the true expression of natural emotion, and all the rest will seem natural enough. Only it would be as well to introduce as many dancing characters and dancing situations as possible in the *ballet*, and to remember in particular that Roman soldiers could not with propriety figure in one (for a ballet on the subject of "Les Horatii" was once actually produced in France, in which the Horatii and the Curiatii danced a double *pas de trois*); and in tragedy, that the chief personages ought not to be London coal-heavers or Parisian water-carriers; and in the same way, that in opera, scenes and situations ought to be avoided which in no way suggest singing. And let us now inform the ignorant opponents of opera, that there are certain grand dramatic effects attainable on the lyric stage which without the aid of music would be impossible. Music has often been defined; here is a new definition of it. It is *the language of masses*—the only language that masses can speak and be understood. On the old stage a crowd could not cry "Down with the tyrant!" or "We will," or even "Yes" and "No," with any intelligibility. There is some distance from this state of things to the Blessing of the Daggers in the *Huguenots*, or the Prayer of the Israelites in *Mosé*. In the ordinary drama we could neither have the prayer (unless it were recited by a single voice, which would be worse than nothing) before the passage, nor the thanksgiving which in the opera is sung immediately after the Red Sea has been crossed; but, above all, we could not obtain the sublime effect produced by the contrast between the two songs; the same song, and yet how different; the difference between minor and major, between a psalm of humble supplication and a hymn of jubilant gratitude. This is the change of key at which, according to Stendhal, the women of Rome used to faint in such numbers. It cannot be heard without emotion even in England; and we do not think any one, even a professed enemy of Opera, would ask himself, during the performance of the prayer in *Mosé*, whether it was natural or not that the Israelites should sing either before or after crossing the Red Sea.

Again, how could the animation of the market scene in *Masaniello* be expressed except by means of music? What other art could render confusion harmonious and intelligible? In concerted pieces, again, the Opera possesses a means of dramatic effect quite as powerful and as peculiar to itself as its choruses. The finest situation in *Rigoletto* is that in which the quartet occurs. Here three persons express simultaneously the different emotions which are excited in the breast of each by the presence of the Duke of Mantua in the assassin's hostelry, while the Duke of Mantua himself makes love to the assassin's sister. The amorous fervour of the Duke, the reckless gaiety of Maddalena, the despair of Gilda, the vengeful rage of Rigoletto, all this exists at the same time, and is told at once in the combined songs of the four personages, while the spectator derives a new pleasure from the very art by which the four different songs are combined into harmony,—a magnificent quartet, of which, however, the model existed long before in *Don Giovanni*. All this is of course very unnatural. It would be so much more natural that the Duke of Mantua should first make a long speech to Maddalena, that Maddalena should then answer him, that afterwards both should remain silent while Gilda, of whose presence outside the tavern they are unaware, sobs forth her lamentations at the perfidy of her betrayer, and that finally the Duke, Maddalena, and Gilda, by some inexplicable unity of purpose, should not say a word while Rigoletto is congratulating himself on the prospect of being speedily revenged on the libertine who has robbed him of his daughter. In the old drama, perfect sympathy between two lovers can scarcely be expressed—certainly not with anything like the vividness with which it can be told through suggestive union of the two voices in the *ensemble* of a duet. We are sometimes inclined to think that even the balcony duet between Romeo and Juliet ought to be in music; and certainly no living poet could render the duet between Valentine and Raoul adequately into either prose or verse. Talk of music destroying the drama; why, it is from innate love of the drama that so many persons go to the Opera every night.

"But is it not absurd to hear a man say 'Good morning?' 'How do you do?' in music?" Most decidedly; and therefore all ordinary, commonplace, and trivial remarks should be excluded from operas, as from poetical dramas and from poetry of all kinds except comic and burlesque verse. It was not reserved for the unmusical critics of the present day to discover that it would be grotesque to utter such a phrase as "Give me my boots" in recitative, and that such a line as "Waiter, a cutlet nicely browned," could not be advantageously set to music. All this sort of humour was exhausted by St. Evremond, in a comedy called *Les Opéras*,* which he wrote during his residence in London, soon after the production of Lulli's *Cadmus and Hermione*, in 1673. In this work, which was published but not represented, Chrisotine is, so to speak, opera-struck. She thinks of nothing but Lulli, or "Baptiste," as she affectionately calls him, after the manner of Louis XIV. and his court, sings all day long, and in fact has altogether abandoned speech for song. Perrette, the servant, tells Chrisotine that her father wishes to see her. "Why disturb me at my songs?" replies the young lady, singing all the time. The attendant complains to the father that Chrisotine will not answer her in ordinary spoken language, and that she sings about the house all day long. Chrisotine corroborates Perrette's statement by addressing a little *cavatina* to her parent, in which she protests against the harshness of those

* A German translation of this piece, entitled *Die Opern*, is to be found in the library of the British Museum. The original is not there.

who would hinder her from singing the tender loves of Hermione and Cadmus.

"Speak like other people, Chrisotine," exclaims old Chrisard, "or I will issue such an edict against operas, that they shall never be spoken of again where I have any authority."

"My father, Baptiste: opera, my duty to my parents; how am I to decide between you?" exclaims the young girl, with a tragic indecision as painful as that of Arnold, the son of Tell, hesitating between his Matilda and his native land.

"You hesitate between Baptiste and your father?" cries the old gentleman; "*O tempora, O mores!*" (only, in French).

"Tender mother! cruel father! and you, O. Cadmus! unhappy Cadmus! I shall see you no more," sings Chrisotine; and soon afterwards she adds, still singing, that she "would rather die than speak like the vulgar." It is a new fashion at the court (she continues); since the last opera, no one speaks otherwise than in song. When one gentleman meets another in the morning, it would be grossly impolite not to sing to him:—

"'*Monsieur, comment vous portez vous?*' to which the other would reply:—

"'*Je me porte à votre service.*'

"1st Gentleman—'*Après diner, que ferons nous?*'

"2nd Gentleman—'*Allons voir la belle Clarisse.*'

"The most ordinary things are sung in this manner, and in polite society people don't know what it means to speak otherwise than in music."

Chrisard—"Do people of quality sing when they are with ladies?"

Chrisotine—"Sing! sing! I should like to see a man of the world endeavour to entertain company with mere talk in the old style. He would be looked upon as a man of a bygone period. The servants would laugh at him."

Chrisard—"And in the town?"

Chrisotine—"All persons of any importance imitate the court. It is only in the Rues Saint Denis and St. Honoré, and on the bridge of Notre Dame, that the old custom is still kept up. There people buy and sell without singing. But at Gauthier's, at the Orangery, at all the shops where the ladies of the court buy dresses, ornaments and jewels, all business is carried on in singing; and if the dealers did not sing, their goods would be confiscated. People say that a severe edict has been issued to that effect. They appoint no Provost of Trade now unless he understands music, and until M. Lulli has examined him to see whether he is capable of understanding and enforcing the rules of harmony."

The above scene, be it observed, is not the work of an ignorant detractor of Opera, of a brute insensible to the charms of music, but is the production of St. Evremond, one of the very first men on our side of the Alps who called attention to the beauties of the new musical drama just established in Italy, and which, when he first wrote on the subject, had not yet been introduced into France. St. Evremond had too much taste not to enjoy the Opera, and too much sense to decry it on account of such improbabilities as must inevitably belong to every form of the Drama, which is the expression of life, but which need not, for that reason, be restricted to the language of speech exclusively any more than tragedy need be restricted to the diction of prose, or comedy to the inane platitudes of ordinary conversation. At all events there is no novelty, and above all no wit, in repeating seriously the pleasantries of St. Evremond, which, we repeat, were the pleasantries of a man who loved the object of his good-natured and agreeable raillery.

Indeed, most of the men who have written things against the Opera that are still remembered, have liked the Opera, and have even written operas themselves. *Aujourd'hui ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit on le chante*, is said by the *Figaro* of Beaumarchais—Beaumarchais, who gave lessons in singing and on the harpsichord to Louis the Fifteenth's daughters, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Gluck's operas, and who wrote specially for that composer the libretto of *Tarare*, which was however set to music by Salieri, Gluck's favourite pupil. Beaumarchais knew well enough—and *Tarare* would in a certain way prove it—that not only "what is not worth the trouble of saying" cannot be sung, but that very often such trivialities as can with propriety be spoken in a drama would, set to music, produce a ludicrous effect. Witness these lines in St. Evremond's *Les Opéras*—

"Monsieur, comment vous portez vous?"
"Je me porte à votre service:"

which might form part of a comedy, but which in an opera would be absurd, and would therefore not be introduced into one, except by a foolish librettist (who would for a certainty get hissed), or by a wit like St. Evremond, wishing to amuse himself by exaggerating to a ridiculous point the latest fashionable mania of the day.

THE appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Bourcicault at the Adelphi renders that theatre for the present the most important in London. The Haymarket still chews the cud of pieces that have long lost their novelty, the attractive force of the Olympic is considerably lessened by the temporary absence of Mr. Robson, and the *Colleen Bawn*,—though produced in an already dramatised story (the *Collegians*)—has all those attributes that were found serviceable at the old Adelphi, and are even more requisite at the new house, where there is a stage of increased capacity.

The few nights during which Mr. Bourcicault played at the Princess's Theatre some eight years ago, can scarcely be mentioned in opposition to the declaration that he now for the first time comes before the public in a histrionic character; still less do his juvenile performances, when he was yet unknown as an author, live in the memory of the public. As the Irish peasant, Myles na Coppoleen, he appears for the first time as a trained artist, with a settled sphere of action. The performance is thoroughly careful and well considered, and not a touch is wanting to the sly humour and indomitable shrewdness which are such important elements in Milesian nature. His scene with the priest, Father Tom, in which, while evidently losing his game, he struggles to the last to resist detection of his lies, is as masterly a piece of acting as one would wish to see. On the other hand, that abandonment to the impulse of the moment, that overflowing hilarity which distinguishes Mr. Barney Williams, he does not attain—nay, does not attempt. He is an artist who ever feels himself above the work he executes, and while he shows that he understands his task in all its bearings, never forgets his own identity.

The same piece that introduces Mr. Bourcicault determines the position of Mr. Edward Falconer, and it is hard to recognise the very indifferent actor of tragedy and light

comedy in the accurate delineation of the Irish serf, as exemplified in the character of Danny Man. The voice kept down to a perpetual semblance of servility, the stoop occasioned as much by the bowed mind as by the broken back, the agonies of the death-bed, are all admirably true, and without a particle of exaggeration.

Nor is it too much to say that in the *Colleen Bawn* we are first made acquainted with the capabilities of Mrs. Billington,—a lady who, when she has attempted parts more than commonly conspicuous, has generally suggested the notion of over-weight. But in the very powerful scene in which Mrs. Cregan curses the captors of her son, she completely rises to the level of the position, and astonishes by her newly-marked force.

Mrs. Bourcicault is an amiable, pleasing actress, who sings and dances very prettily, and is thoroughly unaffected and enthusiastic in all she undertakes.

Thus, altogether, the *Colleen Bawn* is not only a welcome apparition at a season which is dull even for September, but is an earnest of theatrical improvement. Two new artists are added to our histrionic force, and several who are well known develop new capabilities.

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Its Rise and Progress.

II.

MONSIGNY AND PHILLIDOR.

The first of these was simply a musical amateur, born at Fauquemberg, a village near St. Omer, on the 17th of October, 1729. He was destined for a financial career, and obtained a post in the office of ecclesiastical accounts. It was while hearing a performance of *La Serva Padrona*, by Pergolese, that he felt the musical chord within him vibrate. He had learned to play the violin at the Jesuits' College of St. Omer, and after having heard the *chef d'œuvre* of the Italian master, he took some lessons of a double bass player at the opera, called Gianotti, who taught him the principles of thorough bass, which the latter had learned from Rameau. He studied only five months with Gianotti, and it was after having received this elementary instruction that he set to music a little libretto entitled *Les Aveux indiscrets*, played at the *Théâtre de la Foire St. Laurent.*

At this period the orchestra of the Italian Theatre (*Comédie Italienne*), in which the greater part of Monsigny's works were to be played, consisted only of five first and five second violins, two altos, three violoncellos, to which were added later two double basses, two flutes or two hautboys (the same artists being engaged to play both instruments), and lastly two miserable horns and two bassoons, who by no means piqued themselves on playing in tune. The performers in this incomplete orchestra were inferior to our most humble provincial artists, and the actors of the company of singing comedians were after the fashion of those of the vaudeville theatres of the present day. It may be guessed, therefore, what the performances of these "fair theatres" (*théâtres de la foire*) were like in which our Opéra Comique took its rise.

The following year Monsigny brought out on the same stage on which his first piece had been played, *Le Cadi dupé*, of which the words were by Lemonnier.

Even in this early work there are several pieces deserving mention. The air of Zelmire for instance, "Toi que mon cœur adore," by no means deficient in tenderness of expression; the duo, "Qu'en dites vous, monseigneur?" the trio, "Entrez donc," &c. The music of these pieces is well adapted to the sense of the words.

Sédaine, attracted by these qualities, got himself introduced to Monsigny, and became his recognised collaborator. They brought out in 1761, *Le Roi et le Fermier*, which produced a great sensation —two hundred representations bringing in 10,000 fr. (£400) to the composer! (An enormous sum for the period.) This piece met in the first instance a cold reception on account of the musical element preponderating more than had been previously known. The poem of Sédaine had not taken the fancy of the audience, and it was not until after it had been heard several times that it was perceived Monsigny's music was marked by a strain of touching melody well suited to the sentiments expressed in each scene, a necessary condition of success with a French audience.

Two years later Sédaine and Monsigny gave the world a village opera (*paysannerie*), *Rose et Colas*, the graceful and simple songs of which charmed the public. In *Le Déserteur* the talent of Monsigny developed itself and reached its crowning success.

The fine wits of the time criticised this poem, and Sédaine's origin was cast in his teeth. His education had been ill cared for; his pieces were faulty in their style. Errors in French and spelling were as frequently met in them as dramatic situations which he sought after, rather than refinements of language, his chief object being to stir the emotions of the public. He knew the personage he had to deal with, and was convinced that to be made to cry or to laugh was all he asked for, which explains the introduction into his operas of characters for whose appearance no motive can be discovered. Thus in *Le Déserteur*, perceiving that the sentimental scenes were drawn out to too great a length, he introduced in the third act, in the most gratuitous manner, but with the utmost felicity, the character of Montauciel, which still preserves its charm in the eyes of the present generation. Clairval in the character of Montauciel, and Caillot in that of Alexis, gained the greatest applause.

"Monsigny,"—to borrow a passage from M. Adolphe Adam's interesting book, *Derniers Souvenirs d'un Musicien*—"worked with difficulty. Not only was he too unskilled a musician not to experience great difficulty in marshalling together his ideas and apportioning them between the vocal parts and the orchestra, but being endowed with extreme sensibility he was impelled to identify himself in some sort with his personages, and to place himself in their positions in order to excite and kindle his genius, and stir it up to emit the sparks of fanciful inspiration. Frequently while he was working at *Le Déserteur* it was found necessary to take the manuscript away from him on account of the excessive nervous excitement he experienced. This sensibility never left him. Choron relates the following anecdote:— Monsigny being then eighty-two years of age, while explaining to us the manner in which he wished the situation in *Le Déserteur* to be rendered, where Louise is gradually recovering from her swoon, and her stifled accents are interrupted by orchestral passages, shed tears of sympathy and fell himself into the same state of overwhelming emotion which he was describing in so expressive a manner."

M. Fétis, who quotes this trait on the authority of Choron, adds with much justice:—"This sensibility constituted his genius, for he was indebted to it for a multitude of touching melodies which must always render his works deserving of attention from instructed musicians."

Next to *Le Déserteur*, the works of this composer which obtained the greatest success were *La Belle Arsène*, June 1773, and *Félix ou l'Enfant Trouvé*, 1777. From the latter work should be quoted the quintet, the trio, and the air, so well fitted to the situation—"Qu'on se batte, qu'on se dechire."

Although Monsigny was at that time only 48 he refused ever again to compose anything, and resembling in this one of our great contemporary geniuses, rested upon his numerous laurels. He alleged as his reason for thus prematurely reposing from his labours, the prohibition his physician had laid him under from ever again writing on penalty of losing his sight. On this subject, however, M. Fétis remarks,—"I knew this respect-worthy man, and I asked him in 1810, that is to say thirty-three years after the production of his last opera, whether he had never felt a craving to write since that time: 'Never,' said he; 'from the day that I finished the score of *Félix*, music has been as it were dead to me; I have never had an idea since.'"

He died in Paris, on the 14th of January, 1817, at the age of 88, being forty years after the last performance of *Félix*.

His music—notwithstanding the inspiration of which it bears the immortal impress—betrays constantly the want of an adequate musical education; a glance at the scores of Monsigny will show at once that his modulations, although for the most part simple,

have been effected with difficulty. Such was not the case with his contemporary—François André Phillidor.

III.

PHILLIDOR.

BORN at Dreux, on the 7th of September 1726, this composer was admitted at the age of six among the children choristers of the chapel choir of Louis XV. His first musical studies were under the direction of Cambra.

He was still a chorister when his passion for the game of chess declared itself. The musicians, while awaiting the hour for the king's mass, were in the habit of playing at this game; one day, one of them finding himself alone with Phillidor, was regretting the absence of an opponent, when the child offered his services in that capacity. His offer was accepted as a joke in the first instance, but soon led to the discovery that he possessed the most surprising aptitude for the game. He had divined its rules and the combinations of which they were susceptible while watching the play of his comrades. This love for chess was the most serious obstacle he had to encounter to his success as a composer.

He would at any time throw aside his music, and devote himself not only to devising extremely complicated problems, but to writing works on this game. He went to Holland, where his chess-playing talent developed itself by contact with adepts of great skill. It befel him, especially towards the close of his life, when he was blind, to play several games at once, but these feats of strength, which required a great tension of the mind, weakened his intellects.

From Holland he went to England, and it was in London that he received from Diderot a letter upbraiding him severely for squandering his mind on the study of chess, thus depriving the world of the fruits of his musical genius. As a composer he would be esteemed; as a chess-player he could only excite a curiosity but moderately honourable to himself.

He returned to Paris, where he had a *Lauda Jerusalem* executed at Court, with which the queen was but little pleased; Maria Leczinska, it is known, did not like Italian music, and it was in that style that Phillidor had written his psalm.

Four years later, on the 9th of March, 1759, he brought out at the Foire St. Laurent Theatre his first opera, *Blaise le Savetier*. This opera had some success, and its composer showed himself a much better harmonist than his contemporaries. But as I said previously, his melodies had not the touching gracefulness of Monsigny's. The trio, however, "Le ressort est, je crois, mêlé," is in a pleasant style.

On the 18th of September he produced *L'Huitre et les Plaideurs*; this piece is inferior to the first, but he recovered himself in *Le Soldat Magicien* and *Le Jardinier et son Seigneur*, which were played, the first in 1760, the second in 1761.

In this last score, Phillidor advanced one step as regards instrumentation; his orchestra exhibits more signs of care than was the case with contemporary works. The duo, "Un maudit lièvre," manifests a remarkable elegance and skill of handling. Nevertheless the works of this master are known only to the antiquarian and the professional singer.* His most successful operas were: *Le Maréchal Ferrant*, in two acts, represented for the first time on the 22nd of August, 1761, every piece in which work might be deservedly mentioned, the most remarkable in my opinion being, however, the trio, "Oui, oui, je le dirai;" the duo, "Premièrement buvons," the trio, "Que voulez vous:"—*Le Sorcier*, which first saw the blaze of the footlights (if I may be excused this pompous expression to denote the few candles which illuminated the front of the stage in those days) on the 22nd of January, 1764:—and, lastly, *Tom Jones*, which appeared the 27th of February, 1764, and was his first piece in three acts. This departed from the usual style, and, as happens with all innovations, it was in the first instance hissed, because it was not understood, and then the same persons who had hissed on the first night applauded at the subsequent performances.

In his resentment the innovator returned to London to apply himself again to chess; and when he once more visited Paris he found his own works and those of his contemporaries eclipsed by the success of a young citizen of Liège, for whom Phillidor had himself previously attempted to procure a poem in vain.

The first opera of the young "Liègeois," *Le Huron*, performed the 20th of August, 1768, had caused a complete revolution in the public taste. The name of this composer was Grétry.

Phillidor, however, composed two more works; a grand opera, *Thémistocle*, which he brought out first at Fontainebleau, in 1785, and afterwards, in 1786, at the Royal Academy; and *L'Amitié au Village*, a comic opera in one act played on the 31st of October, 1785, and on account of which he was called upon the stage, an honour extremely rare in those days. The Republic then supervened and he returned to London, where he died the 30th of August, 1795.

To complete the list of his comic operas we must mention *Sancho Panza* and *Le Bucheron*, both in one act, and both played in 1762; *Zélide et Mélide* and *Ernelinde*, in 1766; in 1768, *Le Jardinier de Sidon*; in 1769, *L'Amant Deguisé* and *La Nouvelle Ecole des Femmes*; in 1772, *Le Bon Fils*; and in 1775, *Les Femmes Vengées*, the words of which were by Sédaine.

In the time of Phillidor the Comédie Italienne began to have singers. The most renowned of these were M. and Mad. Trial, M. and Mad. Laruette, Caillot, Clairval, &c.

Trial was from Avignon. After having sung on several provincial stages he made his first appearance at the Comédie Italienne in 1764, in the character of Bastien in Phillidor's *Sorcier*. He was a good actor but had little voice. After having laughed and made others laugh so often in his various characters, he ended his career in a tragic manner. The public having made him endure some humiliation he went home and poisoned himself. He had married the widow of one Comolet, Mad. Mandeville. Comolet left her side only when she went on the stage. At home he locked her up when he had to go out. This kind of life had naturally exerted an influence over the temper of the young actress, and when her husband died she recovered all her natural gaiety of spirits. Everything here below has its compensation.

Though Laruette had no voice, his wife, on the other hand, who had sung at the Opera when she called herself Mlle. Villette, was an agreeable singer.

Trial and Laruette created those buffo tenor parts, to endow which French authors have exerted their comic vein, and have thus made them celebrated.

Clairval was an agreeable tenor. He was no musician, but his voice was pleasing. Besides his characters in comic opera, he frequently took parts in drama and comedy.

Caillot was the son of a goldsmith who had failed in business. As a child he played Cupids at the Court theatre; when his voice broke he retired into the country. He was playing the violin in the orchestra at La Rochelle, when an actor being taken ill he took his part on the stage. Subsequently he met with success at Lyons, and went thence to the Comédie Italienne, where he made his début in *Ninette à la Cour*, on the 16th of July, 1760. His voice was of wide compass, and similar in character to that of Martin, of whom I shall often have to speak. These actors, however, had no chance of pleasing the public but by an effective delivery; purely musical singing was in the second rank. Caillot retired from the stage in 1772.

Let us now sum up our opening remarks on the first foundation of the Opéra Comique.

The work commenced by Dauvergne, roughly shaped out by Duni, polished by Monsigny and Phillidor, had reached at the latter period to a degree of perfection which permitted its assuming an equal rank with the Grand Opéra. The opera buffa of the Italians, the lyrical drama of the Germans, had a rival, or rather a younger brother, in the French Opéra Comique, which, like its elders, was destined to perform the tour of Europe. Voltaire had predicted that the French would never have a music of their own, that our language was opposed to it; and scarcely

* Grimm was wont to say that his music was wanting in ideas, and that he had more genius for chess than for music. After the first performance of *Tom Jones*, however, he granted him nervous strength, and a warm and vigorous style. Further on he calls *Tom Jones* the finest work on the stage.

had this prophecy dropt from the pen of the great writer, than music, really of French origin and character, came into the world, possessed of a constitution which ensured it a long life.

(*To be continued.*)

AN UNKNOWN OPERA BY DONIZETTI.

THE following are particulars relative to the recently-discovered manuscript opera of *Rita*. One day, as Donizetti was walking along the Boulevard des Italiens, depressed and sad, he was accosted by his friend, M. Gustave Vaez (author of the libretto of *La Favorite*). "I die with ennui," he exclaimed; "pray suggest something to occupy my mind, even if it be but one act." A comic subject was agreed upon; two days after, the first act was brought by the author to the composer, who soon accomplished his task; to be brief, within the week the opera (*Rita*) was finished. It was accepted with eagerness by the director of the Opera Comique, M. Crosnier, but never produced, for the following cause. M. Auber, at that time the presiding deity of the Opera Comique, had been vainly solicited to have his work ready at the period named, but replied that it was impossible, and chose the month of March following for its performance. In this dilemma, M. Crosnier addressed himself to Donizetti, and an agreement was duly drawn up between them. M. Auber, who was in ignorance of this agreement, wrote a few days afterwards to the manager, retracting his first decision, and fixing November as the precise period he wished his opera to appear. Great was M. Crosnier's embarrassment; but by employing a little tact, he hoped to extricate himself. Donizetti, who did not at all understand theatrical diplomacy, was at first much puzzled by the manager's preliminary eloquence, but a light flowing into his mind, he divined the real state of the case, and coming at once to the point, said, "Oh, now I see: it is the engagement with me that is the difficulty in question; I am not in the habit of using a magisterial order to enforce a performance of my music," and taking up the paper he tore it in pieces. Feeling, however, much hurt, he refused to part with the score. Unfortunately for M. Crosnier, Auber within a few days again altered his mind, and gave notice that he should adhere to his original arrangement of producing his opera in March. Meantime the management of the Opera Comique devolved on M. Basset, and the latter, finding an entry of the piece in the books of the theatre, proposed to M. Gustave Vaez to put it at once into rehearsal. The illustrious composer was already attacked by the cruel disease of the brain which, alas! paralysed his fine intellect, and his brother—chief of the military bands of the Sultan, at Constantinople—did not judge it right, while the poor maestro writhed in his bed of agony in a Maison de Santé, at Issy, to deliver over the fruits of that intellect to the anatomical discussions of the critic. Donizetti was taken to Bergamo, his native town, in a dying state, where he yielded up his last sigh. A seal was put on all his papers, amongst which was the score of *Rita*. Adolphe Adam, who was aware of the existence of this MS., wished to produce it while he was director of the Opera Nationale, and M. Gustave Vaez wrote to M. Joseph Donizetti, and received the following reply, dated from Constantinople: "Sir,—It is out of my power to accept your polite offer at present, as no decision has yet been made of my poor brother Gaetano's effects, and I am only a co-inheritant." The matter thus rested during several years. M. Joseph Donizetti dying, his son bought the rights of the other inheritors, and came to Paris with the score, which M. Gustave Vaez proposed to M. Perrin, now manager of the Opera Comique. M. Perrin inquired into the authenticity of the work, and M. Gustave Vaez pledged his word of honour to having seen each piece composed by Donizetti, according as the words were brought to him. "Your simple word is enough for me," replied M. Perrin, "but it will hardly satisfy those who may be tempted to surmise a speculation on our part." M. G. Vaez proposed forming a committee capable of pronouncing on the authenticity of the work. The proposal was at once carried into effect. Individuals were chosen, not only with reference to solving the question in an artistic point of view, but also those who were acquainted with his handwriting. The list included the following names: M. Duprez, M. Laborne, who had superintended the copying of all Donizetti's music for the theatre from the original MSS.; M. Vauthart, chief director of the choruses; M. Robin, chief copyist. The committee assembled under the presidentship of M. Perrin. The question to be solved was the following: "Is the score of the opera (*Rita*) complete as it has been found, orchestrated, and ready for the copyist, by the hand of Donizetti?" If the committee do not come to a satisfactory conclusion on this point, M. Perrin's agreement is null and void. The score was carefully examined, and the judges unanimously pronounced that no possible doubt could exist of its authenticity. The committee signing their names, they further stated that there was positive evidence that the music had been composed after the receipt of the words, and expressly for the French libretto.

MUSICAL PITCH.

(To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.)

LAST year, when the Pitch question was under the consideration of our English Committee, I ventured to call attention, by a letter published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, to the manner in which the finest ear may be deceived as to a particular tone, and to the fact, that notes identically the same may sound acuter or graver, owing to the quality of the voice or instrument transmitting them, or to the manner in which they are framed or set off by the composer.—A signal illustration of this came under my notice the other evening at Baden. It will be remembered that the Carlsruhe pitch was distinctly adverted to in the French report as wisely moderate. When M. Berlioz was directing the Carlsruhe orchestra in the chorus and "Dance of Sylphs" from his *Faust*, I chanced to be seated beside one of the most intelligent and accomplished professors living:—one, too, whose ear, by his occupation, must be rendered peculiarly sensitive to differences of tone, and *timbre*. "That is in E flat," said he.—"No," I replied, "it is in D;" mentioning in support of my correction the fact of my having adapted English words to this chorus some years since, which made me able to speak to the point with some certainty. "Then it is transposed," was the reply, "for the pitch here is higher than it was in Paris." I was sure that no transposition would be allowed in his own music by one so exquisite in his researches after sonority as M. Berlioz. But my neighbour was convinced that he was hearing E flat for D, and B flat for A; counter-assurances went for nothing—nor could he be satisfied as to the real state of the case, save by reference to the fountain-head, which proved that his ear had been deceived, and that the key was D after all. It may be the extreme brilliancy of the instrumental combinations of M. Berlioz which caused the mystification. In a more sober chorus by Gluck, given at the same concert, no such acute impression could possibly be received. The incident seems so instructive a comment on certain peculiarities influencing musical evidence and testimony, and to contain so strong a suggestion as to the impossibility and undesirableness of uniformity, that I offer it as a postscript to former remarks, which were not flung out from any wanton desire for paradox, but as the result of comparison and experience. H. F. CHORLEY.

FRANKFORT, *September*, 1860.

Foreign.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER AND THE BALLET.—It is stated that, in order to adapt his great work to the Grand Opera of Paris, Herr Wagner has consented to the interpolation of a ballet, for which he has written the music.

MUSIC IN FRANCE.—The French are "stepping out" in many musical paths formerly untrodden by them. The *Orphéonistes* showed us only a few weeks since how remarkable has been the advance made by them in part-singing. The other day a traveller loitering on the way betwixt Strasbourg and Paris might have fallen in with choral meetings of men, accompanied by wind instruments, 200, 250, and 500 executants strong,—singing and playing their best in aid of the persecuted Syrian Christians,—at Metz, Luneville, and Nancy. In the last-named clean and courtly town (which has a sort of Dresden air, without the lifelessness and dejection of the Saxon capital) the vesper service in the cathedral, chaunted by a large portion of the congregation, in antiphony with the priests at the altar, is impressive;—the body of voices clear in tone and well in tune. Nothing so good was to be heard in Paris, when we first knew it, on high days and holidays. Lastly, as to accompaniments, France, in its military bands, is beginning to tread close on the heels of Prussia and Austria. The presence of a marshal in the great hotel at Strasbourg gave occasion for a serenade of "harmony music," not equal, of course, to that produced by our late guests, the band of *Les Guides*, but rich in

sound, crisp in time,—the players playing with that real manly expression which overlooks—but, also, which overdoes—no point where taste can show itself. This was expressly to be felt in the delicious introduction to M. Auber's overture to *La Sirène.*—*Musical Correspondent of the Athenæum.*

PARIS.—There is some talk of erecting a new place of amusement, and the project, it is said, has already obtained the ministerial consent. The building in question is to be a theatre of grandiose proportions, under the name of the "Théâtre Anglo-Française;" thus called because English capitalists would contribute towards the cost of erection, and, besides the other kinds of dramatic entertainments included in its patent, there would be the performances of a company of English pantomimists, who would import the celebrated choreographic fairy pieces so popular on the English side of the Straits of Dover. The new theatre would be situated at the corner of the Faubourg Saint Denis and the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, and built on a circular plan, the better to ensure facility of ingress and egress. A magnificent façade, thirty-one metres high, would decorate the main body of the building, to which would be attached two pavilions; that on the right would be in a line with the Boulevard, and that on the left run down the Faubourg Saint Denis. A lane would separate it from the adjacent houses. We are promised all the improvements required in the construction of new theatres. The façade, the audience part of the house, and the saloons, would be arranged in an entirely novel manner. There would be a pit, an "entre-sol," and four tiers of boxes and galleries. There would be a permanent exhibition of contemporary pictures in one of the saloons. Comedy, vaudeville, pantomime, and grand choreographic fairy pieces would make up the programmes. Historical dramas, taken from French history more especially, might be admitted; a system of literary competition might, too, be established, and prizes awarded, even to authors whose productions might have been rejected, but who should have been honourably mentioned by the jury. The originator of this project is M. Ruiz de Fye. (Believe it who will!)

MUSIC IN GERMANY.—Every inquiry and research made in Germany yields, for the present, only one result so far as music is concerned. Not a name of the slenderest promise in composition is to be heard of. Even the open air bands (delight of enthusiastic English travellers unused to home music in the open air) which fifteen years ago were always giving out something new (for better for worse), must now, for overtures, recur to the weary platitudes of Reissiger and Lindpaintner, while a good new waltz, or polka, or polonaise, or mazurka, is no more to be heard. The spell of Strauss and Lanner, magicians of dance-music, has died with them. Most of all (we are assured) is the decay of the art to be felt in Vienna, in the management of whose splendid and subsidised opera-house there has been as much malversation of Imperial money as in other more important branches of Austrian finance. The German town, north or south, in which the greatest variety of operatic music may possibly now be heard, is Frankfort. There only, during many years past, has the repertory of the theatre included Cherubini's magnificent, though difficult opera of *Medea*. Cherubini is elsewhere only known in opera, throughout Europe, as having written *Les Deux Journées*. At Frankfort, for a Cherubini centenary, to be held this very day, his *Faniska* has been announced; an opera rich in idea and science, though these were somewhat encumbered by the perverse nature of the rugged Italian, to whose career, as a predominant composer, tact alone was wanting. There may come a Cherubini revival as well as a Gluck revival, though the former may possibly involve the necessity of a re-consideration, which the latter does *not*. Herr Silcher, one of the pleasant Suabians (and how pleasant the Suabians are as poets, singers, musicians, and comrades, from Herr Uhland downwards, every one conversant with Germany must know), is gone. His collections of national tunes should keep his name alive among all who love national music.—*Musical Correspondent of the Athenæum.*

HORACE MAYHEW has returned from a tour in the United States and Canada. We hazard the inference that he will give the public, in light and pleasant form, some record of his travelling experiences.—*Illustrated News.*

Provincial.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1861.—A meeting of the general committee was held on Monday, when Mr. H. Ludolf, Mr. J. W. Hill, and Mr. Fred. Spark were added to the list previously published, and the finance, orchestral, and general purposes committees, with their respective chairmen, were appointed. Messrs. J. W. Atkinson, G. Buckton, and Walker Joy were elected the honorary secretaries, and it was decided to communicate with DR. BENNETT, with a view to his appointment as conductor.

LEEDS.—JULLIEN FESTIVAL.—The grand concert for the benefit of Mad. Jullien, in the Victoria Hall, passed off as well as could be desired. The orchestra comprised the members of the late M. Jullien's band, and this alone gave sufficient assurance of excellent music, the enjoyment of which was enhanced by the spirited and able conducting of Prince George Galitzin. Two or three of the Prince's compositions were played, and displayed great beauty and spirit, as well as originality. The oboe solo by M. Lavigne, and the flute solo by M. Swensden, were exquisite performances. The vocal portion of the concert was sustained by Miss Poole, who sang with great taste and sweetness, and by the Leeds Festival Choral Society in a selection of choral glees and part songs, conducted by Mr. Burton.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

MANCHESTER.—The first Saturday concert of the season took place on Saturday evening, at the Free-Trade Hall, when there was a large though not crowded audience. Of the artists engaged the attractions were Mesdames Gassier and Viardot Garcia, Signors Graziani and Ciampi; the last making his *debut* before a Manchester public. Signor Ciampi is apparently almost youthful; he possesses a fine deep voice along with great facility of execution, and an evident taste for humour of the smart, lively, Italian buffo class. He was encored in the air from *Cenerentola*. Mad. Gassier gave a brilliant rendering of the rondo finale from *Sonnambula*, and when encored, substituted the "Venzano Waltz." She also sang the bolero, "Merci, jeunes amies," from Verdi's *Vêspres Siciliennes*. Signor Graziani won the suffrages of the public in a plaintive romance by Stanzieri, and the eternal "Il balen." Mad. Viardot Garcia sang Schubert's "Erl König" with great effect. A new tenor, Signor Angelo Luise, attempted "La donna è mobile." Some portion of the concerted music was well given, but the "Zitti, zitti" could scarcely have been worse. Mlle. D'Orvill, who took a part in the "Din, din,"—better known to us as "Bon soir"—is a pupil of Mad. Viardot Garcia, whilst the young lady who accompanied the "Erl König" is a daughter of the latter, in whose features we recognised a great look of poor Malibran, if our memory serves us correctly, in a face it would be difficult to forget.

ITALIAN OPERA AT MANCHESTER.—After a lengthy interregnum, the Lyric Drama once more makes its appearance amongst us, in a series of Italian operas. Four out of the five works constituting the series are of the modern school; the fifth is the immortal *Don Giovanni*. The series commenced on Monday with *Il Trovatore*. The cast was as follows:—Leonora, Mlle. Titiens; Azucena, Mlle. Lemaire; Manrico, Signor Giuglini; the Count, Signor Valsovani; Ferrando, Signor Vialetti. The Leonara of Mlle. Titiens is a performance of extraordinary excellence. From her first appearance to the death scene, she sustained the part with unflagging energy, singing the music only as a great artiste can sing it, and rising in the fourth act. Signor Giuglini's Manrico is wanting in power. In the delineation of the gentler emotions—in the "Ah! si ben mio;" the "Ah, che la morte;" and the duet, "Si, la stanchezza," he is unrivalled in delicacy and refined expression. The Ferrando of Signor Vialetti merits considerable praise. Signor Valsovani in the character of the Count was totally inefficient.

La Favorita was given on Tuesday, with Mad. Borghi-Mamo, Signori Giuglini and Vialetti, as Leonora, Fernando, and Baldassare. Mad. Borghi-Mamo comes before us for the first time, and therefore claims a special recognition. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of considerable range, delicious when subdued, or, using the language of Italian art, as sotto voce. Her style is good, her acting natural and graceful, rising easily into the impassioned. Her singing of the air, "Oh! mio Fernando," exhibited large powers of expression and great vocal skill. The most satisfactory part of the

opera was the fourth act. Both she and Signor Giuglini here won their greatest triumphs. The "E fia vero?" was encored with acclamations.

The performance of *Don Giovanni* on Wednesday was of a mixed character. Mlle. Titiens as Donna Anna was everything that could be desired, and we do not hesitate to express our conviction that the character was never more efficiently represented, nor Mozart's music more conscientiously nor more faithfully rendered. The fine scene in the first act, the great scene with Don Ottavio, containing the difficult air, "Or sai chi l'onore," and the "Non mi dir" of the second act, were all in the highest style of lyric art. Scarcely inferior was the Zerlina of Mad. Borghi-Mamo; the "Batti batti" being re-demanded with enthusiasm, and the "Vedrai carino" was faultless. The "Della sua pace" and the "Il moi tesoro" of Signor Giuglini, pieces exactly suited to the character of his voice and his refined style, were received with great enthusiasm. Signor Gassier's Don Giovanni, considering that he is a bass rather than a baritone, was not without merit; Signor Vialetti's Leporello was better; and Signor Mercuriali made a passable Masetto. The orchestral accompaniments, considering their strength, were on the whole satisfactory.

The fourth opera of the season, *Lucrezia Borgia*, was brought out on Thursday night, with the following caste:—Lucrezia, Mlle. Titiens; Orsini, Mlle. Lemaire; Don Alfonso, Signor Vialetti; Gubetta, Signor Mercuriali; and Gennaro, Signor Sirchia. This was another triumph for Mlle. Titiens, whose acting and singing were both of that high character which entitles her to rank as one of the very first of lyric artistes. One of her most striking characteristics is the perfect equality she maintains throughout every performance. Nothing is sacrificed or slurred over; while she possesses the rare qualification of keeping a brilliant and facile vocalisation in entire subjection to expression. This is remarkably exemplified in the part of Lucrezia, in which numberless graces of vocal skill are thrown off in profusion, and yet seem to belong naturally to the feeling expressed; being the reverse of what is often heard from skilful vocalists, viz: a complete sacrifice of expression to vocal grace, which thus ornament nothing. The perfect equality of Mlle. Titiens' performance prevents us from making any special references to parts, all being equally excellent. The Orsini of Mlle. Lemaire was creditable, Signor Vialetti's Duke was excellent, while Signor Mercuriali's performance was careful, and, upon the whole, praiseworthy. Some parts of Signor Sorchia's Gennaro indicated considerable talent. As it is, we can only augur good things from him. To the opera was added the last act of *La Favorita*, for Mad. Borghi-Mamo and Signor Giuglini.—(Abridged from the *Manchester Weekly Times.*)

KENSINGTON PARK CHURCH.—Travellers from the west and north-west of England, upon their approach to London by the Great Western line of railway must have observed a very beautiful church standing out in the fields adjoining the confines of the line. This splendid fabric, founded by the Rev. Dr. Walker, rector of St. Columb Major, Cornwall, and which for seven years, owing to legal difficulties, has remained in its present unfinished condition, is forthwith to be completed. Up to the present time it is said to have cost upwards of twenty thousand pounds. The elegance and beauty of this miniature cathedral in all its details has only to be seen to be greatly admired. The Rev. John Light, M.A., of Ashton-under-Lyne, has been presented to the living. A daily cathedral service, morning and evening, is to be performed by a very efficient staff of singing men and boys, and Dr. James Pech, of New College, Oxford, and Mr. William Sudlow, will be the organists and choir masters.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. DR. MILLER, VICAR OF BELFAST. We had yesterday the pleasure of inspecting, at the warehouse of Mrs. Hart, Castle Place, a grand drawing-room pianoforte of seven octaves, by the presentation of which to the Rev. Dr. Miller the members of the congregation of St. Anne's Church, and other friends, intend to show their esteem for that respected clergyman. The instrument was manufactured specially by Messrs. J. Kirkman and Son, London, and fully sustains the high character borne by the firm in the musical world. The tone is remarkably pure, rich, and powerful. All the latest improvements have been attended to in the construction, and the style of ornament adopted is exceedingly chaste and elegant. The initial letter of Dr. Miller's name has been introduced in the fret-work with excellent effect, and altogether the piano, in appearance and power, could scarcely be excelled. A silver plate in front of the stands bears an inscription to the following effect:—"Presented to the Rev. Thomas Fitzwilliam Miller, D.D., Vicar of Belfast, by members of the congregation of St. Anne's Church, and other friends, as a token of their regard and esteem — 1860." The cost of the instrument was 130 guineas, and the subscriptions to meet it were contributed some months ago, but the presentation was delayed till this time, as the instrument could not sooner be completed by the makers.—*Belfast Paper.*

MISS KATE RANOE.—The following extract from the *Plymouth Mail* will no doubt be read with interest by many of our subscribers:—"At the theatre the other evening, Miss Kate Ranoe, the adopted daughter of the late M. Jullien and Mad. Jullien, made her *debut* as the Minstrel Graceful, in the extravaganza of the *Fair One with the Golden Locks.* She is a very pleasing young actress, and has evidently received a highly finished musical education. Her acting was very spirited, but graceful and natural, and entirely free of all 'buskin affectation.' Her easy walk across the boards would be worthy the notice of older actresses. Her singing is that of an accomplished *artiste*, and the taste and knowledge she displays makes much amends for the present state of her voice, which, it is to be regretted, is rather defective. What makes the matter the more to be deplored, is that it is stated that her natural very fine voice has been damaged by excess of practice. With this drawback, her 'Power of Love' was given with great sweetness. With her natural attractions, fine acting, and influential introductions to the musical world, a high position for her among the favourites of the public is next to certain." In another Plymouth paper, the *Western Morning News*, we find the following:—"A young lady, Miss Kate Ranoe, of no mean pretensions to future theatrical celebrity, has made her *debut* at the theatre in the part of Graceful, in the amusing burlesque by Planché, the *Fair One with the Golden Locks.* Miss Ranoe's acting betrayed more knowledge of the stage than was to be expected from so young a *debutante.* Both her acting and her singing were truly artistic; she had, however, to contend with a break-up in her voice, evidently brought on by overworking of the organ; still she contrived to win golden opinions from the audience by her intonation and pure style of singing. She had evidently been well taught, and her acting was natural, very engaging, without effort, and extremely effective."

GRISI AND MARIO IN DUBLIN.—Flotow's *Marta* had the effect of crowding the Theatre Royal last evening with a brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion. A German by birth, the composer was not insensible to the charms of Irish melody, when he introduced into one of his operas the "Last Rose of Summer," under an Italian garb. Who could hear the matchless Grisi's rendering of it last evening, and not be moved? It developed all the sweetness and sustaining power of her voice. As she warbled with true feeling note after note, she seemed to bring her listeners with her into an Elysium of delight. The tenor part of Lionello was sustained by Signor Mario, and few characters, musically speaking, are better suited to test his powers. The exquisite aria, "M'apari," now so familiar to the public ear, seems a most exacting song on the great tenor, from the fact of its being difficult of execution, with a certainty of having to repeat it. Signor Mario's rendering of it was fully equal to public anticipation. It brought forth the rich and finer qualities of his voice, and he successfully endeavoured to win the deserved *encore* which was given. A great feature in the opera was the dramatic representation and admirable vocalism of Mad. Viardot Garcia in the rôle of Nancy. It is difficult to say whether her dramatic or vocal genius is the greater, for she is unrivalled as an *artiste* in her peculiar sphere. Signor Graziani gave the popular beer song, and had to repeat it. The spinning-wheel quartet was warmly *encored.* At the close Mesdames Grisi and Garcia were called before the curtain, and retired amidst loud cheering, laden with offerings of the choicest flowers.—*Irish Times*, Sept. 15.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON THE SICK.—The effect of music upon the sick has been scarcely at all noticed. In fact, its expensive-

ness, as it is now, makes any general application of it out of the question. I will only remark here, that wind instruments, including the human voice, and stringed instruments, capable of continuous sound, have generally a beneficial effect—while the pianoforte, with such instruments as have no continuity of sound, has just the reverse. The finest pianoforte playing will damage the sick, while an air like "Home, Sweet Home," or "Assisa a piè d'un salice," on the most ordinary grinding organ, will sensibly soothe them—and this quite independent of association. —*Florence Nightingale.*

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NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondents.)

Tuesday, Sept. 18.—Of all cathedral cities we should have considered Norwich the least likely to support a triennial musical festival, and such a festival as that of A.D. 1860. The united choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford have an annual meeting, but the Norwich festival is strictly triennial, and it might have been thought that the increasing thirst after music would have induced the good folk of the eastern counties to travel to London in the intermediate years, the railway communication being convenient, and so have left no appetite for the good things put forward by the promoters of the meeting. However, the present festival offers so many attractions, in the shape of creative and executive art, that the ancient city may fairly compete with London itself. Two works new to the world are to be performed, and one new to Norwich, and the best attainable artists have been engaged for the oratorios and concerts. Success, therefore, is deserved, and we hope to be able to chronicle a complete triumph. Norwich labours under some disadvantages with regard to its festival. The great charm of such events consists in the oratorios being performed in a sacred edifice, where the necessary quietude of the audience, together with the hallowed associations of the building, disposes the mind to an attention which can never be bestowed in a concert-room. Norwich has a cathedral, a noble building, eminently calculated for such performances, but the representation of oratorios is interdicted by the diocesan authorities, we suppose, as a desecration. Without entering into a discussion of this *veto*, we may congratulate Norwich on having so good a room to fall back upon as St. Andrew's Hall, in which the festivals are held. This building accommodates about the same number as Exeter Hall, so that it is not a mere makeshift.

The Norwich festival differs from those given in the western cathedral cities in the fact of there being no collection at the doors after the morning performances. It therefore argues much for the spirit of the place that since the first festival was held (in 1824) a profit of £8,270. 2s. 9d. has been realised in favour of various local charities.

Notwithstanding the revolutions which the railways have created, not alone in travelling, but in the habits of society in general, and its amusements, festivals in this, as in a few places of larger population, continue to exist, although apprehension has arisen that their existence might be shortened by the facilities which the public enjoy in reaching London. There, in the season, every singer of note is found, and performances in some respects equalling those of the provincial festivals can be heard, to satisfy the most enthusiastic amateur, and at a less cost. As excellence is absolutely necessary in these days, and as the demand for the best artists, vocal and instrumental, is much greater than when festivals were first established, the difficulty is so to concentrate these and other requisites, as to enable its managers to realise a fair profit for the charities. Of late, Norwich festivals cannot be said to have answered from a commercial point of view; but a much stronger appeal than usual is now made to the public aid, through official sources and otherwise. We take no notice of the preliminary rehearsals, for the simple reason that, however good in themselves, they do not enable a sound judgment to be formed of a new work. The most careful rehearsal, from the absence of the principal instrumentalists, must be imperfect. There are those who may recollect the excessive labour attendant on the rehearsals of former days. Now it seems as if, even in a new work, such is the perfection instrumentalists have attained, that rarely indeed are frequent repetitions required. And well it is so, for with the quantity of music now crammed into the performances, the rehearsals would scarce finish ere the concert began.

On Monday evening the festival (or rather prelude to the festival) commenced by a sort of bye concert, at a cheaper rate—five shillings the area, ten shillings and sixpence to patrons' gallery—enabling those who cannot afford high prices to partake in the musical treat of the week. The selection was that universal favourite, the *Creation*. No better choice could have been made, if only because it gave the audience an opportunity of hearing all the English vocalists. The attendance, although fair, about 1,000, was not equal to what was anticipated. The patrons' gallery and area were full, but the galleries not. In earlier festivals there have been as many as 2,300 persons in the hall; but of late years, whether the orchestra occupies more space, or from what other cause, the committee seem unable to accommodate so large an audience. This no doubt makes a considerable difference in the general receipts, as the later evenings and the *Messiah* are always the most crowded. The *Creation* went off bright and sparkling, from beginning to end. Mad. Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Santley, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, all sang their allotted parts with their accustomed excellence. The band was admirable, and the chorus almost faultless.

Wednesday, September 19.—The festival proper has been inaugurated brilliantly. At the first miscellaneous concert last night, most of the executants were in capital "condition," and the programme combined sufficient novelty with a good selection of pieces that have been tried and not found wanting. Viewed from a business aspect, the success was not so brilliant. The hall was well filled, but not crowded. On the other hand, the demand for tickets for this evening and for Friday's *Messiah* has so far exceeded the supply that the committee have erected an extra gallery above the seats reserved for "patrons" at the east end of the hall. This gallery is a substantial structure supported on iron columns. As it is situated immediately opposite the orchestra, its occupants will be placed *on ne peut mieux*, both for seeing and hearing. The interest excited by this evening's performance, and by that of Friday morning, affords another instance of the affection for familiar works and the prejudice against those unknown which distinguishes us from all other nations. Last night's concert derived special interest from the production of an opera which, written eighty-three years ago, is so aged and forgotten that it is quite new; to-morrow is to be made memorable by the first public trial of a new *cantata*; but people seem rather to avoid these attractions in order to make sure of to-night, which is remarkable for nothing but the *May Queen*. Dr. Bennett's *cantata* cannot be called old, as it has only been two years before the world; but its merits received such immediate acknowledgment that it has already become a "classic," and, therefore, comes into the category of received works. Of course we always affirm that it is our national fidelity and steadfastness which makes us listen with devout attention to acknowledged masterpieces. Still we have heard foreigners assert that it is to our ineradicable shopkeeping propensities that this peculiarity is to be ascribed; in other words, that we are prudent even in our pleasures, and, *en vraie nation boutiquière*, prefer taking our money on a sure card, investing our superfluous cash in a certainty rather than in a speculation. But, whatever the reason, such is the fact, and, as long as it continues to be so, we must not complain if the compilers of programmes lay this truth to heart. We are, however, quite at liberty to praise when we find bold departures from this safe but unsatisfactory principle; and in this respect Norwich merits honourable distinction. The concert last night was rendered particularly interesting by a selection from *Armida*. We have watched with attention the increasing interest which the works of Gluck inspire. Even if it be a mere fashion it is one that cannot fail to bring good results. Our readers will remember the success of *Orfeo* at Covent Garden this summer, and also that of *Iphigenia* at St. James's Hall, which surprised most listeners into a confession that to them Gluck had been until then unknown. The general appreciation of his labours has emboldened Mr. Charles Hallé to announce the performance of a third opera of the same master at Manchester. A selection from this arrangement of *Armida* was performed last night. All dramatic compositions lose effect when removed from the stage, but of all composers Gluck suffers most. His intense desire to be dramatic led him into that famous warfare, which the mention of his name invariably calls up. But after all, tacitly or openly, this rivalry between art moulded on art and art founded on nature, has been going on since art first began. It is instanced as plainly in Palissy the potter, and Rosetti the painter, as in Gluck the musician. Without comparing the intellectual powers of the two, we may suggest the resemblance between Gluck and Wagner, not only in the ideas that animate, but also in the self-assertion that characterises both. If Wagner's present venture in France prove

a success, the resemblance will be rendered still more striking. After all, Wagner seems to aim at the same object by a noisy revolution which Meyerbeer, for many years, has been striving to effect by gradual reformation. In each succeeding work we see Meyerbeer discarding more and more the formal artifices of his predecessors, in order to make his compositions more thoroughly dramatic; and the theory which Wagner preaches, as if it were a new evangel of which he is the apostle, is little else than a *réchauffé* of Gluck's creed—an amplification of the suggestion thrown out by Mad. Dudevant (Georges Sand) in the letter on *Les Huguenots*, addressed to Meyerbeer some fifteen years ago. From the introductory matter to the new edition of *Armida*, edited by Mr. C. Hallé, we extract the following:—

"In the original French opera-book *Armida* is designated as a *Drame Héroique*. It might more correctly be styled a romantic rather than heroic legend, setting forth in picturesque contrast the strife betwixt sensual pleasure and courageous duty. The story is as old as Christianity. It was shadowed out in the early mysteries, where the Goddess Venus and her seduction of chaste and noble warriors figured. Again and again has the same combination appeared under different costumes and disguises. It is one of the very few inventions which exist in the world of fiction, and is possibly the first Christian legend which in drama was allowed to take a place of interest, reputed as equal to that attaching itself to the marvels of pagan mythology."

Here, again, we might call attention to the similarity of subject between *Armida* and *Tannhäuser*, in which Venus, like Gluck's Enchantress, holds her knight in silken toils, and which depicts the struggle between love and duty. To go further, might we not point to the duet in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, where the subject is humanised and elevated? The scenes selected last night, from the second and third acts, form a tolerably complete story. They comprised a duet (Mad. Clara Novello and Mr. Santley), in which Armida concerts with Hidraot the destruction of Roland; an air for Roland in the enchanted garden, which suggests by its soothing character the gradual influence of the magic scene upon the knight, until he is lulled to sleep (sung to absolute perfection by Mr. Sims Reeves)—a strain of delicious melody that haunts the memory long after its notes have died away; a *scena*, showing Armida herself, vanquished by love, lamenting her weakness, and then bursting out into an invocation to Hate—as grand and dramatic a composition as can well be imagined (finely declaimed by Mad. Novello); an air with chorus, "Love shall no longer reign," in which Hate promises deadly opposition to her rival (extremely well delivered by Mad. Weiss); and a recitative, in which Armida bewails her passion. Here the selection terminated, but it might have very well been carried on to the end of the opera. We should then have learnt that two companion knights of Roland, after successfully resisting the fascinations of the enchanted garden, finally rescue him from the "silken dalliance" into which he has subsided, and honour and duty triumph. We repeat that Gluck's music loses infinitely in the concert-room, and is proportionately ineffective in detached pieces; but if the great composer was so powerfully dramatic when dealing with the unsubstantial creatures of romance, what would he have been if he had taken humanity for his theme?

Armida was not the only novelty. A soprano solo, "To please and then instruct mankind," sung by Mad. Weiss, and a bass solo, for Mr. Weiss, with chorus, "In pæans loud," from a cantata entitled *Hypatia*, were by Mr. J. F. Hill, chorus master of the festival. Mr. H. H. Pierson, whose oratorio, *Jerusalem*, was performed here some eight years ago, was also represented by an accompanied part song, to Campbell's "Ye mariners of England." The chorus gave this *con amore*, and the enthusiastic encore it elicited must be attributed rather to its energetic execution by 260 fresh and admirably trained voices than to any other cause. Mlle. Titiens made her first appearance in Norwich, and received a cordial welcome. There is little scope for effect in the soprano part of "A te o cara," but the brilliancy of the Hungarian lady's voice produced almost as much effect on the audience as the delicious warbling by Signor Giuglini in the opening solo, one of the most exquisite melodies that ever emanated from the most plaintively melodious of composers. The audience had already unsuccessfully endeavoured to get several pieces repeated, but in this case the encore was too enthusiastic to be denied. Mlle. Titiens surprised her audience beyond measure in "Casta Diva," and her grand delivery of the majestic melody of the *largo*, as well as her energetic execution of the *cabaletta*, were worthy of the applause she excited. The audience could not have exhibited greater warmth even if they had known that Mlle. Titiens was suffering from such severe indisposition as would have justified her in not appearing at all. Mad. Borghi-Mamo's success was scarcely less decided. She was heard to most advantage in the air from the *Donna del Lago*, "Oh quante lagrime," although she produced a marked effect in the Neapolitan barcarole, "Santa Lucia." Mad. Novello was much applauded in the charming aria of Benedict and De Beriot, "Prendi per me." Miss Palmer sang with passionate earnestness Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Shelley's song, "Swifter far than summer flight,"—an exquisite illustration of one of the most perfect gems by the most purely poetical of all poets, and breathing the very spirit of the original "Lament," with all its delicate and tender grace; and Herr Molique's melodious ballad, "When the moon is brightly shining," was sung with the utmost refinement of expression by Mr. Sims Reeves, the effect in both the latter instances being heightened by Mr. Benedict's perfect accompaniment on the pianoforte. The instrumental performances were by no means inferior to the vocal. Miss Arabella Goddard has helped so much to popularise Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, that we need only repeat for the hundredth time that the fair pianiste's execution is not merely mechanically irreproachable, but that it exhibits how thoroughly the performer is imbued with the intentions of the composer. The slow movement, with its lovely violoncello accompaniment, and the finale, with its exuberance of joyful energy, were both played to perfection. The same words will apply with as much force to Signor Piatti's incomparable performance of his own fantasia on airs from *Linda di Chamouni*. The orchestral pieces consisted of Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and the overtures to *Masaniello* and *Zampa*, both of which were given to perfection under the skilful guidance of Mr. Benedict. The mayor was present in the patrons' gallery with belt, sword, mace, and all the insignia of state, in pursuance of the following praiseworthy resolution:—

"At a meeting of the council of the body corporate of the mayor, aldermen, and citizens of the city of Norwich, held on the 5th day of September, 1860, it was moved by Sir William Foster, Bart., seconded by John Godwin Johnson, Esq., and resolved unanimously: 'That this council, considering that the love of music which distinguishes this city is a subject of just pride, and that the triennial festivals are the fruit and reward of long devotedness to this ennobling pursuit, *earnestly calls* upon the citizens by themselves, and through their friends and connections, to promote in every way in their power the success of an enterprise which reflects so much credit on all concerned; *being assured* that such a success would be a gain for music and lovers of music everywhere, an encouragement to local talent, an assistance to deserving charities, and especially gratifying to all who wish well to this ancient city. And, to exhibit practically the interest which the corporation takes in the forthcoming festival, a committee was appointed to co-operate with the committee of management, and to afford it all possible support and assistance.'

"At a meeting of the committee of council, held the 11th day of September instant, it was unanimously resolved: '1. That it would be the best possible proof of the hearty good feeling of the citizens towards the festival, and a great encouragement to the committee of management and the choral society, were the corporation, with their ladies and friends, to attend the first miscellaneous concert on Tuesday evening.' '2. That the mayor be requested to invite the members of the corporation, and at the same time, the sheriffs, magistrates, and other leading citizens, to concur in this demonstration of the best wishes of the city for the success of this noble enterprise.'

"J. HENRY TILLETT, Mayor.

"Guildhall, 11th September, 1860."

The italics are *not* our own.

Thursday, Sept. 20.—The success of the festival is now no longer a matter of speculation, but a certainty. The bright weather continuing of course exercises a favourable influence; but, on the other hand, the attractions of the programme are so many and so great that no wonder the tickets for admission, both at the morning and evening performances, should be purchased with avidity. The splendid edifice in which the concerts are held is of itself sufficient to attract visitors; and its acoustical properties being no less remarkable than its architectural beauties,

the *beau idéal* of a music-hall is realised. In short, whether as an arena for civic assemblies, or as a place of public entertainment, St. Andrew's Hall is unrivalled in England: at once ornamental and useful, it is a monument of which the city may be proud, and a receptacle the value of which can hardly be over-estimated by the inhabitants. When lighted up at night its appearance is dazzling, while the ecclesiastical style of its architecture, both interior and exterior, materially aids the illusion at the oratorio performances in the morning. All day long the approaches to St. Andrew's Hall are crowded; so that but for the excellent arrangements of the police it would be somewhat difficult for visitors (especially at night) to gain access to the building. The good people of Norwich, who at the beginning of the week could not be kept indoors by the very inclement weather, were not likely to be debarred from exercising their curiosity in the open air when "the rain was over and gone," the sky was unclouded overhead, and the comfortable sun shed light and warmth on every object.

The Dettingen *Te Deum*, and the *Last Judgment*, both superbly given, would merit a column of description; nevertheless, they must be passed over with a word. The singers in the *Te Deum* were Mad. Weiss and Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss; the principal trumpet part in the bass solo with chorus, "Thou art the King of Glory" (Mr. Weiss), being executed by Mr. T. Harper with as much truth of intonation as though he had been playing easy passages on the easiest of instruments, instead of passages more difficult than any elsewhere met with, even in the scores of Handel, who wrote not seldom so perplexingly for the trumpet as to incline many to the belief that it was in his time a different kind of instrument from the one subsequently employed. Of singers so well known as those we have named, in a work so familiar as the Dettingen *Te Deum*, it is requisite to say no more than that they did their best, and that better could not have been desired. The *Last Judgment*—in which Mad. Novello took the soprano music, and Mr. Sims Reeves sang the tenor part for the first time (so admirably, by the way, that the lovers of Spohr's music earnestly hope it may not be for the last)—made as deep an impression as at any performance of the same great work we are able to recall. The Norwich amateurs have an affection for this oratorio, which first introduced Spohr to their notice, at the festival of 1830, on Friday, the 24th of September, when Sir George Smart was conductor, Mad. Stockhausen and Mrs. Knyvett, Master Phillips, Messrs. Braham (the elder), Vaughan, Terrail, and Edward Taylor (the Gresham Musical Professor), were the singers, and Mori, Wagstaff, Lindley, Dragonetti, Nicholson, Grattan Cooke, Willmann, Powell, Mackintosh, Platt, Harper, Chipp, &c. (all eminent performers, of whom only two are now living) among the members of the orchestra. The alto part (allotted yesterday to Miss Palmer) was intrusted to a gentleman—a counter-tenor (Mr. Terrail, so well remembered at glee parties and other convivial meetings). We doubt, however, if, with all this array of names, the *Last Judgment* was nearly so well rendered as on the occasion under notice—30 years later. What used to pass muster then would hardly be accepted now without a protest; and with respect to singers, Mad. Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves are not bad substitutes for Mad. Stockhausen and the elder Braham; the rich contralto of the clever and improving Miss Palmer is assuredly preferable to the shrill tones of a counter-tenor; while, for sacred music, a more satisfactory barytone-bass in every sense than Mr. Santley could not be singled out. On the vast improvements made by our choristers and orchestral players during the last quarter of a century it is unnecessary to insist. The choruses were without exception finely sung (even "Destroyed is Babylon" being as steady in time and tune as it is too frequently the opposite), and the instrumental preludes to the 1st and 2d parts of the oratorio were performed by the band in such a manner as to display their manifold and exquisite beauties in the most thoroughly effective light.

The new oratorio has been tested and come forth from the ordeal triumphantly. If not absolutely a great work, it is in every sense the work of a great musician, and has raised its composer, high as he has always been previously rated, a step higher than he stood before. It shows him a master of the choir as well as of the orchestra, capable of dealing with a lofty Scriptural subject, and able to sustain himself on the point of elevated expression indispensable to its proper treatment, besides possessing that thorough familiarity with technical resources which allows the application of those elaborate contrivances in which the greatest masters of the art have delighted to exercise their ingenuity and show their power. All we can add now is, that the oratorio (solo-singers—Mad. Novello, Mad. Weiss, Miss Palmer; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, Santley, and Belletti) was performed under the direction of Herr Molique himself, who was enthusiastically received on appearing in the orchestra, and as enthusiastically applauded at the end of his work. Two pieces were redemanded and repeated, at the request of the Mayor of Norwich (the Lord-Lieutenant, strange to say, not being present on this occasion). To conclude, musical Norwich has added another laurel to its already goodly wreath, and done honour to itself in honouring one who has shown himself so worthy of distinction.

Friday, Sept. 21.—*Abraham*, by general admission, is not merely a success, but a legitimate success. Those who previously knew anything of the composer, and recognised in him one of the foreigners whose residence among us exercises the most salutary influence, whose example and teaching produce in an equal measure valuable results, and whose earnest devotion to art in its purest and highest signification have won them places among the ranks of music's chosen expositors, were not surprised to find in Herr Molique the author of a work so lofty in design and so masterly in execution. Others less intimately acquainted with the current history of art-progress, and to whom his name was comparatively unfamiliar, or at best only known as that of an eminent performer and composer for the violin, were probably taken aback by this evidence of a new and unexpected talent. Both sides, however, were ready to acknowledge the unusual merit of *Abraham*, and to hail it unreservedly as the best specimen of oratorio writing since *Elijah*. This was felt more and more strongly as number succeeded number, yesterday, in St. Andrew's Hall; and the grand chorus which terminates the first part left no further doubt on the matter. A second part was to follow, it is true; but no one anticipated any falling off; on the contrary, people felt sure of the rest, and looked forward to experience still increasing satisfaction. Conscious that for more than an hour a genuine master had been ministering to their entertainment, they were content to allow that master to conduct them where he listed, persuaded that he enjoyed alike the power to edify and the gift to please. Halévy, the French composer, observing with anxiety the silence of his instructor, Cherubini, while some trivial flatterers were extolling, in unmeasured terms, the beauties of *La Juive*, addressed the moody, if not morose, Italian as follows: "*Maitre! vous ne me dites rien?*" "*Puisque tu ne m'as rien dit*," was the brief and significant retort of Cherubini. But when, at the end of the first and second parts of *Abraham*, Herr Molique turned towards the conglomerate of Cherubinis, who, in the shape of the crowded audience of St. Andrew's Hall, sat there to pronounce judgment according to the dictates of the impressions they had received, they left him no time to put the Halévyan query. He had really said so much to them, and which they had so thoroughly appreciated, that spontaneously, and without giving a moment to consideration, they recorded a unanimous verdict in his favour. The members of the orchestra and chorus—not anticipating the decision of the public, as is too frequently the unwarranted and anomalous practice—merely echoed it; but echoed it with such hearty acclamations as allowed no question of their unqualified approval.

The book of *Abraham* (prepared, as we are informed, by the composer) is modelled after that of *Elijah* (the compilation, as all the world knows, of Mendelssohn himself). The text of every piece consists of some extract from Sacred Writ, appropriate to the matter in hand. To this an objection has been made, specious enough, but which, if enforced, would greatly restrict the domain of the oratorio. Here it is, nevertheless:—

"The merits of *Elijah* are due to the composer having followed the bent of a dramatic genius. The absence of Scripture phraseology would have detracted nothing from these merits. When the sacred text happens to accommodate itself naturally and gracefully to the subject, a beauty is gained by its use. But to force the union is to injure both.

Neither can it be pleaded that truth supplies the place of discarded fiction. To put the words of one man into the mouth of another—to apply to one event what was said of another, to destroy old associations by the substitution of new—may be perfectly justifiable, may even be advantageous, but surely it is not adherence to truth."

That Mendelssohn's dramatic genius was not greater than his genius as a religious composer, his psalms (one of the most beautiful of which was performed immediately after *Abraham*, yesterday), together with many sublime passages in *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, amply demonstrate. Take away from those masterpieces such devotional pieces as, "But the Lord is mindful of His own," "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," "He that shall endure to the end," &c., and they would be shorn of half their beauties. It is, indeed, this "interfusion of styles" contemned by the writer of the above sentences, which has enabled not only Mendelssohn but Handel himself to obtain some of the noblest results of which the oratorio is capable. That there exists, properly speaking, only *one* "sacred oratorio," is, we believe, admitted; and even the *Messiah* presents instances of *quasi* dramatic treatment which would almost lay it open to the same critical objection. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that an oratorio is not an anthem; and, indeed, an anthem nearly three hours long would be a tedious affair, calculated rather to fatigue than to elevate. Even in their psalms the great composers have endeavoured to gain variety through the medium of a descriptive colouring bordering on dramatic expression, wherever the text offered a suggestion that could serve their turn. Besides, an oratorio—even a sacred oratorio, like the *Messiah*—is a very different thing from an act of worship, and originated from an entirely different point of view. Herr Molique, then, in our opinion, was perfectly justified in resorting to the form he has adopted. He has made none of his characters *do* anything for which the Book of *Genesis* is not warrant, nor *say* anything that they might not reasonably be presumed to have said (taking the incidents of *Genesis* as groundwork) under the circumstances. The citations from the Prophets, the *Psalms*, *Deuteronomy*, *Judges*, *Lamentations*, *Job*, and the *Revelations* are all to the purpose; and by their employment the composer has secured an element of contrast that would otherwise be wanting to his oratorio. How Herr Molique has put the materials of his plot together was shown yesterday.

About the music of *Abraham* a few scattered observations must at present suffice. A work of serious and elaborate character, which must have cost the author so many days and nights of earnest reflection, of both mental and physical labour, should not be dismissed as if it were merely an ephemeral production. The high opinion which a single hearing has warranted us in pronouncing is not destined, we feel assured, to be weakened by closer familiarity, but is rather likely to be fortified by the discovery of beauties which, not being immediately on the surface, reveal themselves less readily at first. Herr Molique has evidently written not so much with a view of exciting pleasurable emotions or eliciting momentary admiration by the production of separate and what are denominated "striking" effects as with that of producing a work complete as a whole and symmetrical in all its parts. He has succeeded, and, though at times deeply influenced by the example of Mendelssohn (the extraordinary fascination of whose manner, as developed in the oratorios of *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, it seems impossible to resist), so deeply, indeed, as occasionally to paraphrase and copy (we have not said plagiarise) some of that composer's most salient characteristics, he more than once approaches the solemn dignity of Handel, emulates the grace and ingenuity of Mozart, and even attains the cheerful and healthy vigour of Haydn. These compound elements make up an individuality which may fairly lay claim to be denominated "Molique," and are handled with such wonderful facility and cleverness that it is impossible at any moment to confound them with the pale reflections and attenuated parodies of recognised masters in which modern art unhappily abounds—most especially among the direct followers of Mendelssohn and Spohr (the last-named a model, by the way, for whom the strong partiality once evinced by the composer of *Abraham* seems to be now virtually extinguished). Always strong, often elevated, in his choruses; forcible in his narrational and declamatory recitatives, expressive and melodious in his airs and vocal concerted pieces, Herr Molique adds to these desirable qualifications, a thorough knowledge of contrapuntal contrivance (witness the admirable clearness of his fugues and imitative passages), which he is enabled to exhibit with the greater felicity, inasmuch as he is a master of all the resources of orchestral colouring, and employs them not only with invariable freedom, but with consummate judgment, the rich and elaborate instrumentation of his grand choruses and more important pieces being not more remarkable than his sober and delicate scoring of the recitatives and solo airs.

The performance of this fine work, though unequal in merit, was in many respects surpassingly good. The solo soprano music was done great justice to by Mad. Clara Novello and Mad. Weiss. Miss Palmer, as the contralto, sang with even more than her usual excellence, and as much may be said for Mr. Santley, who had a very arduous part to perform, and acquitted himself most honourably. To Mr. Wilbye Cooper, too, great praise is due for his tasteful and musicianly rendering of a part of the solo tenor music; and Signor Belletti should be highly extolled, if only because, like a genuine artist, he accepted a very small part, for the sake of strengthening the "cast" of the oratorio. Mr. Sims Reeves, too, had but little to do, but that little included one of the most impressive songs in the oratorio, which he sang so magnificently as to carry off the chief honours of the performance. The band and chorus, under the direction of Herr Molique, were highly satisfactory.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

Impromptu Parody on "Sweet Love, Good Night," as sung by Sims Reeves on Wednesday Evening at the NORWICH FESTIVAL. *By a Martyr in the Patrons' Gallery.*

The husband leaves his easy chair
With sad and sleepy eye;
He thinks upon his pot of beer,
And heaves the bitter sigh.
But, ah! he feels not half the woe
That now is felt by me,
Whene'er I hear the muffs below,
Sims Reeves! encoring thee.

The husband views his pipe of clay,
With calm it fills his heart;
It soothes his mind to see away
Each circling puff depart.
Then let me blow at home the cloud
That brings such peace to me,
Nor never hear another crowd,
Sims Reeves! encoring thee. A. A. V.

[The above luminous effusion was picked up in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, after the second concert of the festival on Wednesday evening.—ED.]

THE ACCIDENT TO MR. H. SAKER.—The accident at the Princess's Theatre has resulted in a more serious injury to Mr. H. Saker than was at first anticipated. We are enabled to state he is now out of danger, but he will not be able to resume his professional duties for some weeks.

THE "ERA" *versus* THE "ATHENÆUM."—Some weeks ago we recorded in these columns the announcement of an engagement having been made by Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, which secured the valuable services of Signor Mario at that establishment, at the same time that it would lead to Mad. Grisi taking her farewell of the lyric stage, on the boards where she first made her *debut* in the metropolis. A contradiction of this statement having appeared in some of our contemporaries, who assume to be well informed on operatic matters, we take this opportunity of again assuring our readers that the fact is exactly as we originally reported it, and that the subscribers to Her Majesty's next season will have the opportunity of hearing both the above-named *artistes*, and that the positive farewell of the "great Grisi" will take place on that stage. It is to be regretted that those who profess to enlighten the public with reference to the movements of the musical and dramatic world, do not refer for authentic information to our pages, wherein *only* the earliest intelligence of such matters is to be found.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Sept. 27, 1860.

THE special performance at the Opéra Comipue for the benefit of the Christians in Syria, which I just mentioned in my last, was a very brilliant affair. The house was crowded, and, though the programme was not exhausted till past one, all kept their places to the end. After the *Chaises à Porteurs*, in which Conderc and Mlle. Lemercier sang and acted with wonderful spirit, a little disturbance arose at the moment of lifting the curtain for *L'Etoile du Nord*. Only the first act had been announced, but the audience had made up their minds that this implied the overture, and on finding that it was omitted, set up a general clamour. The regisseur had to come forward and explain, that as only the first act was promised in the bills, and nothing said of the overture, the management had not expected it would be called for, and had not therefore provided the double orchestra of Sax's instruments which were necessary to its execution. After a while the audience got the logic of this argument into their heads and allowed matters to take their course. Mad. Ugalde sang the part of Catherine, in which she acquitted herself as admirably as ever and was called before the curtain. A pleasant little opera, *Ma Tante Dort*, originally produced at the Lyrique with great success, followed, and Mad. Ugalde appeared in the part of Martine, originally created by her. All the fun and vivacity shown by her on the first production of the opera were equally at command now; and both she and Mocker, who played Scapin, were recalled at the end. The great point of interest of the evening, however, was the interlude, in which Mlle. Monrose sang three pieces from the *Pardon de Ploërmel*. As this rising young vocalist is about shortly to essay the part of Dinorah, great curiosity was felt to know how she would probably acquit herself of the arduous undertaking. The triumphant manner in which Mlle. Monrose surmounted the vocal difficulties of the celebrated *Ombre légére*, and the grace and sprightliness of her acting, afforded the most favourable augury of her success in interpreting the entire *rôle* of Dinorah. After the buffo duet, "Chateau-Trompette," sung by M. Berthelier and Mlle. Lemercier, an excerpt from *Fra Diavolo*, and the Beaumont-Cohen cantata, in honour of the Napoleonic festival, brought this long and well-filled evening to a worthy conclusion. The *Petit Chaperon Rouge* of Boieldieu, revived last season after an interval of many years, has been again brought forward at this house. The part of Comte Rodolphe is now played by M. Montaubry, who is as accomplished a comedian as he is a graceful singer.

The Grand Opera still goes on with *Semiramis*, and the sisters Marchisio are still the life and soul of Rossini's great work. *Pierre de Medicis* makes an occasional appearance in the bills. *Le Propheté*, whose advent has been imminent for some time, is retarded by the illness of Mad. Tedesco. Meanwhile *Guillaume Tell* is in preparation, and Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio will sing the part of Mathilde, restoring the air and scena which had been omitted since the reduction of the opera to three acts. The ballet which Mlle. Taglioni has invented for Mlle. Emma Livry, in whom the embryo of a second Carlotta Grisi is detected by the choreosophists, will make its appearance about the middle of next month. The young *danseuse* is daily rehearsing her part with a zeal and application which are directed and stimulated by the counsels of her celebrated patroness. Some of the *pas* in which Mlle. Livry is to shine are spoken of with raptures of anticipation. In particular are mentioned a certain Mazurka in the first tableau to which all previous mazurkas are to be as barbarous jigs; a *valse des rayons*, destined to illuminate the second tableau with splendours which its title render it difficult to define; a *pas noble* which will in future be danced only by permission of the College of Heralds; and lastly a *pas finale*, which will in every way deserve its designation by being the *ultima thule* of the choreographic art, beyond which comes chaos and the primitive "double shuffle" again.

Before I leave the operas let me mention that the manager of the Opéra Comique had determined to cast the part of Hoel in the *Pardon*, which, as I have said, he is about to produce, to Mlle. Werteimber, who had already played parts written originally for bass voices. Meyerbeer is said to have approved the arrangement. The opera in three acts by Scribe and M. Offenbach is in rehearsal, and it is to be produced with great splendour of scenery and decoration.

The Italian opera season is expected to be very brilliant this winter, and it is said the subscription list is already crowded with the highest names among the wealthy and the aristocratic.

At the Théâtre Lyrique an opera in one act is said to be in rehearsal, the words of which are by MM. Theodore Barrière and Carré, and the music by M. Leo Delibes. M. Maillart's opera, *Les Pêcheurs de Catane*, is also in active preparation. There has been a squabble between the director of this house, M. Retz, and a composer, M. E. Reger, author of *Selam* and *Maitre Wolfram*. The latter had written the music to a libretto by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier in three acts, and, according to an agreement with the previous manager, M. Carvalho, the work was to have been produced at the opening of the theatre. This was the term fixed. When M. Retz assumed the management he begged M. Reger to put off the production of his opera to the month of December, and with the consent of the other collaborators, the delay was granted. The manager, under pretext of having made fresh engagements, then sought to adjourn the opera *sine die*, but the authors have very naturally refused to accept so uncertain an arrangement, and the affair is accordingly to be referred to a court of law, unless the *Société des Auteurs* should exercise its power in favour of the composer and his fellow labourers. No amount of damages, however high, compensates a composer for the suppression of a work on which he may have bestowed all the resources of his talents and his happiest inspirations, and in which he may have built with reason the hope of enhanced fame.

The Gymnase has produced a new piece in four acts, entitled *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*, which turns on the opposite means employed by two suitors for the hand of his daughter to gain the good graces of an honest French *bourgeois*. One has saved the life of the father of his beloved, and reckons on his gratitude; the other has had his life saved by the same individual, and builds on the love of protection and patronage which is natural to the human bosom in opposition to the repugnance commonly felt at being under an obligation. At first the suitor who reckons on the meaner motive carries everything before him; but the betrayal of his deliberate designs opens the eyes of the *bourgeois* to the baseness of the impulse he had followed, and reinstates the rival in his good graces. The idea is well worked out, and contains a lesson on human weakness which is amusingly conveyed. M. Geoffroy, so celebrated for his manner of rendering the type of the *Bourgeois de Paris*, plays M. Perridion, and seems likely to establish the character as a popular favourite. At the Variété a novelty, entitled *Une Chasse à St. Germain*, has been successful, although very stale in idea. An unfortunate painter about to contract a marriage is persecuted by three former mistresses, whom he contrives to pass off for the flames of as many friends.

Henri Monnier has also appeared again in the well-known character of Joseph Prudhomme, which he has had the credit of inventing, and the advantage of trading on for the last thirty years. *Joseph Prudhomme chef de Brigands* is the new phase in which he now introduces him; but, although there is undoubted fun in the idea, and Monnier is still amusing in the part, the notion is too worn out to afford ground for a very brilliant success.

LIVERPOOL. — *(From our own Correspondent.)* — The Philharmonic Society gave their eighth subscription concert on Tuesday night before a fashionable audience. The vocalists were Mlle. Titiens, Signors Giuglini, Vialetti, and Valsovani. The concert was a very great success, and Signor Giuglini, who was in unusually good voice, sang "Spirto gentil" (*La Favorita*), and "Aurora che sorgerai" (*La Donna del Lago*), delightfully. Mlle. Titiens' solos were, "Non mi dir" (*Don Giovanni*), and "The Last Rose of Summer." Both were given in perfect style; and the fair Teutonic *prima donna* fairly astonished the amateurs by the expression and the simplicity of her rendering of Moore's charming ballad. The band played Spohr's symphony in D for the first time in Liverpool in admirable style, and the audience appeared to thoroughly appreciate it. Mad. Grisi and Signor Mario sing at the next concert on Tuesday.—Our Italian opera season commences at the Theatre Royal on Monday, and we

are to have six performances in a fortnight. The artists are Mesdames Grisi, Viardot, Sedlatzek, and Orvil; Signors Mario, Dragone, Ciampi, &c., who are to sing in *Trovatore*, *Martha*, *Don Giovanni*, *Macbeth*, *Norma*, and *Rigoletto*.—The Savage Club and our Literary and Dramatic Society gave a second performance in aid of the "Brough Memorial Fund" at the Theatre Royal on Tuesday night; and, in spite of the great attractions elsewhere, there was a good house, and the burlesque of the *Forty Thieves* went off amidst most uproarious laughter. Mr. G. A. Sala read his address in the course of the evening.—In the concert room of St. George's Hall, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry have made quite a hit, and the room has been nightly crowded by the *élite* of Liverpool.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Season 1860-61.—The admirable situation of this great operatic establishment, its unparalleled acoustic properties, unequalled musical capabilities, and unrivalled lyrical resources, together with the flattering success which attended his late Italian Season, has determined the Lessee to venture on the experiment of producing at Her Majesty's Theatre a series of English Operas, during a certain portion of each year. The Season will commence on Monday, the 8th of October next. As will be seen by the accompanying list, the first vocal and instrumental talent has been secured, and will further be secured, no matter at what expense. The lessee and manager of this vast establishment, not being a vocalist himself, can have no professional jealousies—his only aim, in duty to his patrons and subscribers, will be to put the "right man in the right place." The services of Mr. Sims Reeves are already secured, and negotiations are pending in addition to the following engagements:—Sopranos—Miss Parepa, her first appearance at this theatre; Miss Jenny Bauer, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, her first appearance at this theatre; Miss Allesandri, from the principal theatres in Spain and Italy, her first appearance in this country; and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, her first appearance on the stage; contraltos—Miss Laura Baxter and Miss Fanny Huddart; tenors—Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Parkinson, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Terrott, and Mr. Swift (from La Pergola, Florence, &c.), his first appearance at this theatre; baritones—Mr. Rosenthal and Mr. Santley, his first appearance at this theatre; buffo—Mr. George Honey, his first appearance at this theatre; basses—Mr. J. G. Patey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. Hermanns. Conductor—Mr. Charles Hallé; Leader—Mr. H. Blagrove. A new and original opera, composed expressly for this theatre, will be produced on the opening night, Monday, October 8th, entitled ROBIN HOOD, Music by G. A. Macfarren, Libretto by John Oxenford, Esq.; with new scenery under the superintendence of Beverley; in which Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. George Perren, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. G. Patey, Mr. Santley, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, &c., will make their appearances; and shortly afterwards will be presented another new and original grand romantic opera, also composed expressly for this theatre, entitled the AMBER WITCH, from the pen of that popular composer, W. V. Wallace; together with other new operas of importance by eminent native composers. The whole of the splendid and unique appointments of Her Majesty's Theatre, both before and behind the curtain, will be made available in giving effect and comfort to the audience departments. An elegant new dress balcony has been erected, after the most approved Parisian style, combining both convenience and comfort. The scenic department under the superintendence of Mr. William Beverley and assistants; prompter, Mr. Grua; suggeritore, Signor Fontana; costumiers, Miss Dickinson and M. Laureys (de Paris); the machinery, &c., by Mr. Tucker; the properties by Mr. Needham; ballet master, Mons. Massot; acting manager, Mr. Mapleson; stage manager, Mr. Robert Roxby. Particular care and attention has been bestowed on the formation of the Orchestra and Chorus, which will be considerably augmented, the whole having been carefully selected, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Charles Hallé. This Theatre having hitherto been devoted to the production and performance of Italian Lyric Drama, the lessee (at the suggestion of numerous subscribers and habitues) has been induced to give a few representations of Italian Operas, which will positively be limited to 30 nights, commencing on Wednesday, the 10th of October, to be continued three nights weekly, until the 16th of December, alternately with the English Operas. The lessee has, therefore, at an enormous outlay, secured the eminent services of those renowned artistes Mlle. Titiens and Sig. Giuglini, together with other principal artistes of celebrity, whose names will be found in the following detailed list of Italian engagements:—Soprani, Mlle. Titiens, Mlle. Vaneri, and Mad. Lemaire; baritoni, Sig. Valsovani and Sig. Gassier; buffo, Sig. Ciampi; bassi, Sig. Vialetti and Sig. Castelli; tenori, Sig. Soldi, Sig. Mercuriali, and Sig. Giuglini. Conductor, Sig. Arditi. For the ballet divertissement, Mlle. Moriacchi, &c. The repertoire will be selected from the following favourite operas:—Il Trovatore, Verdi; La Sonnambula, Bellini; Ernani, Verdi; Lucrezia Borgia, Donizetti; Don Pasquale, Donizetti; Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Rossini; Gli Ugonotti, Meyerbeer; Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti; La Traviata, Verdi; I Puritani, Bellini; Don Giovanni, Mozart; Norma, Bellini; Rigoletto, Verdi; Marta, Flotow; I Vespri Siciliani, Verdi; Oberon, Weber; &c. The above English and Italian arrangements can only be realised at an enormous outlay; Mr. E. T. Smith looks with perfect confidence for adequate remuneration to the support of the nobility, gentry, subscribers, and the public, whose kind and unvarying patronage has enabled him to hold the reins of management through so many seasons at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and especially through his late campaign at Her Majesty's Theatre, profitably and triumphantly. Notwithstanding the vast additional expense necessarily incurred in the engagement of such celebrated singers, besides a double company of artistes for both languages, the prices of admission will be at the same reduced rates, both for the English as well as the Italian performances. The subscription list for the first 60 nights, or 30 English and 30 Italian, at the option of the subscriber, is now ready, and may be seen at the box-office, under the portico of the theatre, which is open daily, from 10 to 6, under the direction of Mr. Nugent, and where boxes, stalls, and places may be secured for any period in any part of the house. The doors will open at half-past 7, and the performances commence at 8 o'clock, on each evening throughout the season. All applications respecting the artistes for public and private concerts in town or country, to be addressed to Mr. Mapleson, the musical agent, at the theatre, or 12 Haymarket. Prices of admission:—Pit stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 5s.; first circle, 4s.; second circle, 3s.; upper box circle seats, 2s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; gallery, 1s.; gallery side stalls, 1s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 3s.; private boxes—upper box, half circle, to hold four persons, 10s.; private box, third tier, to hold four persons, £1. 1s.; private box, second tier, to hold four persons, £1. 11s. 6d.; private boxes, first, second, and grand tiers, two guineas, three guineas, and four guineas.

Notice.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1860.

NOT long since we had occasion to praise in unqualified terms certain excerpts from the new issue in progress ("*deuxième édition, entièrement refondue et augmentée de plus de moitié*") of a work upon which the reputation of M. Fétis as a bibliographer and musical encyclopedist is destined mainly to rest. In the first edition of the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, the article "Beethoven"—to say nothing of some hundred others—was notably deficient. The deficiency, with commendable research, has been supplied in the new edition, and we now know all about the great "tone-poet's" genealogy, &c., which untiring industry could obtain, and as much about the scope and meaning of his compositions as the æsthetic perception and critical acumen of M. Fétis enabled him to furnish. This performance, indeed—although we altogether dissent from the Belgian historiographer and theoretical analyser in his narrow views of the later productions of the master—warranted the belief that equal care and diligence would be expended on the sequel. But whether M. Fétis thought he had done enough in perfecting his "Beethoven," and wished that "*aperçu*" to shine in his musical galaxy, like Sirius among the fixed stars, with such superior brightness as to preclude a nice examination of the others, we have no means of deciding. All we can presume to say is, that some of the lesser luminaries are presented in such opaque confusion as to defy the investigating telescope; and as an instance of this unaccountable disparity we would point to the item, "Balfe"—or "Balph," as M. Fétis orthographically suggests. We do not pretend for a moment to rank our Balfe, or "Balph," among the stars of the first magnitude. He is not an Arcturus, much less a Sirius; but he may be compared to one of those asteroids of the second order, in the constellation "Orion," by help of whose twinkling we are permitted to communicate polyscopically with the most distant of the *nebulæ*, and to know that they consist of neither more nor less than conglomerates of solar systems closely resembling that in which we have ourselves sempiternally revolved. Balfe or "Balph" was almost the first to pierce the darkness of foreign prejudice, and to show us that the Italian, the German, and the Frenchman—who, in the musical hemisphere, had thitherto loomed in the far open, as misty and impenetrable *nebulæ*—were very much like ourselves. As with ourselves their ears were tickled by the strains of Balfe, the eyes of whose Muse, if not illuminating the art-universe with a broad light like that of the eyes of the Muses of the demigods of harmony, still twinkled with a pleasant roguish twinkle that it was comfortable to contemplate. Now the item, "Balfe," or "Balph," in the *Biographie* of M. Fétis, is just as unsatisfactory as the item "Beethoven" (or "Beethowen") is the opposite. Whence *illæ lachrymæ*?

Not many years ago M. Jules de Glimes came to London with ambassadorial functions. He had been despatched as an emissary from M. Fétis, to pick up scraps of information concerning British music and British musical practitioners. The contrapuntally erudite and historiographically laborious Walloon had suddenly come to the conclusion that, after all, a "*Biographie Universelle*" would not be a "*Biographie Universelle*" unless it were (*tant soit peu*) universal, and that to be universal he must, maugre his beard, include a handful of the British Isles. Man, Wight, Alderney, Sark — even the Orkneys, although King Lot of old was a great patron of minstrels, and Sir Dinadam, one of his knights, is storied to have made "the worst lay that ever harper sung with harp or with any other instrument" * — might be omitted; but England, which gave birth to Purcell and fame to Handel, *not*; Scotland, where Mary Stuart sang to the accompaniment of Rizzio, *not*; and Ireland, where grew the melodies to which Moore attuned his lyre, *not*; at any rate not without punity. So M. de Glimes, accredited to the post of "Charged with Affairs," proceeded straight to Ostend, and without stopping to swallow one *huitre* at the Flemish Broadstairs, set sail for perfidious Albion, where (as usual) he was received with open cliffs at Dover. His credentials were endorsed, and the nature of his mission, set forth and published in the columns of *The Musical World*, was made patent to the realm, from Mutton Island to the Wash, from Portland Bill to Lossiemouth—throughout the breadth and length, in short ("*bref*"),of the three Kingdoms, not rejecting the pugnacious Principality. Are we to reconnoitre the item "Balfe," or "Balph," in the Fétisian sheets, as the first instalment of M. de Glimes' researches? By Hercules!—nay. We, who know and appreciate the moral and artistic stature of that excellent and most worthy musician, should be loth to believe it. Not only is the biography of the minstrel of Loughbrickland scanty and imperfect; not only is it crammed with errors,—but worse than all, it is tempered with a spirit of supercilious acrimony, for which, in the days of King Anguish or Brian Baroimhe, the hosts of Ierne would have invaded the straight and muddy marches of Flanders, in a fleet of flat-bottomed boats. The whole tone of the "item," indeed, is so uncharitable and (as Voltaire may have said somewhere) "acerbe," that we have scarcely patience to quote more than a passage or "so."

"Balph," it appears, was born, not at Dublin—as the *Conversations-Lexicon* and Mr. Balfe alike assert—but at Limerick. Although endowed with "*la plus heureuse organisation pour la musique*," he "never made any serious study of composition." He has, nevertheless, "obtained successes as a singer, with a mediocre voice," and "*improvised* some twenty operas little remarkable for invention," but evidencing, on the other hand, "instinct, a good feeling for harmony, and a knowledge of instrumentation." *Va pour la vingtaine d'opéras!* ("And thus departed Sir Pedivere of the Straight Marches"). That Balph is "*un homme d'esprit*," however, M. Fétis admits; and this, we are told, has enabled him to draw more advantages from his faculties than they seemed to promise. This, morever, probably enabled him to compose an opera by the late O'Rourke (Rooke)—viz. *Amalia, or the Love-Test*—which, according to M. Fétis, Balph "*fit représenter à Londres*," in 1838, a year after his JEANNE *Grey* had achieved a *fiasco*, and three years after his ITALIAN opera, *L'Assedio di la Rochelle*, was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, and "*eut* QUELQUE *succès*."

"Here's a coil"—says Nurse to Juliet. "Enter Rommi" —*we* had almost said. First, *Amalia* (*Amilie*)—as all the world (except M. Fétis) knows—was Rooke's, not Balfe's; secondly, Balfe wrote an opera entitled *Catherine Grey*, but never an opera called *Jeanne Grey*; thirdly, *The Siege of Rochelle* was an English, not an Italian, opera, and—as all the world knows (except M. Fétis)—Balfe's first production on the English stage; given, too, not as M. Fétis states, with "*quelque succès*," but with enormous and long-continued success, at Drury Lane Theatre.*

Next we are told that the book of *The Maid of Artois* was founded on that of the ballet and opera of *Clari*, when (except M. Fétis) all the world knows that *Clari* is almost identical with *Linda di Chamounix*, while *The Maid of Artois* is derived from *Manon L'Escaut*—the name by which it is recognised everywhere on the Continent. *Apropos* of *Manon L'Escaut*, we are advised that, "little scrupulous in the choice of ideas, Balph had borrowed from several operas then in vogue in order to fabricate his own; BUT a waltz by Strauss, of which he had made an air, sung by Malibran with marvellous *verve*, ensured the success of this work!" *The Maid of Artois*, nevertheless—like AMILIE, *Falstaff*, and *Joan of Arc*—"was written too rapidly to find place among real works of art, although connoisseurs recognised some progress, on the score of originality, in *Falstaff*." *Diadeste*, we are told, "did not succeed;" *Keolanthe* had but "a mediocre success;" the *Puits d'Amour*†—represented at the Opéra Comique in 1843—"destitute of originality," had some good qualities ("*du mouvement*"—a dash of which would not make the *Biographie* less readable—among others), and succeeded both at home and abroad; *The Bohemian Girl* evinced "progress, and showed that Balph had been *sensible* to the criticism of the Parisian journals" (!!); *The Daughter of St. Mark* is merely named; *L'Etoile de Seville* (in Paris—1846) failed, "notwithstanding that the principal parts were entrusted to Gardoni and Mad. Stoltz;" while *The Bondman* and *The Maid of Honour*, brought out *the same year* (three grand operas in one year, we think, would puzzle even Balfe), "created little sensation." The *Quatre Fils Aymon*‡ escapes animadversion (*mirabile dictu!*). "Of all the works of Balph this is the one which has achieved the most uniform success," in France, Germany, England, and Holland. "Although it exhibits the same negligence and over-facility of composition" as its predecessors, "it cannot be denied" (what a pity for M. Fétis!) "that the *Quatre Fils Aymon* is his best work, and that it contains *some pretty things*." How condescending! *The Sicilian Bride, The Devil's in it, Duca e Pittore* (Trieste), and *The Rose of Castille*, not being even mentioned, we must presume the accurate bibliographer was unaware of their existence; and yet all the world knows (except M. Fétis) that *The Rose of Castille* "ran" for nearly two seasons, and is still considered one of the most popular works of its composer. *Satanella*, and an elementary work called *Indispensable Studies for a Soprano Voice* (of which we never heard) are named in a breath, as the sum total of Balfe's exploits between the years 1852 and 1859 inclusive. "*According to the journals*"

* The Lay of King Mark of Cornwall.

* The *Siege of Rochelle* was first performed on the 29th of October, 1835.

† Produced at the Princess's Theatre, under the title of *Geraldine*.

‡ Produced at the Princess's Theatre, under the name of *The Castle of Aymon*.

—says M. Fétis—"*Satanella*, a romantic opera in three acts, obtained a brilliant success, and is regarded in England as the composer's best work."

The early career of Balph in Italy, whether as singer or composer, would appear, according to M. Fétis, to have been in no respect luckier than his career at home and across the *Manche*. Three Italian operas, given successfully at Palermo, Florence, and Milan, in the last of which, *Enrico IV.*, Mlle. Roser (afterwards Mad. Balfe) appeared, must have been heard, if we read aright, with indifference. *Enrico IV.* was condemned for the "numberless reminiscences" remarked by the public. As a singer Balph was especially unfortunate, his *début* (as Signor Balfi) at the Italian Opera in Paris (1825) being a failure, in consequence of a barytone voice "*mal timbrée*," inexperience of the stage, and his association with "excellent singers" in the same opera (*Il Barbiere*); nor does he ever seem to have redeemed this mishap. *Enfin* he was fairly driven out of Italy. "At the Fenice (*Venice*), Balph had the unhappy idea of mutilating the *Crociato* of Meyerbeer, by introducing pieces of his own composition, and others of Rossini and Donizetti." (We should have termed this *amplifying*). "The indignation of Italy against this act of barbarism obliged Balph to quit the country."

To which (if true) Mr. Bunn (and the English public) are indebted for *The Siege of Rochelle*, and a long list of operas, almost every one of which, in spite of M. Fétis, were successful and deservedly successful. We had always looked upon Balfe as one of the luckiest of composers, and contemplated his career as one of uninterrupted sunshine and prosperity. But M. Fétis has opened our eyes to the truth. There was never at any period so *un*lucky a composer, or one whose successive efforts have been received so coldly and rewarded so miserably. Poor Balfe—or "Balph!"

To end with the beginning. M. Fétis informs us that Balph's first instructors were his father and Horn*; whereas all the world (except M. Fétis) knows that Bandmaster Meadows taught him the rudiments of music, and then placed him under Hicky (or Hickie) of Wexford. True Balph was subsequently articled to Horn for seven years, and ultimately studied with O'Rourke (Rooke), of whose best opera, *Amilie*, M. Fétis makes him out the composer. And all these blunders in a book of reference! Have we been reading a suppositious *Biographie*?—a *Fetisius Hypobolimæus*? In that case we must proffer the foregoing remarks as our *Confutatio Fabulæ Burdonum*. Truly M. Fétis would be a wonderful bibliograph, if (as some one wrote, with less justice, of Joseph Scaliger) "*il avoit l'esprit autant posé comme il l'a bizarre*." To conclude, every English amateur will protest against the article "Balfe," or "Balph," in the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, as a tissue of misrepresentations in the form of a libel.

PETIPACE OF WINCHELSEA.

SOME weeks since we protested against an injustice done to the memory of Hoffmann, whose music is generally ridiculed, in the words of a celebrated French critic, as *de la musique de littérateur*; the fact being that Hoffmann was a professional musician, orchestral conductor, and composer before he wrote any of those tales by which he is now chiefly and indeed almost exclusively known. However, we have shown our readers an article by Weber in which the composer of *Der Freischütz* expresses with enthusiasm his approbation of Hoffmann's *Undine*, and if it delighted *him*, surely it cannot matter much, as far as Hoffmann's reputation is concerned, who is dissatisfied with it. There is another writer, greater than Hoffmann, whose musical pretensions are never questioned in the present day, though numbers of his contemporaries refused to admit them, not on the ground that the music he gave to the public was worthless, but on the very simple plea that it was the composition of another person. We allude to Jean Jacques Rousseau, the author and accredited composer of *Le Devin du Village*; the Rousseau of the *Confessions*, who reproaches himself so bitterly with having stolen a ribbon, passes complacently over a hundred acts of meanness committed by him, and ends by declaring that any one who may come to the conclusion that he, Rousseau, is *un malhonnête homme*, is himself "a man to be smothered" (*un homme à étouffer*).

Le Devin du Village is undoubtedly the work of Jean Jacques Rousseau, as far as the libretto is concerned, but it can be shown on better evidence, even than that on which the charge of ribbon-stealing rests (for which we have only Rousseau's own word), that the music was the production of Granet, a composer residing at Lyons.

One day in the year 1751, Pierre Rousseau, called Rousseau of Toulouse, to distinguish him from the numerous other Rousseaus living in Paris, and known as the director of the *Journal Encyclopedique*, received a parcel containing a quantity of manuscript music, which, on examination, turned out to be the score of an opera. It was accompanied by a letter, addressed like the parcel itself, to *M. Rousseau, homme de lettres, demeurant à Paris*," in which a person signing himself Granet, and writing from Lyons, expressed a hope that his music would be found worthy of the illustrious author's words, that he had given appropriate expression to the tender sentiments of Colette and Colin, &c. Pierre Rousseau, though a Journalist, understood music. He knew that Granet's letter was intended for Jean Jacques, and that he ought to return it with the music to the post office, but the score of the *Devin du Village*, from the little he had seen of it, interested him, and he not only kept it until he had made himself familiar with it from beginning to end, but even showed it to a friend, M. de Bellissent, one of the conservators of the Royal Library, and a man of great musical acquirements. As soon as Pierre Rousseau and De Bellissent had quite finished with the *Devin du Village*, they sent it back to the post office, whence it was forwarded to its true destination.

Jean Jacques had been expecting Granet's music, and, on receiving the opera in a complete form, took it to La Vaupâlière the farmer-general, and offered it to him, directly or indirectly, as a suitable piece for Mad. de Pompadour's theatre at Versailles, where several operettas had already been produced. La Vaupâlière was anxious to maintain himself in the good graces of the favourite, and purchased for her entertainment the right of representing the *Devin du Village*. This handsome present cost the gallant financier the sum of six thousand francs. However, the opera was performed, was wonderfully successful, and was afterwards produced at the Académie, when Rousseau received four thousand francs more—so at least say some authorities who derive their information from the books of the theatre—though, according to Rousseau's own statement in the *Confessions*, the Opera sent him only fifty *louis*, which he declares he never asked for, but which he does not pretend to have returned.

* Composer of "Cherry ripe," &c.

Rousseau "confesses," with studied detail, how the music of each piece in the *Devin du Village* occurred to him; how he at one time thought of burning the whole affair (a conceit by the way which has since been rendered commonplace by amateur authors in their prefaces); how his friends succeeded in persuading him to do nothing of the kind; and how, at last, he wrote the drama, and sketched out the whole of the music in six days, so that, when he arrived with his work in Paris, he had nothing to add but the recitative and the "*remplissage*"—by which we suppose he means the orchestral parts. In the next page he tells us that he would have given anything in the world if he could only have had the *Devin du Village*, performed for himself alone, and have listened to it with closed doors as Lulli is reported to have listened to his *Armide*, executed for his sole gratification. This egotistical pleasure might, perhaps, have been enjoyed by Rousseau if he had really composed the music himself, for when the Académie produced his second *Devin du Village*, of which the music was undoubtedly his own, the public positively refused to listen to it, and hissed it until it was withdrawn. If the director had persisted in representing the piece the theatre would doubtless have been deserted.

But to return to the original score which, as Rousseau himself informs us, wanted nothing, when he arrived in Paris, except what he calls the "*remplissage*" and the recitative. He had intended, he says, to have *Le Devin* performed at the Opera, but M. de Oury, the intendant of the Menus Plaisirs, was determined it should first be brought out at the Court. A duel was very nearly taking place between the two directors, when it was at last decided by Rousseau himself that Fontainebleau, Mad. de Pompadour (and La Vaupâlière), should have the preference. Whether Granet had omitted to write recitative or not, it is a remarkable fact that recitative was wanted when the piece came to be rehearsed, and that Rousseau allowed Jéliotte the singer to supply it. This he mentions himself, as also that he was not present at any of the rehearsals—for it is at rehearsals above all that a sham composer runs the chance of being detected. It is an easy thing for any man to say that he has composed an opera, but it may be difficult for him to correct a very simple error made by the copyist in transcribing the parts. However, Rousseau admits that he did not attend rehearsals and that he did not compose the recitative, which the singers required forthwith, and which had to be written almost beneath their eyes.

But what was Granet doing in the meanwhile? it will be asked. In the meanwhile Granet had died. And Pierre Rousseau and his friend M. de Bellissent? Rousseau of Toulouse, supported by the Conservator of the Royal Library, accused Jean Jacques openly of fraud in the columns of the *Journal Encyclopédique*. These accusations were repeated on all sides, until at last Rousseau undertook to reply to them by composing new music to the *Devin du Village*. This new music the Opera refused to perform, and with some reason, for it appears (as the reader has seen) to have been detestable. It was not executed until after Rousseau's death, and at the special request of his widow, when, in the words of Grimm, "all the new airs were hooted without the slightest regard for the memory of the author."

It is this utter failure of the second edition of the *Devin du Village* which convinces us more than anything else that the first was not from the hand of Rousseau. But let us not say that he was "*un malhonnête homme*." Probably the conscientious author of the *Contrat Social* adopted the children of others by way of compensation for having sent his own to the "Enfants Trouvés."

MOLIQUE'S "ABRAHAM."

(From the *Morning Post*.)

Sept. 21.—Of the new oratorio of *Abraham*, which is to be performed this morning for the first time, we shall not be able to speak in detail until to-morrow, as the morning concerts here terminate almost simultaneously with the starting of the train that carries our despatch; but having heard a rehearsal of *Abraham*, we are now in a position to offer some general remarks upon the work which may not perhaps be unacceptable. Firstly, *Abraham* is the work of a highly educated musician, one brought up in a thoroughly good school, surrounded by the best influences, and perfectly acquainted with the greatest models. All that intelligent study, observation, and experience can confer, Herr Molique possesses completely. A master of harmony, counterpoint, form, and instrumentation, he, at least, enters upon the glorious field where artists contend for immortality, armed at all points, and ready for all emergencies that human skill can meet. It must be further observed that Herr Molique is not only a learned man, but also scrupulously conscientious; one who always does his best, who is incapable of making any concession to the "popular" taste of the day, and with whom, therefore, the dignity of art is safe. The value of an artist like Herr Molique at this really critical period of art can scarcely be over-estimated. Musical conservatives of ability were never more wanted than at the present moment, when in Germany a movement which threatens the very existence of music as an independent art is rapidly progressing, and in Italy all purity of style and loftiness of purpose are as rapidly giving way before mere sensuousness and so-called brilliancy of effect. The state in which Beethoven left musical art was a very dangerous one. The later works of that most extraordinary genius, though betokening exhaustless imagination, and revealing to us a new world of music, also exhibited a certain irregularity of form. The boundless imagination of the true Shakspeare of music could not be imitated, although it might be emulated. Another Beethoven might possibly arise, but there could be no successful follower of that wondrous master. The only characteristic of his later style that his would-be disciples have attempted to imitate (though none of them have understood it) is the irregularity of form of which we have spoken. This, the *consequence* of an imagination teeming with novel ideas, and a command of artistic means emanating from immense experience, that enabled him instantly to give the happiest expression to any idea whatever (powers which, in his waywardness, he perhaps sometimes abused), has been falsely regarded as the *cause* of his superlative greatness, and a justification for such wild, licentious theories as strike at the very root of musical art. But fortunately, soon after the death of Beethoven, there arose another very great man, who, fully understanding the situation, knew how to become master of it, and put a salutary curb upon the downward course of Phœbus's chariot. A man who had drunk deeply at the Pierian spring, who had completely infused into himself the spirit which animated Bach and Handel, a man whose sympathy was with order and regularity, whose mind was of the most classic character, but who could place his own stamp upon all he touched, and animate old forms with a new soul. That man's name was Mendelssohn. To him, then, the lovers of genuine art, the true musical conservatives, looked as to the living depository of their most sacred traditions—the most perfect illustration of their fundamental theory, that the great principles of musical art (like those of every other) are immutable, and eternally productive. As Mendelssohn was gifted with the power of expressing all that the most enlightened lovers of musical art had long thought of and hoped for, he naturally became the head and representative of a great and important movement. It is therefore not at all astonishing that Mendelssohn should have had numerous disciples. A safer model, so far as modern art is concerned, there could not possibly be. He has influenced the musical minds of the present generation far more than any contemporary composer. His vast merits have won the homage of all earnest students, and the great success of his works has stimulated them to follow in his footsteps. That the influence of Mendelssohn should not be felt by an artist of kindred spirit like Molique, that the mind of the author of *Elijah* should exercise no power over the thoughts or feelings of a classic musician of the present day in the composition of an oratorio, is scarcely to be expected.

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September 22.—From what we have already observed with respect to Herr Molique's new oratorio of *Abraham*, produced here yesterday morning, it may be readily inferred that the work belongs to the school of Mendelssohn; and in adding that Herr Molique has occasionally followed the illustrious author of *Elijah* more closely than is consistent with perfect independence of mind, we state at once the greatest, if not the only, reproach to which the music of *Abraham* is open.

The following are the incidents which Herr Molique has selected for his oratorio:—*The departure of Abraham and his family into the land of Canaan; The separation of Lot and Abraham; The captivity of Lot and his rescue; The casting forth of Hagar*; and *The intended sacrifice of Isaac*. These, with appropriate commentaries, reflections, or prayers, in the form of choruses, concerted pieces, or solos, constitute the oratorio, which, though but slightly dramatic in character, is nevertheless sufficiently connected and continuous to make a satisfactory whole, whilst abundantly affording opportunities for the exercise of the musician's art.

The first thing we find to admire in Herr Molique's work is its well-sustained elevation of style. From the first note to the last it is dignified and chaste, whatever may be the passion or emotion the composer was called upon to express. The next thing is the masterly *facture* of the entire score, of which it might truly be said that not a note, or the position of a note, could be changed without mischief to the whole. Every sound has its purpose, and undeniable reasons could be given for its existence. Anything more clear, rich, or resonant than the voicing and instrumentation, it were difficult indeed to imagine; and very few, if any, masters of the present day could write such scientific and pure double counterpoint, imitations, and fugues, as we discover in Herr Molique's oratorio.

To follow so long and elaborate a work through all its details would be tedious and unnecessary. We shall therefore content ourselves with a selection of certain pieces for special remark, and commence with No. 3, an aria in G major, "Lead me, O Lord," sung by Abraham upon receiving the Divine command to depart into the land of Canaan. This has a flowing, continuous, and eminently vocal melody, full of beauty and expression. The orchestration is of the simplest; one flute, two clarinets, one bassoon, two violas, and violoncellos and double basses being the only instruments employed, and yet the effect is extraordinarily full and rich. One of the violoncellos is treated as a solo instrument; and the manner in which this is made to blend with or support the voice, and impart life and movement to the accompaniment, commands particular admiration. This is, indeed, from first to last a lovely song.

No. 8, "Let there be no strife," is another air for Abraham of a totally different character, but not less charming. Thus, in the key of F major, Abraham appeals lovingly to his brother, praying that there may be no dissension between them. With a lively and affectionate melody is united what we may term a caressing accompaniment, which contributes materially to the expression of that state of feeling in which Abraham is supposed to be. Here, too, Herr Molique exhibits the same economy with respect to means to which we have already alluded. One flute, two oboes (the first of which plays a very prominent part), two bassoons, two horns, and the so-called "string quartet" make up his orchestra.

No. 9, "Who walketh uprightly," an air in A minor, for the tenor voice, evidences still more strikingly Herr Molique's power of making a great effect with a few instruments; for here he uses but one flute, one oboe, two horns, and the string quartet. This air is unquestionably one of the most delightful and original pieces in the oratorio. The accompaniments present the very perfection of part-writing, and although very rich in so-called "figures," the voice part stands out always clearly, and commands all the attention due to it.

No. 15, "Hear our prayer," a chorus in A major for female voices only, is richly and beautifully harmonised, and also illustrates very happily that command over the resources of fugal imitation which so rarely appears in the works of composers of the present day.

No. 17, in E flat, is one of the most spirited and melodious marches ever written, and we expect soon to hear of its being played by every military band in England. Here Herr Molique employs the full orchestra, but he uses it discreetly, and although there is immense brilliancy and force in the "tuttis," they are never noisy or bombastic.

In No. 19, "Praise ye the Lord," a magnificent chorus in F major, Herr Molique has put forth all his strength. The counterpoint, clear, vigorous, full of variety, and eminently vocal, is throughout of the purest and best kind; and the fugue commencing with the tenors on the words "His right hand and His holy arm," is such as nothing less than an eminent master could write. This piece brings the first part grandly to a close.

No. 22, "Let all those rejoice," a trio in E flat major for alto, tenor, and bass, is one of the finest specimens of genuine three-part counterpoint with which we are acquainted. There is scarcely any accompaniment at all to it, and the rich fulness of effect produced by the voices only in every bar is really surprising to those acquainted with the peculiar difficulties of this style of writing. "Let all those rejoice" was repeated by desire.

No. 27, "And the Lord stretched forth His hand against them," a chorus in B minor, also claims our enthusiastic praise. Full of fiery vigour and exciting passion, it quite takes the feelings by storm, and there is deep poetry in the sudden transition to the slow movement on the words "The first-born of death have devoured their strength," with which the chorus unexpectedly terminates. All this belongs to the very highest order of art.

No. 29, "Cast out this bondwoman and her son," a duet in A minor, in which Sarah demands of Abraham the expulsion of Hagar, is another gem, admirable for dramatic expression as for its strictly musical beauties.

No. 32, "Commit thy way unto the Lord," a chorus in F major, in which the composer has used nothing but common chords, though simple and primitive in character, is likewise a masterpiece in its way. This was also redemanded.

In No. 35, "Great is the Lord," a chorus in D major, Herr Molique's command over the resources of imitative counterpoint and fugue, no less than his eminence as an orchestral writer, is again triumphantly displayed.

No. 38, "Pour out thy heart before the Lord," a very lovely tenor song in A flat, and No. 42, a duet in E major, in which Abraham and Isaac rejoice together at their deliverance from the terrible ordeal through which they have passed, may also be reckoned among the best things in the oratorio.

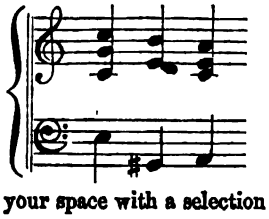
In No. 44 (the last piece), "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty," a chorus in C major, as in the other choruses we have mentioned, and also in No. 1, "Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord" (which we should have mentioned before), Herr Molique's science and lofty musical feeling are again strikingly exhibited.

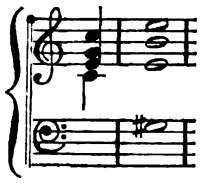
(To be continued.)

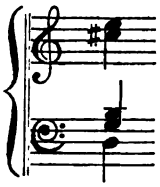
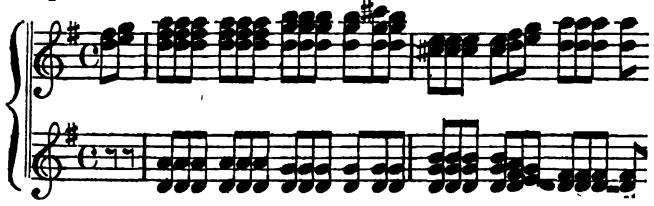
Letter to the Editor.

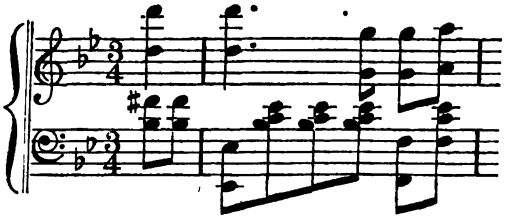
DEAR SIR,—It was not without some pleasure that I found myself, in your number for Sept. 8th, the subject of a detailed musical review; because your remarks, although not flattering to the works reviewed (three songs), were written without partiality, and were free from what has been my fate on so many former occasions — personal attack. If I venture now on a course of *direct contradiction* to all you say,—if I proceed to justify *each one* of the points which you designate "faults,"—it is not without first acknowledging the trouble and pains you have bestowed on that review, nor without thanking you for the kindness with which you counsel me to "reconsider other points."

In the first place, speaking of my "Song of the Survivor," you say that "a transition to A flat (the key of the song being G) in the opening symphony, which being made nothing of subsequently, is (to say the least) superfluous." I say, in defence, is it true that *anything* in composition is "superfluous" simply because it is not subsequently made use of? Have we not hundreds of instances in which, either to suit the text, or to express some particular feeling or meaning, a transition is used which neither the subsequent text, nor the progress of the composition, will allow to be repeated? And lastly, if, for the sake of roundness of form, or unity of plan, a repetition of the symphony be made (as I *have* done, page 3, line 4), is it not sufficient to give the whole "figure" and rhythm, without actually reproducing the same harmonies?

Your second objection is to "a false relation" (page 1, line 3, bar 3) in the same song, between G natural in the first chord (6, 3 on F) and G♯ in the next (6, 5, 3 on G♯)." The harmony in question is this,—

I will not fill up your space with a selection of passages from

the best authors in which similar progressions of harmony occur. But I will cite no less and no more remote an authority than Mr. G. A. Macfarren, in his new book on "The Rudiments of Harmony," in which (page 12, sect. 21), in the chapter on "False relations," he states distinctly,—"False relation does *not* exist between two successive chords when the 3rd of the first chord is the root of the second chord." And he illustrates this by an example in *the very key* in which my "false relation" occurs; thus:—

pointing out particularly that the G in one chord, followed by G♯ in the next, does *not* constitute "false relation."

Your third objection, still in the same song, is to "a dissonance, composed of a major 9th, major 7th, and major 6th on D, most unceremoniously taken, and decidedly objectionable." This—

(occurring at page 2, line 2, bar 3) is, I maintain, not to be considered a discord of the 9th at all; for the bass, D, forms *no part* of the harmony, but is a *Pedal* heard previously, and continued subsequently to the discord. The chord, if it occurred suddenly, without preparation, would be certainly objectionable—but it does not; the passage before and after determining the bass note as a pedal.

On these *three* points, then, I claim to be in the right, and cannot accept your remarks as a "correction."

On the fourth point (your last objection), in reference to my song, "Still waters run deepest," I have firstly to complain that you have not done me justice in transcribing the passage you quote; a reference to the passage, as it stands in my song (page 2, line 1, bar 3), will show that you have *mis*quoted the left hand. Secondly, I urge that the point in question is one upon which there may be a difference of opinion, and which ought to be considered "a matter of taste," not a fault. As *you* quote the passage, however, it is made to appear wrong beyond doubt, from the fact that the B flat in the left hand appears as a pedal-note, and changes to a different bass when not in concord with the harmony. As *I* have it, it stands thus:—

You say "What becomes of the F♯ on the chord of B♭?" I consider that it is resolved by the G in the next bar in the right hand. The melody and harmony meet there on the same note, and, as the G on which F♯ resolves is required for the melody, it is *a matter of taste* not to anticipate the sound of it, and to keep the F♯ *unresolved* until *then*. Had I been scoring such a passage I should certainly have put the resolution, G, at the commencement of the bar (in the harmony). It would have been a G of a different tone-colour (*i. e.* some other instrument) to *that* G which occurs afterwards in the melody. But on the piano, where we have no such distinctions of colour of tone, it is, I think, quite justifiable to allow the *melody* to act as *harmonic resolution*; and in this case it is not only allowable, but, I think, rather *elegant* not to have the G sounded until the *melody* does so. At any rate this should remain an open question (as, indeed, should many other things) until some law shall have been laid down, and "accepted" by musicians in general, for all points of "taste" or "school." All ears are not constituted alike; all ears are not equally susceptible of distinguishing the melodic part from the accompanying harmony; nor have they all the same power of retaining the impression of a dissonant harmony, until something "satisfactory" occurs in the melody removing such impression.

Are not all the rules at present accepted in Harmony and Composition the result of "*what sounds well, and what does not?*" Does not everything we are told to do, and all we are prohibited from doing, emanate from *one uniform desire* to *sound well?* If, then, *all that sounds well is right*, may we not lay down another fundamental law, and say—*only* "*that*" *is wrong which sounds bad?* I think we *do* make this law in practice, and in our every-day-judgment of new music. The only question raised, but not answered, being—*What* "*does*" *sound well?* So long as we are as far from a settlement of that question as we are at present, it must remain one in which education of the ear, quickness of apprehension, sympathy, taste, fancy, love of novel effects, and a nameless variety of other influences will ever preponderate.

If, then, in looking over new compositions, all of which are *earnestly conceived* and *carefully compiled*, we come to points of objection, which are evidently *not* the work of chance or neglect, but of intention and purpose,—is it right at once to condemn them as "wrong" simply because they differ from our own idea of what is "right?"

I can scarcely hope that this long refutation will find its way into your columns, for which it is designed; but, should you be *generous* enough to insert it, I feel sure some of the points discussed will not be without interest to some of your readers, while you will be making an "amende honorable" to

Your very obedient servant,

FRANCESCO BERGER.

36 *Thurloe Square, Brompton,*
Sept. 22, 1860.

MUSIC IN BRUSSELS.*

BRUSSELS possesses a conservatory of music, a royal opera house, a large number of excellent performers on all the principal instruments, a pianoforte in nearly every house, and yet it cannot boast of anything like the musical activity to be found in German towns of far less importance.

Church music is, as a general rule, badly organised, both in Brussels and throughout Belgium; money is wanting to do anything distinguished by the slightest artistic value in this branch of composition. There is no deficiency of good elements for the purpose, and the new organs from the factories of Merklin-Schütze and Company are calculated to give a very satisfactory impetus to the cause, but nothing is done in the quarter where the greatest patronage might naturally be expected.

The theatres have had their periods of success and depression. The Theatre Royal has had some good artists during the past year, but the monotony of its repertory has kept people away. As the repertory can, in accordance with the prevailing taste, be renewed only by means of operas which have been successful in Paris, the difficulty of renewing it consists, in the first place, in the fact that there is scarcely any novelty worth anything produced in Paris itself; and, in the second place, in the fact that what is strikingly new requires very great artistic resources, and

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

a frightful outlay for the *mise-en-scène*. In Paris, the Grand Opera can satify its ever-changing population of some hundred thousand visitors with its old operas *à grand spectacle;* but in Brussels, the audience that pays its money to the theatre is constantly the same, and requires something new for what it expends.

Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploërmel* has been the only lucky hit for the management during the past theatrical year. Mlle. Boulard, whom the Parisians could not appreciate, proved a great attraction. She has turned out an admirable artist, for true talent, when supported by practice and success, soon attains artistic maturity.

Under the above circumstances, Merelli's Italian Operatic Company was most welcome to all lovers of music. It played in the Théâtre du Cirque, a very dirty house, but one exceedingly well adapted for sound. The band was something execrable, and the chorus simply ridiculous. The two combined would have reduced their excellent conductor, Orsini, to despair, supposing such a thing were at all possible in the case of the conductor of a strolling Italian company, who can adapt himself to everything, and has been subjected to every ordeal. In spite of all obstacles and shortcomings, however, some of the performances, for instance that of *Don Pasquale* with Donizetti's charming music, reminded us, by the merit of some of the artists, as well as the southern warmth and liveliness of the whole representation, of the good times of Italian singing, and afforded a real treat.

By the repetition of his Paris Concerts, Richard Wagner has produced a sensation here also, a fact that was inevitable, considering how the public are so satiated, as I have before mentioned, by the eternal monotony in musical matters. For a considerable length of time, his concerts were the sole topic of discussion in all the local papers, as well as in all the coffeehouses and other places of public resort. The majority of the patrons of music here have left the Future to decide on the real value of Wagner's compositions, although they are convinced the composer is very anxious that his works should be appreciated by the Present.

Good orchestral music is to be heard only at the concerts of the Conservatory, under the direction of M. Fétis. The band has made considerable progress during the past year.

M. Fétis does not, however, confine himself merely to classical masterpieces; so little does he exclude the productions of his contemporaries, that he performs even unpublished overtures and symphonies. It cannot, of course, be asserted that he is invariably lucky in his selection. During the last series of concerts we heard an overture to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, by M. de Hartog, a Dutch composer, who resides in Paris, and composes for his own pleasure — and that of his friends also — and has already published several works. The composition of characteristic overtures to tragedies is something peculiar; the only models of this kind of writing, Beethoven's overtures to *Coriolanus* and *Egmont*, stand too high to be equalled by the efforts of mere talent, and what have we, now-a-days, among composers but talent at the very most?

Herr Meyenne, one of Fétis' newest pupils, may also, by the way, lay claim to the possession of this quality. He has now come forward, although somewhat tardily, with an unpublished symphony. It was successful, as was likewise, and perhaps more deservedly, a symphony by Samuel, which contains a great deal of originality.

There was a remarkable performance, at the last concert of the Conservatory, of the finale to the second act of *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Irritated at the mutilation of this magnificent piece of composition at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, Fétis determined to let the public of Brussels — that is to say, the "small Parisian" public — hear what was the real effect of it when played as Mozart wrote it, and he succeeded completely in carrying out his intention.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The first of the two farewell performances of Mad. Clara Novello, announced to take place at the Crystal Palace, previous to her final retirement from public life, came off on Wednesday, and attracted a large audience, the number of visitors approximating to thirteen thousand. At half-crown prices of admission so great a crowd at this period of the year proved the immense popularity of the singer, or, at all events, an almost universal desire to hear her for the last time. The performance consisted of the *Creation*, Mad. Novello—who, by the way, sang the music of Eve in the third part, usually allotted to a second soprano—having for her coadjutors Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Weiss. The band and chorus together numbered about two thousand five hundred, a powerful force, doubtless, but by no means too powerful to create an effect in the central transept of the Crystal Palace. Mr. H. Blagrove was at the head of the instruments, and the regiment under his command was a capital effective working body. The chorus consisted of the Vocal Association, with draughts from the Sacred Harmonic Society and other choral institutions. The whole was placed under the direction of Mr. Benedict, so that nothing was wanting to insure a first-rate performance. The general execution was for the most part irreproachable, but Haydn's drawing-room oratorio failed to produce any marked sensation. Even the choruses, "The heavens are telling," and "Achieved is the glorious work," which almost invariably strike an audience as with a hammer, passed off with the faintest possible applause. The solos alone created anything like enthusiasm; and indeed the highest amount of excitement was justified in the case of Mad. Novello, whose singing of "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," was literally transcendent. "To hear Mad. Novello sing 'With verdure clad,'" as a fluent reporter of the Worcester Festival in a daily contemporary expressed himself, "was worth a long journey and much treasure." More exquisite, refined, and finished singing we never listened to. Mr. Wilbye Cooper was warmly applauded for his careful reading of "In native worth;" and Mr. Weiss, in the two bass airs, "Rolling in foaming billows" and "Now Heav'n in fullest glory shone," displayed his fine voice and manly style to eminent advantage. To-day the *Messiah* will be given for the second farewell performance of Mad. Clara Novello, who will be assisted in the solo vocal department by Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Santley, and Weiss.

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM — the popular Irish comedian, formerly belonging to the Covent Garden company under Mad. Vestris, and to the Olympic under the same manageress—commences an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday, October 8, in an original three-act comedy, writen by himself.

MANCHESTER—MAD. JULLIEN'S CONCERT AT THE FREE-TRADE HALL.—On Saturday last, the public of Manchester had an opportunity of hearing, for the last time, we believe, the fine band which, under the magical influences of M. Jullien, for so long a time delighted the ears of the English public. Prince George Galitzin (who assumed the conductorship) could not feel other than satisfied at the welcome bestowed upon him and the compositions of which he is the author, one of which, the "Surprise" Polka, was given with such startling and emphatic precision as to secure for it the honour of an encore, as hearty as could be desired. The solo singers were Miss Poole, Miss Dyer, and Mr. Henry Haigh—old favourites in Manchester—all of whom well sustained their reputation. During the evening, the choir, which has been trained by Mr. D. W. Banks, gave two illustrations of sacred art which were new to Manchester—a Russian chorus, very graceful in its movements, by Bortniansky, and a more weighty composition by Prince George Galitzin, "Sancta Maria." Amongst the pleasant performances by the choir of the Saturday Evening Concerts on this occasion was one we cannot overlook. At the commencement of the evening, Mr. Dixon, a member of the choir, appeared before the audience, and on behalf of the choir presented Mr. Banks with an ivory bâton, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to D. W. Banks, Esq., by the members of the choir of the Saturday Evening Concerts, as a testimonial of their respect and esteem.—Manchester, September 15, 1860." The bâton was a beautiful example of workmanship, from the establishment of Messrs. Ollivant and Botsford. The concert for this (Saturday) evening will, we may remark, be of unusual interest, and will bring before the public of Manchester not one only, but many of the most eminent artists in Europe.—*Manchester Weekly Times.*

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.—It is a well-known fact that the words of the above song, which during the last few years has enjoyed a new career of publicity, were set to music by Queen Hortense. It is not, however, so generally known, perhaps, that

the [instrumentation of the song was the work of an artist still living, very advanced in age, but still hale and hearty, in Germany. The ducal Capellmeister at Gotha, L. Drouet—a near relation of the postmaster at St. Menehould, who recognised and arrested the fugitive Louis XVI.—was, in his youth, a member of the band at the court of the King of Holland, and for some time music-master of Prince Louis, now Emperor of the French. It was he who scored the above song, since become so celebrated. The Emperor has not forgotten his former master, to whom, some year or two back, he forwarded a valuable golden snuff-box, set with brilliants.

The Theatres.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A short extravagant farce, founded on a French vaudeville (*Un Tigre de Bengale*, we believe) and entitled *Savage as a Bear*, has been produced at this house. The plot rests altogether on the unreasonable jealousy of a certain Gregory Griffin (Mr. F. Robinson), who insists on tormenting himself and everybody around him by suspecting that Mr. Jujubes (Mr. H. Wigan), his opposite neighbour, smokes cigars and arranges mignonette for no other purpose than that of carrying on a telegraphic flirtation with Mrs. Griffin (Miss Marston). The lady makes matters worse by addressing a letter to the reputed libertine, requesting him to desist from his harmless practices, for Jujubes coming over the way, in the belief that the letter is a hoax, nearly falls into the clutches of the terrible Griffin. The wife, anxious for nothing but peace and quietness, is perpetually concealing her innocent but timid visitor from her enraged husband; but, as the unfortunate Jujubes never hides without leaving behind him some light article, such as a stick, a hat, or a shoe, he forms an ever-lengthening chain of presumptive evidence which renders Griffin more frantic than ever, till at last, discovering the innocence of Jujubes, he becomes equally extravagant in his demonstrations of friendship. The harmless, timid, civil nature of the persecuted Jujubes is represented with much characteristic humour by Mr. Horace Wigan (the adapter of the piece), and there is a blunt, bustling abigail, loyal in the service of her mistress, who is very well played by Mrs. Emden. But the jealous husband, who is, after all, the main personage of the piece, is scarcely to be rendered palateable by any artist who lacks the genius of a Robson, and Mr. F. Robinson in essaying a part altogether out of his line makes an exhibition of mere force that is neither natural nor effective. The success of the piece is moderate.

STRAND THEATRE.—Messrs. Yates and Harrington have concocted an obstreperous little piece which, with the title *Hit him—he has no Friends*, brings the entertainments at the Strand Theatre to a noisy conclusion. Mr. James Rogers enacts a gentleman of extremely nervous temperament who has fallen into dire misfortunes from the fact that he bears the same name as a wicked personage whose desertion of his wife and children is recorded in the daily papers. The lady to whom he pays his addresses indignantly rejects him, her brother is ever watchful to exterminate him in single combat, a magistrate is prompt with a warrant for his apprehension, and the people of the country inn where he seeks a refuge from persecution attribute to lunacy the excited state of his feelings. The force of the piece consists in the reckless oddity of the dialogue and the hearty self-abandonment of Mr. James Rogers to his manifold miseries. It was completely successful.

DINNER TO MR. BUCKSTONE.—The members of the Haymarket company, in return for a similar invitation given to them a few weeks ago, invited their esteemed and respected manager to a dinner on the 9th inst. Mr. Chippendale, stage-manager, was in the chair, with Mr. Charles Mathews facing him, and amongst the few visitors invited were Mr. Benjamin Webster and Mr. Robert Keeley. As the dinner was entirely of a private nature, we need only record that the numerous toasts and speeches pleasantly commemorated the harmony that has reigned throughout the establishment for so long a period, and that the health of Mr. Buckstone elicited one of the heartiest responses of the evening. The festal accompaniments reflected the highest credit on the taste and judgment of Mr. Wylde, Proprietor of the *Café de l'Europe*, and showed to every advantage the excellent *cuisine* and vinous resources of that popular refectory.

THE LIBERATOR AND THE LEVELLER.—We hear from Paris that great preparations are being made for the production of *Tannhäuser* at the Grand Opera. The only person in Paris, to judge from the newspapers, who likes Herr Wagner's music (of which specimens, it may be remembered, were presented to the Parisians a few months since in a series of some half dozen concerts) is the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor has had several interviews with Herr Wagner, and the result is that he is charmed with his music; though it is scarcely probable that at these interviews Herr Wagner either sang or played to his Majesty. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to know that Herr Wagner is charmed with the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor has directed that no expense shall be spared in putting *Tannhäuser* on the stage in a style worthy of the great Republican and German Unitarian who composed it; and Herr Wagner has shown his appreciation of the great Liberator of oppressed nationalities by introducing into his perfect chrysolite of an opera the meretricious and altogether foreign element of a ballet, so as to qualify it for production at the Académie. This is very civil on both sides; and, even if *Tannhäuser* does not succeed in Paris (which, however, it *must* do if enough money is spent on it), the French Emperor will be sure to have some sort of success in Germany—that is to say, among the party to which Herr Wagner belongs, and over which he has an influence which will not appear unaccountable to those who have read any of his writings. We wonder what Napoleon I. would have thought of Herr Wagner's operas—supposing that he had heard them at a moment when there was no question about the possession of the Rhine country. He liked Méhul's *Irato*, which was written in the Italian style, but not Méhul's other operas; and, when he was asked why he had not appointed Cherubini director of his concerts, replied—ignorantly, but with a meaning that some will understand—that it was "because he liked music, and not noise." It suits Napoleon III. just now to pretend that he likes noise, not music. However, we will say no more about *Tannhäuser* until it is brought out at the Royal English Opera—which, it is said now, will open the first week in October. *Illustrated Times.*

POETRY *v.* PROSE.

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is the only thorough musician engaged; and although so much responsibility hangs on his shoulders, he is considered nobody with the public, and not being an attraction equal to the vocalists, because classical instrumental music is little understood in such places, he is sometimes slighted and underrated by his employer, both in importance and his terms, occasioning *him* who does the most work to be the worst paid.

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THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondents.)

NORWICH, *Sept.* 22.

THE 13th Triennial Musical Festival of Norfolk and Norwich has fully maintained the right of the East Anglian capital to rank among the most eminently musical cities of Great Britain. The successful production of two new works of pretensions like Herr Molique's oratorio of *Abraham* and Mr. Benedict's *cantata*—or, as the composer styles it, "lyric legend"—of *Undine*, would alone have sufficed to commemorate the present anniversary as one of the most remarkable since the birth of the festival. It is by such bold and enterprising policy that the Norwich music-meetings have been able to preserve their ascendancy, and keep up a fair show of rivalry against all competitors, not excepting even the formidable assemblages at Birmingham. We cannot but think that one new oratorio for the morning, and one new *cantata*, symphony, or other important composition for the evening, should be provided on every great occasion. The remaining performances might be exclusively devoted to acknowledged masterpieces, in the presentation of which no risk whatever is incurred. This is not the first time by many that Norwich has set so good an example. Its motto would seem to be "Nothing venture, nothing gained." By similar enterprise Birmingham got *Elijah;* and though a second *Elijah* is not probable, it is, at the same time, not impossible. Mr. Benedict, conductor of the festival, has always been an advocate for the introduction of novelty into the programmes; and here, as elsewhere, he enjoys the hearty co-operation of Mr. Roger Kerrison, one of the hon. secretaries, the most active, zealous, indefatigable member of the Committee of Management, of which the Earl of Albemarle and Dr. Copeman are chairmen, Messrs. Kellett Long and Hay Gurney sub-chairmen, Mr. F. J. Blake treasurer, and Messrs. Kerrison and J. B. Morgan hon. secretaries—altogether an intelligent and thoroughly efficient working body.

The very inconvenient hour at which the express leaves for London from this ancient and thriving, but to all intents and purposes out-of-the-way city, acts as a stumbling-block in the path of those whose duty it is to forward daily reports of the festival performances. The oratorios terminate on the average about 3 p.m., and the last train by which parcels can reach the metropolis on the same day starts at 3·20. Cathedral towns are not invariably prone to expeditious liveliness in the matter of communication with other parts of the world. Some of them rather discourage than promote frequent and easy intercourse with strangers, and seem to regard the encroachments of commerce and manufactures with suspicion. But Norwich has never been envious of the reputation of a dull cathedral close, a snug roosting-place for Dean and Chapter, a lounge for fat prebendaries, lay clerks, and minor canons. On the contrary, although with some 40 churches, to a population not far exceeding 60,000, it has an eye to business, and is generally looked upon as a shrewd and bustling town. But even from Worcester, Hereford, and Glocester, there is a late "express" at a practicable hour; and, while Glocester may transmit lamperns and Severn-salmon up till 5 p.m., not a Yarmouth bloater, much less a musical report of the festival, can leave Norwich for London after 3·20. Whether the fault lies with the railway companies, two of which are tributary to the Wensum and the Yare, or is due to the apathetic indifference of the inhabitants of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft, we are not in a position to say. Under the circumstances, just as a "bird's-eye" view of the city of Norwich was taken the other day from the end of Castle-hill, so a "bird's-eye" retrospect of the performances hitherto unnoticed must be taken from the end of Festival-week.

The most important feature at the second evening concert was Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, which was quite as successful as at Worcester, and even better executed. Had it been his own composition, Mr. Benedict could not have taken more pains to secure a correct and effective performance. Almost for the first time in our remembrance *all* the choruses were well rendered, not excepting even "O melancholy plight" and "Ill-fated boy." To dilate upon the perfect manner in which the music of the May Queen, the Lover, and Robin Hood was delivered by Mad. Novello, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss would be merely a repetition of the praises bestowed on their joint achievements at Worcester; we have only, therefore, to pass a word of unqualified commendation upon Miss Palmer, who gave the contralto music of the Queen of England with an emphasis and dramatic expression which left nothing to desire. This charming pastoral has now been performed at four of the great provincial music-meetings (Leeds, Glocester, Worcester, and Norwich); it is already, we understand, set down by Mr. Townshend Smith for Hereford next year; and when Mr. Costa has introduced it at Birmingham and Bradford it will, to use a quaint but not inappropriate phrase, have "achieved the nimbus"—in other language, made the circuit of the Festivals. At the same concert the foreign Opera-singers appeared and again won laurels:—Mlle. Titiens in "Non mi dir;" Mad. Borghi-Mamo in the romance from *Otello* (harp, Mr. Trust); Signor Giuglini in "M'appari, tutt'amor;" Signor Belletti in an air from one of the Italian operas of Buononcini (Handel's rival in London—the lesser hero of Swift's "Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee"); and the four "*ensemble*" in the graceful quartet, "Buona notte," from the second act of M. Flotow's *Martha*, which last was redemanded. There was a regular shower of ballads—Mad. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, and Santley, each contributing a specimen—all of them well sung, but only two—Mr. Wallace's "Bell-ringer," and Mr. Macfarren's "Ah! why do we love?" (Mr. Santley and Mad. Weiss)—possessing intrinsic merit. There were also excerpts from the Worcester Festival, in the shape of the eternal "Robert, toi que j'aime" (Mad. Novello), the quiet duet from *Il Flauto Magico* (Mr. and Mad. Weiss), &c. Mr. Pierson had another part-song—"To arms"—not so vigorous and spirited, perhaps, as "Ye mariners of England," but sung by the chorus with equal energy, and applauded by the audience with almost equal vehemence. Mr. Pierson is from Norfolk, we believe; but whether this or the patriotic tone of the words selected for his part-songs had most to do with the remarkable success obtained by both of them we cannot pretend to decide. They are certainly meritorious, but their merits seemed hardly commensurate with the plaudits elicited. Annexed are the words of "To arms!"

"Our swords we'll unsheath for the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high,
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crush'd in its ruins to die.
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

"'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust—
God bless the green isle of the brave!
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust
It would rouse the old dead from their grave.
Then rise, fellow-freemen, &c.

"In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
Profaning its loves and its charms;
Shall a foe dare insult the lov'd fair at our side?
To arms! oh my country, to arms!
Then rise, fellow-freemen, &c.

"Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen? No!
His head *to the sword* shall be given;
A *death-bed* repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven.
Then rise, fellow-freemen." &c.

The second and third lines of the last stanza may be somewhat difficult to reconcile; but the sentiment, which, after all, was the important point, enlisted the sympathies of every hearer. An English Weber to set our patriotic songs in chorus would not be unwelcome just now. Some instrumental solos agreeably relieved the vocal programme. M. Sainton, on the violin, played his own *fantasia* on *Lucrezia Borgia* with wonderful fire and brilliancy; Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Benedict gave Mr. Osborne's duet on the *Huguenots* for two pianofortes, with entire success; and the lady selected as a solo the universally popular "Home, sweet home," of which a local paper (the *Norfolk News*) speaks in the terms subjoined:—

"Arabella Goddard also sang 'Home, sweet home,' not to, but upon the pianoforte, for it was literally singing, with the addition of Thalberg's miraculous accompaniment. Nothing would satisfy the audience but an encore, when she favoured them with 'The last rose of summer.'

This lady's execution, perfect and astonishing as it is, is not so great a charm as the soul with which it is animated."

The second part of the concert was to have begun with Haydn's symphony, No. 6, and to have terminated with Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*; but, by some unexplained process, Haydn's symphony was metamorphosed into Weber's overture (a lamb into a lion) and Weber's overture to Bishop's "Tramp" chorus (a lion into a mouse). We presume that at the eleventh hour the programme was found too long. Nevertheless, the changes should not have been made without a word to the audience; and, as a short speech from Mr. Benedict—who is idolised at Norwich just as Mr. Costa is idolised at Birmingham and Professor Bennett at Leeds—never fails to be well received by the audience, a short speech would have been a graceful condescension on this occasion. At the third and last evening concert Mr. Benedict's *Undine* was produced with unequivocal success. The following outline of the story—altered and compressed from a carefully-made analysis of the different pieces comprised in the Festival programme—may serve to afford the reader a tolerably correct notion of what Mr. Benedict has so happily set to music:—

"Undine, a water spirit, has left her home for the sake of Hildebrand, lord of a castle on the banks of the Danube. Kühleborn, kinsman of Undine, disapproves her attachment, suspecting that the mortal lover will prove unfaithful. Nor are his suspicions ill-founded, for Hildebrand no sooner returns to his castle, than, forgetting Undine, he espouses a lady named Bertalda. To avenge this slight to his race, Kühleborn summons the spirits of the waters, who destroy the castle and its owners, while Undine bewails the fate of her lover. In order to render the contrast between the two female characters complete, Bertalda is supposed to be a lady of rank, and not, as in La Motte Fouqué's tale, the daughter of a fisherman. After an instrumental prelude the *cantata* begins with a chorus of water spirits, bewailing the loss of Undine. This is interrupted by a bass solo for Kühleborn, who explains the cause of her absence. The burden is then taken up again, and the whole concludes with the antiphonal chorus, describing the life of the Naiads—

"Ancient Nereus' daughters,
Who, free from care and strife,
In their sparkling grottoes dwell,
Listening to the Triton's shell"—

in which (for the first time) men's voices are introduced. A colloquy, in recitative between Hildebrand and Undine is succeeded by an air for the latter, explaining to her lover the supernatural attributes that may probably one day deprive her of his affection, and accompanied by a chorus of invisible spirits for women's voices. A short trio between the lovers and the incredulous Kühleborn conducts us to a scene and air for Hildebrand, who dwells on the happiness he would have found with Undine, in a slow movement. A march heard in the distance, announcing the arrival of Bertalda, however, changes the course of his reflections, and in an 'allegro' he expresses his determination to free himself from the trammels of ignoble repose, and following his destiny henceforth lead the life of a knight and hero. The march, which had been faintly heard during Hildebrand's air, now approaches. Bertalda arrives, and is hailed with an epithalamium. In an air she describes her anticipations of happiness as future mistress of the castle; and this leads to a short duet in which Bertalda and Hildebrand exchange mutual words of affection. Undine, however, suddenly appears, and a quartet ensues, in which the water spirit in despairing accents announces her willingness to renounce Hildebrand, if he, on the other hand, will abandon Bertalda: while Bertalda treats the unwelcome intruder with scorn and contempt, Hildebrand himself is divided between a feeling of remorse and his love for Bertalda; and Kühleborn vows vengeance for the insult. The quartet gives way to a bass air, with chorus of ocean spirits, who, at the summons of Kühleborn, bring death and destruction upon all the inmates of the castle. Undine is then carried away by her companions, bewailing the fate of her lover, and lamenting that her immortality prevents her from sharing it. The sound of her voice grows fainter and fainter, till at length, as she gradually retreats to her watery home, it melts into silence, and the 'cantata' terminates. Her parting words are worth quoting:—

"Bright green earth, farewell, farewell.
Now I seek my distant cell,
There, beneath the waters deep,
O'er my short-lived joys to weep,
For in death I may not sleep,
Thou art happier far than I,
Dearest, would that I could die!"

The libretto of *Undine* is in its way perfect. Not only is the tory well conducted, but the ideas are poetical and the versification admirable. Mr. Benedict has set it to music *con amore*. He must, indeed, have been enamoured with his subject, or he could not have illustrated it so felicitously. The overture is a masterpiece of fairy music, as delicately instrumented as it is beautifully conceived. The opening chorus of naiads (or "nixes," or "daughters of old Nereus"—or what we will), and all that follows in the scene with Kühleborn is highly picturesque, the whole possessing, moreover, the unusual merit of being an imitation neither of Weber's *Oberon* nor of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Undine's song, "Mark the waves that rippling play" (of which we are loth not to reprint the words), is just such a graceful inspiration as one might imagine would flow from the lips of the water-nymph—that is, supposing her to be a songstress, like Weber's pet mermaid. The little trio (a round, or canon), for Kühleborn and the lovers, keeps up the spirit of what precedes it, and clearly marks the distinction between the various personages. The next scene, in which Hildebrand's apostrophe to Undine is interrupted by the arrival of Bertalda (announced by the march—a capital march, by the way), and the tender strains of the ballad, "From worldly cares and toils afar," give way to the energetic war song, "Loud sounds the trumpet," is as vigorously imagined as it is artistically executed; the wedding-chorus "Hail to the noble pair," appropriately jubilant and exhilarating, is well carried out by Bertalda's air "The baron's old castle looks proud and bright," in which the haughty maiden exults in the dream of her approaching destiny. Though brief and unpretending, the duet between bride and bridegroom—"Happy day"—is not the less engaging; while the quartet that succeeds it, in which the conflicting emotions of Undine, Bertalda, Hildebrand and Kühleborn are portrayed—is not merely an ingenious composition in an abstract musical sense, but exhibits that power of contrasting while combining—making an harmonious whole, in short, out of conflicting parts—which is one of the rarest and most enviable gifts in a composer. The finale, involving the vengeance of Kühleborn and the destruction of Hildebrand and Bertalda, is of a piece with the rest, as dramatic and forcible as anything in the *cantata*. The performance of *Undine* was such as to confer honour alike upon chorus, band, and principal singers—Mad. Novello (Undine), Miss Palmer (Bertalda), Mr. Sims Reeves (Hildebrand), and Mr. Weiss (Kühleborn)—who all did their utmost to show their high esteem for the conductor of the Norwich Festival, and to ensure an adequate appreciation for his new work. We cannot enter into details, but must especially mention Mad. Novello's sweet warbling of the delicious melody, "Mark the waves that rippling play;" Miss Palmer's excellent singing of Bertalda's air; the spirit and energy that distinguished Mr. Weiss's delivery of Kühleborn's solo about "love;" and the superb declamation of Mr. Sims Reeves in the war-song of Hildebrand, which was the more remarkable from its immediate contrast with the amatory effusion (the apostrophe to Undine) that goes before. Had Mr. Benedict wished to provide Mr. Reeves with an opportunity of displaying his equal excellence in two styles essentially opposed to each other he could hardly have written anything more to the purpose. Last not least, the execution of the overture by the band cannot be too unreservedly eulogised. Orchestral playing more delicate and subdued, and at the same time more nicely distinguished for the accurate observance of light and shade, has rarely been heard. The *cantata* was rapturously applauded, and at the end Mr. Benedict was called for unanimously and greeted with an enthusiastic demonstration.

The remainder of the concert does not call for many words. Among the vocal features were "Qui sola, vergin rosa," which, on being encored, Mlle. Titiens metamorphosed into "The last rose of summer;" a romance by Mercadante, which Signor Giuglini is accustomed to interpolate in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and which he was now compelled by general desire to sing twice; Hoel's romance in *Dinorah* (act iii.), which no one sings more admirably than Mr. Santley; "Batti, batti," by Mad. Novello, with Signor Piatti at the violoncello, a faultless combination of voice and instrument, as may be readily divined; "O mio Fernando" (*La Favorita*), Mad. Borghi-Mamo's execution of which needs no eulogy; the florid air from *Il Seraglio*, given by Signor Belletti better, if possible, than at Worcester; two new ballads, "The

winds that waft" (Wallace) and "The slave's dream" (Weiss), both so well sung, the first by Mr. Wilbye Cooper, the last by Mr. Weiss himself, that the maxim (recently enforced by circumstances), "In the multitude of ballads is not music," did not present itself to the mind; Spohr's delicate romance of the Rose (*Azor and Zemira*), by Mad. Weiss; "Come into the garden, Maud," which, in spite of the emphatic demand of the audience, the discreet Mr. Sims Reeves could not be prevailed upon to repeat; the sparkling "*brindisi*" from *Lucrezia*, by Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and two duets, one from the *Trovatore* (by Mad. Borghi-Mamo and Mr. Sims Reeves), the other from *Il Turco in Italia* (by Signor Belletti and Mr. Santley, both sung to perfection, both unanimously encored, but the first only repeated. The instrumental displays were the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, by the band; Ernst's enormously difficult *fantasia* on the march and willow-song in *Otello*, by Mr. Blagrove; and the variations and *finale* of Hummell's celebrated Septet for pianoforte (Miss Arabella Goddard), flute (Mr. Pratten), oboe (Mr. Barret), horn (Mr. Charles Harper), violin (Mr. Sainton), viola (Mr. Webb), and double-bass (Mr. Howell)—all first-class performances, and the last so well received by the audience as to justify the belief that Hummel's fine work might safely have been presented without curtailment, at the expense of two or three sentimental ballads which no one would have missed. St. Andrew's-hall was "crammed to suffocation" (*sic*), and in consequence of almost everybody being either encored or summoned back the duration of the concert was protracted until midnight.

The *Messiah* need only be named. All the principal singers took part in it—that is all the English singers, the foreigners (Titens, Borghi-Mamo, Giuglini, and Belletti) have taken their departure. With all respect for those accomplished artists, we must add that every one was satisfied: for that no singers understand the music of Handel, and especially of Handel's *Messiah*, so well as our own, cannot, we think, be denied. Had there, however, been a doubt on the subject, it would have been set at rest on this occason by Mesdames Novello and Weiss, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, Santley, Weiss and Santley, who one and all sang their very best. Messrs. Cooper and Santley had comparatively little allotted to them, but with this little they took as much pains as though the entire weight of the oratorio had rested on their shoulders. The choruses were superb, the stupendous "Hallelujah," to which the audience rose, producing an effect difficult to portray, and still more difficult to forget. The band was to match: and the conductor, Mr. Benedict, may comfort himself with the reflection that one of the grandest performances ever heard of the sublimest of all oratorios was given under his direction.

The ball in the evening was a splendid affair. All the beauty of Norfolk (and Norfolk enjoys a great repute in that respect) seemed to have assembled there as an appointed rendezvous. There were upwards of 400 dancers and about 500 lookers-on in the galleries. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and dancing was kept up, to the animating strains of Mr. Weippert's excellent orchestra, until "the small hours" were merging into bigger ones, and daylight began to pale the illuminated windows of St. Andrew's Hall. It is calculated that the receipts of this festival will, after some expected donations have come to hand, exceed those of 1857 by nearly 1,000*l*., so that the "guarantees" may button up their pockets without the risk of being accused of stinginess; and although the expenses are stated to be considerably above 4,000*l*., the charities *must* get something worth accepting. The inhabitants of Norwich have bestirred themselves on this occasion with more spirit than usual. The Mayor (Mr. J. H. Tillett), among others, by his personal example and assistance, has contributed materially to the successful result. Having expressed a wish that the advantage of hearing some good music should be extended to the humbler classes, he has been able to make arrangements with the architect to restore the galleries which which were removed for the ball, and on Monday and Tuesday he intends to give a musical treat to the school children of Norwich. The members of the Norwich Choral Society, greatly to their credit, have offered their gratuitous assistance; and Dr. Buck, to whom the noted efficiency of the cathedral services in Norwich owes so much, has consented to preside at the organ. It is expected there will be about 2,500 children to each performance. The programe will include, among other things, "Before Jehovah's awful Throne," in which the children are to take part, and selections from the *Messiah* and the *Creation*. Befitting climax to a festival! The following table (just made out) will afford some general idea of the comparative results, in a pecuniary sense, of the meetings of 1857 and 1860:—

	Total Numbers.	Receipts in 1860.			Receipts in 1857.		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Monday evening	1,044	322	15	0			
Tuesday evening. . . .	674	401	12	6	592	10	0
Wednesday morning. .	973	645	4	6	630	11	6
Wednesday evening . .	1,329	746	11	0	515	4	0
Thursday morning. . .	815	494	11	0	621	1	6
Thursday evening . . .	1,345	790	13	0	893	11	0
Friday morning	1,662	1,055	5	0	851	11	6
Totals	7,842	£4,456	12	0	£3,604	9	6

The policy of introducing new works is not henceforth likely to be questioned after the success of *Abraham* and *Undine*. And now that the festival is over, it only remains for us to thank Mr. Roger Kerrison, in the name of the London press, for his unceasing courtesy and politeness, and to congratulate Mr. Benedict not merely upon the deserved success of the musical performances, but upon the admirable organisation which allowed every wheel in the machinery of this immense undertaking to move freely, and to do its work efficiently. With such competent assistants and "*devanciers*," as Mr. Harcourt (organist), Mr. Bray (leader at the rehearsals). Mr. T. F. Hill (chorus-master), and—why should his name not be added, since without a librarian there would be no music, and without music there could be no festival?—Mr. Goodwin, the labours of the conductor were materially lightened, and the efficacy of his ultimate superintendence made doubly efficacious.

NOT MERELY GIFTED, BUT CONSCIENTIOUS.—Mad. Novello as she always does, took infinite pains, and with great beauty of tone, and that polished elocution and faultless execution which has made her an example worthy of the imitation of all rising professors. Whatever Mad. Novello undertakes to do, whether for the pleasure of the most illustrious, or the least elevated, she always has regard to the honour of the art, and of the composer whose work she is the exemplar, and of her own great fame. Mad. Novello never loses sight of these, as we conceive, most important points; important not only as regards the credit of the artist individually, but as regards the character of a profession which Mad. Novello adorns and elevates in every relation of life, as well as by her great intellectual ability and highest musical attainments. And it is the loss of these at a time when all these powers are in their vigour, which deepens the regret at hearing that this is the last occasion when all these attributes and acquirements are to confer upon those who admire such powers, such pleasure as Mad. Novello produces. To listen to her rich and liquid tone, so pure and bright, is of itself intense pleasure. It is, however, decided as that Clara Novello is soon to be no more heard by the public. Those who look at this determination as more than a mere passing thought, will see that the same admirable good sense and appreciation of her fame as one of the finest of English vocalists that has ever adorned the wonderful art of whose beauties she undertook to be a demonstrator, has guided Mad. Novello in the decision to retire. When she has retired she will leave behind her recollections of her cultivated powers that in no way indicate, that

> "The brightest and the dearest,
> All that's bright must fade."

But that she retires with her laurels as unfaded, and her intellectual and vocal powers as versatile and as unrivalled as she herself could desire them to be in the memory of the living, and in the universal records of her time. This Festival may be her last in Norwich, we hope it will be "her blithest," and that Countess Guilichi will long adorn her name and her happy home with those who are to her dearest and best beloved.—*Norfolk News.*

MOLIQUE'S "ABRAHAM."

(To the Editor.)

As the description of the book of Herr Molique's *Abraham*, which was published at Norwich shortly before the Musical Festival, has been imputed to me by one of the local newspapers; as it has been a good deal quoted; and as one particular passage in it has been dissented from both by yourself and by *The Times*, I trust you will allow me space for a short explanation, which I think you will find to be needed under the circumstances of the case.

Some time since I was requested by one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Festival Committee to write an analysis of the oratorio of *Abraham*, after the manner of one which I had done many years ago of the music of Haydn's *Creation*. This I at once declined, thinking that it would be a piece of presumption on my part, and of unfairness both to the composer and to the public, to criticise music which had never been publicly performed. Being much pressed, however, I consented to do what I could to call attention to the work. It then occurred to me that this would best be done by giving an analysis of the story, as found in the book of words. I accordingly accomplished this task as well as I was able, pointing out what I conceived to be the merits and defects of the book, and stating the evidence upon which my opinions had been founded. Being doubtful whether my paper would suit the object in view, I stated, upon sending it in, that I should not be in the least hurt by its rejection, but that if it were accepted, it must be printed *verbatim et literatim*. This condition was consented to, and I dismissed the matter from my mind.

Some time after, I was told that objections had been made to several of my remarks upon *Abraham*, but that if I would consent to the excision of about a line, to which my attention was called, the rest of the paper should stand as I had written it. Though I would rather have had it returned than tinkered with, I acceded to this alteration. Judge, then, of my surprise at finding, when the paper came out, that not only had two or three interpolations been made, but that *sixty MS. lines of criticism had been altogether expunged!* This quite altered the character of the thing, and rendered it in my eyes worthless. One of the interpolations represents me as *believing* that the composer of *Abraham* was also the compiler of the book. Now, I had not the most distant idea that such was the case; if I had, I should have alluded to it in a very different way. I think that the knowledge of our translation of the Bible, shown by the compiler of the book, is something wonderful for a foreigner, and I should certainly have said so. Much as I felt vexed at the treatment which my paper had received, I resolved to submit to it in silence. But when I found, first *The Times*, and then THE MUSICAL WORLD, mistaking the drift of one passage, clearly for want of the light which would have been thrown upon it by others, which had been suppressed without my knowledge or consent, I thought it time to say a word of expostulation. However, as no man is a judge of what is fitting in his own case, if you think what I have here said to be uncalled for, you are at liberty to suppress it, and I shall trouble you no further on the subject. I only ask you, as an indifferent person, to put yourself for a moment in my place, and to do as you may think you would wish to be done by.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOS. D. EATON.

Norwich, 1st October, 1860.

MOLIQUE'S "ABRAHAM."

From "The Morning Post."

THE great event of the festival has been of course the production of Herr Molique's oratorio of *Abraham*, and as our notices of that important work have been necessarily brief, we will now offer some further remarks upon it.

The opening chorus, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord," with its short but grand introduction, reveals to us at once the powers of Herr Molique as a musician of the first class. The tenors give out in unison a theme which is immediately after taken up by the full chorus, the words being "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord," the theme originally assigned to the tenors being now partially imitated by the sopranos in the third above. In the construction of music of this description the choice of a *motivo* is of the first importance. The composer has to aim at simplicity; and although rhythmical accent must be sufficiently marked, closes are to be avoided as much as possible. Thus the *connoisseur* will observe with pleasure how careful Herr Molique has been in the construction of the subject — short as it is — which opens this chorus, and how surely he calculated upon the profitable use that might subsequently be made of it. There is no modulation, but the termination of the theme on the third of the key keeps the ear sufficiently expectant of something to follow. Apparently trifling things like this are of the first importance in the construction of a long continuous piece of music. After a soft and tranquil second part, which reposes chiefly on the dominant harmony, the first *motivo* reappears, and is conducted through various modulations and forms of free imitation with masterly skill up to the commencement of a spirited quick movement on the words, "For he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water. His leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." For this song of rejoicing Herr Molique has written a strict fugue in four parts, with brilliant and beautiful accompaniments in free, florid counterpoint. The subject given out by the basses, and then repeated in the most orthodox fashion in respective succession by tenors, altos, and sopranos, is bold, striking, and simple enough for even unpractised ears to follow and recognise it through all the many convolutions to which it is subjected. The entrance of the answer (a somewhat critical point) is, we need scarcely say, managed in the best possible way. Nobody, we would presume, would expect to find a musician like Herr Molique upon the fatal "bridge," the "*pons asinorum*," where destitute contrapuntists are apt to seek refuge from the difficulties of their position. No! here is no cobbling together of subject and answer, no "*Schusterfleck*" (as old Albrechtsberger called such things), but a genuine and natural exhibition of skill, such as we do not always find even in fugues belonging to very celebrated oratorios of the present day, whose famous authors have not entirely despised the "bridge." But the fugue goes on as well as it begins, and through a long and masterly development — charmingly relieved by episodes and accessory ideas — a close, vigorous *stretto* and an energetic *coda*, progresses grandly to the final chord.

Immediately after this fine Hymn of Praise, the "action" of the oratorio commences with a tenor solo. The *recitant* (tenor voice) tells us with appropriate dignity how Abraham has been commanded by the Almighty to depart into the land of Canaan. Abraham now gives vent to his feelings of gratitude and adoration in a smoothly-flowing, fervent, and dignified air in G major, common time. We have spoken already on a former occasion of the great beauty of this song: — "Lead me, O Lord, lead me in thy righteousness," and described it as one of the very best solo pieces in the oratorio. How charmingly simple and melodious is the first strain; how graceful and interesting the florid accompaniment to the second strain beginning, "I will fear no evil;" how admirable for contrast to the sustained beauties of the first and second strains is the third *gang-artige* part, where the voice divides melodic phrases with the accompaniments; and how fresh and charming (though the thing is quite simple) is the return to the first subject through the chords of the seventh on B natural, E minor, the seventh on A natural, and the seventh on D natural to the common chord of G. There is certainly nothing at all new in this progression. The manner in which it is employed makes all the effect. The instrumentation, too, for flute, two clarionets, one bassoon, two violas, string basses, and solo violoncello, is throughout original as it is masterly and beautiful. The *recitant* now describes how "Abraham took Sarah his wife, and Lot his brother, and all their substance, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran, and departed." This leads to a beautiful quartet in B flat for the principal voices, "Go in peace, before the Lord is thy way," written in the composer's finest and best manner. The *recitant* continues, "And into the land of Canaan they came, and the Lord appeared unto Abraham, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land; and Abraham builded an altar to the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord." Now Abraham sings a song of thanksgiving in E flat — "Lord, my God, thou hast begun to show thy servant thy mercy," with which the prayers and adoration of his people are associated chiefly as responses to the solo voice, in a highly solemn and impressive manner. This is appropriately broad and grand in style from the first note to the last. It is now eloquently told by the reciting tenor-voice how strife arose between the herdmen of Abraham and those of Lot; and an air, in F, for Abraham, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee," follows, than which nothing could be more appealing or more completely to the purpose. Tender and affectionate, yet happy and confiding in character, it expresses most felicitously all the meaning of the words and situation. Abraham never seems to doubt his brother's love; the often-repeated question, "Are we not brethren?" touches the heart, but there is a sweet and loving undercurrent of feeling expressed by the graceful and bright accompaniments, which appear to reflect the rays of life's morning, when Abraham and his brother were too young for ambition's serious strife, and convinces us that there can be but one answer — a very affectionate one — to the question. The conception of this song is poetical as its execution is masterly and beautiful. The following recitative for the tenor voice tells us how the brothers separated. Then comes an air in A minor, also for the tenor voice. The words beginning "Who walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness," convey only moral reflections, which, how-

ever, are perfectly *à propos* to the situation. The distinct and richly-varied part-writing, rhythmical structure, and melodic continuity, remind us a little of Sebastian Bach; but the air is, nevertheless, taken as a whole, one of the most original pieces in the oratorio. We are now told, by "an angel," that the word of God came to Abraham in a vision, saying, "Fear not! I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." Abraham says, "Lord God, what wilt Thou give me, seeing I go childless?" "The angel" replies, in the name of the Lord, that Sarah shall bear a son, and that the seed of Abraham shall be numberless as the stars. Here follows a flowing and eminently graceful hymn of adoration in E, for full chorus, "O how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee." The plain and largely-phrased subject first assigned to the tenors is next repeated by the sopranos an octave higher. Then a second part, begun by the basses, is continued in imitation by the altos. A *tutti* in four parts, on the same subject, succeeds. A new theme, though resembling the first in rhythm, is now heard from the tenors on the words, "Thou hast given them their heart's desire." This is imitated throughout in the second above by the altos. Then fragments of the first subject are introduced in close imitation, and the chorus finishes with the leading theme in full harmony, with a few bars as *coda*. The constantly undulating accompaniment to this chorus is very beautiful, and serves, by its florid character, to set off the plain, stately notes of the vocal subjects to the best possible advantage.

A brief and agitated instrumental *allegro* in C now most expressively announces the arrival of the messenger, who bears the startling news that Lot has been taken prisoner. Abraham instantly determined to rescue his brother, and in a heroic, spirit-stirring recitative calls upon his people to "beat their ploughshares into swords," their "pruning-hooks into spears," and follow him to battle. A grand war song sung in D, with chorus for male voices, "Arise, arise, and let us go by night," sung by Abraham and his adherents, succeeds this exhortation. Then the women offer up their prayers for Abraham's success in a very beautiful chorus in A, "Hear our prayer, O God of our salvation," consisting of a richly harmonical *andante*, quite ethereal in its purity and crystal clearness, a middle movement *più mosso*, on the words "Lord tread down thine enemies," in which the fertile resources of imitative counterpoint are most advantageously employed; a return to the first object with a different (a figurative) accompaniment and an appropriate *coda*. We are now told how Abraham armed his trained servants, and pursued the enemy into Dan, and brought back again his brother and his brother's people. Here occurs the noble march in E flat (a masterpiece in its way) of which we spoke in our first notice; and after a brief recitative, in which Abraham fervently expresses his gratitude for the victory which God has permitted him to gain, the first part of the oratorio concludes most worthily with a superb chorus in F, "Praise ye the Lord, and give thanks to him," one of the largest and most scientific pieces in the score. The massively harmonised melody (reminding us a little of Mendelssohn's famous "Thanks be to God; He loveth the thirsty land") that commences the chorus is presently subjected to the process of partial imitation, with constant modulations in all the voices. Then comes a masterly fugue on the words, "His right hand and his holy right arm has gotten him the victory," the vigorous subject of which, started by the tenors, is successively taken up by the altos, sopranos, and basses; and after a series of close imitations on the pedal bass of the dominant of the key, a return to the first subject again in massive harmony, a magnificent peroration displaying summarily the essential features of the entire piece, brings this majestic and exciting chorus (the orchestral accompaniments to which, written throughout in free, florid counterpoint, are quite equal to the rest of the work) to a splendid termination.

The second part opens with a song of thanksgiving and rejoicing in B flat, "I will extol thee, my God, O King!" It consists of an *allegretto*, in common time, and an *allegro moderato* in three-four measure, which recals slightly to our mind the "Be not afraid" of Mendelssohn. In a recitative for a tenor voice the promises of God to Abraham that Sarah shall become a "mother of nations" is related. A masterly and beautiful trio for alto, tenor, and bass, in E flat, "Let all those rejoice who put their trust in the Lord" (already described in our first notice), follows. An accompanied recitative for the bass voice now reveals the Almighty's intention to destroy the "cities of the plain" for their iniquity; and his wrath is very grandly and terribly expressed in a chorus in C minor, "I will rise up against them;" the *motivo* of which is, however, nearly identical with that of a chorus in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. After this, Abraham, in accompanied recitative, implores the Lord not to destroy the righteous with the wicked, but to spare the city, "if, peradventure, there be fifty righteous within it." This supplication, pleading at last for mercy even for the sake of ten righteous that might be within the city, and the replies of the angel (assigned to a soprano voice), are so well managed as to prove that Herr Molique possesses genuine dramatic feeling and genius for the picturesque in music, beside the other high qualities for which he has so long been particularly celebrated. In a recitative for the alto voice it is now declared that "The Lord looked down from heaven to see if there were any that did understand and seek God," and Herr Molique has sought to express the Divine grief that "There was not one that did good" in a Mendelssohnian but very beautiful and deeply-pathetic song for a contralto voice, "They kept not the law," in F minor. The magnificent chorus in B minor, "And the Lord stretched forth His hand against them," that comes next, was like many other pieces described in our first notice of "Abraham." It is worthy of the greatest masters.

A recitative for the tenor voice next relates that "Sarah bare Abraham a son," and that "Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, which she had born unto Abraham, mocking;" but Sarah's demand for the expulsion of Hagar is expressed in a duet in A minor, "Cast out this bondwoman," a piece of which we have already spoken in terms of enthusiastic admiration. Here is another proof that Herr Molique can be a dramatic as well as what Richard Wagner would call an "absolute" musician. "An angel" then declares in recitative the wish of the Lord with respect to Hagar, and the unhappy mother of Ishmael is accordingly cast forth with her child into the wilderness. Here follows a simple beautiful chorus, "Commit thy way unto the Lord," in which nothing but common chords are employed; but this we noticed sufficiently on a previous occasion. A tenor recitative, preceded by a short instrumental movement that admirably illustrates the sufferings of Hagar in the scorching desert, describes how "the water was spent in the bottle," and "Hagar cast the child under one of the shrubs," intending to abandon him. This is followed by a very pathetic and touching air for Hagar in F sharp minor, "Hear my prayer," the melody of which, however, again betrays the Mendelssohnian influence, to which Herr Molique appears at times to submit *con amore*.

The next recitative relates the mercy of the Almighty to Hagar, and His promises to the forsaken bondwoman respecting her son; and here follows immediately a colossal chorus in D, "Great is the Lord," consisting of an *andante maestoso*, in full choral harmony, with florid accompaniments—a particularly fine fugue, with a superb peroration, in which all the resources of fugal counterpoint, imitation, and modern orchestration are employed with the happiest possible effect. To this also we have already called special attention. In a recitative the angel messenger now delivers to Abraham the Divine command to offer his son Isaac as a burnt-offering in the land of Moriah. The grief and desolation of Abraham are here expressed in an air consisting of an *andante* on the words "My delight is turned into sorrow," *un allegro con fuoco*, "The Lord has turned his hand against me," and a repetition (after a few connecting bars of recitative on the words, "The joy of my heart is ceased") of the first, or rather a portion of the first, movement. This air includes many beauties of a high order, but the key of F minor being used throughout gives a certain monotony to the effect. The following aria in A flat for the tenor voice, "Pour out thy heart before the Lord," is a lovely composition, perfectly Mendelssohnian in phraseology. Of this, too, we spoke in our first notice. In a tenor recitative we now hear that Abraham has made due preparation for the sacrifice of Isaac; and after a short recitative in dialogue between the father and son, Abraham sings a very touching supplicatory song in G minor, "Lord have mercy upon me." The terrible moment is rapidly approaching, and a soprano air for Isaac in A minor, "Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes," followed by a recitative, in which Isaac vainly entreats his father to spare him, sustain the interest, until at length the voice of the angel messenger proclaims the deliverance of both father and son from the awful ordeal to which they were exposed, and the scene terminates joyously with a duet in E for Isaac and Abraham, "It is of the Lord's great mercies that we are not consumed," an admirable piece, which we have already described. After a brief recitative, in which Abraham again expresses his gratitude to God, the oratorio ends with a grand chorus of thanksgiving in C, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord Almighty," in which the composer's powers as a contrapuntist are once more exhibited with the happiest effect.

The latter portion of this very fine work is, regarded from a dramatic point of view, perhaps susceptible of improvement. A little more emotion, energy, and characterisation would, we think, be desirable in the great scenes between Abraham and his son, which move somewhat slowly and heavily along, despite the constant excellence of the music. However, that *Abraham*, as it stands, is the greatest oratorio written since the time of Mendelssohn, we believe no musician will deny; and we sincerely hope that the great success which has attended its production here may lead speedily to a worthy performance of it in the metropolis.

A WATER SERENADE.—At the moment when Mad. Jenny Lind was about to leave Upsala, where she had been staying some time, by the steam packet for Stockholm, a number of students in a small row-boat approached the side of the vessel and began singing a serenade in honour of the celebrated *cantatrice*. Just as the steamer was about to depart the too enthusiastic admirers of the singer, in their eagerness to catch a last glimpse of her, all rushed to one end of the boat, which instantly capsized and soused the whole party in the water. This involuntary bath, however, did not in the least cool the ardour of the young enthusiasts, who held on by the thwarts of the boat and continued their serenade as if nothing had occurred. One of the students, who could not find room for his grasp, swam alongside the boat and still made use of his vocal powers. The captain at last prevailed upon the students to make their way to the quay, where having arrived, and dripping like water-rats, they raised a terrific "Hurrah" nine times nine for "Jenny Lind," and separated.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Season 1860-61.—The admirable situation of this great operatic establishment, its unparalleled acoustic properties, unequalled musical capabilities, and unrivalled lyrical resources, together with the flattering success which attended his late Italian Season, has determined the Lessee to venture on the experiment of producing at Her Majesty's Theatre a series of English Operas, during a certain portion of each year. The Season will commence on Monday, the 8th of October next. As will be seen by the accompanying list, the first vocal and instrumental talent has been secured, and will further be secured, no matter at what expense. The lessee and manager of this vast establishment, not being a vocalist himself, can have no professional jealousies—his only aim, in duty to his patrons and subscribers, will be to put the "right man in the right place." The services of Mr. Sims Reeves are already secured, and negotiations are pending in addition to the following engagements:—Sopranos—Miss Parepa, her first appearance at this theatre; Miss Jenny Bauer, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, her first appearance at this theatre; Miss Allesandri, from the principal theatres in Spain and Italy, her first appearance in this country; and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, her first appearance on the stage; contraltos—Miss Laura Baxter and Miss Fanny Huddart; tenors—Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Parkinson, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Terrott, and Mr. Swift (from La Pergola, Florence, &c.), his first appearance at this theatre; baritones—Mr. Rosenthal and Mr. Santley, his first appearance at this theatre; buffo—Mr. George Honey, his first appearance at this theatre; basses—Mr. J. G. Patey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. Hermanns. Conductor—Mr. Charles Hallé; Leader—Mr. H. Blagrove. A new and original opera, composed expressly for this theatre, will be produced on the opening night, Monday, October 8th, entitled ROBIN HOOD, Music by G. A. Macfarren, Libretto by John Oxenford, Esq.; with new scenery under the superintendence of Beverley; in which Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. George Perren, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. G. Patey, Mr. Santley, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, &c., will make their appearances; and shortly afterwards will be presented another new and original grand romantic opera, also composed expressly for this theatre, entitled the AMBER WITCH, from the pen of that popular composer, W. V. Wallace; together with other new operas of importance by eminent native composers. The whole of the splendid and unique appointments of Her Majesty's Theatre, both before and behind the curtain, will be made available in giving effect and comfort to the audience departments. An elegant new dress balcony has been erected, after the most approved Parisian style, combining both convenience and comfort. The scenic department under the superintendence of Mr. William Beverley and assistants; prompter, Mr. Grua; suggeritore, Signor Fontana; costumiers, Miss Dickinson and M. Laureys (de Paris); the machinery, &c., by Mr. Tucker; the properties by Mr. Needham; ballet master, Mons. Massot; acting manager, Mr. Mapleson; stage manager, Mr. Robert Roxby. Particular care and attention has been bestowed on the formation of the Orchestra and Chorus, which will be considerably augmented, the whole having been carefully selected, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Charles Hallé. This Theatre having hitherto been devoted to the production and performance of Italian Lyric Drama, the lessee (at the suggestion of numerous subscribers and habitues) has been induced to give a few representations of Italian Operas, which will positively be limited to 20 nights, commencing on Wednesday, the 10th of October, to be continued three nights weekly, until the 16th of December, alternately with the English Operas. The lessee has, therefore, at an enormous outlay, secured the eminent services of those renowned artistes Mlle. Titiens and Sig. Giuglini, together with other principal artistes of celebrity, whose names will be found in the following detailed list of Italian engagements:—Soprani, Mlle. Titiens, Mlle. Vaneri, and Mad. Lemaire; baritoni, Sig. Valsovani and Sig. Gassier; buffo, Sig. Ciampi; bassi, Sig. Vialetti and Sig. Castelli; tenori, Sig. Soldi, Sig. Mercuriali, and Sig. Giuglini. Conductor, Sig. Arditi. For the ballet divertissement, Mlle. Morlacchi, &c. The repertoire will be selected from the following favourite operas:—Il Trovatore, Verdi; La Sonnambula, Bellini; Ernani, Verdi; Lucrezia Borgia, Donizetti; Don Pasquale, Donizetti; Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Rossini; Gli Ugonotti, Meyerbeer; Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti; La Traviata, Verdi; I Puritani, Bellini; Don Giovanni, Mozart; Norma, Bellini; Rigoletto, Verdi; Marta, Flotow; I Vespri Siciliani, Verdi; Oberon, Weber; &c. The above English and Italian arrangements can only be realised at an enormous outlay; Mr. E. T. Smith looks with perfect confidence for adequate remuneration to the support of the nobility, gentry, subscribers, and the public, whose kind and unvarying patronage has enabled him to hold the reins of management through so many seasons at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and especially through his late campaign at Her Majesty's Theatre, profitably and triumphantly. Notwithstanding the vast additional expense necessarily incurred in the engagement of such celebrated singers, besides a double company of artistes for both languages, the prices of admission will be at the same reduced rates, both for the English as well as the Italian performances. The subscription list for the first 60 nights, or 30 English and 30 Italian, at the option of the subscriber, is now ready, and may be seen at the box-office, under the portico of the theatre, which is open daily, from 10 to 6, under the direction of Mr. Nugent, and where boxes, stalls, and places may be secured for any period in any part of the house. The doors will open at half-past 7, and the performances commence at 8 o'clock, on each evening throughout the season. All applications respecting the artistes for public and private concerts in town or country, to be addressed to Mr. Mapleson, the musical agent, at the theatre, or 12 Haymarket. Prices of admission:—Pit stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 5s.; first circle, 4s.; second circle, 3s.; upper box circle seats, 2s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; gallery, 1s.; gallery side stalls, 1s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 3s.; private boxes—upper box, half circle, to hold four persons, 10s.; private box, third tier, to hold four persons, £1. 1s.; private box, second tier, to hold four persons, £1. 11s. 6d.; private boxes, first, second, and grand tiers, two guineas, three guineas, and four guineas.

Births.

At Manchester Street, Manchester Square, on the 18th September, Mrs. F. B. JEWSON, of a daughter.

On the 30th September, the wife of HERR WILHELM GANZ, of a daughter.

Notice.

Our Reviews of New Music will be resumed next week.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

THERE are many apostles of Falsehood, but Truth is in want of disciples. The lies begotten by the apostles of Falsehood upon the bodies of Sophistry and Corruption are so numerous that the heavens are darkened by them. But Truth shines behind, like the sun, and it is for her worshippers to make war against the locust host of lies, and, dispersing them, let the world behold the full glory of the light they have for a while obscured. We, as the humblest of Truth's disciples, shall draw sword in the cause, and fight her battles against her enemies. What we shall say will offend many and hurt some; but Truth is vital to the health of art, and the interests of private individuals are as dust in the balance.

Lord Bacon, the wisest of philosophers, in his golden book, exclaims against the *idola* that blind the eyes of men's judgments and prevent their beholding Truth naked. The *idola* are the prejudices which are born of divers parents. It is for those who would behold the face of Truth, and make it glorious to mankind, to wage war against them and destroy them utterly. They are stubborn enemies of progress; the poisonous sophists that distort and vilify. Until they are swept away the mind cannot comprehend a single proposition. Let it be then our task to uproot them from the soil they render sterile; let it be for us to cast them into the fire, until they be consumed and infect the air no more. Like good husbandmen, we must weed the pastures or they will not bear crops.

The art of music is but a type of other arts. Its growth is fostered or stinted by favourable or adverse circumstances. But it is the youngest of the arts. There is yet time yet to save it from corruption. From examples in the history of other arts we may know what to do, and what to eschew. Let us then study them and profit.

First, the professor of music should be brought up in the eternal principles that apply to all art. Next, the taste of the laity should be educated. If an artist do well and yet is not appreciated, it is an injury to art. But, if when he does well and is encouraged, and when he does ill he is admonished, it is a glory for art. To promote this end, for the sake of art, should be the aim of all criticism; but to promote it requires certain learning and endowments that not many critics possess, and, indeed, at the present time, scarcely any. We shall not, by a process of logical ratiocination, enlabour to give the reason of this deficiency,

but shall strive to make it appear as if it were an inevitable consequence of the facts that we adduce, and the observations we shall make upon them.

It will be said that we make over much of music, and magnify its importance. But this will be an error; for, though music, like history, be not a matter of magnificence and memory, like poetry, it is a matter of refinement and aspiration. Shelley has said that "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Translate his meaning largely, and he is right; he speaks of all poets, no matter what their medium of expression. Poetry and music address themselves to the intellect through the medium of the ear; painting, sculpture and architecture through the medium of the eye. There is no art that addresses itself to the intellect through the organs of taste, or touch, or smell; therefore are the organs of hearing and seeing the greatest and most magnanimous of the senses; the ear and the eye may be likened to carriers that bear the mind its food and riches; and, according to the manner of the nourishment and clothing, is the health or sickness of the mind. The important office of these carriers cannot be over-estimated; on them depend refinement and wisdom, and according to their burden is a man a barbarian or a civilian in the universal meaning. Therefore Shelley's apothegm should be written in gold, and inscribed upon the Temple of Truth. "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." These are the words of an oracle.

Would the world be better, or worse, had Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, never lived? This question has been often asked, but never answered. We say the world would have been much worse for want of them. For the mind, when contemplating sublime images, is admonished of its immortality. That which is body can corrupt and perish, but that which is ideal cannot be effaced; its style is not of earth, but of heaven; not of the finite, but the eternal. In listening to the divine music of these mighty poets, we are walking with them in the country of the infinite. Their inspiration is from God, and is a proof that man is not as the cattle; for if man's mind can comprehend what is inspiration, it can embrace the enigma of imperishability. And surely that which makes us feel and know we are immortal is of the highest consequence. Of how great import is it, then, that art should be rid of all that clogs its wings, and prevents its flight upward; that it be not, as the soul in a weak body, or as the fingers on a defective instrument, unable to declare the hand that enforced it! The perfect accomplishments of art are the endeavours of the immortal spirit to fly up to the *anima mundi* of which it is a part. Spinoza, in forgetting art, left out what would have made his ethics perfect. He overlooked the link that binds the finite to the infinite; for, insomuch as mathematics is tangible and finite, it is inferior to art, which is intangible and infinite. Mathematics is the symbol for all that man can seemingly reduce to elements and know entirely, but art is the symbol of what he desires to know and cannot, being human. One is the earth we tread upon, the other the heaven we aspire to. In one we walk step by step, in the other we traverse boundless space in an instant. Reason has barriers, imagination none.

WE are glad to see that with our two English opera-houses we are to have several new English operas. The Pyne and Harrison management announces a work by Mr. Balfe, while at Her Majesty's Theatre Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood* is on the eve of production. At the latter establishment, too, Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* is wanted, and will be brought out, it is said, in a few weeks; and at both theatres the directors are evidently determined to perform as many operas by English composers as they can secure. The plan is such a good one, and so clearly conducive to the interests of the managers, that it may seem superfluous on our part to thank them for adopting it. But the same sort of thing may be said of liberal enterprises of all kinds, and, thanksgiving apart, we may at least be allowed to express our approval of the manner in which Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison at Covent Garden, and Mr. E. T. Smith at Her Majesty's Theatre, view their positions as conductors of English opera-houses. The latter, as we have said, promises two new works by native composers for the approaching season, and we find that the former, during the two past seasons at Covent Garden, have produced four (Mr. Balfe's *Satanella*, Mr. Leslie's *Romance*, Mr. Mellon's *Victorine*, and Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*), besides the English version of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, which was performed infinitely better than any opera of equal difficulty and importance was ever performed on the English stage before.

But we took up the pen not in a humour to praise but to condemn. Let all who do well continue to do well; our business to-day is with those who are pursuing an evil path which may lead not only to their own destruction (a catastrophe for which we might be able to console ourselves), but to the destruction, or at least the abasement, of the art which they direct. We mean the art or artistic pursuit known as the Italian Opera, which is not in a fine position anywhere in Europe just now (being supported by one composer who every now and then breaks down), but which in England is gradually being degraded into a spectacle with musical accompaniments. A friend of ours in Paris, who was not ashamed to confess openly his impotency to enjoy dramatic music, used to go frequently to see the *Prophète*. He said he should go oftener if all the music were left out, except the march (which he acknowledged to be a stirring composition), but as there was no chance of any such omission being made, he continued to attend the Académie from time to time when the *Prophète* was played, and always came back in raptures about the decorations and processions, and especially about the coronation scene. We have no doubt many persons in London who frequent the Royal Italian Opera go there when one of its magnificent spectacular pieces is being played, for the same reasons that induced our anti-musical friend to visit the Grand Opera in Paris. We do not mean to go the length of saying that they would like Tamberlik's and Mad. Csillag's music left out, but that the scenery and general "setting up" is to them the major attraction. But, on the other hand, are there not, we ask, hundreds and thousands in London to whom the scenery is only so much pasteboard and canvas, who care little or nothing for troops of warriors and monks on the stage, except in so far as they strengthen the choral body, and who would rather sacrifice the whole of the spectacular paraphernalia of the *Huguenots*, than lose a single phrase of the duet between "Raoul" and "Valentine." even though "Raoul" were as incorrectly attired as "Valentine" invariably is, and though the whole scene between them took place in a barn. We are not admirers of shabby scenery, still less of anachronistic costumes, but we should listen with delight to the music of such operas as the *Cenerentola*, the *Count Ory*, and the *Elisir d'Amore*, however barely they might be put upon the stage, and the reason why we are not enabled to hear them oftener is, that they present no opportunity for the introduction of spectacle, and that the managers of our principal Italian theatres reserve their energies and their money for spectacular pieces alone. Of course the money question has a

great deal to do with the matter; for, with the enormous sums spent at the Royal Italian Opera on the getting up of any new work taken in hand, it is utterly impossible to bring out more than about one a year. The tailors', carpenters', and painters' bills for the *Prophète* (for instance) must have been sufficiently large to make Mr. Gye feel somenatural hesitation about producing the *Sicilian Vespers*. The production of a grand opera in the style of the Académie-Impériale (of which the Royal Italian Opera is in many respects a copy) may be attended with enormous success, but two such triumphs in one season would be the theatre's ruin. If our managers could afford it, they might spend a million on the *mise en scène* of every opera they represented, and we would not complain. Splendid decorations do not injure an opera very much; they distract the attention from the music for a little while, but are soon forgotten. The evil becomes serious, however, when so much money is lavished on the production of one immense spectacular opera that no other new opera can be given the same season. Moreover, the director, to get back the capital he has invested in it, must continue running his expensive show-piece for such a number of nights that it wearies mere lovers of music. Thus, who was not tired last season of *Martha*, which was tiresome enough when it was brought out at the Royal Italian Opera three years ago, and which in "supers" and stage finery, must have cost more than would have been needed for the production of three Italian operas, full of beautiful music. There is some trouble, we are aware, in finding new Italian operas just now; but one would like to hear the latest composed by Verdi, if only from curiosity; and it is a curiosity, which, under a reasonable system of management, might easily be gratified. Besides, an old opera by Rossini is always better than a new one by Flotow.

We owe this love for spectacular pieces to the absurd mania for imitating the French, with which our stage has been afflicted, more or less, ever since Charles the Second's reign. In Handel's time we could not establish an Italian opera without giving it the stupid title of "Academy," merely because the French (whose opera just then was in a contemptible condition) had blunderingly given that name to their national lyrical theatre, of which the patent, as we explained in a previous article, was originally granted for an *académie*,* in the sense of *accademia* or concert. At present everything that is good enough for the Parisians (whose Opera has always been one third a dancing booth and one third a panorama) is thought good enough for us; and the effect of reproducing the costly *mise en scène* of their favourite works as fast (which is not very fast) as they happen to be brought out, is to render it impossible for our operatic managers to give as many "novelties" as amateurs of music have a right to expect.

We hope the directors of our English operas will not fall into the mistake (which it will be easy and pleasant to avoid), of spending enormous sums of money upon the decoration of their pieces, otherwise there will soon be an end to two new operas a season, or five in two seasons, which is the number given by the Pyne and Harrison management at Covent Garden. Compare this with the number of new works produced at the Royal Italian Opera which is certainly one of the very first lyrical theatres in Europe, but which appears to us to sacrifice a great deal too much to spectacle. Its last new Italian opera, the *Traviata*, was brought out in 1857, and since the opening of the new theatre in 1858, we have had *Martha*, *Dinorah*, and *Orfeo*. That is to say, at a great Italian theatre, one opera by an Italian composer, two by Germans, and one by a Germanised Russian, in four years. However, we welcome the production of the thoroughly beautiful and comparatively inexpensive *Orfeo* as a good sign. When the present fails us we must go back to the past; and if Mr. Gye wishes to gain our unqualified approbation he will give us more *Orfeos* and fewer *Marthas*.

* The Americans of the present day, as ingenious as the English of 1720, call their principal Opera House at New York the Academy of Music.

ELSEWHERE will be found "a rhapsody" (appropriately styled) on the Ninth Symphony (the Choral) of Beethoven. The pen of the writer, Mr. "Aries le Fise Vascher," must have been dipped in sunbeams. We envy him his faculty of composition, which appertains to the "streamy-beamy" style; but we dispute his facts. It is plain from the assertions of Schindler, which have a more solid basis than mere conjecture, as well as from the internal evidence of the work itself, that the introduction of Schiller's *Ode to Joy* into the Ninth (whereby it became the *Choral*) Symphony was an afterthought of the composer. Schiller's fine poem is governed by one idea and purpose. The spirit of happiness, joy, universal brotherhood, and love pervades every line of it. It includes no sombre thoughts whatever. The poet never has occasion to say, in allusion to his own work, "But away with these tones; let us have something more joyful." Beethoven merely inserted the words because he was conscious that the predominant qualities of his first three movements were *not* those of an "Ode to joy."

There is much more real joy and calm happiness in his Eighth Symphony (F major), in the *Pastorale*, and in a portion of the Seventh (A major), than in the exclusively instrumental movements of the Ninth. The first parts of this, like many other compositions of the same hand, are simply an eloquent expression of the deep and varied emotions by which the writer's soul was agitated. They are noble, magnificent pieces of music; so wonderful, indeed, and gigantic in their proportions—so vast in their design—as to create the necessity for something unusually grand and colossal as a worthy climax to the whole. It was then, probably, when Beethoven, oppressed with the great difficulty of the task he had set himself, was reflecting upon the best means of accomplishing it, that he conceived the happy idea of introducing Schiller's ode, which, with vocal solos and choruses, could scarcely fail to give a novel and extraordinary grand character to the movement, such, in fact, as would render it thoroughly fit to crown the magnificent work. This is our conjecture; but we offer it with submission, and are ready to give it up when we see good cause. We can discover in this symphony *no general design* which points to Schiller's *Ode to Joy*. There is *no one idea* in a constant and gradual state of development throughout; but the workings of the human heart, in alternate joy and sorrow, in all its mysterious forebodings, bright imaginings, and dark despondencies, appeal irresistibly in every bar to our warmest sympathies.

The New Philharmonic Society, like Moses and Warren, formerly kept a poet—an æsthetical and critical poet, whose business it was to explain, in touching language, the occult beauties of great works, and to instruct the audience when and why they should applaud. His inspired lucubrations appeared in a little book, with a pretty and perfectly appropriate *green* cover. This production was industriously circulated amongst the thousands who thronged Exeter

Hall to hear the new society's admirable concerts, and must, perforce, have exercised considerable influence over the minds of all who could not, or would not, think for themselves; and these, as a matter of course, constituted the majority. That the little green book's opinions were not lightly estimated, was sufficiently proved by the fact that its commentary upon the "Ninth Symphony" was reprinted *verbatim*, as an original article, in the columns of one of our leading morning contemporaries. There was in this odd lucubration so much of the same kind of "steamy-beamy" element which distinguishes the "rhapsody" of Mr. "Aries le Fise Vascher," that we are forced into a sudden remembrance of what we should otherwise inevitably have forgotten. Mr. Vascher's "Rhapsody" is indeed a wonderful ebullition of mysterious poetry, and replete with a peculiar kind of truth "utterly at variance" with received ideas, and which, while common-place people do not profess to understand, it is still nevertheless permitted to admire.

"The sublime edict of Pythagoras" looks remarkably well in print, and has an overwhelming sound; and we hope that we can appreciate that kind of joy which comes "like an appalling voice, speaking in thunder from Heaven," even though it may frighten us out of our senses. We also know the value of such grim mirth as finds vent in violent ebullitions and wild manifestations, in minor modes and broken rhythm. We have even felt inclined to associate this with the proceedings of operatic devils (who always, for some unaccountable reason, sing and dance with horrid glee whenever they get upon the stage), or the ravings of despair, rather than with an ode to true joy, breathing pure happiness and universal love. But the eloquence of our great "*Aestheticker*" coupled with "the sublime edict of Pythagoras," is too much for us, and, though unable (perhaps disinclined) to be corroborative, we will venture no uncourtly antagonistic opinion. The reasoning of Mr. "Aries le Fise Vascher" is quite equal to his imagination; nay, the very construction of his sentences carries with it a certain sort of conviction, whilst a thick stream of inscrutable poetry gushes from each well-selected word.

Is not the logic truly marvellous which shows us that Beethoven considered extreme joy a fitting theme for the loftiest poetical treatment, *because* it enabled him to employ the minor mode, protracted cadences, &c.? Are not the passages, also, very fine wherein the writer tells us that, *whatever* may be the merits of Schiller's poem, its triumph consists in its having originated a great musical work—and speaks of the measure of joy being *so* unlimited, and "of our being in love with the whole world," and inclined to caress every living and inanimate thing (tigers, serpents, polecats, and putrefactions included), "whilst all objects seem to be robed *with* a splendour born of delight, and emanating like rays from ourselves?" Ordinary folk might imagine that if Schiller's poem contained every possible beauty, its author's greatest triumph would be found in his own work, rather than in Beethoven's music, they might also fail to discover with nicety the various *degrees* or limits of the unlimited; they might object to hug polecats, caress cobras, or kiss hyenas, whatever their state of happiness, or however bright "the rays emanating from themselves to robe objects *with* splendour." But, as we said before, this commentary is to be admired rather than understood by ungifted minds; and we must not set a thing down as bad, simply because it baffles our reason. We should be humble, and reflect that the fault may be in our own obtusity, made still more dense and rigid by stiff-neckedness.

Petipace of Winchelsea.

MR. BENEDICT'S *Undine*, one of the interesting novelties at the recent Norwich Festival, belongs to a style of art totally different from that which is exemplified in Herr Molique's *Abraham*, but is no less admirable in its way. Here we have the genial spirit and picturesque orchestral colouring, the light fancy and dramatic purpose which distinguish the best works of the so-called romantic school of which Weber was the head, if not the founder. La Motte Fouqué's story of *Undine*, which is the subject of Hoffmann's opera (so highly praised by Weber and Dr. Marx) has been slightly altered by Mr. John Oxenford, the author of Mr. Benedict's *libretto;* for Bertalda is here supposed to be a lady of rank, and not, as in La Motte Fouqué's tale, the daughter of a fisherman. This change has been made to gain a more complete contrast between the two female characters. Mr. Oxenford's version of the legend is, then, as follows:—Undine, a water spirit, has left her home and her companions on account of her love for Hildebrand, lord of a castle on the banks of the Danube. Kühleborn, the principal kinsman of Undine, disapproves of this attachment, suspecting that the mortal lover will prove unfaithful. Nor are his suspicions ill founded, for Hildebrand no sooner returns to his castle than, regardless of Undine, he espouses a lady named Bertalda. To avenge the wrong thus done to his race, Kühleborn summons all the spirits of the waters, who destroy the castle and its owner, while the gentle Undine bewails the fate of her unfaithful lover.

After a picturesque and spirited overture in F minor and major, in which Mr. Benedict's genius as an orchestral writer is most strikingly exemplified, the "lyrical legend" (for so the authors term it) opens with a very ethereal and poetically-conceived chorus of water spirits in D minor for female voices only, the words of which, by Mr. John Oxenford (whose *libretto* is indeed throughout a master-piece), we cannot refrain from quoting:—

"Female Spirits.

"Undine, Undine,
Sad without thee have we been.
Why hast thou left us, sister fair,
To dwell beneath a chilly sky?
We miss the glance of thy light blue eye,
We miss the flash of thy golden hair;
The foamy waves as they roll along,
Mingle a sigh with their ceaseless song,
They call thee back, Undine."

This is followed by a spirited and vigorous bass solo in G minor for Kühleborn—"Love, a tyrant on the earth"—appropriately deep in colour and wild in character, bearing, moreover, the genuine stamp of the German romantic school from first to last. Mr. Benedict is particularly happy in music of that description. After a repetition of the opening chorus comes a full chorus in the key of D major, charmingly fresh, and joyous in expression:—

"Storms may lash the waves to foam,
Scatt'ring death and terror round,
But we scarcely hear the sound
In our tranquil home,"

sing the water-spirits, male and female, to most appropriate music. We have described the above-named pieces separately; but it must be understood that they are all connected, and form together one symmetrical whole. This is succeeded by a recitative for Hildebrand and Undine, leading to a sparkling, sportive, and charmingly tuneful song and chorus in E flat (with harp, *obbligato*), in which Undine

first reveals to her lover that she is a spirit, in the following lines :—

"UNDINE.

"Mark the waves that rippling play
Crown'd with silver light,
On each crest of glittering spray
Rides a joyous sprite.
Sportive Nixies yonder pass,
Tripping o'er the liquid glass.
Can'st thou not their form descry ?
Know that such a sprite am I;
Wilt thou, dearest, from me fly ?"

An exceedingly graceful and purely-voiced trio in A flat, in which the lovers express their mutual passion, and Kühleborn betrays his suspicions of Hildebrand's constancy, leads to a highly dramatic *scena* for the tenor voice. The struggles between affection for the mysterious water-spirit, and the ambition of a warrior that can only be gratified by abandoning Undine, struggles which are now racking the bosom of Hildebrand, form the subject matter of the *scena*. An opening recitative, (accompanied) leads to a sweetly flowing *cantabile* in B flat, in which Hildebrand dwells fondly upon the happiness he might have enjoyed with Undine. This state of feeling is, however, presently interrupted by the sound of a distant trumpet, heralding the approach of the noble Lady Bertalda, to whom Hildebrand is betrothed. His martial ambition now gains the ascendancy, and the *scena* terminates with a dashing and vigorous movement, perfectly expressive of the words and situation. It is followed by a melodious and graceful wedding march in G, which will doubtless become highly popular in its arranged form for the pianoforte.

The march is succeeded by a joyous and brilliant wedding chorus in E flat. Then come in immediate succession a highly effective *aria* in two movements for Bertalda, in the somewhat unusual key of B major, expressive of the lady's happiness and exultation, and a pretty little love duet in G major, for Bertalda and Hildebrand. Undine now comes to warn the happy pair, and her willingness to renounce Hildebrand if he will renounce Bertalda. Undine is agitated by the strife between love and pride within her breast, the haughty Bertalda affects to treat the strange intruder with scorn, Hildebrand is struggling between love and duty, while Kühleborn vows vengeance for the insult offered to his race. All these conflicting emotions are most truthfully and excitingly expressed in a powerfully written and thoroughly dramatic quartet in G minor; but even this is surpassed by the deeply poetical and picturesque finale in which Kühleborn invokes the aid of the water-spirits to destroy the faithless Hildebrand, his bride, his kinsmen, and the voice of Undine is heard faintly in the distance, after the destruction of Hildebrand's castle, mourning for her mortal lover.

The following are the admirable words of this *scena;* and when we state that Mr. Benedict has done ample justice to them, we believe that higher praise could scarcely be given :—

"KUHL.

"Attend ye kindred spirits to my call,
Chieftains of the countless waters,
A mortal wrongs the fairest of your daughters,
And by his guilt insults you all.

"CHORUS.

"We hear thy call—we hear thy call,
Through valley, mountain, grot, and hall.

"KUHL.

"Naiads who sport in the restless waves,
Rising in hosts from your coral caves;
Sirens who warble a song so sweet,
Ye are charg'd by man with his own deceit;
Tritons who bid the ocean cell,
Echo the note of your sounding shell;
Nixies who from your wild hair fling
Sparkling drops of the crystal spring;
Spirits, who hurl from the beetling rock.
Torrents that fall with tremendous shock.
Wonders of beauty, monsters of fear,
Hear me—hear.

"CHORUS.

"We hear—we hear.
Called by thy voice we are gath'ring near.
"CHORUS WITH KUHL.
"Leap on the bank, rush from the spring,
Death from the mountains in torrents fling,
Smite the turret, batter the wall,
Levell'd with dust be the ancient hall,
Shatter the trees, scatter the corn,
Till the land is made a waste forlorn,
Without a trace,
That man has known it as a dwelling-place.

"UNDINE.

(*Solo.*) "Bright green earth, farewell, farewell.
Now I seek my distant cell,
There, beneath the waters deep,
O'er my short-lived joys to weep,
For in death I may not sleep.
Thou art happier far than I,
Dearest—would that I could die!"

On the whole, this cantata is eminently calculated to raise Mr. Benedict's reputation as a composer.

THE "NO. IX."

(A RHAPSODY.)

BEETHOVEN had long cherished the idea of giving a musical expression to Schiller's *Ode to Joy*, a poem which, in glowing and harmonious numbers, apostrophises Hope and Faith, inculcates a belief in the good, preaches the doctrine of universal brotherhood, and typifies the beauties of nature. Such a poem was just the one to impress Beethoven, and it won his entire admiration. But whatever its intrinsic merits, its great triumph—its *greatest* triumph—was that of having indirectly originated one of the noblest inspirations of the human mind. Beethoven not only availed himself of a portion of the verses, which he set to music as a *finale* to his colossal symphony, but gave the world his own notions of the subject, in three instrumental movements of surpassing beauty and grandeur. The first of these, in D minor, *allegro non troppo*, is the longest single movement known. Its style is passionate and sublime. Poetically regarded, it is an attempt to suggest, by musical sounds, that vague and indefinable feeling which accompanies unbounded joy, when the heart, overflowing with exultation—when, from some happy circumstance, the very sense of being is a delight that cannot be restrained—when the measure of joy is so unlimited that we are in love with the whole world, and feel inclined to caress every animate or inanimate thing, when all the objects around us seem robed with a splendour not their own—a splendour emanating like rays from ourselves, and born of the delight that overwhelms us. In joy, as in sadness, when the heart is overstocked, the first desire is to impart to others what we feel; for the sublime edict of Pythagoras applies to both, and men must neither exult nor despair alone. Beethoven's development of this feeling is utterly at variance with the common-

places that pass for truth; the prevalence of the minor mode, the mysterious character of many of the passages, the alternations of calm and violent ebullitions, the broken and varied rhythm, the long-protracted cadence, and the overpowering magnificence of the climaxes, demonstrate that Beethoven contemplated the extreme manifestation of the passion of joy as a subject for the loftiest æsthetical development. The knowledge he possessed of all the resources of the orchestra enabled him to double the intensity and endow with stronger contrast the fitful changes of expression with which this movement abounds. The crescendos are so artfully managed that they appear to be continually accumulating power until the full orchestra peals out in the fortissimos. The return to the theme is appalling as a voice from heaven speaking in thunder. The enormous difficulties of this movement are dreadfully perplexing to the players, and should never be attempted without careful rehearsal. To expect it to go satisfactorily without would be preposterous. The *scherzo*, also the longest movement of its kind ever written, is in the same key as the allegro, D minor; but the striking opposition of character obviates the monotony that would otherwise accrue. The style of this *scherzo* is playful and fantastic, and exhibits the same passion of joy, but a less wild manifestation of it. In the second bar occurs a curious development of a phrase in three-bar rhythm. The trio, by its flowing character, the alteration of rhythm from three to four, and the peculiarity of its instrumentation, offers a beautiful contrast to the *scherzo*. The *adagio*, the third and last of the instrumental movements, and of a different character from either, suggests a state of calm and unruffled happiness, in which joy and all the passions are at rest. The tender key of B flat lends itself easily to the soft delineations of orchestral colour, and of these Beethoven has made prodigious employment. The stream of melody is almost voluptuous, in the sinuosity of its outline, and the smooth unbrokenness of its measure. Nothing can be more soothing, beautiful, and tuneful. The *finale*, in which the chorus and solo voices are introduced, opens with a kind of recitative for the orchestra, where the violoncellos and basses officiate, so to speak, as the voice part. This conducts to a melody—*allegro*, in D minor—executed in unison by the same instruments, subsequently treated in three parts, and ultimately in full harmony for the whole orchestra. A recitative for a solo bass voice introduces a quartet and chorus in D, of which this melody constitutes the subject. A movement *à la marcia*, in B flat, 6-8 time, with triangle and side-drums, forms the subject of a tenor solo, which is afterwards developed as a full chorus: this is further elaborated through a masterly instrumental movement in the fugued style. The chorus in D is then resumed *fortissimo*, with a variation of florid passages in triplets for the orchestra. A chorus, *maestoso*, in G intervening between this and the second resumption of the chorus, is diversified by other devices of counterpoint and instrumental combination. Two choruses, in which the same words are treated with accumulating brilliancy, conclude this movement and the symphony.—ARIES LE FISE VASCHER.

BLIND SCHOOL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.—The pupils of this useful Institution gave an interesting Concert on Monday last, under the direction of their musical professor, Mr. Edwin Barnes. The programme included works of the highest class, among which we specially noticed organ solos by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Rinck, Handel, with choruses from *Judas Maccabeus*, Mr. Costa's *Eli*, and other works. The performance reflected great credit both upon the pupils and their instructor.

The Operas.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The winter campaign may be said to have commenced in reality. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have been the first to blow the trumpet at Covent Garden. Dr. Wylde blew a faint blast at St. James's Hall a few nights after, and Mr. E. T. Smith on Monday next is expected to blow trumpets enough, his own included, to batter down the walls of Jericho. The managers of the Royal English Opera have this year displayed extraordinary forbearance in issuing no prospectus, when perhaps it was never more needed, seeing that for the first time since they attempted to establish a national opera, five years since, they have encountered a *bona fide* opposition. Even the bills and advertisements state no more than that Mr. Balfe has written a new opera, and that "various novelties are in preparation." This unusual reticence on the part of the management implies great dependence on present resources. No doubt a continuous success for *Lurline* is anticipated, and a revival of *Satanella* is looked forward to with confidence. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison are very tories in their administration. They are opposed to all change, and like to keep an opera as long as possible before the public, as thinking that an old friend is better than a new one. Unhappily this is the age of reformation, and the desire for novelty is supreme. In the good old days of Bunn and the *Bohemian Girl* at Drury Lane, the run of a hundred nights for an opera was considered necessary to a genuine success. These tory days are gone, and managers now must move with the times and be swayed by the feelings of the people. The success of *Lurline* last season was incontestable; but even that admirable opera nowadays cannot expect to obtain a never-ending career, and run like works produced under the Bunn dynasty. If Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison attempt it, we think they will do so at their cost.

The season opened on Monday night. *Lurline* was the opera. The cast has undergone important changes from last season. Miss Leffler has been substituted for Miss Pilling in the part of Ghiva; Mr. Henry Wharton for Mr. Santley in that of the River King; Miss Albertazzi for Miss Fanny Cruise in that of Liba; and Mr. Grattan Kelly for Mr. George Honey in the Baron Truenfels. Miss Leffler (daughter to the late popular baritone, Mr. Adam Leffler) is a great improvement, in voice and singing, on Miss Pilling. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of charming quality, sufficiently powerful, and produced without the least effort. Her singing proves the good style and method of her masters, Signor Schira and Mr. Frank Mori. Miss Leffler made a decided hit, and created quite a sensation in the ballad "Troubadour enchanting," which was loudly and unanimously encored. An apathetic manner, listless even for the sacred concert-room, will doubtless vanish with experience. At present she is a very novice to the boards, and appears to have been taught nothing whatsoever. In the small part of Liba, Miss Albertazzi (daughter, if we mistake not, to the favourite singer, Mad. Albertazzi) displayed a nice voice and much feeling, and will no doubt be an acquisition. Mr. Henry Wharton has a high baritone of fair quality, and sings well in tune. He wants power and style. His most satisfactory performance was the air, "The nectar cup may yield delight," in which he was encored. Mr. Grattan Kelly is no improvement at all on Mr. George Honey, either as singer or actor. He does not appear to have appreciated the part of the Baron as intended by the poet. In addition to Ghiva's song and the Rhine King's air, encores were awarded to the drinking-song, "Take this cup of sparkling wine," sung by Miss Louisa Pyne and chorus; to the ballad, "My home! my heart's first home!" by Mr. Harrison; and to the unaccompanied quartette, "Tho' the world with transports bless me," by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Albertazzi, Mr. Henry Wharton, and Mr. Corri.

The general performance was admirable, the band under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction exhibiting their usual excellence. The overture was splendidly executed and loudly applauded. Of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison it is enough to state that they were in their best voice, and sang in their best manner. They were recalled separately at the end of the first act, and

received with thunders of applause. After the opera the national anthem was sung.

Lurline has been played every night during the week.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The season for English and Italian opera commences on Monday next. Mr. E. T. Smith has issued a prospectus almost as important and longitudinous as that presented last season for the Italian Opera proper. For the first time we believe at any theatre in this country two distinct series of operas in different languages will be given. The English lead the van and will inaugurate the season on Monday with a new romantic opera, entitled *Robin Hood*, the music composed by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, the libretto by Mr. John Oxenford. Could anything look more promising? If Mr. Macfarren and Mr. Oxenford do not produce between them a first-rate work, the public will be disappointed. Moreover, Mr. E. T. Smith has spared neither pains nor expense to ensure the new opera a success. The artists who will appear in it are Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Lemaire, Mr. Santley, Mr. Parkinson, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Mad. Sherrington, we believe, is not quite a novice to the boards, having performed some years ago at one of the Belgian theatres. Of her vocal capabilities we need not speak in this place. Mr. Reeves, we are told, has a part that suits him admirably, histrionically and vocally. This is an essential matter, and we have no doubt that both poet and musician had our great tenor in their mind's eye when they put pen to paper. On Wednesday the *Trovatore* will be given in Italian with Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Lemaire, Signors Giuglini, Vialetti, Soldi, Mercuriali &c.

The list of names is much more formidable for the English than the Italian Opera. To the artists just mentioned we may add, among the sopranos, Miss Parepa, Mlle. Jenny Bauer, and Miss Allesandri (from the principal theatres in Spain and Italy; her first appearance in this country); among the contraltos, Miss Laura Baxter and Miss Fanny Huddart; among the tenors, Mr. Swift, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Terrott; and among the basses, Mr. Rosenthal, Mr. J. E. Patey, Mr. Bartleman, and Herr Hermanns. Mr. Charles Hallé is the conductor, and Mr. H. Blagrove leader of the band.

The undertaking is curious and important, and may prove hazardous. We think it somewhat bold in Mr. Smith, after securing so capital an English company—one indeed, which almost insures success *à priori*—to engage an Italian company to interfere with that success. Mr. Sims Reeves, no doubt, is a powerful attraction, and he has a public of his own who will not be moved from him by any Italian allurements. But we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that an immense temptation is proffered to the public in being afforded the means of hearing Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini at play-house prices. We hope that two audiences may be found for both operas; but we are inclined to think, taking all things into consideration, that the odds is in favour of the Italian.

Miss Josephine Gougenheim.—This young actress, from the United States, whose services Mad. Celeste has secured for the Lyceum Theatre, and of whom report speaks in the highest terms, will make her *début* next Monday in a comedy, by Dion Boucicault, Esq., entitled *The Irish Heiress*. Although not a native of the States, Miss Gougenheim's professional career commenced on the American stage, where, at a very early age, she took the highest rank as an actress of leading comedy, both of the modern and the old school. Her range is, however, not limited to this higher region, and in domestic humour and pathos she follows in the footsteps of Mrs. Keeley, as in the more refined heroines she emulates the sprightly graces and impulsive vivacity of Mrs. Nisbitt, adding to them, however, a greater power of dramatic expression. If half what the native critics say of this young lady's abilities be true the American stage will have returned in her person a very large instalment of the talent they have so long borrowed from ours.

The Sisters Marchisio.—Two young candidates for lyric honours, named respectively Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, recently made their *début* at the Grand Opera of Paris in Rossini's *Semiramide*, as the Babylonian Queen and Arsace. The opera has been frequently repeated, and the success of the new artists chronicled by the entire press. At the first representations indeed, the impression they made was but partial, owing to their extreme timidity, more especially that of the soprano, Mlle. Carlotta, whose nervousness amounted to positive terror. A few performances, however, restored self-possession to both ladies, and the flattering rumours from Italy that heralded their advent to the French capital were more than confirmed by their subsequent performances. Although the voice of each *débutante* is spoken of in high terms of praise, and the artistic powers of both universally lauded, it is the *ensemble* singing of the sisters above all that seems to excite astonishment and delight. Even on the first night of their appearance when, as we have said, both were under the dominion of fright, their duo singing elicited the most rapturous praise from all the critics. "The sisters Marchisio," wrote the *Ménéstrel*, in allusion to the first performance of *Semiramide*, "were satisfied with singing the music of Rossini, in a manner so *unctuous*, so communicative, that the auditors felt spell-bound, and at the end the enthusiastic *bis* came from all mouths at the same time. Such was the effect of the adorable duo of the third act. The fact is that at a given moment the two voices of the sisters Marchisio are governed but by one soul, by one sentiment. For a long time we have heard nothing so completely harmonious, so full of an indefinable charm; and this alone, we repeat, would suffice to gain for them a high reputation, independent of any special vocal qualities." The sisters Marchisio, we understand, are about to pay a visit to England. We shall be happy to corroborate the unqualified eulogies bestowed on them by the *Ménéstrel* and other Parisian journals.

Provincial.

Leeds, *Oct.* 4.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Professor Bennett has accepted the offer of the Committee to become conductor of the Leeds Festival in 1861. I believe I am right in stating that the celebrated Professor is engaged in the composition of an oratorio to be produced for the first time on that occasion. "Such a work," says the *Leeds Express*, "from the pen of our gifted countryman, would be hailed with great satisfaction by all lovers of good music, and would draw hither connoisseurs from every part of England."—The members and friends of the Leeds Madrigal Society celebrated its tenth anniversary in Bullivant's Refreshment Rooms at the Leeds Town Hall on Tuesday evening last. George Young, Esq. (honorary treasurer), presided, the vice-chairmen being Mr. Cooke and Mr. Burras, two of the oldest members of the society.—The Leeds Town Hall Concert Society inaugurated their winter season last Wednesday evening with one of the most brilliant and successful concerts ever given in Leeds. The singers were, Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, Signor Valsovani, and Signor Vialetti. Signor Giuglini's first song, from *Martha*, "M' appari," was rendered with impassioned energy and expression, and with a voice of unequalled purity. An *encore* was insisted on. Mlle. Titiens followed in a vocal waltz, by Signor Arditi, in which she displayed the most brilliant execution and a magnificent, clear, ringing soprano voice. This was also re-demanded and re-sung. In "The Last Rose of Summer," nothing could possibly excel the pathos and heart-stirring tones with which this simple ballad was delivered by Mlle. Titiens, who pronounces English with great accuracy for a foreigner. The applause which followed was almost deafening. Signor Giuglini was equally successful in the ballad "Tu m' ami" ("When other lips"), and, being encored, sang the serenade from *Rigoletto*, "Le donna e mobille." At the commencement of each part Mr. Spark played a solo on the grand organ. Signor Vialetti sang the drinking song from *Martha*, and was unanimously encored. The concert closed with the celebrated "Miserere," from *Trovatore*, with both organ and piano accompaniments, and constituted an admirable finish to a very superior concert.

Crystal Palace.—Mad. Clara Novello's second and last farewell performance came off on Saturday, when the *Messiah* was given. The audience was even more numerous than at the first concert on Wednesday, their numbers amounting to between fourteen and fifteen thousand. The execution of Handel's great work, on the whole, was not irreproachable. The band and chorus had had no rehearsals together, and did not go always as smoothly as might have been desired; and the organist, Mr. J. Coward, was now and then at fault from the same cause. Mr. Benedict, the conductor, did all in his power to achieve a perfect performance; and if his efforts could have tended to such a result he would have accomplished it. The managers of the concert, doubtless, conceived that as the entire interest would be absorbed in Mad. Novello's singing, it would hardly be worth while taking any extra trouble, or going to any extra expense. In that case, they should not have procured so large a choral and instrumental force, nor have vaunted so much about their numbers and efficiency in the advertisements. To bring together such a phalanx was a waste of time and material, unless they were brought together for good purpose. The execution of the *Messiah*, we repeat, was by no means first-rate, a thing to be reprehended, the more so as it was within the possibility of accomplishment. On such an occasion, we are inclined to think it especially behoved the directors of the Crystal Palace to see that every pains was taken to ensure a satisfactory, if not a great, performance. That such was not attained was no fault of the soloists, all of whom not only sang their best, but were in the best condition to do so. Indeed, we do not remember to have heard the solos more admirably rendered than they were on Saturday by Mad. Clara Novello, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. Of course complaints were made as usual by persons not being able to hear, even in the reserved places; and we must own, that from block K K we ourselves were unable to catch, with any distinctness, the florid passages in "Every valley shall be exalted," and "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" sung respectively by Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley. This, we are assured, was no fault of the singers. The oftener we hear music in the central transept of the Crystal Palace, the more we are convinced it is not suited, in its present state, for the equable transmission of sound; and that, as a concert-room, the most radical alterations are imperatively called for. However, on Saturday, the visitors seemed to think little about acoustical properties, Handel's music, or anything except the fair songstress who sat before them for the last time, and who never again was to pour her divine warblings into their ears in the same place. Such considerations, indeed, were sufficient to stifle all grumbling and fault-finding, and to arrest attention to one point. The demonstration in favour of the artist was more intense than enthusiastic. The audience being for the most part composed of the gentler sex, precluded that vehement display and external ebullition of feeling, which must be sought for in other localities than in the Crystal Palace on special occasions. Mad. Novello, indeed, was received on her appearance with genuine warmth, and the thrill of admiration that went through the hearers like an electric-shock after "Rejoice greatly," "Come unto him," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was far stronger proof of the artist's power than the most boisterous acclamations. That Mad. Novello never sang more exquisitely, never sang with greater command of voice in every way, and with more faultless intonation, was the universal opinion. So perfect a performance, perhaps, has never been remembered at any former leave-taking by any singer. So perfect, indeed, that the expression involuntarily came to every tongue, "Why does Mad. Novello think of retiring into private life?" It is fortunate for those who were unable to attend the two farewell performances at the Crystal Palace, that further opportunities will be offered them of hearing Mad. Novello in London, before her final retirement. Her real last appearance in public will, we understand, take place in the metropolis.

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[MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

[Paris, Oct. 4.

News of all sorts is scant this week. The most prominent item is the assurance, which is very commonly promulgated and believed in, that Meyerbeer's long-talked-of *Africaine* is at last about to be drawn from her long captivity in the *escritoire* of her illustrious progenitor and proprietor. She is to be made over, after the horrors of that middle passage, a rehearsal, to be a possession of the world at large, or rather, she is to be emancipated and become a free citizeness of every civilised community, on the stage of the Imperial Opera in Paris. The name under which this opera has been so long talked of is not, however, to be retained. Meyerbeer invariably rebaptises his productions on giving them to the world. It is to be entitled, say the gossips, *Vasco di Gama*. The motive which has led the composer to consent at last to the production of his work, the composition of which is said to have preceded that of *Le Prophète*, is, that in the existing company, under the direction of M. Alphonse Royer, for the first time has presented itself that combination of talents and attributes, which the master judges necessary to give entire fulfilment to his intentions. The simultaneous engagement of Mad. Tedesco and of M. Niemann, the tenor, has brought about this tardy determination. M. Alphonse Royer has engaged M. Morelli, the baritone, who is to play Wolfram in *Tannhaüser;* but he is to sing in *Guillaume Tell* first, in which, it is said, he appears to great advantage.

The rehearsals of the *Pardon de Ploermel* have commenced at the Opera Comique. It is said that the air which Meyerbeer composed for the second act, and which Mad. Nantier Didiée sang when *Dinorah* was produced at Covent Garden, will be introduced on its revival here. Mlle. Darcier is to be entrusted with it. This young lady is the niece of the actress Mlle. Darcier, now retired from the stage, and become Mad. Mamiguard. Before appearing in *Le Pardon* she will make her *début* in *Le Pré aux Clercs*. I mentioned to you last week a disagreement which had taken place between M. Ernest Reger, the composer of *Maître Wolfram*, and the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, who, finding himself trammelled with the previous engagement of his predecessor to produce a new opera by this composer at the opening of the season, had first got the day of production postponed by consent, and then sought to free himself from all definite terms on the subject. An action was threatened, which would most certainly have issued in an award of damages to the injured authors of the work. A better result has been obtained, however, by amicable negotiations. The opera, which is entitled *Les Ruines de Baalbec*, will be shortly produced without the intervention of any legal process whatever. The *Bouffes Parisiennes* is in a vein of wondrous good fortune. The twenty first performances of *Orphée aux Enfers*, revived this season, have brought in a clear receipt of 40,060 fr. (1,600*l.*), or about 80*l.* per night.

The Italian Opera opened on Tuesday night with *La Sonnambula*. Mlle. Marie Battu and MM. Gardoni and Angelini were the principal artists. Next week I will tell you at length about the doings at this establishment.

At the theatres, at least those of the higher class, there has been nothing new, except a little comedy in one act, called *Une Tasse de Thé*, produced at the Vaudeville by MM. Mitter and Derby. I have not seen it yet, but it is said to abound in comic situations, and to be very well acted by St. Germain and Mlle. Marquet.

At the Variétés a new drama, in three acts, is shortly forthcoming. Meanwhile *La Fille du Diable* has been revived. A thorough-bred melodrama of the fine old stock has sprung up at the Ambigu. It is entitled *La Maison du Pont Notre Dame*, and is divided into five acts and six tableaux. The authors are MM. Theodore Barrière and H. de Kock.

It appears that the intelligence I communicated not long since to your readers of Mr. Lumley having taken the Théâtre du Cirque in Brussels for a series of operatic performances by Italian artiste is without foundation. The ex-manager disposes of the destinies of many artists whose professional horoscopes are studded with laurel crowns and sheaves of *banque notes*, and he is besieged, it would seem, with applications from all quarters to transfer his interest in them, but that he is prepared to incur the risks of management does not appear. By the way, an anecdote which has gone the round of the papers concerning some enthusiastic demonstration elicited by Jenny Lind at Stockholm, reminds one of the skilful manipulation with which Mr. Lumley was wont to work up and lash into fury the popular curiosity about this retired divinity. The students of the Swedish capital, in their eagerness to shower down their good wishes on the departing nightingale, upset a boat into which a party of them had got. Soused over ears, the ardour of their admiration was nevertheless unquenched, and, clinging to the upturned keel, they still gurgled forth their farewell chorus amidst the regurgitated liquid they had involuntarily swallowed. What a puff would this have been for the sails of the *impresario* when Jenny sailed among his crew! What a tempest of second-hand enthusiasm would Prospero have conjured out of it with the firmly-grasped wand of the free and independent British press! Alas! all is over now. Miranda is married to Ferdinand, Caliban is dead in a distant land; Ariel has bartered her new-given liberty to a magician of inferior glamour; and Prospero has buried his wand and books five fathoms deep under the Lord Chancellor's woolsack, and wanders on the continent under the conventional and colourless guise of *rentier*. As for the "oft-vext Bermoothes," if Trinculo and Stephano are not masters over it, yet merry doings and high jinks are there, and as usual the "air is filled with sweet sounds that give delight and hurt not," so far as the public are concerned.

Oct. 10.

The long-promised revival of *Le Prophète* at the Grand Opera is again put off, and with it the reappearance of Mad. Tedesco. The cause of this fresh procrastination is the illness of Mlle. Hamakers. Last Saturday the Théâtre Lyrique gave a *représentation extraordinaire*, or, as we should say, a benefit in favour of the funds of the *Association des Artistes et Musiciens*. The performances consisted of the opera *Les Rosières*, a comedy from the Gymnase, entitled *Une Partée de Piquet*, and a musical interlude contributed by the military band under the direction of M. Mohr. The rehearsals of the *Val d'Andorre* are nearly brought to a close, and the opera will be produced this week. M. Retz, the manager, has just engaged a pupil of the Conservatoire, Mlle. Baretti, for three years.

There is still but little doing at the theatres. At the Odéon a new comedy has been produced from the pen of M. Galoppe d'Ouquaire, entitled *Les Vertueux de Province*. The author has aimed at conveying a moral, but avoided being dull in so doing, a feat not always accomplished by modern playwrights when making the same attempt. *Dalila* has been revived at the Vaudeville, and at the Variétés a new piece, entitled *Ce qui plaît aux Hommes* is announced, in which Mlles. Lejars and Marie Garnier are to make their first appearance. The *Palais Royal* has put forth two new one-act pieces, *La Famille de l'Horloger* and *Un gros Mot*. The latter by MM. Labriche and Dumoustier, has turned out the most successful of the two, and Ravel is fitted in it with a character in which his original and fantastic humour finds full scope.

The series of Rossini's musical evenings at home at his villa in Passy has been brought to a close, the venerable bard and his lady having returned to their winter quarters in the Chaussée d'Antin. The baritone, Signor Della Siede, who sang with so much success in Rossini's and Mad. Orpila's salons, has returned to Berlin, where he is engaged for the Italian Opera there during the ensuing season. It is said that he is to return to Paris in March next, when he will appear in public.

Thalberg is at present in Paris. He is going to London, and thence to Germany, to look after family affairs. Another virtuoso of celebrity, M. Vieuxtemps, is reported to have bid adieu to the wandering life of an artist, and in proof of this it is alleged that he has purchased a house at Frankfort. The German papers announce the death of M. Horzalka, a pianist and composer. Among his best works are mentioned a song called *The Miller and his Child*, the words of which were by Ranpach, and another, *The Waves of the Sea*, by Grillpazer. He was sixty-two.

The approaching marriage of Mlle. Virginie Ferni, the female violinist, is spoken of, to a merchant of Nice, to whom she has been affianced since her tenth year. She will thereupon retire into private life.

LETTERS FROM ADOLPHE NOURRIT TO FERDINAND HILLER.

THE letters which, during the last few years of his life, Adolphe Nourrit wrote to Ferdinand Hiller,* are the purest reflex of the most secret emotions and inward struggles which agitated, and at length brake, the great artist's heart—they are the outpourings of a noble soul, gradually consumed in the flame of ambition and a passionate love for art, and laid open without the slightest reserve to the gaze of an intimate friend.

For the better comprehension of these letters, we will first present our readers with a few of the principal events in Nourrit's life, our authority being the excellent article by F. Halévy, "Adolphe Nourrit," in the *Revue Cotemporaine* for May and June, 1860.

Adolphe Nourrit was born on the 3rd March, 1802, at Montpelier. His father, Louis Nourrit, then only 22 years of age, possessed a fine tenor voice. He went to Paris, and entered the Conservatory. He was patronised by Méhul, and received instruction from Garat. In the year 1805, he appeared as Rinaldo in Gluck's opera of *Armida*. He remained at the Grand Opera. Not feeling any real passion for his art, in addition to exercising his talent as a singer, he traded in jewels, of which he was a good judge. His sole object was a quiet life and a certain income. He sent his son to the college of Sainte-Barbe, and afterwards placed him in a house of business. Adolphe became a good accountant, and when just seventeen, obtained a situation in the offices of a life insurance company. By his intelligence and industry, by the beauty of his writing and figures, and by his correctness in calculation, Adolphe gave the greatest satisfaction to his employers. His father was delighted, and he himself perfectly contented with his condition.

Suddenly, after his voice had fully changed, there was developed in him the germ, till then completely unsuspected, of a highly harmonious, pleasing, and yet powerful tenor, inclining to a barytone, and at the same time there awoke within his breast a strong love, slumbering up to that moment, for the art. Garat fostered both, calming the apprehension his father felt at the young clerk's resolution to devote himself to music, and on the 1st September, 1821, Adolphe made his first appearance as Pylades in Gluck's *Iphigenia*. His success was such as to decide his future career.

He now shared with his father all the tenor parts, and the name of Nourrit soon became universally famous, but to the public it represented only Adolphe. On the 9th October, 1826, at the first performance of Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*, father and son sang together, the former taking the part of Cleomenes, and the latter that of Neocles. Nourrit senior then retired and resided in the country, near Paris, but did not long enjoy the repose for which he had yearned. He died, still young, in 1831.

Every one knows how brilliant was Adolphe Nourrit's career at the Grand Opera in Paris. He reigned there as undisputed first dramatic singer, without a rival. His performances as Masaniello, Count Ory, Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, Eleazar, and Raoul were wonderful; in all these characters he displayed his great creative talent. It is not so generally known that he was, also, the author of two ballets, *La Sylphide* for Taglioni, and *La Tempête* (taken only in part from Shakspeare) for Fanny Elsler, the latter produced on the 15th September, 1834.

The last character Nourrit "created" at the Grand Opera was that of Stradella, in Niedermeyer's opera of the same name, on the 3rd March, 1837. The subject of the opera was taken from the well-known anecdote, according to which the bravoes hired to murder Stradella let their poniards drop from their hands on hearing him sing. This scene, the principal one in Niedermeyer's work, takes place in the church. But Nourrit had long previously made up his mind to break off all connection with the Grand Opera in Paris.

It was on this subject that he wrote as follows, on the 26th October, 1836, to Ferdinand Hiller.†

Things were certainly as Nourrit described them. Duprez came from Italy to Paris with all the advantage of an immense reputation; after long study he had gained in Italy that in which he had been previously deficient—but for which he was afterwards distinguished—great power of tone. In addition to this, he was

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

† We give this and the following letters in their integrity, because even the little details in them add to our means of estimating the character of Nourrit, both as a man and an artist.—ED. *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

"My dear Friend,—In the first place, receive my thanks for your welcome letter; I had heard of your indisposition and awaited with impatience the news of your recovery. You are now quite well again, and about to pass the winter agreeably in the bosom of your family, with a contented heart and spirit, engaged in pursuits which you like, and under circumstances which render you happy. I am delighted at this, though I am sorry at losing you; but we ought to love our friends for their own sake, and judge their happiness by their own standard.

"I have a great deal to tell you—a great deal—which will greatly surprise you; but we will take everything in due order, especially as I can begin with a gratifying piece of intelligence.

"My wife has been safely confined of a girl, who is lively and well; the event took place twelve days ago, and both mother and child are going on admirably. A great many persons made a wry face at the news of the arrival of a fifth little girl! We, however, receive with joy what God gives us, and offer him our thanks. May the little creature be like her sisters; may she be worthy her mother; if she is, we are sure there will be one more good woman in the world. There is a chance that our children's children will be better than we are. Hallelujah!

"But now—what I have to tell you, at present, is of an important and serious nature, and will, perhaps, affect you painfully. But I can at once quiet you; everything you are about to hear has been done solely out of consideration for my repose, my happiness, and, before all, my family.

"I leave the Opera and retire from the stage. Listen to the reasons which have induced me to do so.

"The management of the Opera has engaged Duprez, who, for some years past, has occupied the first place among the tenors of Italy. He naturally could not be contented with the second place in Paris: my position must therefore have been changed in order to make one for him. At first, I willingly and cheerfully consented to this, and, indeed, believed that I should, by a rivalry which would spur me on to fresh exertions, advance the interests of my art. But I too soon remarked the uneasiness of my family, as well as the apprehension of my friends, and my peace of mind was at an end! I have, too, had opportunities of convincing myself that I needed peace of mind to satisfy the demands of my art, that every care or anxiety is prejudicial to me, and that, in a word, I am not a man for rivalry.

"After reflecting maturely on my new position, I perceived that my future would not resemble my past life; that since the circumstances which favoured my development no longer existed, I could not foresee to what ordeals I should still be subjected, both as a man and an artist; as I cannot be *more* than the former, it is clear that I can gain nothing in a conflict in which my opponent has nothing to lose. Besides, you already know that it was always my intention to retire early; early enough to devote myself to other pursuits. I have six children, and as long as I live, I will work.

"I am very well aware that I shall not find another career so brilliant, and consequently so profitable, as my present one; but in four or five years I should, under all circumstances, be obliged to give it up, and if I do so now I shall gain four years for my future.

"My engagement with the Opera ends in March; I shall give my farewell performance, take my pension—to which I am entitled by sixteen years' service—and close with a tour through the departments, which will bring me in more in twelve or eighteen months than I could save in four years at the Opera.

"I shall then crawl like a snail into my shell, sing Hiller, Schubert, and all my dear German masters for my amusement, and devote myself to those studies to which I have always looked forward. It is true that I do not yet know in what form the fruits of my labour will be displayed, but when I once know what I want to know, when I have achieved for myself a higher value personally, it is impossible for me not to make my abilities available for the benefit of my family.

"I assure you, however, beforehand, that I shall busy myself only with art. Whatever you may think of my determination, believe me that I am not taking any rash and foolish step; I have sought the advice of all my friends, and did not decide until after a family council.

"I can assure you that since my resolution has been immutably fixed, tranquillity has returned to my house; my mother is happier, my

more fortunate than Nourrit, in having had from his youth received a thorough musical education, and was then a most accomplished singer. Donizetti had written for him the part of Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Nourrit's voice had certainly suffered somewhat; as far back as 1830 he had strained it too much in the days of the Revolution, on the stage and in other public places; and, at the period of which we are treating, his mental excitement, moreover, was not advantageous to the exercise of his art. But worse than all was the fact that this excitement cast a gloom over him, rendering him suspicious of others and unjust to himself. At one of his last performances of Masaniello, he remarked Duprez, of whose return to Paris (for after signing his engagement with the opera, Duprez had again proceeded to Italy) he was not aware, in a box with the manager of the opera. He instantly fancied they had both come to criticise his performance. His mental agitation scarcely allowed him to play out the first act; in the following acts, Lafond was obliged to take his place.

After the resolution which he took a short time subsequently, he really became, as he says in his letter, calmer; he sang the part of Stradella in March, and carefully and zealously prepared for his farewell appearance.

This took place on the 1st of April, 1837. He first played in the second act of *Armida*. The house was crammed to the ceiling, and the audience were indefatigable in showering upon him the marks of their approbation from beginning to end.

He began his tour by proceeding through Belgium and France. The success he everywhere met with led him astray; his resolve to devote himself to some other occupation was forgotten; the demon of the stage again seized on and carried him away. Nourrit determined to go to Italy, and replace at the San Carlo the man who had replaced him at the Opera in Paris.

While performing at Marseilles, he was seized with sudden hoarseness in the third act of the opera; pale, and with a look of despair, he left the stage. Two of his most intimate friends hurried round behind the scenes and found him in a state bordering on madness. He did not recognise them. With difficulty they placed him in an arm-chair, where he sat exhausted and without consciousness. Next morning, one of them went to see him. "How are you now, my dear Nourrit," he inquired. "Very bad," replied Nourrit, "I have not slept, and have wept a great deal; this very moment I was collecting all my moral energies to arm myself against evil thoughts. Life is becoming insupportable to me; but I know my duty. I have dear friends, a wife and children, whom I love, and for whom I must preserve myself—and I believe in an eternal life. With such thoughts a man can obtain the mastery over himself. I fear, however, for my reason—if I lose that for a single instant, it is all over with me. Last night, here in this chair, did I pray to God for courage and strength, and read this holy book." The book was *The Imitation of Christ*.

The consequence of this attack was that he fell seriously ill, and was obliged to return to Paris. In the bosom of his family he recovered his health, and busied himself at the Conservatory of Music. But he did not persevere; his plan of going to Italy had become a fixed idea, and his unlucky star enticed him onward.

He set out in the spring of 1838. He stopped for some time in Milan, where he frequently charmed the most distinguished society by his singing at Rossini's, and proceeded, by the way of Venice, Florence, and Rome, to Naples.

On the 7th April, 1838, he wrote as follows to Ferdinand Hiller:—

"I trust, my dear friend, that since we bade each other farewell at Naples, you have sometimes thought of me; if not, you are an ungrateful man, for I have thought often, very often, of you. I have always looked back with delight to the pleasant week which we spent together in Venice, and remembered what a beneficial effect your company had upon me.

"I have not written to you before, because I wanted to wait for the termination of the business which Rossini took in hand for me, previous to my departure from Milan. We were not able to come to any arrangement with the manager of La Scala; we should soon have agreed about money matters (you already know that money was never the principal consideration with me), but he could not give me the guarantee I required for my first appearance, and, in addition to this, the presence of Donzelli, who is engaged for the autumn and carnival season, would have rendered my position a difficult one. Merelli must have a *tenore sfogato*, and that is not in my way. I thanked Rossini, therefore, for the trouble he had taken, and broke off the negotiation with the Milan management. For other reasons I am not sorry, however, that the engagement came to nothing. At the time of the Emperor's coronation as King in Milan, every one will be more taken up with the public festivals and ceremonies than with the theatre, and you know how important for me is the impression produced by my first appearance in Italy. I am not, on this account, the less resolved to follow up my Italian career; on the contrary, every step I take in this country enlists me the more in its favour, and I have a greater desire than ever to settle here and endeavour to regain the rank I held in Paris. The task is not an easy one, but it is that very reason which excites me.

"When we are not contented with doing things by halves, we often strike on more than one rock of which we had no suspicion, and frequently overcome one obstacle merely to perceive another which we have to conquer with a fresh effort of our energy.

"It would not, however, have been worth while to give up so brilliant a position as that which I enjoyed, to leave my home, to care nothing for the fatigues of a long journey, and to bear the grief of parting and absence, if such sacrifices were to be made for something easily obtainable. No, by my troth! What I want is difficult to effect, and it is for this I want to effect it. A man does not lay aside the habits of five-and-twenty years in a fortnight, change his nature, or transform himself from a Frenchman into an Italian. Yet I must accomplish this, and I am working at it, from morning till evening, with courage and delight. It makes me eighteen years younger to begin my career afresh, nay, to be obliged to go through a new course of musical and vocal instruction; but, instead of costing me an effort, this state of studentship gives me pleasure. I do not shirk making myself very little in order to become greater; I stoop down, and take a spring, in order to rise as high as possible. Naples is an excellent place for me to gain the Italian accent, and get into the Italian ways; then again, if I must still remain separated for any length of time from my family, Naples is the place which offers the most healthy diversion, without taking into consideration the fact that the air cures sick singers, and must, consequently, be extremely beneficial to those who are well. Besides this, the people are very kind to me. Barbaja insists on my coming out here in *Guillaume Tell*, and I am only waiting till I have sung enough ih Italian in order to be no longer obliged to sing in French; this is not a joke; the two manners and the two methods are so different, that, in my opinion, no one can sing both just as it suits his fancy. Donizetti supports me with his talent and with the influence his position gives him. His advice is excellent, and I already feel how beneficial it is to me. He treats me as a friend and as an artist, paying me no compliments and suffering no fault to pass unobserved; I sing with him every evening. He corrects me in every turn which smacks of the French style, in every sound which does not agree with the laws of Italian intonation, and, thanks to his frankness, and talent as a singing-master, I hope that, in a month or two, I shall not be recognisable. I shall not be satisfied with people's saying, 'He sings in Italian very well for a Frenchman;' I mean them to say, 'Any one would take him for an Italian.' These are lofty pretensions, are they not?

"Adieu, my dear friend; think of me and write to say how far you have got on with your opera. I remain the whole summer in Naples. My address, &c.

"Ad. Nourrit."

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wife calmer, and my sister fell round my neck with joy on hearing my decision.

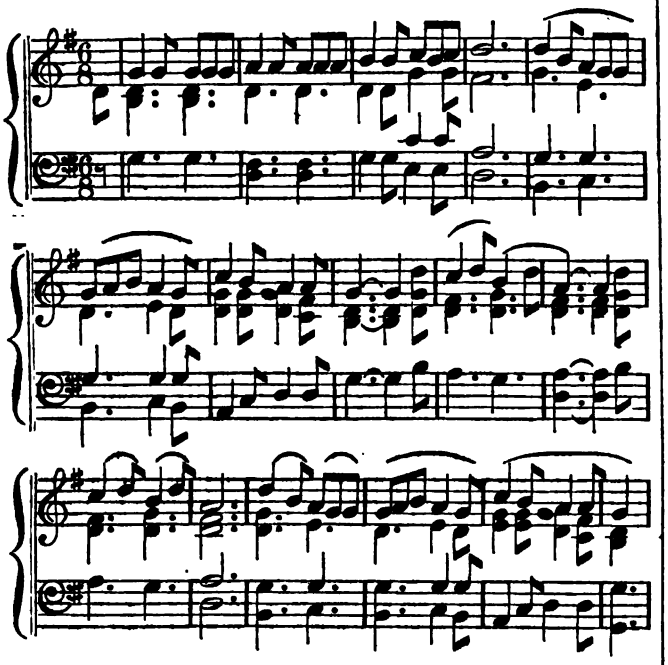
"I have never striven to obtain great wealth; as, however, I have five daughters to provide for, I wish to place my retirement from the stage in such a light before the world as to command as much respect and consideration as possible. My present position is, on this account, especially favourable to me. All who love me approve of my intention; your approbation alone is wanting. I trust that you will not make me wait for it long, and that you will permit me to reckon on it beforehand.

"Farewell, my dear friend; if my reasons do not convince you, do not be in a hurry with your answer, for I am certain that in the end you will agree with my views.

"Yours with all my heart,
"Ad. Nourrit."

Letters to the Editor.

BELLISLE'S MARCH.

SIR,—Returning lately in one of the mail steamers from Brazil, some of our passengers were Welsh emigrants, who had been wrecked on that coast, and were on their way home to England. On the calm evenings they entertained us with singing as part songs their national melodies. Amongst these was the air of which I enclose my own reminiscences. My recollection of it is most imperfect, but it will be sufficient to enable any of your readers to recognise it who happen to know the original, which, to my mind, is one of the most beautiful national melodies extant.

I have searched the music shops of London, and consulted all ordinary collections of Welsh melodies; but I have hitherto failed to discover any air resembling the one I send you. I myself, and I think all musical people to whom the air is unknown, will be glad if any of your correspondents can say what the air is, and where it is to be found. The Welshmen informed me that the English name was "Bellisle's March." They gave me also the Welsh name, but this I cannot remember. I can only recollect that the burden of the Welsh words related to a goose and a gander, which appeared to me a sorry subject for so pathetic a melody.

Pimlico, Sept. 26th. J. G.

QUERY?

SIR,—Do you think, say in a few years, that we shall get through an English festival without being obliged to call in Mesdames "this" and Signors "that," not because they sing better or have better voices, simply because they are not English? Now, at the Worcester festival they got on WELL—at least it was supposed they did—and had not *even* a foreign conductor to put them right. Now, Mr. Editor, how was it done, and *was* it true that more cash for the charity was taken than for some years past? Now, is it not a pity that we do not help our own people, not that I dislike the foreign artists? On the contrary, I like them in the Italian season, and enjoy an Italian opera as much as an English one; but we ought not to be obliged to have them all the year round. Now, poor Mr. Smith at Her Majesty's cannot get on without making it half and half. WHY do our poor English singers put up with it?

This is from one that loves music, and hears all she can afford to pay for. I should have sent this before, but I could not find out if you were an Englishman or not; and glad enough I was to find that prince of papers was edited by an Englishman. I have posted this in London, that you might be sure to get it, and put it in your paper for the good of the singers.

A TO A?—OR C TO C?

SIR,—Having seen the account of the presentation of a *seven-octave* piano to Dr. Miller in the MUSICAL WORLD, will any of your readers inform me, through the same source, whether the compass is from A to A or C to C? The latter would be preferable, and I find they are, with the little makers, creeping into stock; and, as a natural consequence, the larger makers must follow suit.

Your obedient servant,

PIANO.

MEYERBEER, &c.

BY C. L. G.

THREE *Dinorahs!* The first at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique in Paris, on the 4th of April, 1859; the second at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on the 26th of July, 1859; and the third at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, on the 3rd of October, 1859. Three successes in French, Italian, and English, within six months! Three remarkable displays of executive skill, by artists of three countries! Who is the mighty magician whose potent spells have so fascinated and charmed such varied audiences as those assembled in London and Paris? Whose music is this that has so penetrated into the deepest recesses of the soul? Who is the musician whose privilege it is thus to bring nationalities together within one sympathetic and united circle—the domain of the lyric drama? Who has established this bond of union between two capitals on the neutral ground of art influence? Can any hesitation exist as to the composer whose works alone can account for the affinity? It is scarcely necessary to repeat here the name of Meyerbeer; it must at once suggest itself. He is now the master of the lyric world. He has revolutionised the lyric drama, as much as Beethoven revolutionised the symphony. "Let Meyerbeer," wrote in 1811 his friend and fellow-student Weber, "only go forth in the paths of art, exercising the perseverance, assiduity, and discretion so manifest in him hitherto, and in his genius we may prophesy a rich ripe fruit." Weber's prophecy has been fulfilled; but even he could not have anticipated the extent to which Meyerbeer's invention and imagination have progressed. In his career there has been no finality. Germany gave him theory and technicalities, Italy inspired him, and France consolidated the transformations in his school and style, destined to produce the masterpieces which the entire world now claims as the triumphs of lyric art. It has been a work of time with Meyerbeer. His blanks were drawn in the springtide of life; his prizes have become more valuable as he has advanced to the winter of his days. He is now in his sixty-sixth year, for he was born in Berlin in 1794, and yet musical Europe is anxiously waiting for his next grand opera, convinced that the culminating point in his career has not yet been reached, and that even another phasis of development may be expected from his ever-enduring fancy, matured judgment, and inexhaustible resources. With Meyerbeer music is both a faith and a mission. He looks upon the past as a mere apprenticeship—a beacon for the future—an incentive to go on—to ameliorate, to refine, and to purify. With this innate persuasion, he will not trust to chance and the chapter of accidents. He scorns to trade on his name—to presume on his popularity. He must have his artists; he must prepare his public. He must be sure of his venture; he will not risk a reverse. A failure would kill him—he never could survive a defeat. His sensitiveness is the result of conscientiousness; hence his exactions from executive skill, his delays, his hesitations. Before the vessel is launched he will modify the form, alter the details. He has begun with a cockboat sometimes—he has left off with the construction of a ship of the

line. Nothing will he neglect to accomplish a great end; the most minute details will not escape his vigilant eye, for with him it is not the ear alone which makes the opera. M. Henri Blaze de Bury, in his admirable article, *De l'Esprit du Temps àpropos de Musique*, has cleverly pointed out that Meyerbeer has gone beyond thorough bass and double counterpoint in his new system. It is not with him a succession of ordinary and commonplace sensations—a mere tune-grinder; but, like Beethoven, it is a regeneration of musical forms in design, colouring, orchestration, and combination—novel elements of effects and *ensemble*—ideas well expressed by M. de Bury as "extra musical." On these points we have something to urge, and for this reason, namely, that Meyerbeer has exercised on the lyric drama of this country a most powerful influence. To him do we owe the vitality of the Royal Italian Opera, which, happily for art progress, has survived feud and fire; and to the eventual triumph of this enterprise, under Mr. Gye's courageous and clever combinations, are we indebted for the establishment of an English opera-house, under the able direction of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, which bids fair to realise what has been so long a dream—a national opera on a permanent basis. To appreciate accurately the great strides art has made in this country, it will be necessary to go back for half a century, to follow rapidly the brilliant career of Meyerbeer abroad, and to show how at last his works have brought about such important changes at home.

It is fortunate for art that Meyerbeer had rich parents. His father was Beer the banker; his brothers were William Beer, the celebrated astronomer, and Michael Beer, the author of the tragedies *Paria* and *Struensée*. Giacomo Meyer Beer adopted the two latter names as one—hence he has been known as Meyerbeer. His musical gifts manifested themselves from earliest childhood. At five years of age he improvised on the pianoforte; at six he played at amateur concerts; at nine he performed in public; the *Musical Gazette of Leipzic* criticising him not merely for his manipulation, but also for the elegance of his style. The pianist Clementi became his master, as also Bernard Anselm Weber, leader of the Berlin opera orchestra. Struck by a fugue in eight parts, written by Meyerbeer at fifteen years of age, the Abbé Vogler accepted him as a fellow-pupil with Winter, Ritter, Carl Maria Von Weber, &c. After a musical tour with his teacher, Meyerbeer, at seventeen years of age, was appointed composer to the court of Darmstadt. Religious music seems to have been his earliest predilection. He composed two oratorios, *God and Nature* for Darmstadt and Berlin, and *Jepthah's Daughter* for Munich. Both works were comparative failures, if such terms can be applied to the reception of compositions by a youth of eighteen. Dry scholastic forms—the fruit, no doubt of the drilling by the contrapuntist Vogler—were the characteristics of Meyerbeer's earliest attempts at writing. On his pliant mind every novelty and style made an impression. Thus, at Vienna, he became as much enamoured with the charm of Hummel's pianoforte playing, as he had been previously impressed with the dignity of Clementi's style. He practised for nine months, and then created such a sensation that Moscheles assured Fétis the historian, Meyerbeer might have become one of the greatest pianists of the age. It is a happy circumstance that his attention was turned from his pianoforte pursuit. He was not successful in his first opera, *Abimelech; or, the Two Caliphs*, produced at Vienna when he was nineteen: although Weber subsequently tried it at Prague, and it met with great favour. It was at the advice of Salieri that Meyerbeer left Germany for Italy, to study the mechanism of the human voice. At Venice he heard Rossini's *Tancredi*, which converted him at once to the Italian style. Rossini little contemplated, at that period, he would write *William Tell* for the Grand Opera in Paris, and that his style would undergo as great a transformation as that of Meyerbeer. *Les extrêmes se touchent.* The two great composers are firm and fast friends. On a fine sunny day on the Boulevards—and when is there not one in that charming rendezvous?—Rossini and Meyerbeer are seen walking and chatting together; the former, with his never-ceasing vivacity, rallying perhaps his fidgetty companion on his over-anxiety to secure an unexceptionable execution of a new work on his *excelsior* principle. Let us, however, leave the laughing philosophical musician, and his sedate, serious, and uncompromising brother in art, and return to Italy. Meyerbeer's contact with Rossini caused the production at Padua, in 1818, of a semi-serio opera, called *Romilda e Costanza*, written especially for the celebrated but ill-looking contralto, Mad. Pisaroni, a cantatrice not altogether forgotten in this country. The work gave an immediate status to the composer amongst the Italians, confirmed by his subsequent works, *Samiramide Riconosciuta* and *Emma di Resburgo*, the former written for Carolina Bassi at Turin, in 1819, and the the latter for Venice, in 1820. *Emma di Resburgo* came into collision, the same season, with Rossini's *Eduardo e Christina*—Berlin *versus* Pesaro—but *Emma* stood the shock; nay, more, she left the Lagunes for the Rhine, and the Germans hailed her with the same delight as the Italians, to the great disgust of Weber, who was always strongly opposed to the Italian style, and "pitched" into his fellow-pupil without remorse. Weber lived long enough, however, to recognise the peculiar direction which the genius of Meyerbeer was taking; although the death, in London, of the gifted composer of *Der Freyschutz* and *Oberon* took place in 1826. Passing over a manuscript opera, *La Porte de Brandebourg*, written in 1821, for Berlin, but never performed, it was in the following year that *Margherita d'Anjou* was brought out by Meyerbeer, at the Scala, in Milan, a work which went the round of Europe. Levasseur, the French basso, who was so identified afterwards with Meyerbeer's operas in Paris, sang in the *Margherita*. In 1823, *L'Esule di Granata* appeared in Milan, Pisaroni and Lablache being the leading interpreters, a duo between them in the second act creating unbounded enthusiasm. Meyerbeer then visited Rome, and wrote an opera for Carolina Bassi, *Almansor;* but, owing to her illness, it remains in the composer's portfolio. After a brief return to Germany, he went again to Venice, and at the close of December, 1824 (not 1825, as erroneously recorded by Fétis), the *Crociato in Egitto* was first represented, the libretto by Rossi. The principal parts were sustained by the famed Veluti, Crivelli, Bianchi, and Mad. Méric Lalande, the mother of Mlle. Méric, the contralto, married to one of Lablache's sons. The *Crociato* was the second stage in the development of Meyerbeer's genius. His individuality commenced to be a tangible reality. The *Crociato* had the same effect on musical Europe as Weber's *Der Freyschutz*. After Venice, it was at Trieste that the magical success of the new style was indicated. Nothing was heard on the shores of Illyria, Etruria, and Adria, but the airs of the *Crociato*. Signor Villa was the contralto, but he was far inferior to Veluti; Signora Canzi, and Signora Carolina Bassi, soprani; Signor Tacchinardi, tenor; and Signor Bianchi was the basso. There was a torchlight procession and a military demonstration in honour of the composer. We dwell on these details, for the *Crociato* was our first impression of Meyerbeer's music. We cannot forget that it was to the late Mr. Ayrton, a scholar and a gentleman, an admirable critic, and a classic manager, this country is indebted for the introduction of the *Crociato;* the same Mr. Ayrton, be it never forgotten, who, in the palmy days of the King's Theatre (the Italian Opera), first produced Mozart's *Don Giovanni* in England. Veluti was engaged for his original part, being thirty years since a Musico had appeared at the Opera House. Veluti took great pains with the *Crociato*, and he trained for their respective characters Mad. Caradori Allan and Mlle. Garcia (Malibran), Mad. Castelli, Curioni, Crivelli, and Remorini. It is related in Ebers' book that the event was regarded with such interest, that the late Duke of Wellington had a large dinner party at Apsley House, the amateurs of distinction present afterwards going in a body to applaud the *Crociato*, which ran to the end of the season, producing for ten successive representations immense receipts. Such was Meyerbeer's first introduction in England, and for years his music was known in our concert-rooms by the gleanings from the *Crociato*, amongst which is the captivating canzonette and terzetto, "Giovinetto Cavalier," sung at the last Royal Academy concert in July, in honour of the composer, who sat beside the lamented founder of the institution, the good and generous patron of art, the friend of artists, the late Earl of Westmoreland. The revival of this work has been recently promised at the Italian Opera in Paris, although it was not so successful when first brought there, in 1826, as in Italy and England—Rossini's star being then in the ascendant in the French capital. The *Crociato*, to our minds, would bear resuscitation here. Our reminiscences of this work are those of very youthful amateurship; but we are still impressed with its melodious flow of ideas, and the fire and animation of its concerted

pieces. The *Harmonicon*, and the *Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*, in their notices of the *Crociato*, in 1825, wrote in the most eulogistic terms; one passage from the last-mentioned organ so rightly appreciates the composer, that it merits quotation:—"If a man unites the fulness of the German harmony with the grace of the Italian melody; if he collects the antecedents which are scattered here and there, and uses them to new and better purposes and effects; if he accumulates imagery, introduces unexpected, bold, and beautiful transitions; converts an ornament into an exclamation of passion, or gives an outline which a singer of expression fills up magnificently,—the man who does all this at this time of day, we say, must be considered as an original and highly-gifted genius. And such we esteem Meyerbeer." The above might be written in 1860 as well as in 1825.

(*To be continued.*)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), October 13, will be repeated Macfarren's new and highly successful Opera of ROBIN HOOD. The music composed expressly for this theatre by G. A. Macfarren. The scenery by William Beverley and assistants. Robin Hood, Mr. Sims Reeves; Sir Reginald de Bracy, Mr. Santley; Hugo, Mr. George Honey; Allan-a-Dale, Mr. Parkinson; Little John, Mr. Bartleman; Much, Mr. Patey; Alice, Mad. Lemaire; and Marian, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. Conductor, Mr. Charles Halle. On Monday, October 15, will be repeated Verdi's Opera of IL TROVATORE. Leonora, Mlle. Titiens; Azucena, Mad. Lemaire; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Briani; Ferrando, Signor Vialetti; and Manrico, Signor Giuglini. Conductor Signor Arditi. To conclude with the new ballet divertissement of ORFA. On Tuesday, October 16, will be repeated (for the third time) Macfarren's new and highly successful Opera of ROBIN HOOD, with Sims Reeves, Santley, Honey, Lemaire, and Sherrington. On Wednesday, October 17, first night of IL DON GIOVANNI: Titiens, Vaneri, Parepa, Gassier, Vialetti, Castelli, Hermanns, and Giuglini. Reduced prices:—Pit Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; First Circle, 4s.; Second Circle, 3s.; Upper Box Circle Seats, 2s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery 1s.; Gallery Side Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. Private Boxes: Upper Box, to hold four persons, 10s.; Private Box, third tier, to hold four persons, £1 1s.; Private Box, second tier, to hold four persons, £1 11s. 6d.; Private Boxes, Pit, first and Grand Tiers, two, three, and four Guineas. The Box-office of the theatre open daily, from 10 till 5 o'clock, under the direction of Mr. Nugent. Acting Manager, Mr. Mapleson. Stage Manager, Mr. R. Roxby.

Marriage.

On the 2nd instant, at St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, Henry Cipriani Potter, eldest son of Cipriani Potter, Esq., to Fanny, third surviving daughter of G. W. K. Potter, Esq., Secondary of London.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

ITALIAN Opera has of late years become almost as popular in the provinces as in London. No autumn, or winter, is now allowed to pass away in the principal towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, without a visit from the song birds of the sunny south. Time was when, the great theatre in the Haymarket having closed its doors for the season, the singers took immediate flight to Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, or some of the Italian States, where their services were imperatively called for. Now, on the contrary, when the operatic year is over, many of the principal artists hasten neither to Paris nor Germany, to Italy nor Russia but prefer taking their course to the capitals of Ireland and Scotland, or to the large manufacturing towns of England, where, we have no doubt, they meet with far greater success, in a monetary sense, than in any of the continental cities. Why they prefer this country to any other is simply because they are better paid. It does indeed seem extraordinary that towns with no artistic reputation attached to them should be able to compete, in the engagement of celebrities, with Naples, Milan, Turin, Venice, Vienna, or Madrid. At this moment, when nearly all the principal Italian theatres in Europe have their doors open, an operatic company with Mesdames Grisi and Viardot and Signor Mario at their head are performing in the provinces, and Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini have just returned from a provincial *tournée* to commence a new season at Her Majesty's Theatre. The number of operatic singers who come to London is doubtless more than doubled since the opening of the Royal Italian Opera in 1846, and this gives *entrepreneurs* a greater chance of securing efficient artists for the country. Nevertheless, when all is surmised and the reasons sifted, we may, without violence, infer that the growing taste for Italian music is the principal cause of the establishment of Italian opera in the provinces.

The Italian performances this year in the provinces have been more than usually important and significant. Signor Verdi's *Macbeth*—one of his latest, and, if we are to trust continental reports, most powerfully dramatic operas—has been produced at Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, and other towns with unequivocal success. Whatever the merits of this work, coming from the pen of the most popular composer of the day, it should not have been left to provincial managers or enterprising speculators to introduce it to the English public out of London. What has Mr. Gye been about, what Mr. E. T. Smith, both of whom are so deeply indebted to the author of *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, &c.? Moreover, that great artist, Mad. Viardot, who of late years has so strangely been overlooked by Italian, French, and English *impresarii*, has been starring in many towns in the three kingdoms, with a success that really—if we are to accredit the local journals—may be denominated "unprecedented." Hear the *Liverpool Journal* of last Saturday, speaking of her performance of Azucena in the *Trovatore*:—

"The greatest performance of the night, however, was Madame Viardot's Azucena. We have never witnessed on any stage a more splendid triumph of acting. The house was perfectly electrified by it; all that feeling of awkwardness which is apt to arise in one's mind at the opera in hearing men and women sing their feelings and hold passionate dialogues in music completely disappeared, and for the moment no allowance needed to be made for stage illusion; it seemed perfectly natural and necessary for the old gipsy to do exactly what she did. Nothing could be felt except the intense frenzy with which her every nerve appeared to vibrate; and the best compliment to the music is to record that even that passed unnoticed and unregarded whilst the wonderful paroxysms of rage lasted. It is only when thoroughly appropriate music meets with a thoroughly dramatic interpreter that such effects can be produced; in any other case either the singer spoils the music, or the music dwarfs the singer. We know of no living actress, unless it be Ristori, who, even without the additional difficulty of having to sing through it all, could have approached the *abandon* which Viardot threw into these passages; and those who could make the most promising attempt would have lessened its effect by the absence of that ineffable gracefulness which preserved this great *artiste*, even in the wildest moments of her frenzy, from the least appearance of exaggeration. Madame Viardot was as remarkable in every part of the performance as she was in these great bursts of power; and, it is quite unnecessary to say, sang the music perfectly."

Are Azucenas so plentiful * that a singer and actress like Mad. Viardot is not a negotiable commodity in the music

* There are already two of them at the R. I. O., and four of them at H. M. T. Six of them is enough. We want Mad. Viardot for something better than a shrieking old gipsy.—"*Sub.*"

market? We fear the directors of the Italian Operas do not always satisfy their subscribers in their selection of representatives of the gipsy mother. But Mad. Viardot obtains no engagement nevertheless. In a character immeasurably beyond that of Azucena, Lady Macbeth, in Signor Verdi's *Macbeth*, to the production of which at Liverpool we have just alluded, Mad. Viardot has obtained equal honour and praises.

"The one great redeeming feature of the performance," writes the *Manchester Guardian*, "was the perfect and splendid performance of Madame Viardot Garcia. It will readily be conceived by those familiar with that lady's histrionic powers, that the character of Lady Macbeth falls peculiarly within her range. While goading on her less bold partner to the murder of Duncan, the subtlety and dark cruelty of the woman were truthfully interpreted; nor less striking was her power when her husband, the 'deed being done,' glares in blank horror at his blood-stained hands, and she scornfully bids him look away—'Storne da questo il ciglio.' Madame Viardot's crowning effort was rightly reserved for the sleep-walking scene. It was indeed a fearful realisation of the poet's purpose; and she received a well-deserved meed of applause."

A slight difference of opinion must certainly exist between the London and provincial public, or between London and provincial managers, when an artist lauded to the skies for her singing and acting by one is entirely ignored by the other. We are not sufficiently philosophers to find out the cause, but must leave it to time to unravel. How different in the case of Grisi and Mario, Titiens and Giuglini, whose successes everywhere have been nothing more than the echoes of their metropolitan triumphs.

Musical attraction in the provinces, however, has not been confined to Italian opera. Mr. Charles Hallé's Grand Concert at Manchester was a great event, although somewhat dulled by the non-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose duties at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the rehearsals of *Robin Hood*, precluded the possibility of his singing in *Armida*, which had been looked forward to with so much interest by all classes of Manchestrians. The Ninth Concert of the Philharmonic Society at Liverpool was another noticeable affair, at which Grisi, Viardot, and Mario sang, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 was executed.

Verily speculation is rife in the provinces, and metropolitan managers must not look to preserve a monopoly in Italian singers as they were wont to do in the olden times. Fortunately for the freedom of song, our country cousins have been taught to know the difference between a ballad and a cavatina, between a shake and a roulade, and hence Grisi or Titiens, Mario or Giuglini, is as welcome to a Hull or Bradford audience as to an audience metropolitan.

LAST week we published an article enjoining operatic managers to practise economy in their manner of producing new works. Some may imagine that this was only an ingenious way of flattering them, for as a class they are not remarkable for any particular recklessness in theatrical expenditure. But we meant precisely what we said. At such establishments as the Académie Impériale of Paris, and our own Royal Italian Opera, the directors give too much new scenery and too little new music. We would not willingly accuse them of prodigality, and we have no doubt that they bargain in a proper commercial spirit for their stage magnificence, and purchase it on the lowest possible terms; but they fancy the public is to be taken by the eye more readily than by the ear, whereas we maintain that to take it by the ear is the great point, and that once having it by the ear, the manager may hold it as long as he thinks fit. It has often been said, and in a particularly loud voice, by J. J. Rousseau, and after him by R. Wagner (who has borrowed every idea that he possesses), that "opera" does not mean exclusively a musical work, but a musical, poetical, and spectacular work all at once; that "opera," in fact, is "*the* work," *par excellence*, to the production of which all the arts are necessary. The very titles of the earliest operas prove this notion to be as absurd as we all feel it to be. The earliest Italian plays of a mixed character, not being constructed according to the ancient rules of tragedy and comedy, were called by the general name of "opera," the nature of the "work" being more particularly indicated by some such epithet as *regia, regicomica, comica, tragica, scenica, sacra, esemplare, regia ed esemplare*, &c.; and in the case of a lyrical drama, the words *per musica, scenica per musica, regia ed esemplare per musica*, were added, or the production was styled *opera musicale* alone. In time the mixed plays (which were imitated from the Spanish) fell into disrepute in Italy, while the title of "opera" was still applied to lyrical dramas, but not without "*musicale*" or "*in musica*" after it. This was sufficiently vague, but people soon found it troublesome, or thought it useless, to say *opera musicale*, when *opera* by itself conveyed, if it did not express, their meaning, and thus dramatic works in music came to be called "operas." A stupid abbreviation, perhaps, but scarcely more so than that of pianoforte into piano, general officer into general, Oporto wine into port, &c. We have even heard Frenchmen speak of the *cornet à pistons* as "*le piston*;" in spite of which a cornet and a piston are two very different things, and so also are the opera, as imagined by Rousseau and Wagner, and the *opera musicale* of reality. Algarotte's work on the opera (translated into French, and entitled *Essai sur l'opéra*) is called in the original *Saggio sopra l'opera in musica*. "Opera in music" would in the present day sound like a pleonasm; but it is as well to consider the true meaning of words, when we find fantastic pedants perverting their signification to suit their own ridiculous theories.

OUR exquisite con-temporary, con-philosopher, con-wit, con-humourist, and *com*-panion, Mr. *Punch*, of Temple-bar (*outre*), is even now, in this year of grace, 1860—or year of luck, "38" (dating the regeneration of criticism from the first volume of the MUSICAL WORLD)—occasionally seized with fits of harmonious madness, or as some might term it, melodious satire, or as others might term it, rhythmical pepsy. His jokes on such occasions assume the shape of sly digs at the shivering aristarchi who are permitted to stand on feet at the "sittings" of the Musical Union (as though for them the director was a monarch—Johnella I.—and the quartets a perpetual "God save"), and quiet pokes at popular Pantagruelism, or enthusiasm, from the æsthetical point of view. When Mr. *Punch* begins to squeak, however, in a tone of raillery, it may be accepted as an axiom that *something* wrong, directly or indirectly, *de bonne volonté* or *à rebrousse poil*—in Latin, *nolens volens*—is being perpetrated. Pedantry or mock zeal is sure to offend his nostril (an old inveterate habit of snuff-taking has made of him an *uninarine*), and invite his pinch. Under such provocation, ordinarily (as the wines of Champagne are reported to say "pish" to every other grape-yield), the ironical bites of Mr. *Punch*, though *tant soit peu* "Socratic," verily and truly—as our peninsular-snipping (and "vivacious") neighbours have it—"*font nargue à toutes les autres morsures*. From divers sharp sentences—

which might have been traced by the "trenchant *glaive*" with which Sir Gawaine and his brethren slew King Pellinore, or by the point-kissing extremities of the shears of the *Parcæ*, and which Mr. *Punch* has put forth earlier or later in the current of this same year of luck, "38—" it is clear that he is at intellectual odds with the present style, or want of style, of musical criticism now obtaining in the ancient city of King Lud. Mr. *Punch* finds our reviewers either too affectedly profound or too profoundly affected, and girding up his loins, brandishes a spear pointed with venom and dipped in gall, smiting one after another under rib No. 5. The aim of the "*Notice of a Street Concert*," reprinted by ourselves—*ante*, vol. 27, page forgotten (we quote from memory)—was not to be mistaken. Still less open to conjecture was an article intituled *Classical Pantomime Quartets*, which we declined to reprint under the (then existing) circumstances, but which—Time having more or less softened its asperity—may peraunter (Head-printer * *volens*) find an out-of-the-way corner in our actual impression. Since then the doors of our office have been shut to further extracts of a similar "kidney," for reasons which fully account for the occlusion of portals previously patulous. But now in the very recentest issue of Mr. *Punch's* square sheet, which, up to the point under cited, we had perused with hungry avidity, we are compelled to note a return to the old sin. As Sir Launcelot, after failing to "achieve the Sancgreall" (or Holy Pot), returned to his old passion for Queen Guenever, so Mr. *Punch*, after having failed to roast the musical critics, has returned to his old passion for spitting their technical vocabulary.

Our hook-nosed brother would now place in the *index expurgatorius* the Italian terms of "obbligato" and "tremolo." Read his Erasmic quirk:—

THY VOICE, O HARMONY!

Conductor—"Heasy with them bones, Bill."

Bones—"But I'm a playin *Hobligarter*."

Conductor—"Well, I didn't say as no yer wasn't; but yer needn't go and drownd my *Tremerler*."

We have enclosed this mordant *Juvenalium* in a mourning frame. Is our contemporary about to follow at the obsequies of his own vivacity? Or whence this Naninaric crunch?

"*Neuviémement*"—as our absorbing (and "volatile") neighbours say—(we omit the first eight protests); *neuviémement*—what language would Mr. *Punch* have our musical reviewers entertain? Would he make of them neologists? or reduce them to the dimensions of the necydale? Seriously, does he consider that ignorance of the terms which musicians use to express the forms and conditions of their art is a recommendation to the critic's office? Would he revive (in this fleeting period of "revivals") those "palmy" days when the report of a new opera consisted of a column of plot, a half column of scenery and decorations, a quarter column on the performers, and half a line on the music? That Mr. *Punch* is no less a stiff reformer than a griping satirist and an oily-headed citizen, none will deny; but it is a new manner of reforming to disturb the grave of the past, and rake up the bones of old-exploded error. There can be nothing absurd in the use of appropriate terms, while speaking or writing of any subject whatever—even music. The ridiculous side of technical expressions (unless they are misemployed) is beyond our observation. Why, then, should they be used as pegs upon which to hang the gibus of gibing, or the mackintosh of merry-punchism? The little boy in the squares was wont to cry (he don't now, since Lord Brougham has been "abroad") "*Parley wow*," to the ambulant alien. Mr. *Punch*, even in his nonage, much less in his teens, was never that little boy—far from that little boy! Yet, we put it to his wisdom,—what is there to laugh at in *obbligato*? what in "*tremolo*?" what in "C major?" what, we will venture so boldly as to inquire, in "D minor?" These terms express what can be intelligibly expressed by no others (let Mr. *Punch* himself try). They are sans synonyme, "every each one," therefore not legitimate ground for pleasantry. "Op. 20," too means the 20th work ("Op." is the short for *Opus*, as Mr. *Punch's* Latinity may have helped him to detect); "Op. 30" signifies the thirtieth work, neither more nor less. Where then is the joke, or rather the point of it, so frequently iterated, of "Q minor," "Z major," "Op. 926," and "Op. 9,000,000? If there were as many keys as there are letters in the alphabet, or if any composer lived and wrote long enough to produce nine million operas, "Z major," would very aptly express the key of a piece in the key of z major, and "Op. 9,000,000 precisely designate the nine-millionth work of that extremely prolific composer. No one quizzes a painter for calling red "red," blue "blue," an easel "an easel," a brush a "brush," a pallet a "pallet," or—we may even go so far as to add—Green Bice, "Green Bice," Burnt Sienna, "Burnt Sienna," and Burnt Umber, "Burnt Umber. *Green Bice, Burnt Sienna, Burnt Umber!* Here are themes to pun and play upon! *Veuillez les aborder — cherissime* Monsieur *Punch*? Our critics are not all angels, we admit; nor, on the other hand, are they all *getæ*; but if they must be roasted for calling C "C," and Op. 50 "Op. 50," they may just as well "slope" into some other arena for bread-winning. At any rate, C major does NOT mean radish, nor Op. 50 a hole in the wall; they mean exactly what they express. Not less explicit are "tremolo" and "obbligato." To conclude—when A is *flat*, B (according to the theory of J. M. Langford) being *sharp*, discusses how C may make A *natural*. In other language (that of the late Canon Smith)—"When A is in difficulties, B begins to consider what C ought to do for him. *Quod est* to be demonstrated. "ENTER ROMMI."

PETIPACE OF WINCHILSEA.

* There is no Latin for Head-printer, as there were no printers, head or heel, in Latium.—*Printer's Devil.*

MR. CHARLES BRAHAM leaves London on Monday for Italy, where he is about to make his appearance on the stage, for the first time, as a baritone singer.

DEPTFORD.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The concert at the Lecture Hall, under the patronage of Capt. C. H. Buckle, R.N., Superintendent of Her Majesty's Dockyards in this town, took place last week; and as the profits were to be given to aid the band fund of the Royal Dockyard 27th Kent Royal Volunteers, it was not surprising to see a very numerous and elegantly dressed audience assembled. The programme consisted of modern songs, duets, &c., together with some pieces from the well-known Scotch repertoire of the Misses Bennett and Mr. Angus Fairbairn, who assisted on the occasion. The audience were very enthusiastic, and insisted on encoring a great number of pieces, among which, as deserving especial notice, we may name "The Death of Nelson," sung with great spirit by Mr. George Tedder, and Rossini's "Largo al Factotum," given with immense activity and a deal of comic humour by Mr. Leonard, who also sang Wallace's "Bell-ringer." Miss Rebecca Isaacs and Miss Jane Palmer were the principal lady vocalists. The former, among other things, sang a new "Rifle" song composed expressly for her by Mr. Hodgson, and the latter the ballad of "The Skipper and his Boy." Some instrumental pieces were included in the

programme, among which were a duet for two flutes on "The Last Rose of Summer," executed by Messrs. Hardy and Nightingale, and a violin solo by Mr. E. Saunders, who are all members of the 27th Kent Volunteer's Band. Mr. H. Parker was the accompanist at the pianoforte.

SAVED BY A DRUM.—The drummer boy of the Milwaukee Light Guard was saved from the wreck of the Lord Elgin by means of his drum. He had presence of mind sufficient to whittle a plug and close the air vent, then lashing the drum to his shoulders he trusted himself to the waves. The drum supported him, and also four others who seized hold of it; but these, one after another, dropped off. The drum carried the boy nearly ashore, when by some means one head was burst in and it filled with water. The boy abandoned it, and seizing a fragment of the wreck succeeded in reaching the shore. The drum afterwards came ashore, and was returned to the boy whose life it had saved.—*New York paper.*

The Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith is in the position of a skilful sportsman who shoots with a double-barrelled gun. If one barrel miss fire the other is sure to hit—that is, provided the aim be straight and the gun properly loaded. But sometimes, even with these provisions, though the hand be steady and the sight be clear and well-directed, though the powder be from the best mills and the shot be undeniably spherical, the object is not hit, or hit to no purpose. The bird flies away unscathed and leaves the sportsman to lament over his bad luck, for what sportsman would admit that the failure was to be attributed to himself. Mr. Smith has fired his double gun this week—one barrel on Wednesday night and one on Thursday—with such deadly effect, as to have bagged the public in large numbers on both occasions. The English barrel was to have been fired off on Monday night, when the season was announced to be inaugurated with *Robin Hood*, but in consequence of the ammunition not being prepared, the shooting was deferred until Thursday, and sportsman Smith fired off the Italian barrel on Wednesday, bringing down an immense flock at long range. It was not to be wondered at, indeed, considering that the gun was loaded with such piercing pellets as Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, Signor Vialetti, Mad. Lemaire, &c., &c. To drop metaphor, however, Mr. E. T. Smith's "Anglo-Italian Company," according to one morning contemporary, or, according to another, the "Grand Coalition Company," opened the campaign on Wednesday with the *Trovatore* in Italian, the principal singers being Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Lemaire, Signors Giuglini, Vialetti, Francesco Briani, Soldi, &c., &c. The only new appearance was Signor Briani. This gentleman, who sustained the part of the Count di Luna, must not be judged by his performance on Wednesday, seeing that he was labouring under the effects of hoarseness. He seems to be an experienced artist, and acted with considerable fire and animation. Of the performance generally, it is only necessary to say that Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini were in great force; that Mad. Lemaire displayed much energy in the part of Azucena; that the band and chorus are just the same as during the regular opera season; and that Signor Arditi presided in the orchestra. The theatre has undergone considerable alterations. A capacious and handsome balcony has been erected in front of the grand tier, and several boxes on the first, second and third tiers are thrown open, and made into dress and undress circles. Moreover, the amber curtains have faded away before the crimson which were used last year in the cheap season, and all the splendid pile carpets have been removed to make way for less expensive and perishable oil-cloths and matting.

A greater and more legitimate success than that achieved by Mr. Macfarren's new opera, *Robin Hood*, on Wednesday night we never witnessed. The crowd was immense, the excitement unusual, and expectation on tiptoe. That Mr. John Oxenford was the author of the libretto gave a new interest to the performance, and all the musicians and poets in London, and many far from London, were in their places anxious and expectant long before the curtain rose. Moreover, the cast of parts presented an unusual attraction in itself. Mr. Sims Reeves, who, except during his annual visit to the National Standard, in the oriental suburbs, has not appeared for years on the London boards, was to play the principal character, and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, who never appeared on the stage at all, was to make her *début*. Mr. Santley, too, and Mr. George Honey, from the Royal English Opera, were both included in the cast, as were also, from the same company, Messrs. Bartleman and J. E. Patey, and Mr. Parkinson, the tenor, a real Armstrong great-gun with the audiences at Canterbury Hall, Weston's, and the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel. To these were added Mad. Lemaire, whose pretensions as a contralto singer are by no means dispicable. With all these causes of interest it was no wonder, indeed, that the excitement was very great and the congregation immense.

We are not going to criticise the music on the present occasion. A general notice of the performance is all we feel called upon just now to render. The story of *Robin Hood* is not, we believe, taken from any of the many ballads and legends appertaining to the stalwart freebooter of Sherwood Forest, all of which may be perused in Ritson's Collection. Mr. Oxenford's plot is entirely his own, and a very merry and exciting plot it is, clear to follow, natural in its incidents, with an appropriate and striking *dénouement*. The story may be thus detailed:—

The scene is laid in the High-street of the city of Nottingham, where a number of armourers are actively engaged at their trade, while a party of women are occupied with the spinning-wheel, and a little harmless flirtation is carried on by Allan and Alice. The name of Robin Hood is soon mentioned with terror, and Alice records one of the recent exploits of the celebrated outlaw. Presently Robin Hood himself appears, under the assumed name of Locksley, and addresses Marian, the Sheriff's daughter, as an accepted lover. The greetings of the young pair are overheard by the Sheriff, who declares that he will gladly take Locksley as his son-in-law if he will prove his skill in marksmanship at the fair, which is to be held on the following day. At the same time he issues a proclamation, offering a reward for Robin Hood, in the name of Prince John, little suspecting that the outlaw is the same person as the apparently wealthy yeoman, Locksley. The Sompnour, who has collected from the peasantry the dues of the neighbouring abbey, applies to the Sheriff for a guard to assist him through the forest. Accidentally perceiving Allen, who is in arrear with his dues, he demands immediate payment; and the poor fellow being unable to comply, is ordered to the stocks by the Sheriff, who invites the Sompnour to the castle. This proceeding is deemed so tyrannical by the multitude, that it almost occasions a tumult, when Locksley, coming forward, pays Allan's dues, and thus liberates him from the Sheriff's retainers. As the sun sets, the Sompnour, accompanied by the Sheriff's escort, commences his homeward journey, while Marian and Locksley take leave of each other, exchanging protestations of fidelity and affection. Already has Locksley, to test the heart of Marian, asked her if she would still love him were he placed in the same situation as the prescribed Robin Hood, and has been told that her affections are beyond the reach of all worldly considerations.

The second act opens in the greenwood, near the trysting-tree, where the outlaws commonly hold their meetings. The "merry men" are reposing from their toils beneath the light of the moon, and anticipate, with much delight, a feast on the fat buck which some of them are roasting in the forest. Robin Hood making his appearance, informs Little John of the proposed journey of the Sompnour through the forest, and arranges a plan for entrapping him. The outlaws conceal themselves behind the brushwood, while Robin Hood, Little John, and Much, the miller's son, attire themselves as shepherds, and attend to the roasting of the deer. The Sompnour entering, orders the Sheriff's retainers to seize the three supposed shepherds, on the charge of stealing the king's venison. With affected humility they supplicate for mercy; and when this is sternly refused, Robin Hood, throwing off his disguise, sounds his bugle. The Sheriff's retainers fly in turn from the numerous archers who start from every nook of the forest, and capture the astonished Sompnour, whom Much proposes to hang on a tree without further deliberation. Robin Hood, more merciful, invites the Sompnour to supper, at the same time making him pay largely for the repast, by dividing among the band the money contained in his sack, which is taken from his shoulder, and emptied into a huge cloak by Little John. Much reiterates his proposition for hanging the plundered man; but

Robin Hood declares that all such cruelty shall be dispensed with if the Sompnour will dance for the amusement of the band. With the dance, and the loud laugh of the outlaws, the scene closes. The second scene represents Marian's bower. She watches the dawn of day, imploring Heaven for the success of her lover at the approaching trial of skill. Alice entering, assists her in making preparations for the ensuing fair. The Sheriff, who expresses his sympathy with his daughter's wishes, receives an unexpected hint from Much, the miller's son, who states that Robin Hood will be at the fair, and offers to betray him for the promised reward; but he is soon interrupted by the Sompnour, who recognises him as the most sanguinary of the band, and he is at once taken to prison. Having heard that Robin Hood is to be at the fair, the Sompnour himself prepares to discover him, assuming for that purpose the disguise of a mendicant friar, and the Sheriff heartily approves the plan. The fair, held outside the town, is represented in the third scene, with its various appurtenances of sport and pastime. The Sompnour vainly endeavours to discover Robin Hood among the assembled throng, but is soon perceived by the outlaw himself, who is present in his assumed character of Locksley, and persuades Allan to get the intruder out of the way. At Allan's suggestion the Sompnour is blindfolded and hustled off by a party of merry girls, who are amusing themselves with the game of "Hoodman Blind." When he is removed the archery match begins, and Robin Hood, who can now make his appearance with impunity, defeats all competitors. The prize is bestowed upon him by Marian herself, and the happiness of the lovers seem complete, when the Sompnour, suddenly returning, denounces the victor as the notorious Robin Hood. The Sheriff instantly commands the seizure of the outlaw, and the act closes amid general dismay.

Of act the third, the first scene represents the castle garden. Allan and Alice lament the fate of Robin Hood, who is to be executed on the morrow. The Sheriff, who requires from King Richard I. (newly returned from Palestine) a warrant for the death of the outlaw, is indignant at Allan's refusal to go for the document; but is taunted by Alice, who informs him that his daughter Marian has escaped from the apartment in which she has been confined. The Sompnour, who comes to claim his reward for the apprehension of Robin Hood, and likewise a compensation for the loss of abbey dues, is told that he must first procure he required warrant, a duty which he readily undertakes to fulfil. The "merry men" are then shown in the greenwood, wondering at the long absence of their chief. Marian, who enters the wood disguised in boy's clothes, is at first attacked by the outlaws; but she soon reveals to them her real character, and exhorts them to follow her to the castle, in which he is confined, and to give him notice of their proximity by singing one of their most familiar airs. In the third scene, which represents the dungeon, Robin Hood is seen awaiting his fate. At first his case appears desperate, but new hopes are kindled by the voices of Marian and the outlaws, which are heard from without. The last scene is the place of execution. Robin Hood, brought from the castle, and exhorted to confess his sins, requests that his right hand may be set at liberty—a request which is no sooner granted, than he sounds his bugle, and summons his faithful followers, who, headed by Marian, release him from the custody of the Sheriff, to the joy of the surrounding multitude. The outlaws are in their turn overpowered by the force which accompanies the Sompnour, and Robin Hood's case again seems hopeless. But the document brought by the Sompnour proves not to be a death-warrant, but a pardon to the outlaw and all his band, on condition that they enter the service of the king. The Sheriff now consents once more to the union of Robin and Marian, and the piece terminates amid general rejoicing.

The distribution of parts was as follows:—

Robin Hood, Mr. Sims Reeves; the Sheriff of Nottingham, Mr. Santley; Hugo, the Sompnour, Mr. George Honey; Allan-a-Dale, Mr. Parkinson; Little John, Mr. Bartleman; Much, the Miller's son, Mr. Paey; Maid Marian, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington; and Alice, Mad. Lemaire.

The pieces which received most applause on Thursday were the overture, encored and repeated; the duet for Locksley and Marian, "When lovers are parted," exquisitely warbled by Mr. Sims Reeves and Mad. Sherrington; song, for Marian, "True love, true love in my heart," the subject of which is frequently employed throughout the opera; Locksley's song, "Englishmen by birth are free," magnificently sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, who refused to accept the encore called for by the entire audience; the finale to the first act, commencing with the round, "May the saints protect and guide thee;" Robin Hood's song, "The grasping, rasping Norman race," another splendid piece of vocalisation by Mr. Sims Reeves; the whole fair scene at Nottingham, a masterpiece throughout; Locksley's ballad, "Thy gentle voice would lead me on," the most graceful and flowing air in the opera, and given to perfection by Mr. Sims Reeves; the finale to the second act, the most elaborate and powerful composition in the opera; and Locksley's grand scena in the prison. These are by no means all the good pieces, but they appeared most to enlist the sympathies of the audience. Perhaps there is nothing more charming in the opera than the trio in the last scene, "By all the love that you have shown me," for Marian, Robin Hood and Sheriff, which, we feel assured, will become as popular as any thing in the whole work.

Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington literally took the audience by storm, not only from the brilliancy and exquisite finish of her singing—which everybody was prepared for who had heard her in the concert-room—but from the ease, animation, and reality of her acting. A slight awkwardness in certain situations excepted, Mad. Sherrington was perfect mistress of her movements and gestures, every one of which seemed instinct with purpose and meaning. That the lady had studied stage tactics off the stage we are bound to suppose, or she is indeed the most extraordinary and gifted actress who ever trod before the foot-lights. Regarding her *début* from any point of view, a greater acquisition than Mad. Sherrington has not been made by the English operatic stage for many years. Of Mr. Sims Reeves it is impossible to speak too highly. He was never in finer voice, never sang more magnificently, nor, in the course of his lengthened career, did he ever create a more profound impression. The music of *Robin Hood* is extremely varied, and whether as the sentimental lover wooing Marian, as the free-born Saxon denouncing foreign oppression, or the doomed outlaw in the gaol, lamenting his approaching fate, thesinging of Mr. Reeves was equally admirable.

Mr. Santley sang the music of the Sheriff splendidly, and Mr. Honey made one of the hits of the performance by the humour he infused into the part of the Sompnour. The scene when the outlaws rob the Sompnour and then make him dance for his dinner, was, in Mr. Honey's hands, irresistibly comic, and created roars of laughter. Mad. Lemaire and Mr. Parkinson sustained the small but important parts of Alice and Allan-a-Dale with tolerable success.

All the artists were recalled after the acts, and at the end Mr. Smith had to come before the curtain, and Mr. Macfarren to bow from his box in obedience to an enthusiastic summons from all parts of the house.

We cannot close our notice without expressing in unqualified terms our admiration of Mr. Charles Hallé's services in the orchestra.

THE LATE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

(*From the Worcester Journal.*)

A comparison of the numbers attending our late festival and the visitors at Norwich Music Meeting last week is flattering to Worcester. The highest number that attended any performance at Norwich, was on the last morning, when 1,650 persons went to hear the *Messiah*. On the corresponding morning of the Worcester Festival, 2,416 persons were present in our Cathedral. The festival at Norwich commenced on Monday, finishing on Friday; whereas the Worcerter festival did not begin until Tuesday, nevertheless the aggregate of the Worcester attendances made up 8,534 persons, while Norwich stopped at 7,832, although there were two novelties given for the first time—the oratorio *Abraham*, and Mr. Benedict's new cantana *Undine*. In addition to the supplementary donations to the fund of the Clergymen's, Widows' and Orphans' Charity, announced in our last *Journal*, we may state that a further sum of 20*l.* has been contributed by Mr. E. P. Shirley, M.P., and that G. J. A. Walker, Esq., has given a donation of 1*l.*, making the total collection to this time 1,198*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.*

We learn that this morning the accounts of the honorary secretary of the late festival (Rev. R. Sarjeant) have been audited, as usual, by J. W. Isaac, Esq., preparatory to the final meeting of the stewards; and we have the gratifying announcement to make that, after meeting all the expenses of the festival, there is the unprecedented result of a surplus of 66*l.* 5*s.* 4d. This will have to be added to the amount already invested to the credit of the Worcester charity. An additional donation of 10*l.* 10*s.* has this week been sent in by T. Chalk, Esq., one of the stewards of the festival, making the total amount received for the charity (independent of the surplus already mentioned) no less than 1,209*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*

Further a Correspondent writes:—

I thought you would like to know the exact result of our Festival, and as everything connected with it is completely wound up, I am enabled to send you full particulars.

The expenses of the Festival being a little more than 200*l.* above those of 1857, when there was a deficiency of 352*l.* 10*s.* to cover present expenses without a call upon the Stewards, there had to be received for sale of tickets over and above the "take" of last Festival those two sums united, 554*l.* I am glad to inform you that there is a surplus of 66*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* The collections for the Charity are also most gratifying, amounting to 1214*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*, which exceeds those of Gloucester of 1859, the largest till now, by 71*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.*

ROBERT BROUGH IN LIVERPOOL.

Having been intimately acquainted and on the most friendly terms with the late Robert Brough when he lived in Liverpool, and noticing that the memoirs of him, which have been published by G. A. Sala and others do not afford much information as to the origin and commencement of his literary career, I am induced to try and throw a little light upon the facts connected with his residence in the "good old town." I first became acquainted with poor Brough on the day that the Birkenhead Docks were opened, when I was introduced to him by a mutual friend, Mr. G. J. Keet, of Renshaw-street, who informed me that they had decided upon starting a local *Punch*-like publication, under the title of the *Liverpool Lion*. At this time Brough (several of whose relatives resided in Liverpool) was an artist by profession, gaining a livelihood chiefly by portrait painting. With Brough and Keet I witnessed the various ceremonies connected with the opening of the docks, and when the first number of the *Liverpool Lion* appeared, I, in company with some few hundreds who had the curiosity to buy it, was astounded at the wit, humour, and fluency of the versified report of the Birkenhead *fêtes* which Brough wrote. This, his first published literary effort, was written in various metres, and the styles of several of our most popular poets were imitated *à merveille*. In addition to his literary articles in the first number of the *Lion*, Brough also contributed several very amusing sketches after the manner of H. G. Hine, and a full page woodcut, *à la* John Leech, proving himself as smart with his pencil as with his pen. Though literary prophets, more particularly, are rarely honoured in their own country—London, according to English provincial ideas, being the only true literary Zion—the *Liverpool Lion* soon attracted considerable notice, as its contents were found to be very superior to all previous local attempts to imitate the great *Punch*, and much curiosity was excited as to the identity of the contributors. By degrees, the *Lion* gradually became to be talked about, for Brough attacked local abuses in a style of trenchant humour, and with a cutting, scorching satire, to which our local magnates were unaccustomed, and men, whom the ordinary sledge-hammer style of denunciation could not move, began to wince at the keen and polished witticisms—pictorial and literary—of the *Lion*, the circulation of which gradually increased, and for many months reached as high as 1,500 a week. This was, indeed, something wonderful in those days for a local periodical, devoid of news, appealing to no sectional class, capable of being appreciated only by persons of education, and costing also at one time 2d., and at another, 3d. a number. By degrees Robert Brough gradually became recognised as the editor of the *Lion*, and, to the credit of our townsmen, I am happy to state that the rare literary talents of the poor unknown artist were promptly appreciated by many of them in various stations of society, and that he soon succeeded in gaining a perfect "troop of friends." The *Lion* (commenced about 1846-7) was, I believe, in existence about two or three years, and during that period Brough was the editor and principal contributor to it, and, in fact, the life and soul of it. He was assisted by his brothers William, Lionel, and John (the two latter then being quite boys), as well as by several local writers, but all the principal articles, particularly those wonderful parodies of Chaucer, which he never surpassed in the days of his metropolitan fame, were written by Brough, who also always sketched the large "cuts," though he received much artistic assistance at times in connection with the smaller ones, from Mr. Keet, and a gentleman named Fletcher. Several laughable stories might be told in connection with the *Liverpool Lion*. Brough, like many wits, including poor Hood, was ever delicate and ailing, and I never knew any one who was such a perfect martyr to dyspepsia in its worst form. Then, again, he had no business habits, and like Charles Mathews, he "never did to-day, what he could put off till to-morrow." The natural consequence of all this was, that the poor publisher (Horridge, of Fenwick-street) was often at his wit's end for "cuts" and literary "copy," particularly when the day of publication drew ominously nigh, and nothing was "set up." On these occasions Brough and I, frequently at the last moment, rushed up to the printing office determined to make a decided effort to put a stop to the printers' importunities. We first looked over the correspondence, and sometimes, but rarely, out of fifty contributions, we would find one (with a few alterations) up to the mark. We then read over the newspapers, and consulted as to what portion of their contents was available food for fun; and, as a last resort, Brough would often take up a song-book—always kept at hand in his desk—and, after looking over it for a few minutes, and humming different airs, he would fix upon one, and quick as the pen could move in his fingers, he would write a parody on it,—so closely adhering to the sound and spirit of the original that, spoken hurriedly, it required a quick ear and a keen sense of the humorous to detect the imitation from the reality. In fact, as a parodist, Brough was *sui generis*; and for neatness and wonderful mastery of language his imitations of the poetical *chefs-d'œuvre* of our principal writers are unsurpassed. On one occasion, being anxious to obtain correct portraits of some of our leading public men, he went into the Council Chamber amongst the reporters, and he had just "hit off" a worthy alderman, when he noticed that his presence had excited the attention of the august assembly, and after a whispered colloquy amongst some of the local rulers of that day, Mr. Samuel Holme came up to him and said that his early retirement from the Council Chamber would, perhaps, spare him some annoyance. Brough thanked the worthy alderman (who was, we believe, one of his warmest admirers), and telling him that he had got all he wanted, he left the Mayor and his *confrères* to pursue their deliberations without the fear of a "chiel" being "amang them takin' "—portraits—for Mr. Earle, Mr. Parker, and other local "big-wigs," were to the *Liverpool Lion* what Brougham, Peel, Palmerston, and others have been to *Punch*. In the next number of the *Lion* this incident was the ground-work of a very funny article, illustrated by a sketch of old Solomon (the keeper of the Town-hall in those days), accompanied by the members of the Corporation, searching the vaults of the Town-hall for the *Lion*,—as Guy Faux was looked for in the Houses of Parliament. In the latter numbers of the *Lion*, Brough commenced a series of papers in imitation of "Lamb's tales from Shakspeare," which he intended to collect and to publish in a book, with additions. The portions contributed to the *Lion* were excessively clever and witty, and it is a pity the writer did not carry out his intentions, though these "*Lion's* tales" were doubtless the origin of the famous "Life of Sir John Falstaff."

While connected with the *Lion*, Brough frequently took part in various amateur performances, and his first appearance on the Liverpool stage, was at the Theatre Royal, when a corps of local amateurs played *The Twelfth Night* and *Taming the Shrew*, for the fund raised to purchase Shakspeare's house. In these pieces he played Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Petruchio, and in the former character, more particularly, he displayed considerable original quaint and comic humour. For this performance he wrote a very clever epilogue, which materially increased his local literary reputation. He was also at this time much sought after in society—to the detriment of his health—and in domestic circles, his child-like simplicity, his fondness for innocent fun, and his wit and humour made him a general favourite. On these occasions he often sang a medley song of his own, called "Cinderella," which was quite equal to many of his better known compositions. He never saw it in print himself, but, from my own recollection and those of some of our mutual friends, I have got it printed for circulation amongst those who knew him, and who often heard him sing it with what critics call "great *éclat*." From a variety of causes which those initiated in the mysteries of publishing can easily imagine and appreciate, the *Lion*—not from any falling off in circulation—ceased one fine day, and the editor found himself under the necessity of doing something decided to earn a livelihood. Urged by his numerous friends, he resolved to return to London, where his family resided, and where the fame of his talents had, to a certain extent, preceded him. I may here remark, that it is a mistake to speak of the Broughs as Liverpool people. Robert alone resided for a few years in Liverpool. His father (also, in his early youth, a dramatist and *littérateur*), having failed as a brewer in Wales, owing

to the Chartist riots, returned to London, and at the time I first knew Robert, he was an accountant and connected with the financial department of the *Illustrated News*, in the printing-office of which journal, William Brough was also employed. Mr. Brough *père* had two brothers, one of whom was formerly known in London and the United States as a vocalist. The other has been for many years, I believe, connected with a mercantile business in this town.

But to return. Before leaving Liverpool, Robert Brough's friends determined to mark their appreciation of his literary talents. A handsome gold watch and chain were purchased by subscription, and these, with an appropriate inscription engraved on the watch, were formally presented to "Bob," as he was always called by his friends, at a public dinner at the Brunswick Hotel, which was attended by the principal resident "gentlemen of the press," and his numerous admirers of all classes, —Mr. Dignan being in the chair, and Mr. Wintle acting as the vice-chairman. From my intimacy with Robert Brough, I was aware of his fondness for all "things theatrical," and I had often urged him to devote his talents to dramatic composition; but he always distrusted his own powers, and said that if he did write anything for the stage he could never get a manager to look at it. I thought otherwise; and, strangely enough, I had the pleasure of being mainly instrumental in getting the "Brothers Brough" an order for their first burlesque. One day I met the well-known manager of our theatre, and, in the course of a conversation, I asked him why the provincial managers did not produce original pieces at intervals as their brethren in London were obliged to do, at the same time expressing an opinion which I have long maintained (and I still do so) that such a course of policy would, in the end, benefit all parties concerned—the public, managers, actors, and dramatists. After discussing this question for some time, Mr. Copeland said, "Well, if you'll write me a piece—say a burlesque—I'll promise to read it, and, if suitable, I'll produce it and pay for it." I replied that I had no talent that way, but that I knew friends who were quite capable of writing a burlesque, and who would be delighted at such a proposal. Mr. Copeland told me I might repeat his offer to Robert Brough. I did so. Robert and his brother set to work at once, and the result was the *Enchanted Isle*, decidedly the freshest and wittiest (though perhaps somewhat unpolished) burlesque ever produced on the English stage. The "Brothers" came down to superintend the production of the *Enchanted Isle*, and the excitement consequent upon its first performance aroused a degree of interest rarely felt in Liverpool with regard to theatrical matters. The piece was placed on the stage with splendour and liberality; all concerned acted *con amore*, and the result was a "hit," which far surpassed the expectations of both the authors and the "management." After a successful "run" of the *Enchanted Isle*, the authors took a benefit, themselves playing *Box* and *Cox* in the famous farce of that name. They had a splendid house, and in every respect the novel experiment of producing an original burlesque in a provincial theatre far surpassed their most sanguine hopes. At that time Mr. Webster (then the lessee of the Haymarket and Adelphi theatres) was "starring" at the Theatre-Royal, and knowing that his connection with Planché (who wrote his burlesques) was likely to cease, I went to him at his hotel, and strongly recommended him to engage the services of the Broughs. He said that he could not get to see the *Enchanted Isle* himself, but if my opinion of its merits was corroborated by those of other friends, he would follow my advice. He did so, and soon afterwards the *Enchanted Isle* was produced at the Adelphi Theatre in London. It was a decided triumph for the "Brothers;" and from that day forward their literary history is too well known to need mention here.

Both William and Robert Brough married sisters—Annie and Elizabeth Romer—the daughters of Mr. William Romer, of Tarleton-street, in this town, and the sisters of Mr. Travers—once a favourite tenor, and of Mrs. Ansdell, the wife of the well known animal painter. William's wife—(whose performances as Amina, Maria (*Daughter of the Regiment*), and Giselle at our Liver Theatre during the management of Mr. Howard Glover, at one time excited the highest hopes of all lovers of the English art), died shortly after her marriage; but poor Robert's wife, with the burden of several young children, lives to mourn the untimely death of her highly gifted husband, cut off in the prime of his life and the meridian of his literary career. On behalf of this poor widow and her helpless family, have the London Savage Club and our Literary and Dramatic Society appealed to our townsmen: and though London, Manchester and Liverpool, have each contributed liberally to the "Brough Memorial Fund;" yet I would fain hope that hundreds who have conscientious objections to all things theatrical, and yet who cannot but admire the exquisite poetical talents of Robert Brough, will contribute their mite to it; and I am sure Mr. Charles Millward, the local secretary to the fund, will gladly receive donations however small. Poor Brough himself was "open as the day to melting charity;" and if my imperfect and hurried *mémoire pour servir* of his Liverpool career excites the sympathies and generosity of any readers and subscribers of the once popular *Liverpool Lion*, I shall be amply repaid. The talents of Robert Brough—I have reason to know—were considered, in the literary world, to reflect honour on Liverpool, and Liverpool cannot afford to ignore such a compliment. We ought to repay it with interest.

J. H. NIGHTINGALE.

Advertisements.

MAD. CATHERINE HAYES begs to announce her Return to England for the Season. All communications respecting Concerts and Oratorios to be addressed to 13 Westbourne Park, W.

MAD. OURY has RETURNED to Town, to her new Residence, 3 LINDEN GROVE, BAYSWATER, W.

MR. WALLWORTH begs to inform his pupils, friends, and the public that he has REMOVED to 61 PARK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.—The Second Edition of his "Art of Singing" is just published, and may be had at his residence.

HERR ENGEL begs to announce that he has REMOVED from Bentinck Street, to No. 71 NEW BOND STREET, W.

MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON has RETURNED to Town for the Season.—Letters, for town or country engagements, to be addressed to 24 HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

MLLE. MARIA DE VILLAR begs to announce her RETURN from the Continent.—All communications for Concerts, Oratorios, and Lessons, to be addressed to her residence, 10 MANCHESTER STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, W.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 39 King Street, Cheapside, E.C.—A.D. 1834.—The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT, Cash Account, Balance Sheet, &c., are now ready, and may be had on written or personal application.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.

CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS.—This Evening, C. H. Gounod's Opera, FAUST, and selections from "Dinorah," "Trovatore," "Macbeth," &c. After which, the ETHIOPIANS, consisting of Seventeen performers, organised expressly for this establishment, for the performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Comic and Sentimental, with Negro Delineations, Anecdotes, &c., in addition to the usual entertainment. The Fine Arts Gallery is open from Eleven a.m. till Twelve p.m.

BUCKLEY'S AMERICAN MELODIES.

"I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY," as Sung by the Buckley Serenaders, and all their Copyright American Melodies, are only published by Messrs. Hopwood & Crew, 42 New Bond Street. The Original Buckley Serenaders and Miss Julia Gould (from 585 Broadway, New York, U.S.) will make their First Appearance in London at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday Evening next, 15th October, at 8 o'clock, and a Day Performance on Saturday at 3. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Places may be secured at the Libraries, Music-Sellers, and at Mr. Austin's, Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

EVANS' COTTAGE HARMONIUM at 6*l.* 6s., in a French Polished Pine Case, has the full compass Five Octaves, and a soft, subdued agreeable quality of tone—designed, as its name implies, expressly for a cottage or small sitting room.

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MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTER, AND ALMANACK FOR 1861 will be issued early in December, Price 1s. 6d.; per post, 1s. 8d. Advertisements, Lists of Music, Names and Addresses of Professors and the Trade must be sent in before the 12th November, to Rudall, Rose, Carte, & Co., 20 Charing Cross.

SANTA LUCIA, by WILHELM GANZ. A brilliant and effective Transcription for the Piano of this Popular Air. Price 3s. London: Ashdown and Parry (successors to Wessel and Co.), 18 Hanover Square.

JOHN FIELD'S SIX CELEBRATED NOCTURNES, edited by Franz Liszt. Price 2s. each. London: Ashdown and Parry (successors to Wessel & Co.), 18 Hanover Square.

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Reviews.

BEFORE proceeding to the next number of Messrs. Ashdown and Parry's new issue, it will be as well to say a few words about such of the works of M. Stephen Heller as are not comprised in the collection of that spirited firm, and which have been politely forwarded to us by the Messrs. Schott.

Ops. 1 to 6 of the works of M. Heller consist of sundry *Airs Variés*, the themes selected from popular authors, and the whole of which were composed between the ages of twelve and fifteen. From a glance at these effusions we come to the conclusion, that, although not without considerable promise and a certain feeling of originality, they do not evince any decided indications of that peculiar and distinguished talent which was later evinced by the composer. They should, nevertheless, be included, if possible, in every complete collection of M. Heller's work, as illustrating a particular point in the progress of his talent as a pianist and composer. Op. 7 consists of Three Impromptus, in which the originality hinted at in the *Airs Variés* is further and happily developed. In these pieces a boldness of progression is occasionally evinced, not observable in his previous works. Op. 8 is a *Scherzo*. Here already the deep sentiment and largeness of outline, which subsequently became prominent characteristics in the style of M. Heller, are strongly shadowed forth.

But the first remarkable effort of M. Heller's genius is incontestably the sonata, Op. 9 (*Première Sonate, pour piano seul*), in which the style of the young composer exhibits a complete and unexpected transformation. What was before merely hinted at, and regarded by the critics as a momentary caprice of the fancy, becomes a prominent feature. The evidence of a recent and enthusiastic study of the works of Beethoven and other great masters is too positive to admit of doubt. The ideas, formerly treated with the minute elaboration of a *petit maître*, are clearer, simpler, and made to depend more often on their unadorned simplicity. The outlines become wider, and at the same time more consistent, while the general style evinces a feeling of decision which is not impaired even by the profuse manual difficulties that spring from the young writer's unlimited command of the instrument. Altogether this sonata is a work of high interest, as containing the seeds of those peculiarities which have since become such attractive characteristics of M. Heller's manner.

Ops. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15 seem to have been written to order. M. Heller's fame had by this time reached Paris, and his music was already considered a marketable commodity by the publishers of that *soi-disant* centre of modern civilisation. The influence of Paris upon M. Heller was what the influence of Paris has invariably been upon all young composers when they have first experienced it,—deleterious and abasing. We can, indeed, see little in these works beyond a certain readiness in appealing to what is styled so complacently the "popular taste." They are easy and sometimes elegant, but there is nothing in them that any one capable of writing with facility might not have written with facility. They obtained much popularity, however, and for a time their vogue acted as a check upon the original genius of the composer, who did not emancipate himself from the dangerous position in which he stood, until "one fine morning" he produced the *Art de Phraser*, 24 *Etudes*, Op. 16, one of the most charming and ingenious of his earlier works.

To return, however, to the edition of Messrs. Ashdown and Parry, which in our opinion those gentlemen would do wisely to further enrich by the addition of those pieces at which we have just now hastily glanced.

Op. 21 consists of another set of Two Impromptus on another melody of Henri Reber (*Deux Impromptus sur une Mélodie de Reber*—Op. 21)—"La Bergeronnette," a truly charming little pastoral. M. Stephen Heller's partiality to the melodies of Reber is fully excused by the specimens he has chosen for the basis of his caprices and impromptus. There is a freshness about them which now-a-days is rare indeed. Perhaps "La Bergeronnette" is the best of the three. The theme is first given simply—as in the other pieces we have noticed—in the key of A major. The impromptus are both very short. The first is an *allegretto con moto* in the key of the melody, of which it is a beautiful development. The second, in F sharp minor, also an *allegretto con moto*, is more fantastic and capricious, more lengthened, interesting, and difficult to play. In both impromptus the pastoral style of the subject is well preserved, the gaiety of the first presenting a happy contrast to the melancholy of the last. In their way we know of nothing more attractive than these ingenious bagatelles, which have the merit of perfect originality.

Op. 24 is an agreeable trifle for young performers. (*Petit Bijou sur une Romance de la Chaste Susanne*—Op. 24.) The *Chaste Susanne* is unknown to us. The name of the romance is "Helas! comment dans ma jeune âme?" M. Heller has turned it into a sparkling little *rondo* in C major, extremely easy to execute. We recommend this strongly to all masters who have young pupils under their care.

Op. 25 is another short piece, but not so easy as the preceding one. (*La Kermesse—Danse Neerlandaise*). It is a waltz movement in E major, a perfect gem in its way, full of pretty harmonies and graceful passages, as clever and as interesting as the best of Chopin's *Mazurkas*.

The *Art de Phraser*, Op. 16, already alluded to, is dedicated to Mlle. Josephine Rist, and consists of twenty-four studies of various lengths, in all the major and minor keys, in the course of which almost every kind of measure and rhythm, simple and compound, is employed. The pupil who diligently practises these studies will soon acquire the most important element of expression—a satisfactory manner of phrasing, without which the utmost mechanical facility becomes cold and monotonous. This is the principal aim of M. Heller in the present work. Each of the studies is a song, more or less elaborately developed, with a peculiar figure of accompaniment. In some the melody is given to the right hand entirely, in others to the left; and is as often divided between the two. Occasionally the song is confined to the bass throughout, occasionally to the top line, and sometimes arranged in the form of duet. Almost every species of figure is employed in the accompaniments, and out of the four and twenty studies there are not two which bear any resemblance to each other. The style is exquisitely finished, and the effects, though various and rich, are never irrelevant to the instrument in which they are composed. Except some of those in extreme keys, the studies are of moderate difficulty, within the reach of performers of moderate pretensions. Viewed in this light alone the *Art de Phraser* is the most attractive, as well as the most useful, compendium of practice which the pianoforte possesses. It advances the taste of the pupil, while it assists the development of his mechanical capability. At the same time there is quite enough of purely musical interest in them to enchain the admiration of the most cultivated professor of the art. We had entered into a separate ana-

lysis of each of the twenty-four studies; but, on further reflection, having so much to say on works of greater length and importance, we have come to the conclusion that the introduction of such minute criticism would be superfluous as well as inconvenient. We may, therefore, leave the *Art de Phraser* with the general recommendation embodied in the forgoing remarks, backed by the simple asseveration that a more profitable compendium of exercises for the pianoforte, or a better introduction to the elaborate and difficult works of the greatest masters, ancient and modern, does not exist. They teach style and execution together, through the fascinating medium of music, at once simple, expressive and beautiful. Had M. Stephen Heller produced nothing else, the *Art de Phraser* would alone have sufficed to rank him among the most original and distinguished of modern composers for the piano. Let us hope that this strong and sincere testimony to their value may serve to draw the attention of the professors and students of Great Britain to their merits. The London edition of the Messrs. Ashdown and Parry is divided into four books, each book containing six studies, and of course to be had separately.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Oct. 18.

SINCE my last Mad. Vandenheuvel-Duprez has made her *début* in another new part at the Grand Opera, that of Lucy in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and I may add that her success was in every way as complete as her warmest friends could desire. It is somewhat curious that the association of the name of Duprez with Donizetti's opera dates as far back as the creation and production of the work itself. It was written in 1835 at Naples, for Gilbert Duprez, and on the 9th of January, 1851, it was selected as the medium for presenting Mlle. Caroline Duprez to the public for the first time in the Salle Ventadour, when she appeared side by side with her father, who resumed his old part of Edgar, in order to become sponsor at his daughter's theatrical initiation. The part of Lucy brought good fortune with it then, which, as might be expected, has not deserted it now that it is again essayed with matured talents and all the confidence gained by a series of successes. Mad. Vandenheuvel was recalled at the close of the mad scene, and also after the farewell duet with M. Michot, who was the Edgardo on the occasion. After a protracted delay and a succession of disappointments, Mad. Tedesco has at last made her appearance in *Le Prophète*, and was warmly received by her admirers.

At the Italian Opera *Il Trovatore* has been revived, and Mad. Penco made her first appearance this season as Leonora, meeting with a most enthusiastic reception. Mad. Alboni, in Azucena, of strong passions and swart and matronly beauty, shared the chief honours of the evening with the baritone Graziani. M. Pancani, the new representative of Manrico, had also cause to congratulate himself. Without the sweetness of Mario, or the vigour of Tamberlik, he is, nevertheless, a tenor of considerable merit, singing with taste and lacking neither power nor energy. For some time past it had been announced that M. Calzado, the manager of the Italian Opera, had obtained, or was about to obtain, a renewal of his privilege or license. The fact is corroborated by the official announcement that his privilege has been extended to October 1861. It is said that Ronconi has been engaged for ten nights; if the news be true the subscribers are fortunate. The *Barbiere* is announced for the beginning of November. The cast will include Mad. Alboni, Gardoni, Badiali, Zucchini, and Angelini. Mad. Alboni is also to appear in the *Cenerentola*, which has not been given these two years. Gardoni, Badiali, and Zucchini will be grouped round her. Two other operas are announced as shortly forthcoming:—*Il Matrimonio Segreto* and *Ernani*. MM. Pancani, Graziani and Angelini with Mad. Penco will play the principal characters in the latter.

At the Opéra Comique, now that Sainte Foy has returned, *Galathée* has been revived, Mad. Ugalde still playing the heroine, while the part of Pygmalion has been taken possession of by Troy. *Le Docteur Mirobolan* with MM. Coudere, Berthelier, and Lemaire, and *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* with Montaubry and Mad. Faure-Lefebvre, still hold on the course of uninterrupted success. Rumour speaks of two new operas recently accepted by M. Beaumont, one in three acts entitled *L'Elixir de longue Vie*, the other in one, baptized *L'Illustre Gaspard*. The authors of these two works are respectively M. Duvert and M. Lanzaune, both tried hands, and it is said their productions will be confided to composers of no less experience.

The *Val d'Andorre* has been revived at the Théâtre Lyrique, where a young pupil of the Conservatoire, Mlle. Ida Gilliess (query, the Caledonian cognomen Gillies?) who last year carried off the first prize, has been making her *début* in *Les Dragons de Villars*, with undoubted success. She possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of excellent quality, and deficient neither in charm nor flexibility. At first a paroxysm of stage fright left her scarcely any command over her powers, but in the duet of the second act she had sufficiently recovered herself to make a most favourable impression, and in the grand finale of the third act her triumph was complete. Mlle. Gilliess is said to aim at eventually appearing at the Grand Opera. The new comic opera by M. Aimé Maillart—*Nella*—is still in rehearsal and is promised for the 10th of next month.

Much is in preparation for the theatres, but as yet little has emerged from the resounding workshops. The Vaudeville is still preparing M. Octave Feuillet's new work, *Redemption*. In the meanwhile, as a whet to the public appetite, it has produced an amusing little one-act, entitled *M. Prosper*, by M. de Noireterre. It appeared for the first time on the occasion of Mlle. Marquet's benefit. At the Variétés, a "fantaisie vaudeville," by M. Meilhac, called *Ce qui plait aux Hommes*, has furnished a laughable rejoinder to M. Ponsard's *Ce qui plait aux Femmes*. M. Charles Potier is amusing in it, and is well seconded by two new actresses, Mlles. Lejars and Garnier. A popular vaudeville, entitled *La Gamine*, has also been successfully produced here, and is much indebted to the exertions of MM. Leclèrc and Christian and Mad. Judith Ferregra.

I hear from Berlin that at the Court Theatre it is intended to execute, on the occasion of Schiller's birthday, the 10th of November, the cantata and march composed by Meyerbeer for the great centenary festival last year. During the performance of the march the principal characters in Schiller's dramas will appear on the stage, forming appropriate groups. A dialogue, written for the occasion by M. Pfau, will then be declaimed, and the whole is to wind up with the cantata. The Stuttgart theatre has re-opened with *St. John's Night*, an opera by M. Pressel. It is said to be the composer's maiden attempt. M. Flotow, I am informed by a correspondent who writes from Schwerin, is engaged on a new opera. The libretto, the subject is said be drawn from the *Minne-Saenger*, is by M. Emilius Pohl.

There has been a paragraph current in the French papers lately, calling to mind the once celebrated flautist, Drouet, who, at an extremely advanced age, now occupies the post of chapel master at Gotha. His name has chances of becoming historical. It was he who harmonised and orchestrated the now national air, "Partant pour la Syrie," which Queen Hortense had composed; and it is said to have been his brother who, being postmaster at Ménéhould, recognised and arrested Louis XVI. during his attempted flight. The French government has been mindful of M. Drouet's title to its sympathies, and he has lately been presented by the Emperor with a snuff-box set in brilliants, the invariable form in which inscrutably enough Imperial gratitude or favour expresses itself. By what capricious fiction is it supposed that those who have deserved well of their country, or attracted the attention of the rulers of the world by their special merits, should be snuff-takers? I suppose in royal minds there is a special significance attached to a snuff-box, as with the Red Indian the pipe is a direct allusion to peace. As the one talks of smoking the calumet of peace, the other would speak of their *protegés* as taking the snuff of distinction. But to return to the venerable M. Drouet, I believe he is now in England on a visit to his son, who is educating at York.

Mad. Miolan Carvalho, who is back from her Berlin engagement, sang the other day at the church of Notre Dame de Grace, at Passy, on the occasion of the marriage of Mlle. Amélie Heugel, daughter of the manager of your French contemporary and compeer, *Le Ménéstrel*, with M. H. Chevalier, the sculptor. The event was especially honoured, and received the highest musical sanction by the presence of Rossini and Auber. Both these great masters of their art expressed their admiration of Mad. Carvalho's talents, as displayed in the *Ave Maria* of Gounod, in which she was accompanied by the violinist Hermann. M. Lefebure Wély presided at the organ, and M. Nollet played the harp part. This was followed by a *Salutaris*, the composition of the former, and executed by his wife, the organ being taken by M. Auguste Durand.

THE YANKEE OPERA IN DIFFICULTIES.

(From the New York Herald.)

A few weeks ago, in the course of some comments upon the war between the rival opera companies at the Academy of Music and Niblo's Garden, we took occasion to say that the result of the war could be nothing else than ruinous to both parties. Without pretending to be a prophet or the son of a prophet, we can still claim in this instance to have had a small glimpse into futurity. The martial Servadio, after a brief campaign of two weeks only, found his military chest entirely empty, and fell back upon the provinces, putting his trust in Boston enthusiasm and State street bank notes. Like the late lamented Mr. William Walker, he left some of his wounded on the field of battle, and the groans of the sufferers were distinctly heard above the dying wails of Medea and the shrieks of the trombones. However, this suspension is understood to be only temporary. Servadio kept his troops together, and made a successful descent on the modern Athens, commencing operations at the Boston theatre on Monday.

Meantime, the artistic skies of Irving Place began to show signs of a gathering storm. Prime donne "looked dark and cowld, like a short winter's day," as an Irish poet delightfully observes. An equinoxial was threatened among the tenors, and distant thunder was heard from among the bassos and baritones. There was a financial crisis, likewise mysterious hints as to a rupture of the *entente cordiale* between the managers, and a cabal among the stockholders against Strakosch and in favour of Ullman and Maretzek, the latter always looming up, like a lighthouse in a storm, when there is any kind of a row going on or about to be raised. Then there was a double company, and the prime donne must be kept apart, and so a separation of the "combined troupe" was suggested; and that is the way the matter will probably eventuate. It has not yet taken place, although some of the papers have so stated. The whole affair is, as usual, enveloped in mystery, and its history has as many versions as the Bible; but the question of money seems to be at the bottom of it. The artists demand to be paid, and the managers claim that they have disbursed all the funds at their command, and that if the singers do not see fit to go on and trust to luck, the season will be closed. On the other hand, they have, like the politicians, the prospect of the spoils to animate them. Next week the Prince of Wales attends the opera in Philadelphia, and a great crowd is expected. Then comes the great ball at the Academy, for the rent of which the committee pay the round sum of forty-five hundred dollars; so that the managers, thanks to his Royal Highness and the Chamber of Commerce, will have some cash on hand. It is this hope which keeps them together, we presume. For the next week, however, the metropolitan public is not to go without its opera. Corporal Patti, who has already redeemed the fortunes of one desperate campaign, has returned from the provinces, and boldly essays the *Traviata*, the most important *rôle* she has yet attacked. The *habitués* are expected to rally around their favourite, and if they do so the present aspect of operatic affairs may be changed—the Muses may find themselves again in easy circumstances, and all the clouds that have lowered over Irving Place be buried in an ocean of dimes. Come, then, dilettanti, to the rescue.

At the same time we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise at the constant recurrence of these quarrels between the artists and the managers, and the wars between the managers themselves. Here we have a first-class operatic city, people whose musical taste is second to none in the world, capable directors like Maretzek, Ullman, Strakosch, and Servadio; first rate artists like Fabbri, Colson, Cortesi, Patti, Brignoli, Musiani, and many others; and yet it seems that we cannot have the pleasure of hearing them in one company because of their internecine difficulties. It really appears as if Satan, not satisfied with his experiences among the politicians, has gone to work among the opera managers and singers, and we suggest that some kind of a revival is absolutely necessary. The opera folks must join a Christian or moral reform association, or visit the Fulton-street prayer meeting, or be awakened to grace in some way.

As for the politicians, we have given them over to Satan long ago. He knows them thoroughly, from the Presidential candidates down to the nominees for the smallest ward offices, and he will take good care of them. But the artists and impresarii may yet be redeemed. As Doctor Watts remarks—

> While the lamp holds out to burn
> The vilest sinner may return;

so we have some hopes yet for the rival opera managers. Let them imitate the little lambs in their intercourse with each other. So shall they delight the public and reap the reward of its approbation.

Letter to the Editor.

THE LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN.

Sir,—It is reported that the Town Hall Committee have refused Mr. Burton the use of the town's organ on the occasion of Mad. Clara Novello's farewell performance of the *Messiah* on the 29th instant, unless he will employ their organist.

I believe it was understood, when the question of Town Hall organist was discussed, that the appointment would not give the organist the exclusive right of the instrument, and, if I am not very much mistaken, Mr. Shaw or some other member stated that it was not intended to give the organist the sole power. As there is to be a general meeting of the Council next week, I sincerely hope that some independent member will feel it his duty to bring the subject forward, that the ratepayers may have an opportunity of seeing where this apparent partiality exists. There is another question which, in my opinion, demands investigation—that is the charge for the Victoria Hall. It is stated that Mr. Burton is charged 10*l.* per night, the Town Hall Concert Society 2*l.* 10*s.*, while the charges for admission to both concerts are 1*s.* and 6*d.*, except the first concert given by the latter society, when their charges were 4*s.*, 3*s.*, and 1*s.* Surely these charges are not intended for the working classes.—I am your obedient servant,

Justitia.

Leeds, Oct. 19th, 1860.

[We are really unable, not being Leedsmen, to afford our correspondent any information on the subject, or subjects, of his inquiry, or inquiries, the receipt of which, or whichs, came upon us like a clap,or claps, of thunder.—Petipace.]

Death of Mr. Edmund Glover.—Mr. Edmund Glover, eldest son of the late celebrated actress, Mrs. Glover, and for some years past manager of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, expired yesterday morning at Edinburgh, after a long and painful illness.

Mad. Clara Novello will most positively and assuredly take her farewell of the public on Wednesday evening, Nov. 21st, at St. James's Hall. There will be a grand orchestral performance of M. Benedict's lyrical legend, *Undine*, a work which created so much interest and enthusiasm at the late Norwich festival. Mad. Novello will also sing some of her most favourite pieces, selected from her extensive repertoire, and conclude the performance with the National Anthem. The band engaged for the occasion will be the same as performed with her at Norwich, and the chorus will consist of the members of the Vocal Association,—the whole under the direction of M. Benedict.

Provincial.

OUR PROVINCIAL notes for the week, if not marked by much variety, are sufficiently important. Mad. Clara Novello's "Farewell Performances" at Manchester and Bradford in point of interest have eclipsed all recent musical entertainments. The first "Farewell" concert, given at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, has already been noticed. The second, on Saturday last, which included the *Messiah*, attracted so great a crowd that hundreds were turned from the doors, and it was determined to give a third performance this day, with additions from the programme of the first concert of those pieces which had proved most successful. Mad. Novello, therefore, will give specimens of her versatility in selections from the sacred oratorios, and in Italian, Irish and Scotch songs. "Com è bello," the beautiful cavatina from *Lucrezia Borgia*, will afford the singer an opportunity of exhibiting her bravura powers and dramatic style; while the Irish air, "How dear to me the hour"—one of the loveliest and most touching melodies in Moore's collection, and but little known in England, we are sorry to say—and the old Scotch Jacobite strain, "Cam' ye frae Athol?" will display the graces of her ballad singing in the most favourable light. Mad. Novello will also introduce Handel's song, "Angels ever bright and fair," and Meyerbeer's, "Robert, toi que j'aime," and will take part in Bishop's part-song, "Blow gentle gales," and sing the solos in the National Anthem, so that those who are present will be enabled to hear her in all styles of music. This, we believe, will positively be Mad. Clara Novello's last appearance before a Manchester public. At Bradford on the occasion of the "Farewell Concert," which was given at St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening, the 17th, the attraction was not less great nor the excitement less intense. On this performance our spirited contemporary, the *Leeds Intelligencer*, thus enthusiastically descants:—

"There is no reason why Mad. Novello should not have a final appearance before her troops of friends, as well as Mad. Lind Goldsmidt, or Mad. Grisi. She has been longer before the public than either of those celebrated artistes,* and as the "Queen of Sacred Song," she has enjoyed at least an equal repute. For many years past no great musical festival has been complete without her, and where managers have endeavoured to dispense with her services they have discovered that they have made a woful mistake. Great, more than merely great, both in sacred and secular music, it is in the former that she has shone most triumphantly; and it will be for her numerous successes in *The Messiah* that she will be most fondly remembered by all who have heard her. Even with Jenny Lind as a competitor in singing sacred music, Mad. Novello has not met with her superior, and only those who can remember Malibran, and who from fond remembrance are prejudiced in behalf of their former favourite, can prefer any claim to say that Mad. Novello does not stand first on the list of all soprano singers of sacred music. It may not be out of place here to mention that Mendelssohn, being asked to recommend the two most accomplished sopranos in Germany to the Philharmonic Society, named as one of them Mad. Clara Novello, who was then at Leipsic, and who was then Miss Clara Novello. This was, we believe, after Mad. Novello had left the stage, upon which she made her first public appearance, and had devoted herself chiefly to sacred music. The judgment of the great modern *maestro* has been fully borne out by the public approval, and for many years Mad. Novello has stood at the head of all sopranos in oratorio. Nor is it only in sacred pieces that Mad. Novello has sustained to the last, and not only sustained but increased, the fame of her youth; in opera and ballad music she has been almost equally successful; always at home, always charming her audiences. Especially is Mad. Novello entitled to a farewell to Bradford. Hers were the notes which first broke out upon an audience in St. George's Hall, when on the 31st of August, 1853, it was opened, and she inaugurated the ceremony with the National Anthem. Since that period she has frequently appeared in Bradford; she has been present at both festivals that have since taken place, and seems almost part and parcel of St. George's Hall. Hence, we repeat, she was especially deserving of a bumper from the Bradfordians on taking her leave of them, and on Wednesday evening she got it, with measure full and flowing over, from every part of the house."

* *Non è vero*—Giulietta Grisi was a woman when Clara Novello was a girl.—ED. M. W.

Under any other circumstances we should have been surprised at the *Leeds Intelligencer* passing over Herr Molique with a word—a complimentary one certainly; but the occasion was unusual and the interest isolated, and the critic was bound to be partial.

Miss Diana Ashton, a young pianist, residing at Durham, made her first appearance in public at a concert given by herself in the Town Hall of that city, on Tuesday evening, the 16th instant, with very great success. Who the lady is, what her antecedents (and relatives!) and what the effects of her performances, may be learned from the *Durham Chronicle*, bearing date October 18:—

"Miss Diana Ashton, daughter of Mr. Charles Ashton, of the Durham Cathedral Choir, is a pupil of the celebrated Moscheles. The expectations which had been entertained of her abilities as a pianist were fully realised; the reception she met with was most enthusiastic, and we hope to see her take a high position amongst the pianists of the day. Possessing undoubted musical genius, Miss Ashton has been in no hurry to court public renown, but wisely abstained from seeking professional honours, until she had made fitting preparations by a long course of diligent study in the Conservatorium of Music at Leipsic. The pieces she selected on Tuesday evening were the march from Wagner's *Tännhauser*, and Weber's sonata in C. The march from *Tännhauser* was not well calculated to find favour with a mixed audience, as it does not possess those rhythmical qualities—those duly regulated cadences—which secure for many indifferent compositions a high degree of popularity. It is, however, peculiarly adapted to test the executant powers of a pianist, and only an accomplished player can hope to surmount its difficulties with any degree of success. Amazing as were the powers of execution which Miss Ashton displayed, her merits were not confined to mechanical accomplishment, but the fire and vigour exhibited in some passages, and the softness and delicacy imparted to others, evinced good judgment, and a refined and cultivated taste. Both the march and the sonata were encored, and Miss Ashton substituted more pleasing but less difficult compositions, one of which was a beautiful and characteristic study of her famous master Moscheles."

HULL.—It scarcely seems twelve months since the beautiful organ, built by Messrs. Forster and Andrews, for Clowes's Chapel, Jarratt Street in this town, was opened; and yet if there be meaning in the word "anniversary," a year has really gone round. Huge bills have announced for some weeks past that on Sunday last sermons would be preached at the chapel in connection with the organ anniversary, and that on Tuesday evening there would be a musical service in the same place to celebrate the event. Now, there is something pleasant in the plan thus proposed. Music, with all its charms, is in itself a pleasure which all may enjoy with innocence. The only objections which are ever raised to its more frequent enjoyment is the difficulty of having it dissociated from that which is offensive to the tastes, opinions, and even religious convictions of very many. When it is provided in chapels and places of worship, under the sanction and with the presence of ministers, no one can fail to enjoy it. In introducing these musical services, the authorities at Clowes's Chapel have done good service. No one could listen to the thrilling choruses of Handel, and Haydn, and Mozart, without feeling how deeply it is to be regretted that in Hull we have no musical society capable of giving the oratorios and masses which have made these composers famous. There was last night a chorus of some sixty voices, under the conductorship of Mr. Stephenson, and the admirable manner in which they acquitted themselves showed in the first place that there are all the vocal elements for a good society, and secondly, that Mr. Stephenson has made good use of them. It has often been objected in Hull, that, so far as the voices are concerned, there cannot be got sufficient strength in the sopranos; and last night scarcely disproved this. The heavier voices overwhelmed the lighter ones, and the result was frequently a loss of brightness, so to speak, in the choral effect. This, however, we should suppose might be obviated by dint of some exertion, and it will be a subject of great gratification if the musical service of last night lead to the establishment of a good Sacred Harmonic Society in the town.

When the organ at Clowes's Chapel was opened we took the opportunity of speaking favourably of it. The opinion then expressed we have no reason to change. It is wonderfully equal in tone, and beautifully sweet in the soft stops. Messrs. Forster and Andrews have done themselves infinite credit. Nor did it suffer under the hands of Mr. J. Rodgers, of Doncaster. He played most admirably, and brought out to the full the beauties of the instrument. The opening voluntary was an *Offertoire* of Wely's, delightfully rendered. This was followed by Dr. Hayes' Anthem, "the Lord descended from above," in which Miss Evison displayed a very sweet voice, and sang with Miss Newman

with considerable taste. Kent's anthem, "Hear my prayer," came next, with Miss Craven and Miss Wilson in the solo parts. It was sung very well; though Miss Wilson was suffering from indisposition; for which the indulgence of the audience was asked. Whitfield's anthem, "Behold how good and joyful," was spoiled by the bass solo. Mrs. Craven sang, "Hark! 'tis the linnet," from Handel's *Joshua*, and was succeeded by Miss Wilson, in "With verdure clad," which she gave very finely. "In splendour bright," was creditably sung by Mr. Buffey, and lead up to "The Heavens are telling," which went probably better than anything else during the evening. It would have been perfection if the trebles had been strong enough. The second part opened with the overture to Verdi's *Nabucco*, arranged by Mr. Rodgers for the organ, and splendidly played. The "Kyrie" from Mozart's 12th Mass followed; but was not so well given as we could have wished. The music was written for Latin words, and to wed it to an English anthem of totally different signification is absurd, while it throws considerable difficulties in the way of the singers. In the opening solo the bass was nervous. The choral parts went very well. The solo, "Eve's Lament," by King, was sweetly sung by Miss Wilson, and elicited the heartiest applause. The first movement of Mozart's No. 12, "Gloria," went rather tamely. The programme was brought to a close by the "Coronation Anthem," well played by Mr. Rodgers. Great credit is due to this gentleman, who was assisted by Mr. R. Hall, of this town, and also to Mr. Stephenson, who conducted with tact and ability.

It had been announced that the mayor would take the chair, but, in his unavoidable absence, it was well filled by the Sheriff (W. Hodge, Esq.). The Rev. Wm. Garner, the the Rev. Edward Dixon, the Rev. Mr. Medicraft, the Rev. Mr. Brownson, and the Rev. G. O'Dell successively addressed the meeting. A vote of thanks was given to the Sheriff and the singers. There was a very good attendance, and a delightful evening was spent.—*Hull Advertiser*, Oct. 20.

Leicester.—The restoration of St. Mary's Church is now completed, and the sacred edifice will bear comparison with any Protestant church in the country for its beautiful, simple, and original specimens of architecture. The cost has been incurred by Mr. Nevinson, a liberal subscriber to former restorations.

The organ, of which we recently gave full details, has at length been erected by Messrs. Forster and Andrews, of Hull. It has an exceedingly handsome and noble appearance, the case being of carved oak, in keeping with the style of the church, and the cost, which will be defrayed by voluntary subscription, is between £500 and £600. It has three rows of keys, thirty-three registers, thirty notes of German pedals, and four composition pedals. The following is a list of the stops:—

GREAT ORGAN, CC TO G.

	Pipes.
1 Open Diapason	56
2 Horn Diapason	56
3 Stopt Diapason, Bass ... }	56
4 Claribel Trebel ... ... }	
5 Principal	56
6 Twelfth	56
7 Fifteenth	56
8 Sesquialtra, 4 Ranks	224
9 Trumpet	56
	616

SWELL ORGAN, CC TO G.

	Pipes.
1 Double Diapason	56
2 Open Diapason	56
3 Viola di Gamba	44
4 Stopt Diapason	55
5 Principal	56
6 Fifteenth	56
7 Mixture, 3 Ranks	168
8 Cornopean	56
9 Oboe	44
10 Clarion	56
	648

CHOIR ORGAN, CC TO G.

	Pipes.
1 Dulciana	56
2 Stopt Diapason, Bass ... }	56
3 Stopt Diapason, Treble ... }	
4 Stopt Flute	56
5 Gemshorn	56
6 Fifteenth	56
7 Cremona	37
	317

PEDAL ORGAN, CCC TO F.

	Pipes.
1 Open Diapason, 16 ft.	30
2 Bourdon, 16 ft....	30
	60

COUPLETS.

1 Great to Pedals.
2 Swell to Pedals.
3 Choir to Pedals.
4 Swell to Great.
5 Swell to Choir.

Total number of Pipes 1641

The opening services to commemorate the completion of the restoration were held on Wednesday last. The congregations were large, both morning and evening, a great number of the clergy being present. Dr. Edmund Chipp, of London, organist to the Church of the Holy Trinity, Westbourne Terrace, presided at the organ, assisted by a choir of about sixty voices. The indefatigable organist of the church, Miss Deacon, had been for some time preparing the musical arrangements, and her skill and taste have been rewarded with unequivocal success. The "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" (composed by Dr. Chipp) were rendered with great spirit and correctness by singers from churches and chapels in the town. The Psalms for the day were sung by the choir, divided for the purpose in cathedral style into the *Decani* and *Cantoris* sides, which chanted alternate verses. We were much pleased with the pointing of the Psalms, which preserved the proper expression of the words unimpaired by the music. The anthem "I will sing of thy power," by Dr. Greene, was rather unsteady at the commencement, but this was speedily rectified, and the performance, on the whole, was exceeding effective. The other music introduced into the morning service consisted of a Psalm, and the never-tiring "Hallelujah" from the *Messiah*, which, *of course*, was admirably rendered.

The organ solos by Dr. Chipp fully deserve a separate notice. We were struck by the absence of pretension in this gentleman's playing. The opening voluntary was devotional and appropriate, and well adapted to show the suitability of the instrument for congregational music. The accompaniments were subdued and careful, while the occasional voluntaries in the course of the service showed the skill of a cultivated musician, and the adroit manipulation of a practised performer. The concluding voluntary was Handel's "Occasional Overture"—a splendid performance, bringing out the full power of the noble instrument, and detaining a large portion of the congregation until the close.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Jenkins, Incumbent of Hazlewood, Derbyshire, and after the services the sum of £37 was collected.

In the evening the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" of King were performed with excellent effect. The anthem was from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, "How lovely are the messengers," introduced by a characteristic voluntary on the organ, followed in due course by the Old Hundredth Psalm, given in the plainest and simplest manner, and the last verse sung in unison. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Daniel Moore, M.A., Incumbent of Camden Church, Camberwell.

During the collection a voluntary was played, leading into the "Hallelujah" Chorus, again most correctly and forcibly rendered by the choir. The organ, under the skilful management of Dr. Chipp, again afforded a rich treat to the lovers of sacred music. The opening voluntary was "Blest are the departed," from Spohr's *Last Judgment*. The voluntary during the collection especially delighted us; the delicacy and rich fancy of the composition, with the subtle combination of the various stops, rendered the whole effect most charming. The services were followed by the concluding voluntary, comprising "Worthy is the Lamb" and the "Amen" from the *Messiah*, with "The horse and his rider," from *Israel in Egypt*, inducing the congregation to stay to the last. We hope to hear Dr. Chipp again here before long, and congratulate the managers of the church in having secured so able an artist for these services. The collection at the close amounted to £41 2s. 8d.

With respect to the tone of the new organ, we believe we are correct in stating that it gave unqualified satisfaction, and we understand that Dr. Chipp, who exhibited it in such a spirited and masterly manner, expressed his high approval of the instrument, observing that he had never played upon an organ of the same size that he liked better. We have great pleasure in thus recording the favourable opinion of one standing foremost in the ranks of modern organ players. To particularise, we thought the diapasons very round and smooth, the flute clear, and the mixtures sufficiently brilliant without being piercing. The reed stops, however, are the great features of the instrument, being particularly fine. The swell, which has vertical shutters, and the box of an unusual thickness, told remarkably, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* effects being very striking.—(*Abridged from the Leicester Journal, October 20th.*)

Mr. Sheridan Knowles.—Mr. G. F. Train writes to the London journals, contradicting the statement that Mr. Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, was drowned in the wreck of the Hull steamer Arctic. Mr. Train says,—"I have the great happiness of being able to say, that my esteemed friend is now near Torquay; though not so well bodily as all wish him to be, yet mentally as brilliant as ever."

The National Sunday League held a meeting on Tuesday, at which was developed a new plan for enabling the lower classes to get into the Crystal Palace on Sundays. "Crystal Palace Share Clubs" have been established. The following resolution was carried on the subject:—"That inasmuch as the Crystal Palace and grounds are open to shareholders on Sunday afternoons, and considerable numbers of the working classes have already become shareholders through joining the Crystal Palace Share Clubs, whereby they are allowed to pay for their shares by small weekly instalments, it is highly desirable that such share clubs should be encouraged and extended, in order that those who cannot afford to visit the Crystal Palace on week-days may be enabled to do so on their only leisure day, and at the same time become part proprietors in that magnificent institution, which is so eminently calculated to promote the intellectual, moral, and social improvement of the people."

Advertisements.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

WILL RE-COMMENCE

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12th.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), will be repeated ROBIN HOOD; SIMS REEVES, SANTLEY, GEORGE HONEY, LEMAIRE, and LEMMENS SHERRINGTON. Reduced scale of prices:—Pit Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; First Circle, 4s.; Second Circle, 3s.; Upper Box Circle Seats, 2s.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Gallery 1s.; Gallery Side Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. Private Boxes: Upper Box, to hold four persons, 10s.; Private Box, third tier, to hold four persons, £1 1s.; Private Box, second tier, to hold four persons, £1 11s. 6d.; Private Boxes, Pit, first and grand tiers, two, three, and four Guineas. The Box-office of the theatre open daily, from 10 till 5 o'clock, under the direction of Mr. Nugent. Acting Manager, Mr. Mapleson. Stage Manager, Mr. R. Roxby.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — In reply to the numerous applications, the subscribers, gentry, and the public are respectfully informed that Macfarren's new and highly successful opera of ROBIN HOOD will be repeated every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday until further notice. Early application at the Box-office to secure seats is recommended to prevent disappointment.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE. — Mr. E. T. SMITH has much pleasure in announcing that he has arranged with Mr. Webster for Mr. J. L. Toole to appear in Mr. Watts Phillips' new drama, to be produced on Monday, November 12.

To Correspondents.

WINDSOR.—The communication relative to the "Concerts of the People" is an advertisement.

J. T.—Robert Schumann died at Endenich, on the 26th of July, 1856. He was buried at Bonn, on the 31st. Marschner is still living, and working honestly for the benefit of his art at Hanover. About Logier our correspondent had better consult *Cocks's Almanack*.

TURBOT.

Tu ne l'auras pas,
Ne l'auras pas
Jeanne ma mie;
Tu ne l'auras pas,
Ne l'auras pas:
C'est aux lilas.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

ADVERTISEMENTS *are received until Three o'clock on Friday Afternoon, and must be paid for when delivered.*

Terms { *Three lines (about 30 words)* ... ... 2s. 6d.
Every additional line (10 words) ... 6d.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860.

THERE are rumours afloat which point to a coming period of trouble for music and musicians in this country—or at least in this metropolis, the turn of the provinces being less imminent, although pretty sure to arrive in time. What would our readers think if informed that the oldest and most honourable institution of its order in England—we mean, of course, the Philharmonic Society—stood in immediate peril of its existence? After such a brilliant and profitable season as the last, they might reasonably urge, such a misfortune was very improbable. Not so, however. The Philharmonic Society without an orchestra becomes virtually defunct; and, unless the 40 members and 60 associates, constitute themselves an orchestra, and with a view of performing for the entertainment of subscribers, the Philharmonic Society, at the present moment, is by no means sure of preserving that indispensable auxiliary next March.

Not to mince words, there is a conspiracy going on against the Philharmonic society. At the head of the conspirators is Mr. Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera; and his chief confederate is Mr. Costa. Mr. Gye is the Brutus, Mr. Costa the Casca of this conspiracy. Casca has already struck the first blow (*ab retro*); Brutus is pointing his dagger to inflict the last. If the first prove mortal, however, the next will be superfluous, and "the most unkindest cut of all" be spared.

"*The most unkindest cut of all!*" We reiterate the phrase, which—as Marcus Brutus Gye is likely to repudiate its application to himself—we must endeavour to explain.

But for the Philharmonic Society there would have been no Royal Italian Opera. The first bone of contention between Mr. Lumley and Mr. Costa—who at that juncture assumed the style of Publius Cimber—was the offer of the Philharmonic Society to engage Mr. Costa's services as conductor. To this proposal Mr. Lumley—who was then assuming the style of "Imperious Cæsar" (we are compelled to shift the disposition of the *dramatis personæ*), now unimperiously worn by the semi-unanimated Philharmonic—would on no account listen. In vain was the petition,

"To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber."

Cæsar Lumley, "constant as the northern star," was obdurate. He (Cæsar Lumley) could be well moved, if he were as the Philharmonic which at that time took the semblance of Metellus Cimber; if he could pray to move, prayers might move him (and remove Publius Cimber Costa—to Hanover Square, every Monday fortnight); though man, and therefore flesh and blood, he was not apprehensive; firm as a rock, lofty as a tower, inflexible as a pig (of iron), he answered—NAY! and in the language of our immortal bard (whose plays he kept, together with Bacon's essays—as Alexander the Great kept Homer's *Iliad*—under his bolster) thus forcibly illustrated his inexorable resolve:—

"I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he
Let me a little show it, even in this:"—
That I was constant Costa should not go,
And constant do remain to keep him here." *

Publius Cimber Costa, nevertheless, was not to be put off with threats and frowns. As Cæsar Lumley refused to let him go, he dispensed with Cæsar Lumley's consent, and departed "on his own hook." The first year that Costa directed the Philharmonic Concerts was the year in which the opposition to Her Majesty's Theatre became settled and matured. Costa took his legions away with him, and his post in the Haymarket was assigned to Marcus Antonius Balfe, who brought fresh legions, for the most part *getæ*. In 1847 Costa rejected the style of Publius Cimber, and assumed that of Richelieu, which he retained magnanimously, until a vigorous director arose—by name Gye—who, regarded as a "Louis," had more of the "11th" and "14th" in his temperament than of the "13th" and 15th."

However, the Royal Italian Opera was speedily an established fact. The Philharmonic Society had done the deed; for the Philharmonic Society abstracted Costa, and Costa

* "That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so."

abstracted his cohorts, vocal and instrumental, male and female. For a period the debt of gratitude was acknowledged—or at any rate not disputed; but at length the sceptre of the Philharmonic orchestra was abandoned by Richelieu-Costa, who had reigned nine years; and was succeeded by Lamoricière Wagner, who reigned one year; and was succeeded by Garibaldi Sterndale-Bennett, who still reigns.

Thence (from A.D. 1855) the acknowledgment, or rather non-repudiation, of the debt of gratitude due to the Philharmonic began to be regarded as a myth. To make short tale, there has been more than one attempt to lure away its free-lances, but without result. The Philharmonic, lanceless, must succumb. Snick-and-Snee was never its mode of warfare.

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To resume. The *dramatis personæ*, or rather the distribution thereof, being once more shifted, the preamble goes for nothing—or for so much as it is worth, which amounts to the same thing. The Philharmonic is (or was, in the summer of this year of grace, 1860) Cæsar; but now the conspiracy against Cæsar, which had long been hatching, is hatched, or quasi-hatched. Casca has inflicted the inaugurative thrust. Brutus is in readiness to consummate the catastrophe, when the portals of Hanover Square shall be patulous—March 1861. Having reached the Capitol, the Philharmonic (Cæsar) may find itself bereft of legions. Beethoven will then be dumb, and the subscribers (if not quite blue) aghast.

We cannot, at present (without indiscretion), be more explicit. Are our readers able to penetrate the mystery of this hieroglyph? Perhaps not. Let them wait, however, the completion of Pope Anderson's prothonotary, and without protervity await the issue. It is better to be suasory, hortatory ("protreptical," as Sir E. Lytton would express it, through the mouth of the progenitor of Pisistratus Caxton) than impetuous. At the same time, those who are well-disposed towards the Philharmonic Society may comfort themselves with the protasis, that the very protoplast, or (to be prothetic) arch-protoplast of musical institutions cannot be annihilated (even though Brutus follow Casca, blow for blow) without some pains. The legion will not exultingly behold themselves under the sway of a blind despotism—which, if their services are never to be rewarded further off than a stone's throw from Floral Hall, must inevitably be the case; they will rather bethink them that free-lances are still to be had abroad; that Pope Anderson is a wary ecclesiastic; and that "*feathered bipeds of advanced age are not to be entrapped by the outer husks of corn.*"

THE eighteenth century produced a prodigious number of great singers. Their voices have gone with them, but we know from the music they sang, from the embellishments and cadences which have been noted down, and which are as good evidence now as when they were first executed, that these *virtuosi* had brought the vocal art to a perfection of which in these later days we meet with only the rarest examples. Is music to be written for the sake of singers, or are singers to learn to sing for the sake of music? Of the two propositions we decidedly prefer the latter; but it must at the same time be remembered that unless the executive qualities of the singer be studied to a considerable extent, the singer will soon cease to pay much attention to his execution. Continue to give him singable music, however difficult, and he will continue to learn to sing, counting the difficulties to be overcome only as so many opportunities for new triumphs; but if the music given to him is such as can—perhaps even *must*—be shouted, it is to be expected that he will soon cease to study the intricacies and delicacies of his art; and in time, if music truly vocal be shown to him to sing, he will be unable to sing it. The great singers of the seventeenth century, to judge from the music of Caccini's, Peri's, and Monteverde's operas, must have cultivated expression rather than ornamentation, though the description given by Mancini (quoted by Rousseau in the *Dictionary of Music*) of Balthazar Ferri's singing, and the manner in which it was received, proves that the florid highly adorned style was also in vogue. Queen Christina sent a vessel of war to fetch Ferri to Stockholm, and it is said that the Florentines, when he was about to visit their city, went in thousands to meet him at three leagues' distance from the gates. These early Italian *virtuosi* (a name which they adopted at the beginning of the seventeenth century to distinguish themselves from mere actors) not only possessed great acquirements as singers, but were also excellent musicians, and many of them displayed great ability in matters quite unconnected with their profession. Stradella, the only vocalist of whom it is recorded that his singing saved his life, composed an opera, *La Forza dell Amor paterno*, of which the manifold beauties caused him to be proclaimed "beyond comparison the first Apollo of music"—a certificate to that effect being stamped by authority on the published score. Atto, an Italian tenor, who came to Paris with Leonora Baroni, and who had apartments given him in Cardinal Mazarin's palace, was afterwards entrusted by that minister with a political mission to the Court of Bavaria, which, however, it must be remembered was just then presided over, not only by an elector, but by an electoress. Farinelli (Carlo Broschi) became the confidential adviser, if not the actual minister (as has been often stated, but without foundation) of the King of Spain. In the present day, the only *virtuoso* we know of (the name has now a more general signification) who has been entrusted with *quasi*-diplomatic functions is Vivier, the first horn-player, and, in his own way, the first humourist of the age; we believe it is no secret that this facetious *virtuoso* fills the office of secretary to his Excellence Vely Pacha.

Bontempi, in his *Historia Musica*, gives the following account of the school of singing directed by Mazzocchi at Rome in 1620:—"At the school of Rome the pupils were obliged to give up one hour every day to the singing of difficult passages till they were well acquainted with them, another to the practice of the shake, another to the feats of agility*, another to the study of letters, another to vocal exercises under the direction of a master, and before a looking-glass, so that they might be certain they made no disagreeable movement of the muscles of the face, of the forehead, of the eyes, or of the mouth. So much for the occupation of the morning. In the afternoon half an hour was devoted to the theory of singing; another half hour to counterpoint; an hour to hearing the rules of composition and putting them in practice on their tablets; another to the study of letters, and the rest of the day to practising the harpsichord, and to the composition of some Psalm motet, *canzonetta*, or any other piece according to the scholar's own ideas. Such were the ordinary exercises of the school on days when the scholars did not leave the house. When they went out they often walked towards Monte-Mario and sang, where they

* Note for *Punch*. Vocal agility not gymnastics.

could hear the echo of their notes, so that each might judge by the response of the justness of his execution. They, moreover, sang at almost all the musical solemnities of the Roman churches; following, observing with attention the manner and style of an infinity of great singers who lived under the Pontificate of Urban VIII., so that they could afterwards render an account of their observations to the master, who, the better to impress the result of these studies on the minds of his pupils, added whatever remarks and cautions he thought necessary."

With such a system as the above it would have been impossible, supposing the student to have possessed any natural disposition for singing, not to have produced great vocalists; for we meet with them even in the present day when they are for the most part educated on no system at all.

MACFARREN'S ROBIN HOOD.

(From the London Review.)

The production of this new opera at Her Majesty's Theatre is an occurrence worthy of more than ordinary notice, for this simple and sufficient reason, that *Robin Hood* is, we have no hesitation in saying, the greatest work that has been produced for the English musical stage since the days of Purcell. Indeed, we doubt whether it is right to make even this qualification; for though our immortal countryman ought ever to hold the highest place among English musicians, yet in his time dramatic music was almost unknown in England; and though his mighty genius carried him far in advance of his age, yet his essays in writing for the theatre are scarcely entitled, in our day, to the name of operas. *The Tempest*, *King Arthur*, *Bonduca*, and Purcell's other so-called operas, were merely plays with music introduced. None of the *dramatis personæ* sang a note; the music consisting of incidental airs, choruses, and other pieces, sung and played by performers who took no part in the action of the piece. Of the opera, properly so-called, music is an essential element; it is the language in which persons of the drama express their sentiments and feelings. It is as necessary to an opera as blank verse is to a tragedy; but as tragedy sometimes relapses from the dignity of verse in scenes where the dialogue is light and trivial, a similar relaxation has been allowed in opera, the performers, in such scenes, using only ordinary speech, without music. But this relaxation is not at all permitted on the Italian stage, where every word of the dialogue is uttered in music. So it is in the French and German serious opera, talking being admitted only into the *opera buffa*, and sparingly even there. In this country, in the progress of the stage, musical pieces called operas came into vogue, in which the actors themselves sang; but still the chief part of the dialogue was simply spoken, the performer every now and then breaking into a song, as is now done in the French vaudevilles. Such were all our English operas of the last and the beginning of the present century, including the works of Arne and his successors, down to Bishop. Since then the foreign models have been more and more adopted, and the language of the stage has been more and more associated with music.

Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood* is the most complete specimen of English Opera, in its modern shape, that we possess. The works of his greatest predecessors were produced in immature states of the art; and he has unquestionably carried away the palm from the most eminent of his contemporaries. Whether his rivals who are most competent to contend for it, will yet do so successfully, remains to be seen. Meanwhile he holds it by the general voice of the public. The composer has been fortunate in having for his collaborateur, Mr. John Oxenford, whose poem is a *rara avis* among opera librettos. It is a pretty drama; elegant, interesting, and admirably suited to the requirements of the musician. For materials, Mr. Oxenford has had recourse to the fine old traditional ballads of which Robin Hood is the hero, and to Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, in which the gallant outlaw is so delightfully introduced. The plot and construction of his piece, however, seem to be original.

Mr. Macfarren is already well known, by numerous productions in various branches of the art, not excepting the stage. His *Devil's Opera*, *Don Quixote*, and *King Charles the Second*, are works of a high order and deserved success, but *Robin Hood* is a step much in advance of both. It evinces genius, matured by experience and study, and especially by the study of the national music of his own country. Mr. Macfarren emulates the modern foreign composers, Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer, but does not imitate them. He has profited by the study of their works in acquiring their constructive skill, their power of combination, and knowledge of dramatic and orchestral effect; but he never forgets, or allows the audience to forget, than he is an Englishman, and that they are listening to English music. This gives a peculiar charm to the music of this opera, which distinguishes it from that of his contemporaries, who, while their clever, and often brilliant, productions show that their minds and memories are imbued with the foreign schools of music, betray an entire neglect of the rich stores of our own national melodies.

Foreign.

New York.—Mad. Csillag is immediately expected from Europe, and is announced to appear at the Academy of Music with Herr Formes.

Naples.—The San Carlo opened the season with Rossini's *Semiramide*. Auber's *Muette de Portici* (*Masaniello*), and Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, are in rehearsal, and will be given shortly. Neither opera has ever been heard in Naples. It will be interesting to behold Masaniello treading his native stage for the first time. The performance of Auber's masterpiece is expected to create an enormous sensation, and it is to be produced with great magnificence. The revolution has done good to music at all events, and to the Tepsichorean art as well, if it be true that the Dancing Academy, abolished by the *prudish* Bourbons (who also locked up the Venuses), is about to be re-established.

Madrid.—Mad. Charton-Demeur made her *début* at the opera, on the 10th of October, with the most brilliant success. The representation was a complete triumph. After each act the singer was called on several times and received with enthusiasm.

Berlin.—The Victoria Theatre opened on the 18th ult., with the *Barbiere*, Mlle. Astol sustaining the part of Rosina. Mad. De Bries had appeared in *Norma*. The *Pardon de Ploërmel* is in rehearsal; and the *Catharina Cornaro* and *Nourmahal* of Spontini will be revived.

Nice.—Mad. Sanchioli, whom the subscribers and *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre some ten or a dozen years ago cannot have forgotten, has created a "sensation," as Fides, in the *Prophète*, and as Leonora, in the *Favorita*.

St. James's Theatre.—Extensive alterations and improvements are now being made by Mr. Wigan, preparatory to the theatre being opened on Monday night under his management. The interior is newly furnished, the stalls are rendered more commodious, the private boxes more elegant, and the general arrangements for the comfort of the audience more complete. A new drama by Mr. Tom Taylor, and Mr. Planché's *King of the Peacocks* will be performed.

The Opera.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Monday night an audience less numerous than appreciative was entertained with an unusually fine performance of Donizetti's always welcome (however somewhat hackneyed) *Lucrezia Borgia*. The three chief personages were assumed by Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, and M. Gassier; and it must be admitted that the German, Italian, and French artists worked together as heartily, and with as much consentaneousness of purpose, as if they had been compatriots, instead of belonging to three different countries. To complete the medley of nationalities, Mad. Lemaire, an Englishwoman, we believe—though married to a Belgian—stood forth as Gennaro's faithful friend, the vivacious Maffeo Orsini, and delivered the sparkling "*brindisi*" with a great deal of animation.

Perhaps in not one of her parts—unless we except her magnificent Donna Anna—does Mlle. Titiens support the credit, now almost unanimously accorded her, of being the worthiest claimant to the "mantle of Grisi," more triumphantly than in that of the wicked and passionate Duchess of Ferrara. She has all the personal, physical, and mental requisites for the characters, which she looks, sings, and acts alike to perfection. On Monday night she shone conspicuously in each of the situations which stand out as culminating points in the progress of the story:—the scene where Lucrezia is unmasked and insulted by the young nobles in presence of Gennaro; that where after the dispute with Alphonso, she is compelled to administer the poisoned wine to her unsuspecting son, the effects of which she subsequently neutralises by forcing him to swallow the antidote; and that in which, having wreaked vengeance on her enemies, finding that Gennaro, among the rest, has fallen into the snare, and unable to persuade him again to accept her remedy, with harrowed feelings, she beholds him die in long-protracted agony before her. To each of these grand histrionic displays Mlle. Titiens showed herself fully equal, her whole performance leaving an impression not easy to efface. Her vocal declamation, everywhere effective, was brilliantly so in the air sung while Gennaro is sleeping, in the two duets of Act II. and in the justly celebrated passage that follows the revelation of Gennaro's parentage—the touching and appealing "*M'odi, m'odi!*" Rarely has Signor Giuglini gave the music of Gennaro with more perfect grace of style or execution more elaborately finished. His sympathetic voice ("*voce sympatica*") is never heard to greater advantage than in the tender and melodious phrases through the medium of which Donizetti has so expressively marked out his hero from the rest of the *dramatis personæ*; and from "Di pescatore ignobile" to the pathetic strains of the death-scene, all was in the highest degree satisfactory, the air interpolated at the beginning of Act III.—which, though scarcely worthy its usurped place in the opera, cannot be altogether overlooked—being quite equal in taste and refinement to what preceded and followed it. The Duke of M. Gassier is one of the very best impersonations of that intelligent, clever, and eminently serviceable artist, who has the entire repertory of Italian opera so to speak, "at his fingers' ends"—from Don Giovanni to Figaro, from Alphonso of Ferrara to Belcore. On the present occasion, M. Gassier—who sang the well known declamatory air of Act II. with admirable vigour—did much to enhance the effect of the "*ensemble*;" in the scene of contention with Lucrezia, and that where, with bland hypocrisy, the duke cajoles Gennaro—which includes the famous trio (unnecessary to specialise by name)—sharing the honours and plaudits with Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini.

The subordinate parts were all creditably supported; and Signor Arditi presided in the orchestra with his accustomed talent.

The *Huguenots* was to be given last night.

Robin Hood was repeated on Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday, and is underlined to be given three times a week until further notice. The attraction, so far from abating, appears nightly to increase, and there are literally no places to be obtained unless secured some days previously.

Royal English Opera.—The chief incident of the week has been the production of the *Crown Diamonds* (on Tuesday evening). We should have gladly welcomed a more numerous attendance to witness such a delightful work, and so generally good a performance. Since the year 1844, when it was first presented in an English dress (at the Princess's Theatre, Mad. Anna Thillon, the French original, in the principal character), the *Crown Diamonds* has always been a favourite opera with the London public. The drama is one of the most interesting, improbable, and ingenious of its prolific author, M. Scribe; the music is of the raciest and most genuine of Auber, who sustained the fortunes of the Opéra Comique for more than a quarter of a century by an uninterrupted succession of masterpieces, beginning with the *Maçon* and the *Fiancée*, and ending with the *Domino Noir*, the *Ambassadrice*, and the *Diamans de la Couronne*, which last may be said to combine the essence of (modern) French melody with the quintessence of (modern) French "*esprit*." What Auber has composed since, though unexceptionable from the point of view of art—which could hardly be otherwise than the case, coming from such a thoroughly accomplished artist—represents, in colours more or less glowing and attractive, the decline of his inventive powers; and the gradual descent from *Haydée* to *Jenny Bell* and *Manon L'Escaut* may be regarded as the antithesis (or reverse) to the gradual ascent from *La Neige* to *Le Domino Noir*. In the *Crown Diamonds* we find Auber in the very perfection of his prime, and served, too, by M. Scribe—partner no less of his first and only failure than of his many subsequent successes—in a manner to satisfy the most exacting of dramatic, or, to "speak by the card," *theatrical*, musicians. Who cares a straw whether the story of *Les Diamans*—founded (M. Scribe being our sole authority) on "a legend connected with a certain Queen of Portugal"—is or is not so improbable as to trench on the borders of absurdity? *Si non è vero è ben trovato*; anything that can be related in a manner at once so specious and amusing, if not true, at least deserves to be true.

The *Crown Diamonds* was the first opera which, at the Lyceum Theatre in 1857, brought the Pyne and Harrison management before the London public in a light at once conspicuous and favourable. As it was then so it is now—in very many respects one of the most efficiently represented operas in their repertory. The orchestra, under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction, is perfect, from the overture to the end; and those who are aware how delicate and consummately artistic is the instrumentation of Auber, can hardly fail to appreciate the laudable exertions of this admirable band of executants. Mr. Harrison's Don Henrique is one of his most natural and unaffected assumptions; and so thoroughly has he imbued himself with the spirit of the music, with such vigour does he deliver the recitatives and phrases of declamation, that we are almost inclined to overlook the want of taste—or, perhaps, the avidity for winning applause from the galleries, no matter at what expense—which leads him to introduce, in the third act, a ballad, however intrinsically pleasing, having nothing in common with the music of Auber. Mr. Corri, too, who gives a somewhat rough, but by no means ineffective, portraiture of Rebolledo, chief of the coiners, enters into his task with such unmistakable energy and good-will as to extort absolution for a scarcely more condonable offence, in the shape of an interpolated song, about the days when he (Rebolledo) was a "muleteer"—days to which M. Scribe makes no allusion whatever. Of the other subordinate parts, the best sustained is that of Diana de Montemajor, by Miss Thirlwall (daughter of one of our most eminent orchestral players), a very young aspirant, who already promises well, and if she continues to use the same diligence which has hitherto marked her professional career, is likely to attain a solid and durable position. In the famous *bolero*-duet with Catarina (Act II.) Miss Thirlwall seconded her more experienced and accomplished partner in a way so entirely satisfactory that she may fairly be said to have divided the honours with her accomplished partner. As an actress Miss Thirlwall has much—almost everything, indeed—to learn; but this, like many other things appertaining to her art, must be left to time and her own industry.

The most faultless exhibition of the evening was the Catarina—Queen of Portugal, and prime manufacturer of the false jewels—delineated by Miss Louisa Pyne with an intelligent and histrionic completeness which (allowing for a certain degree of frigidity apparently innate in this otherwise consummate artist) left nothing to desire. Her execution of the sparkling and delicious music of

Auber was from end to end irreproachable. Her most dazzling and surprising display was, of course, the air with variations following the duet in the second act, which in one or two salient points bears so strong an affinity to the well-known effusion of Rode, that Miss Pyne might reasonably dispense with so heterogeneous an interpolation into an opera, not only one of the most highly finished of its composer, but of a school remarkable for finished workmanship, of which he is the most gifted and illustrious representative. That Miss Louisa Pyne warbles the plaintive theme of Rode's variations "like any nightingale," and executes the variations with a fluency, neatness, and brilliancy only within reach of the most perfect acquirement; that the sensation produced, moreover, is proportionate to the talent exhibited is incontestable: nevertheless, in spite of these strong claims to admiration, it may be urged, without discourtesy, that Auber is the best judge of the effect he intended, and that had he considered it expedient to introduce an elaborate feat of vocalisation as a climax to his everywhere perfect work, he could have written as good, if not a better thing of its kind, than even the hackneyed "bravura" of the celebrated French violinist, which brings down the curtain with an amount of applause that would be more flattering if legitimately earned. The part of Don Sebastian was allotted, as in former years, to Mr. St. Albyn; that of Campomayer (Minister of Justice) to Mr. H. Horncastle, an old stager, whose performance was considerably more laboured than diverting.

After the opera, Rossini's overture to *Semiramide* was superbly performed by the band.

Mad. Palmieri is an English lady (*née* Croft), and studied in Italy for some years. She was engaged last season at the Barcelona opera, and had previously sung at some of the Italian theatres, always as *prima donna*. We understand Mad. Palmieri has much to recommend her as a dramatic singer. Her voice is a true *soprano*—not naturally a high *soprano*, we should say—extensive in compass, of good quality, and sufficiently powerful. She vocalises with facility, and has evidently been well taught, and turned her teaching to good account. Great allowance should be made on the occasion of a first appearance, and all minor faults reserved for after consideration. The *débutante* made a most favourable impression in Verdi's heroine, and was recalled with enthusiasm after the *cabaletta* of the opening air, "Tacca la notta." As an actress, Mad. Palmieri is extremely easy and lady-like, and does not want for energy or passion. Her whole performance of Leonora was earnest and impressive, and she only failed when she attempted to grapple with the realities of tragedy. Mr. Alberto (why not plain Albert?) Lawrence is, we believe, an American, and, like Mad. Palmieri, has been singing within the year at Barcelona. His voice is a powerful baritone of fine quality, and, as far as we could judge, flexible. He sings well, but is somewhat deficient in style. His acting betokens care rather than impulse, and no doubt he will be seen to greater advantage in a part less exacting than the stormy Count di Luna. His most decided hit was in the popular air "Il balen," although we preferred him in the third act. It was an act of injustice to Miss Leffler to ask her to perform such a part as Azcgena. All her shortcomings must consequently not be laid to her charge. We shall only say of her performance that she sang some of the music with great charm of voice, and draw a curtain over the rest. Mr. Theodore Distin was too nervous to do himself justice either as actor or singer in Ferrando. Taking all things into consideration, any other opera perhaps would have been perferable to to the *Trovatore*. The Manrico of Mr. Haigh, by the way, is entitled to a strong word of praise. The music for the most part was sung excellently, and everywhere purpose and meaning were evident in the acting. No singer on the stage of late years has made greater progress in his art than Mr. Henry Haigh.

The Theatres.

Drury Lane Theatre.—During the present week Mr. Charles Mathews has hard work to do at Drury Lane. First in the order of the evening's performance comes the *Game of Speculation*, rendered more famous in London by his masterly representation of Mr. Affable Hawk than the original piece, *Mercadet*, in the French metropolis. *Little Toddlekins*, another old favourite of his Lyceum days, comes last, and inserted between the comedy and the farce is a trifling "commedietta," called *Cherry and Blue*, in which Mr. Charles Mathews acts a married gentleman, who mars his own domestic felicity by plunging into an intrigue for the mere love of romance, and is righteously tormented by his wife, who knows all about the affair, inasmuch as it was to herself, amid the shades of night, that his attentions were paid. A smart Abigail, played by Mrs. Charles Mathews, likewise conduces to the success of the piece. A new comedy, in which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews will sustain the principal characters, is announced for Monday.

Haymarket Theatre.—The *Love Chase* has suddenly become the most accessible play in the whole English repertory. While at the Lyceum it is the vehicle for making the public acquainted with the merits of Miss Josephine Gougenheim, the Haymarket manager remembers that Neighbour Constance was found equally serviceable to Miss Amy Sedgwick, when that excellent actress was at the commencement of her fortunate career. It has accordingly been revived with much success, and Miss Sedgwick is as warmly applauded as ever.

Lyceum Theatre.—The new drama, entitled the *Pioneers of America*, is a piece of Transatlantic workmanship put together, not with much compactness, for the purpose of providing Mr. Watkins with a negro character, usually comic in expression, but thoroughly melodramatic in action. The incidents are supposed to occur during the American wars of the French and English, in the middle of the last century, and an abominable gentleman, who insists on marrying a young lady against her will, is also hateful as a renegade to the French side, whereas the interesting lover of the story, the master of the negro Jocko, is correct in his politics,—the cause of the Britisher being popular in 1755, and capable of being adorned with all the claptraps which were levelled against it a few years afterwards. However, the chief value of the war, as far as the action of the play is concerned, is the military character which it gives to the successive captures and recaptures of the fair victim, and the consequent opportunities afforded for the display of the Negro Jocko's miraculous capabilities. Though nearly bent double by a deformed spine, this Hercules of niggers is not only a host in himself, but an overmatch for any host that may be employed to check his progress. His fist knocks down Indians by tribes; he deprives an armed French sentinel of his gun, and makes him divest himself of all his upper garments, which he then puts on, holding a knife in his teeth as a weapon of defence, while the operation of dressing compels him to lay aside the musket. Finally, when all other means have failed to prevent the marriage of his master's beloved Isabel to the horrible renegade, and the nuptial ceremony has actually begun, he adopts the very ingenious and efficacious plan of shooting the bridegroom, in the presence of the wedding assembly. At first we were afraid he had shot the officiating chaplain, as a rough way of forbidding the banns, and consequently it was a relief to see the wicked bridegroom rush out with a red blotch on his forehead, for as he is a renegade, and also once tried to poison Jocko, he does not merit our pity. What matters it that the dead man's father, who has a body of Indians at command, tries to hang the virtuous lover on a tree by way of reprisal? Jocko has a universe of resources at command,—sets the house on fire, pitches an Indian out of window, and quietly throws about half-a-dozen more down a well, so that virtue triumphs in the most gymnastic fashion, and when the English soldiers arrive to establish her conquest, we feel that she is rather encumbered by their aid.

Mr. H. Watkin's impersonation of Jocko is really worth seeing, though the piece itself has no pretension to rank even with the humblest transpontine melodrama. His hearty love of fighting, the cat-like agility of his movements, the animal cunning which accompanies all his feats, constitute a character of a novel kind, for the delineation of which, moreover, a peculiar physical training is requisite. But it was in an evil hour that the author, while lavishing all sorts of gifts on his pet personage, ventured to give him two scenes of a thoroughly sentimental kind. Jocko fighting, Jocko slaughtering, Jocko chuckling, Jocko jumping about is a merry fellow enough, but Jocko drawling forth yards of pathos is the dismallest of company. Let him be healed of his melancholy propensities, and likewise let the portions in which he does not appear at all be cut down to the smallest possible dimensions,

inasmuch as they are utterly uninteresting, and the only use of the piece is the exhibition of Jocko. Neither Miss Kate Saville, nor Mr. T. Lyon, nor Mr. H. Neville, nor Mr. J. Johnstone will, we are certain, deprecate an operation that shortens a toil from which they can derive no glory, and Mr. Watkins will have a short play to himself, in which he can develope his fun without intermission.

The "Bijou" Theatre.—It may not be generally known—certainly not so generally as it ought to be—that in prodigious London there actually exists a sort of wonder—*a theatre within a theatre*. And this little theatre is really worth seeing. We need hardly say that, inasmuch as Her Majesty's Theatre is one of vast size, it is, of course, the likeliest place in which such a wonder could be created. There is no staying the spirit and enterprise of these days. Could our forefathers look up and see this simple announcement they would merely shrug their shoulders, shake their heads, and sceptically grunt—"Impossible." However, there this "Bijou" Theatre is, and it is not too much to say that Mr. E. T. Smith, under whose care and guidance Her Majesty's Theatre is, has added another to his many extraordinary feats, in fitting up Her Majesty's Concert Room as a theatre, which to the fullest extent deserves its title, within the walls of the colossal establishment over which he holds sway. But it must not be understood as a mere "room" economically spared (so far as *space* is concerned) from the great pile of which we speak. It is really and truly a theatre more spacious than is to be found in most of the towns in England containing even 10,000 inhabitants. And more than this—it is elegantly appointed in every respect. We have less space than inclination to particularise, yet we may say that, with an ample stage, most commodious "sofa stalls," excellent "stalls," a very spacious pit, and very numerous private boxes (fitted up with all the appliances which belong to elegance, simplicity, and comfort combined), the whole is, to use a very old but very expressive and not less true description, "*Multum in parvo*." A superb chandelier brilliantly lights the whole, which has been most ably carried out by Mr. B. Hurwitz, of Southampton Street, Strand. On Tuesday evening the 16th, the "Bijou" was opened for the season by an amateur performance, commencing with Sheridan Knowles' play of *The Hunchback*, and closing with Planché's *Loan of a Lover*.—*Era*.

Princess's Theatre.—This theatre re-opens to-night, with an adaptation of Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, in which M. Fechter will make his first appearance on the English stage. The lessee, Mr. Harris, has made several additions to his company, and promises to bring out some interesting novelties.

People's Philharmonic Concerts.—A series of concerts under the above by no means unpretending title, was commenced last week at Exeter Hall, with a band of eighty and a chorus of nearly two hundred performers, Dr. James Pech conducting. To bring together so large a cohort of voices and instruments, in all respects efficient, was a manifest difficulty, seeing that all the available talent had been secured for the operas. The band includes some first-rate players, among whom we may mention Mr. Willy, who presides over the first violins, and M. Lavigne, the eminent oboeist. The chorus the first night were "all abroad" in the *finale* to Lorely, but were more satisfactory in Mendelssohn's part-song, "O hills, O vales." The programme of the first concert, which we give *in extenso*, will afford some idea of the sort of entertainment presented:—

Part. I.

Overture	"Ruy Blas"	Mendelssohn
Part-Song	"The Departure"	Mendelssohn
Concerto—violin—E minor	M. Victor Buziau.	Mendelssohn
Finale	(*Lorely*) Mad. Catherine Hayes.	Mendelssohn
Italian Symphony		Mendelssohn

Part. II.

Overture	"Oberon"	Weber.
Prelude	(*Robert le Diable*)	Meyerbeer.
Introducing the two favourite airs—"Quand je quittai," "Robert, toi que j'aime," Mad. Catherine Hayes.		
Solo—flute	"Malbrook" Mr. Benjamin Wells.	Bucher.
Waltz	"Elizabethan"	Strauss.
Madrigal	"Down in a flowery vale"	Festa.
Overture	"La Gazza Ladra"	Rossini.

We did not remain after the conclusion of the Mendelssohn selection. The second performance, which took place on Wednesday the 18th, was even more important than the first, the *Messiah* being executed by a band and chorus of nearly five hundred performers. Saturday's programme comprised Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* and a miscellaneous selection, in which Mad. Catherine Hayes, Miss Laura Baxter, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Pinkess sang; and on Monday a Weber night was given, when Mad. Lemmens Sherrington was the *prima donna*. On Wednesday the *Messiah* was repeated, and a miscellaneous concert was given on Thursday, in which Mad. Catherine Hayes and Miss Clari Fraser were the principal vocalists. There has also been a second "Weber night," in which, however, the major part of the programme was selected from the works of other composers besides Weber. Our inquiring contemporary, the *Era*, gives the following biographical, critical, and controversial details about the conductor of these entertainments:—

"(from a correspondent.)

"Dr. James Pech, who has so suddenly appeared upon the musical horizon, is (says a correspondent) a very rising and indefatigable young musician, of about thirty years of age. He is the only child of a major in the British army, who died in 1830, while on service with his regiment in India, and of Mary Agnes Manners, daughter of a gentleman of the name of Sutton, whose ancestors were of a highly respectable origin, and one of whom was created Archbishop of Canterbury. He has been very liberally educated at various public schools, but from his earliest years he has shown considerable predilection and precocious talent for music, and has, all his life, applied himself very assiduously to its study and practice. He has travelled much in all parts of Germany, where he has enjoyed the friendship and been the pupil of various great masters in his art, amongst whom we may mention the venerable Schneider, the great pianists—Chopin, Czerny, and Döhler. He has written in a variety of schools; but few of his compositions are known to the general public. Those few, however, in style and character are remarkable for their elegance and beauty, as well as for a great amount of originality of sentiment and construction. The position he is now, however, called upon to occupy as a conductor will, doubtless, afford him opportunities of producing many compositions for the orchestra which, under other circumstances, would be difficult of accomplishing.

"As regards his merits as a *chef d'orchestre*, there appears to be many conflicting opinions. It is asserted by some that he requires more experience, but that he has all the elements within him necessary for becoming one of our *best* conductors. Others again advance that he is in every way qualified for such a distinguished position, for that he has more than an average amount of intellect in his interpretation of musical compositions, while his "beat" in the orchestra, is bold, decisive, remarkably distinct, and intelligible. Others again assert that in conducting he is, perhaps, a little too redundant in action, and allows his enthusiasm to carry him too much away.

"As all these opinions, various as they are, can only at the present moment be esteemed as purely speculative, especially so when it is remembered that, with the exception of his *début* as conductor at the English Opera, Drury Lane, there has been but little opportunity of forming a correct estimate of his abilities or capabilities in London, it must be left to time and the public as to his future position and prospects. The opening of the 'People's Philharmonic Concerts' at Exeter Hall has, however, given him another opportunity of distinguishing himself; and undoubtedly he has done so, as may be gathered from the various criticisms that have appeared in the several papers regarding these concerts, at which he is conducting some of the most classical as well as miscellaneous music. He is a graduate in music of New College, Oxford, and has also been further distinguished by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who conferred upon him by diploma the degree of Doctor in Music. At present he is the principal organist of Kensington Park Church; he holds also the appointment of pianist and composer to the Countess of Darnley, and is a joint conductor with M. Benedict of the London Orchestral Association. Apart from his public life, and in his private spheres, he is generally esteemed and admired for the amiability of his disposition, while his manners and bearing are ever those of the educated and polished gentleman."

Although we have no doubt that the "correspondent" of the *Era* is well informed about the immediate subject of his communication to that journal, we must correct him on one point—Mr. Benedict is in no way connected with the London Orchestral Association.

MEYERBEER, &c.

By C. L. G.

(*Continued from page* 652.)

After the *Crociato* there was an interregnum in Meyerbeer's lyric labours, owing to his marriage and the loss of his first two children; he ceased to write, until the pressing invitations from Paris induced him to commence the *Robert le Diable* for the Académie Royale de Musique. It was ready in July, 1830, when the revolution broke out which ended with the banishment of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and the raising to the throne of the Orleans dynasty, Louis Philippe reigning in the place of Charles X. A memorable night was the 21st of November, 1831—a red letter day in art's annals. Thereon was based the great success of the Grand Opera in Paris, under the direction of M. Véron, the fortunate manager, quack medicine vendor, and, eventually, newspaper proprietor. It was his destiny to produce the *Robert le Diable*, but Véron himself was unconscious of its transcendent beauties. At the final rehearsal he ran up to Fétis, at that time editor of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, and exclaimed that he was a ruined man—the opera would be a dead failure! He had been earwigged by some of the pedants, who perceived nothing but the past, and by some of the commonplace critics, who have no ear but for a quadrille. Fétis quietly consoled the trembling *impresario* by the simple assurance—"*Robert le Diable* will go the round of the world." The learned historian was a true prophet. It was the destiny of an amateur, who subsequently strove for years and years to induce Italian and English managers to do justice to Meyerbeer, to produce his works with the care and attention exacted by the elaborate details, and their success would be certain. His assurance was disbelieved—his judgment was questioned—his taste was sneered at. He was told that the music of Meyerbeer was a puzzle—that it defied execution unless there were years of preparation—that the style was too French and too German—that there was no melody—no inspiration; and that the arias of the principals were wanting in form, inasmuch as the *prima donna* or leading tenor came on the stage without the preliminary recitative, to be followed by the cantabile, and to be wound up with the customary cabaletta. What an innovator is this Meyerbeer! Actually to dare to individualise his characters—not to make Marcel sing like Raoul, and to draw the line of distinction between Raimbaut and Robert—to present Alice and the Princess under different aspects—to create a Valentine as a decided contrast to Margarita di Valois—to elevate Fides to the level of a Siddons or Ristori, whilst Bertha is noted as simple peasant girl. Such have been the heresies of Meyerbeer; but an amateur, whose privilege it has been to follow the works of that great master, from the *Crociato* in London to the first nights of all his operas in Paris, has also witnessed the reaction in this country; and when the Royal Italian Opera House rang again and again with the cheering on the opening performance of the *Huguenots*, those who said to him, "Well, the French Grand Opera has triumphed at last!" met with the rejoinder, "It is not that only; it is more—it is the foundation laid of a National Opera here on a permanent basis." The grounds for this belief were the indications of improved execution at divers places, after the masterly *ensembles* effected under Mr. Costa's *baton* at Covent Garden Theatre; and the fact, which is too often lost sight of, that the orchestra and chorus at the Royal Italian Opera have been, since its formation to the present day, principally English artists. We are, however, anticipating, and must return for a moment to *Robert le Diable* in Paris. It was reserved for Meyerbeer to refute Kant's notions of music—"that it was a language of pure sensation, without any intellectual idea." Now this was the revolution that Meyerbeer caused in the lyric drama. It is precisely because his music is based on "intellectual idea" that he has produced new and powerful emotions. The hearers of his operas must follow the incidents on the stage—they are not doomed merely to listen to a cloying melody, shut their eyes, and cry "Brava" to the cantatrice. No! The opera *habitué* is irresistibly impelled to watch the stage, to follow the orchestral developments, to interest himself in the plot, to identify himself with the leading personages. He knows the Page will not be like St. Bris; the Catholic and courtly Nevers will be distinguished from the old Puritan Marcel. This is the individuality of the composer, based on his ideality; and herein he has extended and widened the art domain beyond the limits of all his predecessors. But he breaks the rhythm, and cares little about cantabile. How terrible, but then how true, his realisation of character! In *Robert le Diable* was the third transformation Meyerbeer's genius had undergone, his first stage being the dry fugual forms acquired by hard study to master theory—his second being the impressions produced on a young and enthusiastic mind, under the influence of a sunny sky, and moved by the successes of Rossini, who himself had revolutionised art in Italy.

(*To be continued.*)

Miss Lydia Thompson was married on Monday (the 22d inst.), at New St. Pancras Church, to William East, Esq., of Forest-hill.

Lecture-Hall, Walworth.—Mr. Edwin Harriss, the pianist, gave a concert in the above hall some time since. He is a very unobtrusive pianist, and in that respect certainly might stand as a good example to many a player who thinks of nobody but himself when he gives a concert. Now Mr. Harriss on the present occasion appeared to think very little of himself, having introduced into the programme, containing twenty pieces, but one solo. Perhaps it was as well to have done so, since he was so nervous that he could hardly perform that one—Mr. Vincent Wallace's *Le Rêve*. The other instrumental performance was a solo on the French horn by Dr. Bennett Gilbert, which pleased the audience to the extent of an encore. The vocalists were Mad. Gilbert, Miss Emily Gresham, Messrs. George Tedder, Francescos, Haughton, and Reilly, and a chorus of fifty voices. The choir sung five part-songs—Mr. Henry Leslie's "Hail to the chief," Dr. Bennett Gilbert's "Good night" (encored), A. Mullen's "Oh bright summer flowers!" (encored), Franz Abt's "Gaily o'er the scene" (encored), and Mr. W. C. Filby's "England's defence." They sang commendably. Encores were awarded to Miss Emily Gresham in "Comin' thro' the rye," and the Scotch song (made into a duet with Mr. George Tedder) "Huntingtown," and Mad. Gilbert was loudly applauded in Donizetti's cavatina "L'amor suo"—although we are inclined to think something indigenous would have been far more acceptable to the Walworthians. The hall was by no means crowded.

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Reviews.

PASSING over some numbers of Messrs. Ashdown and Parry's edition of M. Stephen Heller's pianoforte works, less interesting, or at any rate less important, than those already noticed, we come to the "*Quatre Morceaux de Salon*," *on Melodies by Schubert*, which unite the brilliant characteristics of the modern school with a solidity that entitles them to rank with things of a higher order, even amongst the best productions of that school. M. Heller is evidently a contemplative musician, and, though frequently marked by the mechanical redundancies so prevalent in modern music for the instrument, his compositions are for the most part imbued with a genuine poetic spirit. Were it not for his manifest originality he might be pronounced, in some measure, a disciple of Frederic Chopin. At any rate, there is no other to whom he can reasonably be compared, even while, as we are inclined to think, the comparison does him more or less injustice. Passages may be singled out from the works of M. Heller which, for force and novelty, cannot be parallelled in those of any other pianoforte composer of the last twenty years, excepting only Mendelssohn and Professor Bennett. The "*Quatre Morceaux de Salon*" form Ops. 33 to 36 inclusive in the catalogue of his compositions. The melodies of Schubert, which M. Heller has selected for the present work, are four of the most well-known and popular—*Die Forelle, Der Erl Konig, Das Lob der Thranen*, and *Die Post* ("The Trout," "The Erl King," "The Praise of Tears," and "The Post"), all of which he has treated in a new and masterly manner. But the best of the set is, beyond comparison, *Die Forelle* ("The Trout"), one of the most sparkling and fanciful "caprices" that modern pianoforte music can boast. The melody is one of Schubert's prettiest and freshest, and M. Heller has invested it with a hundred new charms. A light and elegant *arpeggio* is made the accompaniment to the air, which is diversified with the brightest fancy and consummate tact. Nothing can exceed the delicate and tripping effect of this little piece when skilfully executed. It turned the heads of all the Parisian pianists, from Liszt to Emile Prudent, at the time of its early publication, and is even now to be found in almost every fashionable saloon of the French metropolis. M. Stephen Heller had always been acknowledged by the French critics as an excellent musician and one of the most accomplished masters of the pianoforte; but until the appearance of "*La Truite*" his popularity was not so remarkable as the respect he inspired among cultivated judges. But when Chopin, through the influence of Georges Sand, his sex-contemning mistress, became absorbed in the pseudo-metaphysical—when Herz and Thalberg lay dozing on their oars, with Döhler asleep at the rudder—M. Heller may be said to have had no competitor among contemporary followers of the "*popular æsthetic school*" which obtained with the young composers of the day—a necessary condition of the astonishing progress but recently achieved in a certain department of executive art. Since that period the works of M. Heller have made a great advance in the estimation of pianists on this side the Channel, where, perhaps, he is more seriously appreciated than on the other, or perhaps—when we recall Leipsic and Weimar, not to speak of Gotha—not. M. Heller is a man of ability independently of his art. One of the best musical critics of the Parisian and German press, his many contributions to some of the principal journals are written with the facility and elegance of a practised pen, the depth of an annalist, and the acumen of a musician. It must not be supposed that M. Heller is a Frenchman. Like his intimate and talented friend, Mr. Charles Hallé, the pianist, he is a Teuton by birth—but being less Titanic than the ordinary race of Teutons, and less Teutonic than the ordinary race of Titans, circumstances have made a more suitable home for him in Paris than he would be likely to have found in Ulm or Heligoland.

"*Constancy*," ballad—poetry by Delta, music by T. M. Mudie (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)—is a model of which a ballad should be. The melody, simple and vocal, is at the same time expressive, while the accompaniment displays the art of a musician, devoid of all superfluous elaboration. The words treat with agreeable fluency a sentiment which, if a little worn by the hands of poetasters, is both natural and poetical. The key of the song is A flat, the tune lies within the range of ordinary voices, and the accompaniment can be easily mastered by players of moderate capability. "*Constancy*," in short, will find admirers of all grades, being genuine and unaffected to a fault.

"*The Wood Nymphs*," duet—composed by G. A. Macfarren (Chappell and Co.)—is a charmingly graceful effusion, full of musical points of interest, skilfully voiced, and thoroughly expressing the sentiments of the words. Mr. Macfarren is one of our most successful composers of chamber duets, trios, &c., and the revival of this happy specimen of his ability will be generally welcomed. Simple, natural, and flowing as is the melody, it does not prevent the harmonisation from being here and there marked by features which declare no common hand to have been at work.

"*Per Scalas Ascendimus*," by Antonio Minasi (Duncan Davison and Co.).—The above work, although especially written to elucidate the fingering of a particular kind of instrument (Carte's Council and Prize-medal Flute), can also be consulted with equal advantage by students of the ordinary flute — and, indeed, of all other varieties of the instrument — merely by adopting the fingering peculiar to each. "Per Scalas Ascendimus" consists of scales, arpeggios, and intervals, with remarks upon their construction and method of practice, &c., and a useful extract from Berlioz's treatise upon modern instruments. The exercises, which illustrate the greatest intricacies of fingering, as well as difficulties to be surmounted by the lip (*embouchure*), are so arranged that a tyro, provided always he pay attention to the rules laid down for his guidance ("playing slowly at first," "observing the double bar," &c.), will soon be able to conquer them. The study of intervals, scales, and arpeggios is absolutely necessary to those who desire to become masters of the instrument. The construction of the diatonic, minor, and chromatic scales is lucidly explained by Mr. Minasi; and, in connection with arpeggios, a full description is presented of all the chords, as well as an interesting note on the enharmonic diesis and harmonic sounds. To flute students these explanations (which we do not remember to have seen in any other work) will be of great value, and the examples of chromatic passages and chromatic intervals will be found eminently serviceable. We can recommend Mr. Minasi's work to all students who are desirous of attaining perfection on the flute, as a means of facilitating the performance of the most elaborate and difficult studies composed for that instrument.

VIENNA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Oct. 20, 1860.

FROM Paris to Vienna in 38 hours *viâ* Strasburg. A wonderfully short journey compared to that of ten years since over the same ground, but still wearisome enough. While indulging in a few hours' rest, which such fatigue rendered indispensable, I was this morning, at eight o'clock awoke by the most tremendous storm of pianoforte thunder and lightning that ever disturbed the sleep of a worn-out traveller—a perfect hurricane of harmony—a chaotic mass of sound, in which the music of the past, present, and the future was jumbled together in the most unintelligible confusion. Tarentellas, triumphant marches, *scherzos*, and *allegros* seemed to my unaccustomed ear to be commingled without any definite purpose or design, excepting that of making as much noise as the unhappy instrument was capable of producing, according to the rhapsodical mood of the performer. I listened for a time, and then tried to sleep again in vain. I rose and went to the window, which looked out upon the court-yard of this most respectable hotel, "Zur Kaiserinn Elizabeth." The domestics were at their usual vocations; the boots was busily employed in polishing the last of at least fifty pairs of shoes; the housemaid was sweeping the room opposite. No one appeared to pay the slightest attention to the tempest which was raging in the apartment on the first floor opposite, of which the window had been opened in order, very probably, to allow the deafening volumes of sound means of escape in safety. Tranquillity, under such circumstances, was hopeless. I rang the bell and inquired, more or less indignantly, who was allowed to create such a disturbance at such an early hour to the annoyance of all reasonable people.

"Ich weiss nicht, mein Herr," replies the Stubenmädchen, "aber Doctor Liszt wohnt in dem Zimmer gegenüber." Further information was unnecessary. The mystery was solved; the pianoforte thunder and lightning by one word explained. Liszt, and Liszt alone, could have evoked such a torrent of sound from any instrument. It ceased almost as soon as I had learned its origin. The morning rhapsody of the lion-pianist had exhausted itself.

During the day I met Liszt, and had an opportunity of seeing that time has not spared him any less than it has more ordinary mortals. The long lanky hair still falls over the lofty brow; the eagle-eye still glances brightly; but the hair is tinged with grey; the brow is furrowed with wrinkles, and ugly crow's-feet radiate from the eagle eye, somewhat disfiguring the kaiserliches gesicht of the eminent virtuoso. We talked of England, of which, for some reason or another, Liszt is evidently not very much enamoured. Whether he is disappointed at the cold reception we have given to Wagner, and our want of faith in the music of the future, I know not. It is, however, not improbable, seeing what an energetic disciple he is of the new school. He is as usual travelling *en prince*, attended by a suite of hangers-on, *soi-disant* admirers. Liszt now resides in Weimar, and rarely extends his travels beyond Germany.

At the Kärntnerthor Theatre, of such universal reputation, operas are still given with the same perfection of ensemble in respect to execution, and the same slovenly *mise-en-scène*, as distinguished the representations ten years ago. This evening M. Halevy's *La Juive*, a work but little known in England, was performed with the following cast:—Prinz—Herr Gunz; Eleazar—Herr Wachtal; Prinzestin—Fraulein Liebhart; Rachel—Mad. Csillag; Cardinal—Herr Drachsler. The *primo tenore*, Herr Wachtal, is a German Tamberlik, who indulges in B flats and C's *dipetto* to any extent without the slightest apparent effort. It is truly a magnificent voice which, with judicious care and study, will ensure a brilliant career to its possessor. Herr Wachtal is new to the stage, young and good looking, perhaps the most promising "Helden tenor" of the day. The *rôle* of Eleazar is one requiring more experience in stage business than he can yet bring to bear. Nevertheless, he sustained the part respectably, and by his singing of the music elicited the fullest approbation of the audience.

Mad. Csillag, the *prima donna*, is well known in England; but the London public have had as yet no opportunity of judging of those remarkable vocal and histrionic powers which have made her such a favourite in Vienna. The operas in which she appeared at Covent Garden were but little adapted to her talents compared to such as *La Juive*, *Macbeth*, the *Huguenots*, &c. As Rachel in *La Juive* Mad. Csillag is unrivalled. In common with Mad. Viardot, to whom there is a striking resemblance both in her acting and appearance, she contrives so completely to identify herself with the heroine of the opera, that the artiste is forgotten in the interest excited in the part she represents. The illusion is sustained throughout and never once disturbed by any extravagant effort at effect. The *Ars celare artem* is the maxim fully carried out, and the impression upon the audience consequently deep and lasting. Mad. Csillag's enthusiastic reception, and the frequent calls before the curtain during and after the opera, proved the admiration of the Viennese public for their favourite prima donna.

In Herr Drachsler it is painful to observe the evil effect of forcing a naturally fine bass voice into a weak *basso baritono*, as the Italians call it. As the Cardinal he has but little to do, but enough to show that he has not made much progress either as a singer or an actor during the last ten years.

Mlle. Liebhart is a soprano of the Persiani school, with an agreeable voice, and as little pretensions to dramatic talent as most of the *soprani leggieri*.

The band and chorus were admirable under the direction of Herr Esser. Altogether the opera was given, as I have before said, with the same perfection as to execution, and the same carelessness as to the costumes and scenery, which distinguished the performances at the Kärntner-Thor any time the last ten years. It is here that Wagner rejoices in more willing executants and a more appreciative audience than elsewhere in Germany. *Tännhauser* and *Lohengrin* are to be heard weekly, and the *Fliegender Holländer* is in active rehersal.

So much for music in Vienna for the present. Next week *Tännhauser* shall be duly noticed.

Oct. 27.

A hearty greeting to all his friends in England from Ernst. He has been an invalid ever since he left London, now three years ago. After trying many of the German baths, without any beneficial result, he has come to Vienna to consult the medical men, who have given him hopes of a speedy restoration to health, if he follow their advice. He suffers acute pain, and is at times quite unable to stand or walk without support. I called yesterday at the house of Mad. Wertheimber, the most liberal friend of music and musicians in this musical capital, with whom Ernst and his wife are staying. The doctors had just left, and had given a favourable opinion as to the progress of their patient. Ernst was in better spirits than usual, and expressed the greatest interest to know what had been doing in the musical world of London since his absence. During his illness, he has been unable to perform in public. The last time he played was to some members of the imperial family of Russia at Nice, and was then obliged to be seated during his performance. His account of the reception accorded him by the Court, reminded me of the "pitying duchess" in "the Last Minstrel." Thalberg is also here. It appears that he has altogether neglected the pianoforte for the last two years. A large fortune and a lazy disposition make him careless of his professional career.

Of all the hospitable receptions in this city, renowned for hospitality, that given by the amiable Jetty Treffz is the most agreeable with which an Englishman can meet. Having amassed a handsome fortune, the result of a brilliant career in Germany and England, the fascinating Teutonic *prima donna* resides in Vienna, the delight and ornament of a large circle of acquaintance. Her house is furnished in the English style, and the hospitality is most decidedly after the same approved model. The charming hostess always speaks with gratitude of the pleasant time she passed in England, and does her best to prove the sincerity of what she says by the invariable kind-hearted welcome she gives to those English friends who visit her in in this her native country.

The performances at the Kärntnerthor Theatre this week have been interesting. On Sunday 21st, *Wilhelm Tell* was given with a perfection of *ensemble* which intimate knowledge of the work, and frequent performances by the same executants, can alone attain. Objection might be made to the *tempi* of some of the principal

morceaux, as being different to the English reading of the same subject; but deference must be paid to the Kärntnerthor authority, as being very probably the most correct in such matters. As the hero of the opera, Herr Beck, fully justified the reputation he has of being the best German baritone of the present day. Voice, appearance, and dramatic talent are happily combined in this artist, all of which qualities are requisite in such a *rôle* as Wilhelm Tell. Herr Wachtal, as Arnold, again displayed his remarkable vocal powers. The grand duet, "Dove Vai"—to give the Italian and best known title—was magnificently rendered by these two artists and the band, every member of which seemed to devote heart and soul to the performance. Mathilde was represented by Mlle. Krands, a good-looking soprano of great promise, with a charming voice. Gemmy was performed by Mlle. Ferrari. The other *rôles* were ably sustained by Mlle. Sulzer, Herr Hrabaneek, Gunz, &c.

On Monday, 22nd, the German version of Verdi's *Trovatore* was given, with the following cast:—Manrico, Herr Walter; Azucena, Fraulein Sulzer; Fernando, Herr Mayerhofer; Leonora, Mad. Csillag; Conte di Luna, Herr Hrabaneck. The tenor, Herr Walter, has cultivated an ungrateful voice with evident perseverance. Strange to say, the falsetto is powerful, but the chest notes are weak, and not of an agreeable quality. Fraulein Sulzer was suffering from cold, and thereby prevented from doing justice either to the music or herself. Herr Mayerhofer, a pupil of Staudigl, has acquired in his singing and action the style of his celebrated master. The Leonora of Mad. Csillag is of very much more dramatic importance than the "walking lady" who wears black, white, and party-coloured raiment alternately, and sings a couple of arias upon our Italian stage. Mad. Csillag takes quite another reading of the part, and by the earnestness of her acting, and the grandeur of her declamation, greatly increases the interest of the opera. This is particularly remarkable in the "Miserere scene," where Leonora hears the voice of Manrico from the prison tower. The situation is heightened in effect by the passionate despair pourtrayed in every note and gesture of this most intelligent artist. The music suits Mad. Csillag admirably, and the character altogether is one of the most successful in which she has appeared. Herr Hrabaneck (a name which will probably puzzle some of your readers) sang the music of the Conte di Luna well. His personal appearance is unfortunately not favourable for the amorous Templar; he is, however, a good actor, and overcomes this defect to a great extent.

On Monday a new ballet, entitled *Carnival's Abendlheuer in Paris*, was produced. It is surprising how an educated public can find amusement for a whole evening in the gesticulations and *pas seuls* of dancers, not one of whom possesses that grace which is the intrinsic charm of such an entertainment. The greatest success of the evening was nothing more than a veritable Parisian *cancan*, better done at any of the gardens whence it originated. It created a *furor* among the military, who frequent the theatre in crowds on these occasions. It is a blessing to think that such an entertainment would not be endured by a London audience.

On Wednesday, 24th, a very different representation took place, being none other than Wagner's *Tännhauser;* or, "The Singer's Strife," which, according to the prophecy of his admirers, is to be the *Don Giovanni, Guillaume Tell*, and *Fidelio*, of the next century. From all I had heard of the mysterious character of the work, I prepared myself for an evening of hard labour to understand this music of the future. According to the prognostications of the lovers of the Italian school, I was to be overcome by the first act, and sleep out the rest of the opera; nay, so soporific was the music pronounced, that I fully anticipated not perhaps awaking again until the following evening. Such antagonistic opinions naturally excited my curiosity, and rendered the performance of *Tännhauser* the most interesting of all those I had yet attended at the Kärntnerthor. The libretto is a combination of the fabulous and romantic, and the story is doubtless already well known to the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD. However, for the benefit of the inexperienced, it is perhaps as well to say that Tannhäuser, a minstrel knight of the thirteenth century, is in Act. I. discovered in the terrestrial dwelling of the goddess Venus, complaining of his exile from the world of mortals. He is allowed by his mistress to revisit his native land, and takes part in a contest for the hand of Elizabeth, daughter of the Landgraf of Thüringen, who is to be given in marriage to the most successful of the singers in praise of love. Tännhauser succeeds, but is denied the prize on account of his guilty sojourn with the goddess. The contest of the singers and subsequent refusal of his bride to Tännhauser conclude the second act. In the last act Elizabeth awaits the return of Tännhauser from Rome, whither he has made a pilgrimage to obtain absolution. She dies before they meet. Tännhauser returns excommunicated by the Pope, and calls upon Venus to receive him again. The goddess appears at the moment Tännhauser learns the death of Elizabeth, upon whose body he expires as it is being carried to the grave. Such is the outline of the libretto. Of the music it is impossible to judge after one hearing. It is unquestionably the effort of a man of genius and of original ideas. The overture is perhaps the least important part of the whole work, and in which the constant repetition of the same phrase or figure produces anything but a favourable impression. The song of a shepherd in the valley to which Tännhauser is transported, in the first act, is remarkable for the contrast it makes to the prayer of some passing pilgrims. The *ensemble*, a most artistic bit of colouring, is the first *morceau* which seizes the attention. The *finale* to the same act, when Tännhauser meets the Landgraf and the minstrel knights, is dramatic and effective; and in this Wagner has condescended to avail himself of the accepted form of similar compositions, produces his effect by the ordinary means, this *finale* being more continuously melodious than any other part of the opera. In the second act the strife of the singers affords a great opportunity for musical display, which the composer has allowed to pass by; the poetry, nevertheless, shows that Wagner (who writes his own librettos) was impressed with the interest of the situation, it being the most imaginative of the whole work. The march preceding the strife of the singers is monotonous. In the third act, Elizabeth's prayer, and the "Abendlied" (the latter sung by the baritone) are the most intelligible of all the solos, both exquisitely harmonised and instrumented by a master hand. The cast of the opera was as follows:—

Hermann, Landgraf von Thüringen		HERR MAYERHOFER.
Tannhäuser	Minstrel Knights	HERR ANDER.
Wolfram		HERR RUDOLF.
Walter		HERR GUNZ.
Biterolf		HERR HRABENECK.
Heinrich		HERR KAMPE.
Elizabeth		MLLE. KRAUS.
Venus		MLLE. HOFFMANN.
Hirt		MLLE. KUDELKA.

As Tännhauser, Herr Ander (who is known in London as having appeared at the Royal Italian Opera some five years ago) sang and acted with the greatest vigour. His voice is not so fresh as formerly, and must undoubtedly suffer from constantly singing the music of Wagner, which, for the tenor particularly, is even more irksome and wearing than that of Verdi. It would be difficult to find another artist who could give so much effect to the part of Tännhauser as Herr Ander. Mlle. Kraus was an interesting and efficient Elizabeth. The other parts were creditably sung. To me the first impression of the opera was decidedly favourable, and induced a strong desire to hear the music a second time. Without siding either with those who so enthusiastically uphold or unequivocally condemn Wagner as the master of a new school, which is or is not to be the music of the future, an impartial judge must recognise in his compositions much that is original and artistic in form and treatment, and will listen with respect to the productions of such a writer who, however mistaken may be his views, will never degrade the art for the sake of popularity.

On Thursday *Der Postillion Von Lonjumeau* was performed with Herr Wachtal and the well-known basso, Hölzel. Last night, Friday, *Der Schauspiel's Direktor* of Mozart was given, and another long ballet. In the operetta, Mad. Wildauer sang the principle soprano part. This lady has been the admiration of the Viennese public for many years, appearing alternately at the Burg and Kärntnerthor theatres, at both of which she has been simultaneously engaged. An artiste with a charming voice and great dramatic talents, Mad. Wildauer occupies a position which is only comparable to that of Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Keeley combined.

Next week we are to have *Der fliegender Holländer*. At the Carl theatre in the Leopoldstadt, Nestroy, the Viennese Buck-

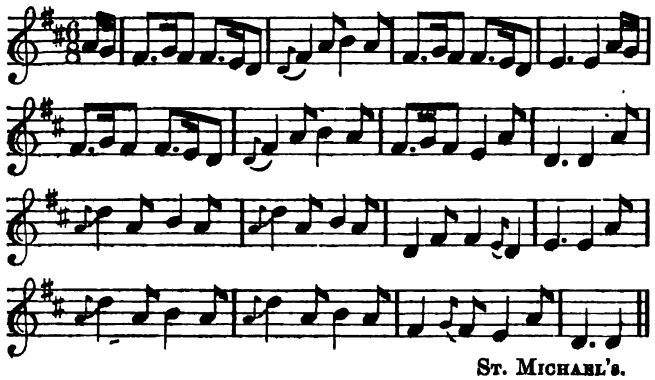
stone, is taking a *quasi* farewell, the lease of the theatre of which he is manager having expired. The performances remind one of those given by Mad. Vestris in former days at the Lyceum, and are a reproduction of the operettas by Offenbach, such as *Ischin-Tcshin; ou Bataclan: Bon Soir, Monsieur Pantalon;* the parody of *L'Orphée et Euridice*, &c., but upon a very much more elaborate scale than at the Bouffes Parisiens, and of course adapted to the German stage and the taste of the Viennese public. A capital orchestra and excellent company, added to the attraction of Nestroy's last night, drew immense crowds to the theatre, which is one of the handsomest in Vienna. The splendour of the scenery and costumes makes a striking contrast with the shabby *mise-en-scène* at the Imperial Opera House, and is an instance of the advantage to the public of individual speculation in theatrical enterprise, compared to the management by Government officials of such matters.—The *prima donna* of the Carl theatre company is a Mlle. Zöllner, one of the most fascinating actresses on any stage—a new Anna Thillon revived, with a prettier face and more winning manners.—At the theatre Ander Wien comedies are performed, and the theatre prospers. In fact, all the houses are crowded every night. The dancing season has not yet commenced, and the public have no other amusement; and so much for theatrical doings in Vienna until next week.

Letters to the Editor.

WILLIAM CHAPPELL YOU'RE WANTED.

Sir,—Can any of your readers inform me the name of the following air?

It is several years since I heard it, so I am not sure of its correctness.

I believe it is an old Scotch tune, but have never seen it in print. Has it ever been published?

St. Michael's.

[Enquire of Justice Woodcock,—Ed. M. W.]

FRANK MORI, YOU'RE WANTED.

Sir,—I should feel much indebted to you if would inform me of a good work on "Singing." I do not mean a solfeggio, but one which would give instruction on the cultivation of the voice, on taking breath, &c. I reside a great deal in the country, and find it difficult to secure the assistance of a first-rate master without a great deal of expense. As I read most foreign languages as fluently as English, it would be a matter of no import its not being written in my native language. Hoping you will kindly assist me in my search,

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

Saturday. Lyra.

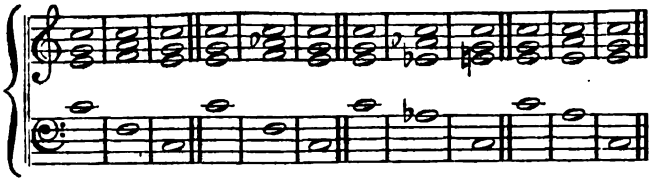
ON THE RELATION AND PROGRESSION OF CHORDS.

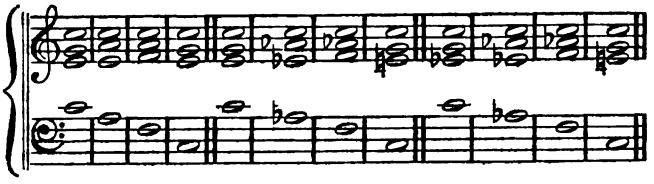
Sir,—It was my intention to have said a few words respecting the artificial scales, chromatic and enharmonic, and other matters in connection, previous to entering upon the present, on the relation and progress of chords; but as this is a subject which may be more generally interesting, especially from the new light in which it will be exhibited, I am induced to depart a little from the path I had already sketched out, that I may call the attention of theoretical musicians, and others interested in these matters, to the simple theory which regulates and governs every progression of musical sounds and chords, and consequently every correct musical composition. Simple—for all its elements are contained in, or deduced from, the common chord—yet it traces and explains the relation and connection of all sounds and chords with the greatest facility, rendering clear what was before doubtful and obscure, occasionally reconciles the apparently anomalous interpretations of different theorists, and, as it shows the true construction of chords, shows also their true sounds, together with their correct notation and their fundamental basses, about which there has hitherto been much uncertainty. Moreover, as these are capable of mathematical demonstration, it for the first time gives to the principles of harmony the exactitude and true character of a science. Some examples of these demonstrations, treated in a short and popular manner, appear in my previous letters on the scales, &c., it being necessary to show the real sounds of any scale or key, previous to entering into any explanation of the chords connected with that key Though I shall endeavour to be as brief as possible, yet this is much too extensive a subject to be completed in a single letter. I here repeat the "Systems of Sounds," which appeared in one of my former letters, with the chords classed a little differently, for the purpose of exhibiting their progression and combination more clearly:—

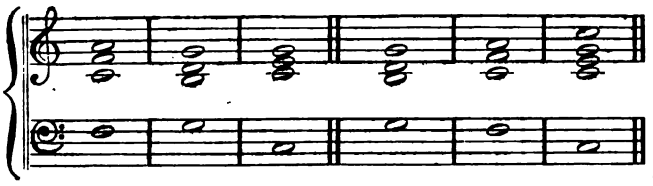
Primary Bases.	Primary Chords.	Derivative Chords.		Unit Sounds.
		Secondary.	Principal.	
D♭	D♭ F A♭ D♭ F♭ A♭	F A♭ C F♭ A♭ C♭	A♭ C E♭ A♭ C♭ E♭	A♭
A♭	A♭ C E♭ A♭ C♭ E♭	C E♭ G C♭ E♭ G♭	E♭ G B♭ E♭ G♭ B♭	E♭
E♭	E♭ G B♭ E♭ G♭ B♭	G B♭ D G♭ B♭ D♭	B♭ D F B♭ D♭ F	B♭
B♭	B♭ D F B♭ D♭ F	D F A D♭ F A♭	F A C F A♭ C	F
F	F A C F A♭ C	A C E A♭ C E♭	C E G C E♭ G	C
C	C E G C E♭ G	E G B E♭ G B♭	G B D G B♭ D	G
G	G B D G B♭ D	B D F♯ B♭ D F	D F♯ A D F A	D
D	D F♯ A D F	F♯ A C♯ F A C	A C♯ E A C E	A
A	A C♯ E A C E	C♯ E G♯ C E G	E G♯ B E G B	E
E	E G♯ B E G B	G♯ B D♯ G B D	B D♯ E♯ B D E♯	B
B	B D♯ F♯ B D F♯	D♯ F♯ A♯ D F♯ A	F♯ A♯ C♯ F♯ A C♯	F♯

It will be observed in this arrangement that, in every system, the secondary derivative chords are formed from the primary chords and the principal derivative chords; thus, in the system having the unit sound C, the minor chord of A C E is formed from the major chords of F A C and C E G, the extreme sounds F and G (subdominant and dominant) disappearing, the central sound C (the tonic) remaining; in like manner, the major chord of A♭ C E♭ is formed from the minor chords of F A♭ C and C E♭ G, the connection of any chord with each adjacent one throughout the whole of the systems being thus evident.

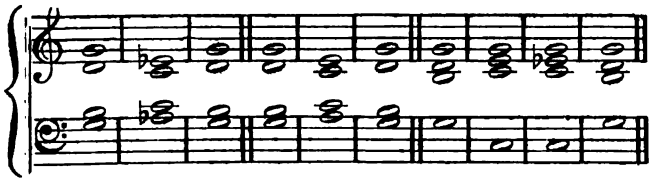
If we now take the chords of any system—say that having the unit sound C—then, as this sound is connected with all the sounds of that system, so also is the major chord C E G, which alone has the same harmonic character as the unit sound, connected with all the chords of the same system, the chord C E G may therefore either precede or follow any of the chords of that system.

Examples.

As the unit sound of the same system leads to the sounds of the primary chord F, so also are the chords connected, and may follow each other in the same order. This follows also from the two preceding laws.

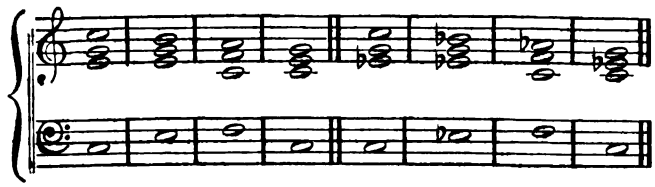
Examples.

As the primary major chord of G, in combination with the primary base F, governs the intermediate system having the primary base C (see MUSICAL WORLD, May 26), so the primary chords of G major and F major, or minor, may follow each other, these chords being those of the extreme systems of the mode C, do, in such immediate succession, lead to the derivative chords of the system having the unit sound C, equally and in the same manner as do the sounds of the same chords in combination, forming the chords of the dominant 7th, &c.

Examples.

The resolution of the chord of the dominant 7th shows the relation of the chord G B D as dominant with the derivative chords of the system having the unit sound C, any of these chords may therefore follow the major chord of G.

Again, as the tonic, dominant, and subdominant are merely relative terms, the tonic of one key being the dominant or subdominant of others, then as G is dominant to C as tonic, so also is C subdominant to G as tonic; therefore the derivative chords of the system having the unit sound C may, as subdominant, be followed by the major chord of G as tonic, whence it is evident that the major chord of G may either precede or follow any of the derivative chords of the system having the unit sound C.

Examples.

In the same manner, any of the derivative chords of a system are related to the major chord having the unit sound of the system immediately below for its fundamental bass; thus all the derivative chords of the system, having the unit sound F, are related to the major chord of C.

Other progressions of chords related to C as tonic could be shown, such as the following:—

Examples.

In the preceding examples we have confined our attention to the three systems having the unit sounds F C and G, the principal derivative chords of which are the primary chords of the systems having the primary bases F C G. The unit sounds may thus take the places of, and be considered as, the primary bases, and the principal derivative chords as primary chords; this arrangement, though not absolutely necessary, will be found convenient, as it places all chords in connection with any unit sound, as primary base, in the same system, and thus simplifies and facilitates an explanation, as it limits our observations to the derivative chords only. Now, as in the derivative chords of the system C (unit sound) are contained all the chords connected with C as tonic, so also in the derivative chords of the adjacent systems F and G are contained all the chords connected with the former as subdominant and dominant. The minor chords of the system G, however, must, when they become dominants, be changed to major, as shown in my last letter. It is evident, from the preceding, that connected with the key of C major as tonic are those of C minor, A minor, and Ab major; and if, in the three systems F C G, we commence with the chord of C, and avoid taking the second derivative chords in such succession or combination as to cause a modulation to the keys of A minor or Ab major, all other progressions of the derivative chords of these three systems are in the key of C, which chords, moreover, are all the chords which can be taken without modulating from that key. I may here observe that the sounds D and Db in the system F do not belong to the key of C, but I shall have occasion to refer to these again. As in the key of C, so it is similarly in all other keys, hence the following general law:—All progressions of harmonies in any key are contained in the derivative chords of the three systems, of which the unit-sound of the central system is the root of that key, thus every progression of chords in the key of C is contained in the derivation chords of the three systems, having F C and G for their unit-sounds. In other words, *every chord, and every progression of chords, which can possibly be taken in any key, is connected with the tonic, dominant, or subdominant of that key.* This at first may, to those accustomed to look upon harmony as a complicated science, appear to be rather a startling conclusion, but the truth of it is evident from the preceding, and a very little consideration will show its truth; for, as the sounds of the primary bases constitute the foundation of any key, is it not clear that all the superstructure reared in that key, must be built upon this very same foundation?

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

W. W. PARKINSON.

Cheetham Hill, Manchester, Oct. 15th, 1860.

[The only question is, whether the *supertonic* should not be substituted for the subdominant, as a root, or primary base. We are decidedly of that opinion; although it virtually upsets the theory of our correspondent.—Ed. M. W.]

LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN.

SIR,—The following report of a portion of the proceedings in the Leeds Town Council, held recently, will answer the questions contained in a letter published by you last week:—

Mr. Anthony Titley said he wished to ask the chairman of the Town Hall Committee (Alderman Botterill) a question in reference to the organ. When the appointment of organist took place, it was understood that when any organist of eminence applied for the use of the Town Hall organ, it should be granted to him. An application had been made by Mr. Burton for the use of the organ, but in his application he had omitted to state that it was for the use of Dr. Monk. The omission was now supplied, and he (Mr. Titley) wished to know if the Town Hall Committee intended to grant him the use of the organ.—Alderman Botterill said that he was not present at the Town Hall Committee meeting when the application was discussed, but he understood that the name of the gentleman for whom the organ was asked was not stated in the application. The committee therefore unanimously passed a resolution, to the effect that the applicant be granted the organ and organist. The name of Dr. Monk was never mentioned.—The Mayor remarked, that if any person wished to have the subject discussed, notice must be put upon the paper for the next meeting.—Alderman Gill said he acted as chairman of the Town Hall Committee when Mr. Burton's application was made. The name of the person who was to play the organ was not named; but Mr. Burton told Mr. Collins, the hall secretary, that he intended to have his brother from Bradford at the *Messiah* performance. The committee did not consider that gentleman of sufficient ability to displace their own organist, and therefore they

passed the resolution to which Alderman Botterill had referred. It would be another question if the organ was applied for for some organist of eminence to play.—Alderman Botterill, in reply to another question from Mr. Titley, said he had not received any letter from Mr. Burton, stating that the organ was applied for on behalf of Dr. Monk, of York. —Mr. Brooke rose to make some remarks, when Mr. Carter appealed to the Mayor whether such a discussion was in order.—The Mayor ruled that Mr. Brooke was out of order.—Mr. Price asked if Alderman Botterill would, now that Dr. Monk's name had been mentioned, call a meeting of the committee to reconsider the application?—Alderman Botterill said he did not feel himself at liberty to do so. If Mr. Burton thought himself aggrieved, he must get three members of the committee to ask for a special meeting.—Mr. Stead and Mr. Shackleton endeavoured to speak on the question, but they were ruled out of order, and the subject dropped.—Yours, &c.

FAIR PLAY.

EDWARD JAMES LODER.

3, *Upper Craven Place, Kentish Town, Oct. 29th*, 1860.

SIR,—It is with extreme regret and pity that I hear that poor Edward Loder is now languishing in poverty and sickness—(two bitter calamities). Cannot something be done to relieve him, both temporarily and permanently? The first, which is most important, to raise a fund by subscriptions, to be opened at all the musicsellers—the second, to establish a benefit concert, to take place annually. Where is there an artist who would not give his mite, and lend his talents to rescue a brother musician from such extreme misfortune? I am quite sure, sir, if you will only raise your voice in the matter, and a few influential professors will form themselves into a committee for the purpose mentioned, the object for which I have ventured to write would be obtained. I shall be most happy to render every assistance in my power to carry out this object.—I am, sir,

Yours obediently,
JOSEPH ALFRED BARNETT.

Advertisements.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO'S FAREWELL,

Most positively her Only and Last Appearance in London,

AT ST. JAMES'S HALL,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21,

On which occasion will be performed, for the first time in London,

MR. BENEDICT'S LYRIC LEGEND, "UNDINE,"

The principal character by Mad. CLARA NOVELLO, who will also sing several of the most celebrated solos from her extensive repertoire, concluding with "God Save the Queen."

The band and chorus will be complete, and on a large scale.

Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Leader and Cook, 63 New Bond Street, corner of Brook Street; and of the principal music sellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE THIRD SEASON COMMENCES

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12, 1860,

On which occasion the Programme will be selected from the works of

SPOHR, DUSSEK, AND WEBER.

Pianoforte, Mr. CHARLES HALLE. Violin, Herr BECKER. Violoncello, Signor PIATTI.

Vocalists—Miss POOLE, Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON, and Mr. SIMS REEVES.

On Monday Evening, November 19, the Programme will be selected from the works of Mozart.

On Monday Evening, November 26, from the works of Beethoven.

On Monday, December 3, will be an Italian Night.

On Monday Evening, December 10, from the works of Bach, Scarlatti, and Handel.

On Monday Evening, December 17, from the works of various masters.

To commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

Sofa stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s. At Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Hammond, Cramer & Co.'s, Regent Street; Keith, Prowse & Co.'s, No. 48 Cheapside; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING (Saturday) will be repeated Macfarren's new and highly successful Opera of ROBIN HOOD. Robin Hood, Mr. SIMS REEVES; Sir Reginald de Bracy, Mr. SANTLEY; Hugo, Mr. GEORGE HONEY; Allan-a-Dale, Mr. PARKINSON; Little John, Mr. BARTLEMAN; Much, Mr. PATEY; Alice, Mad. LEMAIRE; and Marian, Mad. SHERRINGTON. Conductor, Mr. CHARLES HALLE. Reduced scale of prices:—Pit Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; First Circle, 4s.; Second Circle, 3s.; Upper Box Circle Seats, 2s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery 1s.; Gallery Side Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. Private Boxes: Upper Box, to hold four persons, 10s.; Private Box, second tier, to hold four persons, £1 11s. 6d.; Private Boxes, Pit, first and grand tiers, two, three, and four Guineas. The Box-office of the theatre open daily, from 10 till 5 o'clock, under the direction of Mr. Nugent. In consequence of the extraordinary demand for places at the box-office, early application is recommended, to prevent disappointment. The opera commences at 8 o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In reply to the numerous applications, the subscribers, gentry, and the public are respectfully informed that Macfarren's new and highly successful opera of ROBIN HOOD will be repeated every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday until further notice. Early application at the Box-office to secure seats is recommended to prevent disappointment.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Lesse, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING Her Majesty's servants will perform the new and original comedy, in two acts, entitled, A BACHELOR'S WIFE. Characters by Messrs. Charles Mathews, Robert Roxby, Dixon, Robinson; Miss Arden and Mrs. C. Mathew. After which (fifth time at this theatre), YOU'RE ANOTHER. Characters by Messrs. R. Roxby, Tilbury, and Charles Mathews; Miss Helen Howard and Mrs. Dowton. To conclude with the celebrated piece of USED UP. Characters by Messrs. Charles Mathews, Tilbury, Farrell, R. Roxby, Dixon, Spencer; Miss Arden and Miss Helen Howard. Reduced prices as usual.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.—Mr. E. T. SMITH has much pleasure in announcing that he has arranged with Mr. Webster for Mr. J. L. TOOLE to appear in Mr. Watts Phillips' new drama, to be produced on Monday, November 12.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

ADVERTISEMENTS *are received until Three o'clock on Friday Afternoon, and must be paid for when delivered.*

Terms { *Three lines (about 30 words)* ... ... **2s. 6d.**
Every additional line (10 words) ... **6d.**

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

THE opening of the Free Public Library and Museum at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, was inaugurated the other day with a public banquet, at which presided the worshipful the Mayor, and of which partook, in common with a *posse* of outsiders, with unabating civic appetite and unassuagable civic thirst, the sundry councillors of whom the Corporation is made up. It was a "corporate" feast, and no mistake; but to render it psychical in likewise (*par dessus le marché*), the aid of music was considered indispensable.

The gift of a Free Library, &c., to the Liverpuddleyan community was chiefly the work of a prosperous and wealthy merchant—a merchant, which hight Brown. Now Brown, after the manner of prosperous and wealthy merchants, could not think of bestowing upon the town a boon without, at the same time, bestowing on himself and friends *a dinner*. This is the style of all commercial flesh; and Brown was, after all, no holier, nor ghostlier, than an abstract fleshy "commercial." So the dinner, or the banquet, or whatever it may be termed, caused no surprise; nor was its Trimalchian profuseness subject to any other comment than a loud "huzzah!" from the municipal abdomen, which, with expectant ventosity, yearned for the threatened "spread."

But the Mayor and councillors had reckoned—not without their host, for there was Brown, alive, prepared and eager for the dish; but without their organist, their "corporate organist."

Mr. W. T. Best, as all our readers know, has, ever since the year 1855, held the position of corporate-organist to St. George's Hall, and held it with such dignity as to extort and maintain unanimous esteem. The bi-hebdomadal organ-concerts instituted by this gentleman, and now firmly established, have materially tended to raise the standard of musical taste in Liverpool, and have put the noble instrument which enriches St. George's Hall to the worthiest uses. Mr. Best is not merely an artist of the first stamp, but a gentleman innate; and his private bearing is as much entitled to respect as his artistic merits to admiration. But see in what a light municipalities (inevitably bundles of "*parvenus*") may condescend to regard an artist and a gentleman!

Mr. Best was, as a matter of course, invited to the inaugurative festival; and scarcely had he entered the hall when a programme was placed in his hands, of which the subjoined was the preamble:—

PUBLIC BANQUET

IN

ST. GEORGES'S HALL, LIVERPOOL,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND MUSEUM,

18TH OCTOBER, 1860.

The Organ will play while the Company take their seats,

And a Selection of Music will be performed during the Banquet, by the Band.

Imagine Mr. Best, already, perhaps, elated with anticipations of the promised feast — the smell whereof was, no doubt, odoriferous, and a foresmack of the taste thereof unquestionably titillating to the sensitive pallet of an organist in the prime and force of life, made hungry, too, by fat anticipation—imagine him, "we say," (as a renowned contemporary would say) within five minutes of the first spoonful of clear turtle, and the first glass of that peculiarly invigorating punch which always keeps it company, thus beckoned from his pleasant contemplations by the preamble of a scurvy handbill!

On protesting, the vigorous and healthy organist was civically, if not civilly, requested to perform "a few tunes," while the guests were taking their seats. On *re*-protesting, he was told, by a gentleman of the committee, that, in accordance with arrangements pre-agreed upon, he should have been actually at the instrument from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m., disporting in fugue and chorus, from the opening of the doors until the waiter had served the potage, and the steam of the viands began to exercise its savoury influence on the olfactory and other nerves of the body-corporate—until, in short, the process of deglutition having commenced, ingurgitation was in full play and nothing remained ingustable. The ingeny of our famished organist must thus cruelly be put to the test; while the Mayor and his associates were devouring all before them, eating and drinking like an oily and omnivorous host of Neros and Caligulas, *he* was to *remain* in the organ-loft, ingesting nothing but Handel and Bach, his fingers for knife and fork and spoon, his eyes for palate, and his ears for belly! (*Per bacco!*)

Mr. Best, however, *re-re*-protested; and finding it to no purpose, flatly refused to comply, pronouncing the duty required of him to be derogatory to his station, and unworthy, not only of himself personally, but of the organ in the loft—organically. A self-acting machine would have scouted such a task; how much more, then, a living organist with imagination and a soul! In vain did Mayor T. D. Anderson exhort, invoke, insist, *command;* it would not be. Mr. Best resembled the spirits suggested by Hotspur Percy to Owen Glendower, who *might be called* from the "vasty deep," but not for that were sure to answer the summons; and Mayor T. D. Anderson was at a discount for his exhortations, invocations, insistings, and *commands*. Mr. Best replied—manfully—that he never had accepted, and never would accept, conditions that involved the loss of self-respect. It was therefore no go; and the entry of the waiters, with the *entrées*, were not destined to be accompanied with an *entr'acte* or *entr'actes* by Handel. Did the turtle prove less relishing because the organist stood up for the dignity of his office?

At a recent committee-meeting (we have since learned) Mr. Best spoke warmly and at length on the subject; and, as nothing has been done in the matter, it is reasonable to suppose that his arguments had weight. We trust this may be the case. There cannot be two opinions about the propriety of Mr. Best's conduct in the whole affair. He acted at once with boldness and discretion, and has still further elevated himself in the opinion of all unprejudiced persons, while vindicating the claims of that polite profession of which he is so distinguished an ornament. It would be odd, indeed, if such an artist could be made a dog, to bark at civic order; but it has astonished nobody that, on being unhandsomely assailed, no dog though he be, he has a gentle bite for his assailants. What next will be expected of our organists?

WE called attention many weeks since, in an article which our readers have doubtless forgotten, to the absurd practice indulged in by the composers of all nations, established in London, of writing the title and dedications of their pieces in the polyglot style. Our sense of literary and linguistic propriety had been shocked by seeing on the wrapper of a new composition for the pianoforte some such inscription as the following: "Fantasia dédiée à Miss Smith by Herr von Hammer," and we explained to musicians that title-pages of works published in England, and addressed to English persons, should be written as much as possible in the English language; adding, if we remember rightly, that all technical terms in music should be given either in Italian, the one great musical tongue recognised by all the civilised world, or in the language of the country in which the piece containing them first appeared. It has since occurred to us that the fault with which we charged musical composers is also committed by musical critics. We ourselves have been guilty of it. We cry *peccavimus!* and were it not that we should probably find it impossible to act up to any such determination, we would resolve from this instant to sin no more. In the present day there is so much communication between the chief nations of Europe, that the principal European languages are gradually corrupting one another. Sometimes an English journalist borrows a word from the French, for which there is really no exact equivalent in our language, and in the same way our *confrères* on the other side of the channel (what, by the way, is the English equivalent for *confrère?*) occasionally fill a gap in the vocabulary by adopting an expression from us. But also our journalists (for it is in the newspapers that the practice is chiefly noticeable) employ French words, here and there, from mere indolence, or, perhaps, from want of faith in the immense resources of our rich, copious, and admirably

plastic tongue, and writers on musical and other artistic subjects are guilty of this uningenious and anti-national habit more frequently than any others. Besides introducing into their articles, in raw French, such terms as *chef d'orchestre*, which means nothing that "conductor" does not mean, or *grosse caisse*, which signifies precisely the same thing as "big drum;" they first astonish and afterwards weary their readers by telling them, in half-cooked or half-translated French (the expressions we are about to object to were never invented in England, but are all of Gallic origin) as So-and-so "rendered" or "interpreted" an air in such and such a manner. Here the difficulty we know is great. In noticing a concert at which ten songs are sung, how can the critic who wishes to speak of each performance keep on repeating "sang" or "was sung by" all through his article? Nevertheless difficulties in the art of writing, as in other arts, should be overcome and not avoided; particularly when by their manner of avoiding them we find writers falling constantly into palpable absurdities. But what are we to say of writers—not only on artistic, but on political and all other topics—who go to the French themselves for a word derived from the Latin, of which neither the French nor those who borrow from them appear to know the meaning? What sense is there in perpetually using the word "ovation"—which has a very precise and limited signification—to express any kind of triumph? "The singers were called before the curtain, and received the customary ovation!" How often with rage mixed with a certain kind of pity have we read this ridiculous phrase, which might be kept ready stereotyped at the various newspaper offices, so often is it employed in the musical notices of the present day. Was not the "ovation" a minor triumph? And yet the greatest triumph that a singer or any one else can possibly obtain is honoured with no other name.

We read the other day in one of the illustrated journals that a Garibaldian had received an "ovation" in a *café* at Naples. At last, we thought, a British journalist, disregarding all French precedents, has used the word "ovation" in an approximately correct sense! The most essential part of the ceremony of this "ovation" consisted in the sacrifice of a sheep. A sheep, we said to ourselves, "has been sacrificed to the Italian hero—and cut up into mutton chops: such a ceremony might well take place in a *café!*"

But no: it was the old story. Three cheers had been given for the Liberator, and the soldier who represented his army had been carried about on people's backs and regaled with the ices of Naples, or the *vermuth* of Turin, or the punch of Rome, or whatever he liked to order. However, an ovation *might* be got up at a *restaurant*. At a theatre it is out of the question—unless indeed we regard the word as a derivative of *ovum*, and employ it to devote a throwing of eggs. A throwing of bouquets it can never mean.

—•—

SUMMER is the hybernating season of the musical society of London. It grows torpid in the dog-days, and only wakes to consciousness with the first snow-flakes, or the warning fogs of November. The Council of Ten, nevertheless, like their renowned predecessors of the sea-born city, never sleep, and keep watch and ward while the subscribers are heedless, and the voices and instruments are slumbering from inaction. The first blast from the watch-tower has just been heard giving tuneful note of preparation. Soon the welkin will ring with more varied and richer sounds, and echo grow louder and increase in reverberation. The Musical Society of London, in short, has begun to show signs of returning animation. As yet no official cry has been uttered—no official document issued. We learn, however, from the perfected report, that Professor Pole, F.U.A.S., Mus. Bac., Oxon, is to read a paper, on Wednesday next, at the Marylebone Institution, "On some points connected with the Musical Pitch." This "reading" to all intents and purposes is one of the meetings—Fellows' Meetings—of the Musical Society of London, and may be accepted as the inauguration of the season 1860-1. On Wednesday next, therefore, the Society engages to prove that not only is it not defunct, but that it is as full of vitality and energy as ever.

Meanwhile the Council of Ten are busy making arrangements for the approaching campaign, which they are determined shall be even more brilliant and successful than the two preceding. And first they have exhibited good judgment in not setting themselves up as superior to all foreign council, and have actually followed the advice tendered them by many who were not "fellows," nor "associates," nor even "subscribers," nor friends of "fellows," "associates," or "subscribers," that the band required reinforcement in some of the departments, and reformation in others, and have accordingly set about showing themselves staunch reformers. The string instruments have been increased to 32 first violins, 10 viole, 10 violoncelli and 9 contrabasses, with the usual complement of "wind." Further, we are assured, that every member of the orchestra is now a first-class executant. The reinstating of Mr. Alfred Mellon in the post of conductor is proof that the committee are not swayed by caprice or a desire for change, nor ignorant that conservatism is sometimes the best reform. These new additions made with the conditions observed, we may, we think, prognosticate, without any great dread of being convicted of false augury, that the band of the Musical Society of London will be complete in all respects, and that the *prestige* of the institution will rise one hundred per cent. in public favour in consequence.

That the society is in a thriving state may be concluded from the fact, that 1400 names are already on the books, and that applications are being daily made by many wishing to become new members. It is gratifying to know that even sundry faults of administration could not, in two years, undermine the solid foundation which art and perseverance together had laid. The Musical Society of London is built on a rock, and nothing but the direst mismanagement can subvert it. Let the Council of Ten, therefore, look to it; the fate of one of the most important art institutions in the country is in their hands.

Although the scheme for the approaching season has not yet found its way to the public in an official form, we are enabled to supply statistics of the new arrangements up to a certain point. Four orchestral concerts are to be given at St. James's Hall on the following Wednesdays:—February the 27th, April the 10th, May the 8th, June the 5th; and two conversazione on the 23rd of January and 3rd of July. Twenty-five choral practices will be held at the Marylebone Institution on Tuesday evenings, from the 8th of January to the 4th of June inclusive, to recommence on the 26th of November. Two trials of new chamber compositions will take place at the Marylebone Institution on the 20th March and 22nd of May. It has also been decided to hold four fellows' meetings, to read papers, and discuss musical matters.

Such are the features, as far as we have been able to ascertain, of the prescribed doings of the Musical Society of

London for the coming season. If things be carried out with the proper spirit, a triumph may be anticipated the result of which will have a greater influence on the progress of art than speculators can at this time imagine. When the prospectus is issued we shall have more to say on the subject.

ROBIN HOOD AND ENGLISH MUSIC.

(From the *Illustrated Times.*)

CONSIDERED as an English opera—that is to say, an opera of which the music is English in style, and not merely adapted to English words—we may say at once that *Robin Hood* stands alone; for to say that it is the best of its class would be really nothing. Where is its class? What English operas are there of which the music (with the exception of the ballads, which have always the effect of interpolations) belong really to England, as our poetry belongs to it, and by far the greater part of our painting? These ballads all cast in the same mould—of which, in most of our operas, the soprano, the tenor and the bass sing at least two a piece, of two verses each, and the contralto one of similar dimensions—are so far English that they generally suit the English words, and that they are found only in English operas and in those of M. Flotow, who, however, cannot claim to have invented the style. They delay the action; they are tediously alike; they are, therefore, seldom in character with the piece to which they belong, or, to speak with more propriety, in which they are introduced; nor are they written for the theatre, except in so far that the theatre is the advertising-ground of the music-publishers. We do not include in this class such airs as "The Power of Love" in *Satanella*, or "Flow on" in *Lurline*, which, besides being beautiful melodies, form essential parts of the operas in which they occur; but every one knows the musical *entrées* to which we allude, and which are as objectionable in English operas as are the conventional and eternally-repeated side-dishes of which "G. H. M." complains in English dinners. Still our composers are in a curious dilemma. Their operas are to be English, but are not to depend on ballads. They are to be dramatic, but are not to be imitated from the models of Italy, Germany, and France, where the operas most generally admired in Europe (including England) have been produced. That the ballads to which we have referred *are* English we consider beyond a doubt, or there is an end to nationality in music. Indeed, we could not help mentioning, in reviewing Mr. Chappell's excellent work, *Popular English Music of the Olden Time*, how similar in style some of the melodies of Queen Elizabeth's, and even of the preceding reign, were to those produced by our most successful English composers in the present day. The "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" (second tune), with a more modern accompaniment, would not be unlike some of the ballads of Mr. Macfarren; and, "Oh! the syghes that come from my heart!" (a love song of the time of Henry VIII.), similarly re-arranged, and introduced into one of Mr. Balfe's operas as a solo for the baritone, would pass for one of that composer's happiest inspirations. The music of our English operas is generally imitated more or less from foreign models in the *finales*, the concerted pieces (except here and there part-songs in the old English style are introduced), and the dramatic portions generally; but the ballads have quite an English character, for we find scarcely anything like them abroad, and specimens which closely resemble them in *English Music of the Olden Time.*

Mr. Macfarren, however, has given an English style to his work throughout. He was justified in doing this (which Mr. Wallace, for instance, would not have been justified in doing for *Lurline*) by the nature of his subject, so thoroughly English. But in writing *Robin Hood* Mr. Macfarren has not founded a national style of operatic music; for the same style applied to subjects not English might be found as inappropriate as the music of *The Barber of Seville* if adapted to *Tom and Jerry*. A great deal can be written and very little decided about this question of nationality of style in music. If Auber's style is French (instead of being his own, as we should say), what was that of Rameau? If "The Marseillaise" is such a thoroughly French air (as every one admits), how is it that it happens to be an importation from Germany? The Royalist song of "Pauvre Jacques" passed for French, but it was Dibdin's "Poor Jack." How is it that "Malbrook" sounds so French, and "We won't go home till morning" so English?—an attempt, by the way, having been made to show that the airs common to both these songs were sung originally by the Spanish Moors. We fancy the great point, after all, is to write good music; and if it be written to good English words, full of English rhythm and cadence, it will, from that fact alone, derive a certain English character. In the meanwhile, *Robin Hood* is as English as the same composer's *May Day* and *Christmas*, and full of beautiful music into the bargain.

BERLIN.—The sixty-fifth anniversary of the birth of the King of Prussia was celebrated at Berlin on the 15th. The fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the University of that city was also celebrated on the same day. In the latter ceremony all the learned associations of Germany were represented, and M. Mittermayer, a renowned jurisconsult, delivered a speech, in which he predicted that at the next fiftieth anniversary, that of 1910, Germany would be represented by her national Parliament.

MISS EMMA STANLEY'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The "Seven Ages of Woman" was produced at St. Martin's Hall in 1855, previous to Miss Stanley's departure from England on a professional *tour* "round the world," when it was pronounced one of the neatest, most tasteful, and amusing entertainments ever presented to the public. Since then Miss Stanley has visited the principal cities and towns of British North America, the United States, California, Australia, the Sandwich Islands, and India, and has now returned to her native country with all her health and spirits about her, as if she had merely been to the "sea side" for a month, and felt herself all the better for "change of air." The "Seven Ages of Woman" was written expressly for Miss Stanley by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and depicts a lady in the various stages of her existence. We are first introduced to her in the arms of her nurse, then as a romantic school girl, who retains her skipping-rope though her sweetheart has "left her for another;" afterwards we meet with her as a schoolmistress, and then, with episodes of a French dancing-master, an Italian singing-master, and a drawling "man about town;" as a flirt, an unsophisticated country girl, full of the wisdom of her "Cousin George," and an old maid; and afterwards as Somersetshire, Scotch, Irish, and "Family Herald" maidservants, a strongminded woman, a hardworking washerwoman, with a large family; and, lastly, as an old grandmother of eighty-two, all perfect in their style. The rapid way in which Miss Stanley effects her numerous changes of costume is quite remarkable, and each fresh assumption brings a round of applause from the audience, who can scarcely believe that one person alone represents every character. We need not dwell upon the individual excellence of each of Miss Stanley's impersonations, but single out among the most effective that of the "flirt," as being as original in conception as it is perfect in execution, and the old grandmother, which is remarkably true to nature.

During the course of the entertainment Miss Stanley sings numerous songs, all of which are suited to the characters represented, and we have only to object to the introduction of "Willie, we have missed you," the words of which are not at all in keeping with the rest. The lyrical part of the entertainment otherwise is exceedingly appropriate, and capitally executed. The choice of tunes for adaptation, and the original pieces introduced, bear the stamp of being selected by a musician, and are quite up to the required standard, and no one can spend a couple of hours more agreeably in the Egyptian Hall than at Miss Stanley's "Seven Ages of Woman."

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.

THE new celebrities of song, Mlles. Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, who recently came out at the Grand Opera of Paris, in *Semiramis*, with such brilliant success—were born at Turin, and are derived from a family of distinguished artists, which included musicians of great ability. One brother, Antonio Marchisio, was a composer of note, and Joseph, a pianist of the first class. From their earliest years both sisters manifested an extraordinary aptitude for music, and this was encouraged by both brothers, who did all in their power to develope their talent to its fullest extent. Antonio gave them all the instruction he was enabled to do, and when he and Joseph discovered that both Carlotta and Barbara in their extreme girlhood had beautiful voices, they placed them under the most efficient singing-masters. Their progress was remarkable. In a brief space of time they became the vocal wonder of their native place, and were sought for with the utmost eagerness at the mansions of the aristocratic and wealthy. After restricting their performances for several years to the concert-room and private parties, the sisters were at last induced to try the stage, and here a new career of honour and prosperity opened for them. They visited the chief cities of Italy and Spain, and sang at all the principal theatres, including the Scala at Naples, the Fenice at Venice, the first operas at Rome, Turin, Trieste, &c. &c. Fame crowned them wherever they appeared. Their singing was the admiration of all who heard them, and their reputation spread far and wide. More especially were their *ensemble* performances the theme of wonder and delight. Nothing so perfect, so harmoniously blended, it was said, had been remembered in duet singing. Moreover, they were mistresses of all styles of singing—as capable in florid as in plain music—in the classical as the romantic—in Mozart and Rossini as in Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Verdi. They performed in all kinds of operas, and their reputation gained ground with every successive representation. Rumour was not slow in wafting their names to the French capital, and the manager of the Grand Opera, having had additional information of a private nature respecting the merits of the fair artists, at once engaged them to play the two principal characters in the French version of Rossini's *Semiramide*, then about to be produced. Indeed it is doubtful if the opera would have been brought out but for the sisters Marchisio, whose Assyrian Queen and Arsace respectively, were highly eulogised by the leading authorities of the Parisian press, and received by the public with acclamations. The above drawing represents the sisters as in the act of singing "Giorno d'orrore," in the grand duet "Ebben, a te ferisci," which was nightly the culminating point of their performance.

MEYERBEER TO THE INHABITANTS OF SPA.

(*The original Letter.*)

"Shwalbach, le 12 Août, 1860.

"Messieurs,

"Absent de Berlin depuis un mois et voyageant presque continuellement depuis cette époque, ce n'est que hier que m'est parvenue la lettre que vous m'avez addressée à Berlin.

"Je ne saurais vous exprimer, Messieurs, combien je suis touché de l'honneur que vous projetez de me faire, en voulant donner mon nom à la nouvelle promenade de Barisart à la Géronstère.

"Cette marque de sympathie me flatte d'autant plus, qu'elle me vient de cette ville de Spa, si chère à mon cœur ; car je dois à ses sources bienfaisantes l'affermissement de ma santé ; à ses sites pittoresques des inspirations et doux loisirs ; à ses habitants un accueil cordial et bienveillant depuis un grand nombre d'années.

"Cette nouvelle expression des sympathies que vous me portez ne saurait augmenter davantage mon attachement et ma reconnaissance pour Spa, sentiments gravés depuis longtemps dans mon cœur ; mais c'est un lien de plus qui m'attache à votre ville dont j'ose presque me regarder comme l'enfant adoptif, croyance que vous venez de fortifier, en inscrivant mon nom sur l'une de vos promenades.

"Veuillez agréer, Messieurs, l'expression des sentiments les plus distingués de votre très-dévoué et reconnaissant,

"G. MEYERBEER."

THE PLYMOUTH FESTIVAL.—The Oratorio of *Elijah*, writes the *Plymouth Mail*, of date October 31, was chosen as the opening performance on Monday evening last. It rarely happens that we have an opportunity in the provinces of hearing any of the oratorios beyond the *Messiah*. Mendelssohn's great work, therefore, was the more enjoyable. Some objection was raised to the selection of the theatre for an oratorio, and although we shared in the exception, not so much on a question of religion as of taste, we admit the force of the argument, that while the theatre would accommodate more persons, it would admit also of such varieties in the prices as to place the oratorio within the reach of working men. Our appreciation of this attempt to perform *Elijah*, and our acknowledgment that on Monday evening every one appeared to do their best, will be sufficient at present. The principal singers were Madame Weiss, Miss Huddart, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Weiss, all of whom acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of a crowded and fashionable audience. The *Messiah* was performed on Wednesday.

LEEDS.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—MAD. CLARA NOVELLO'S FAREWELL CONCERT.—Last Monday, Mad. Clara Novello sang for the last time before a Leeds audience, and was greeted by one of the largest and most brilliant assemblies with which our noble town hall has ever been graced. The *Messiah* was selected for the display of her lovely voice and rare talents; and long will it be ere the impression be erased which her delivery of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" created in the minds of her numerous auditors. It was absolutely perfect vocalism, and deep is the regret here that such a singer should depart from our midst, leaving a void which for years, perhaps, will not be filled up. Mad. Clara Novello carries with her the veneration of all who can be moved by sweet sounds.—The Committee of the Leeds Town Hall Concert Society are keeping good faith with their subscribers and the public. Last Saturday—the fourth concert for the season—the attractions were Mrs. Sunderland and the band of the West Riding Orchestral Union, led by Mr. G. Haddock, and conducted by Mr. Spark. Mrs. Sunderland was admirable in Mr. Farmer's song, "I'll follow thee." The band, although small, was excellent in all its departments, and the execution of Mendelssohn's magnificent overture, *Ruy Blas*, was one of the finest we have heard in the provinces. Mr. Haddock, of Liverpool, played a violoncello solo, on "Robert le diable." The other pieces worth notice were the andante from Haydn's *Surprise* symphony, a selection from Flotow's *Martha*, and the grand March from *Athalie*. Mr. Spark conducted.

A WELL-MERITED SUBSCRIPTION.

(*From Punch.*)

"HULLAH want money! Come, all folks with throats,
Show that he's taught you to bring out your notes."

The Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—A few lines may suffice to record the production of *The Huguenots*, on Friday night (the 26th ult.), with a distribution of characters for the most part similar to that which was commented on in the summer. There was a much fuller attendance than has been observed on any previous evening devoted to Italian opera since the commencement of the winter season; and the performance, though not altogether free from the shortcomings that have been more than once condemned, was in many respects entitled to very high praise. The chorus in the grand scene of the "Benediction of the Swords" evinced an improvement which it will be agreeable to find carried out in other operas, and which we should have been glad to observe in the still more difficult music of the preceding act. As a spectacle the *Huguenots* stands somewhat in need of resetting, but, being always a more or less attractive work, it would, no doubt, repay the necessary labour and expense.

The Valentine of Mlle. Titiens is ripening fast into one of the most finished and admirable exhibitions of the lyric stage It was a remarkably striking, if unequal, performance, when she first essayed it, under Mr. Lumley's management, on the occasion of her *début* before the London public. At present, while everywhere stamped by intelligent conception and brillant mechanical display, it reaches in some places the very acme of histrionic and vocal excellence. The two most prominent situations—the duet with Marcel, in the scene of the Pré aux Clercs, and that with Raoul, after the enemies of the Huguenots have revealed their plans, and, urged on by the exhortations of the monks, who pronounce a blessing on their enterprise, made oath to exterminate the heretics—besides being the grandest in idea and the most elaborately developed which the opera contains, are precisely those in which Mlle. Titiens most thoroughly realises all that has been suggested by dramatist and composer. In both of these on Monday night she was superb, and in both raised the audience to enthusiasm. She was ably supported by the Marcel and the Raoul of the evening. Signor Giuglini entered with such earnestness into the magnificent duet at the termination of the last act but one as occasionally even to overshoot the mark. He echoed the passionate accents of his truly eloquent Valentine with unmistakeable sympathy; and gave the famous "Tu m'ami?" and other exquisite passages, with a beauty of voice and fervour of expression that left nothing to desire. Signor Vialetti fully confirmed the good opinions already elicited by his exceedingly clever impersonation of Marcel, and M. Gassier again established his claim to be regarded as the best St. Bris, with the solitary exception of Tamburini, that the Anglo-Italian stage has witnessed. The Nevers of Signor Briani was not of such a quality as to warrant any modification of the judgment passed upon his first appearance, a short time since, as the Conte di Luna in *Il Trovatore*. The most striking feature of his performance on the occasion under notice was his breaking the sword across his knee, when Nevers magnanimously declines to take part in the bloody scheme of the assassin. This was decidedly well done. Of Mlle. Vaneri's Queen we hope on some future occasion to be able to say a good deal. The music allotted to Margarita di Valois is, we are aware, extremely difficult, and the difficulties become less easy of accomplishment where nervousness impairs the efforts of the singer. Mad. Lemaire was Urbano (the Page); and Signor Arditi presided in the orchestra with his accustomed zeal and ability.

MR. LAZARUS' CONCERT, at Battersea, took place on Monday evening, at Lammas Hall, and was very well attended. The vocalists were Misses Stabbach, Ransford, Lazarus, Messrs. Allan, Irving, and Cunningham. The solo instrumentalists were Miss Lazarus (pianoforte), Master Drew Dean (flute), Mr. Lazarus (clarionet), assisted by the members of the late Duke of Devonshire's private band, Mr. Coote (pianoforte), Mr. Richardson (flute), Mr. Macfarlane (cornopean), and Mr. Champion (violoncello). The concert commenced with the overture to *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, well rendered by the band, which also played a capital instrumental selection, arranged by Mr. Charles Coote, on airs from *Oberon*, and an instrumental finale, entitled *Recollections of Ireland*. Among the instrumental performances was also a duet *concertante* for pianoforte and clarionet, on airs from *Puritani*, admirably played by Mr. Lazarus and his daughter, as well as the popular duet for flute and clarionet, "Lo, hear the gentle lark," no less efficiently given by M. Lazarus and Master Drew Dean. Among the vocal pieces that pleased the most, were Reichardt's popular *lied*, "Thou art so near," sung with great taste by Mr. Cunningham, who obtained more success in this than in Mr. Balfe's graceful new ballad of "I love you," his delivery of which was marred by nervousness. As usual at these concerts, the audience insisted on encoring several of the songs, Miss Ransford being obliged to repeat the spirited drinking song from Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*, and Miss Lazarus the quaint troubadour from the same opera (both given in perfection); Mr. Allan Irving, the "White Squall," and Miss Ransford (again), "Within a mile of Edinburgh town." Altogether Mr. Lazarus' friends appeared delighted with the programme. Mr. Coote accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte with his accustomed ability.

MR. BENEDICT'S UNDINE.—It is to be hoped that we shall soon have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Benedict's *Undine* in London. Its success at the late Norwich Festival was complete; and it would be absurd that the performances of a work of such importance should be confined to a provincial town. Could not arrangements be made for producing *Undine* at Exeter Hall, or, still better, St. James's Hall, where the production of such an interesting novelty would be most acceptable? It is somewhat remarkable that during the last twelve months three musical works have been brought out in England founded on the legend of a knight's love for a water-nymph—Mendelssohn's *Lorelei* (or fragments from that uncompleted opera), Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*, and Mr. Benedict's *Undine*. This subject, so eminently musical, was made the groundwork of an opera soon after the appearance of Lamotte Fouqué's charming tale, the libretto being written by Lamotte Fouqué himself, and the music composed by Hoffmann. Indeed, with *Undine* Hoffmann obtained his one great musical success; and it is not difficult to account for the marked favour with which that work was received. In the first place the fantastic nature of the subject was well suited to the peculiar genius of the composer; then he possessed the advantages of having an excellent libretto; and, finally, the opera was admirably executed at the Royal Theatre of Berlin. It was brought out in 1817, and, we believe, was never revived, though much of the music enjoyed for a time considerable popularity, and the composition as a whole was warmly and publicly praised by no less a personage than Carl Maria von Weber.—*Illustrated Times.*

[We are glad to be able to inform our contemporary that Mr. Benedict's *Undine* is to be produced—with the same distribution of characters as at the Norwich Festival—on the occasion of Mad. Clara Novello's farewell concert in St. James's Hall.—ED. M. W.]

AUCKLAND.—"Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*," writes the *New Zealander* of August 1st, "was performed by the Auckland Choral Society on Thursday, 5th ult.,—and this time without interruption from fire or other casualty. The instrumental portion of the orchestra was weakened by the departure of the band of the 65th for Taranaki, and had to consist entirely of stringed instruments. The chorus was very numerous and on the whole well balanced. The massive double choruses were given with great precision and vigour; and the same remark applies to the rendering of the choruses as a whole. Mrs. Corlett again rendered valuable assistance in the solos for soprano, and the Misses Hampton acquitted themselves very creditably in the solo and duet pieces in which they took part. The solos and recitatives for male voices were sung by Mr. Reid, Mr. Leech, Mr. Ely, and Mr. Strauch; and the well-known duet, 'The Lord is a Man of War,' was sung by Messrs. Strauch and Carleton. Taken as a whole the performance was a very successful one, and shows that the Society is not relaxing in its efforts at continued advancement in the practice and performance of the highest order of musical composition. Captain Balneavis led, Mr. Fleetwood presided at the piano, and Mr. J. Brown conducted. The attendance was very large, and the want of hall-stewards was much felt."

THE BISHOP OF RIPON ON CHURCH MUSIC.—A letter, recently written by the Bishop of Ripon on the subject of church music, excited much attention in his diocese. On Friday last his lordship returned to the subject at Wakefield, at a soirée of the Church Institution, at which he presided. He said that the praises of God were amongst the most hallowed and delightful exercises of religious worship in which they could engage; and whatever they did in the service of God should be done without stint, and with an earnest desire to glorify God by bringing into his service all the powers with which He had entrusted them. But what did he mean by church music? He did not mean such elaborate and artistic music as could only be practised by comparatively very few out of the congregation—music of such a kind that the exercise of it was monopolised by a very privileged few; the greater part of the congregation being turned into passive listeners or admirers of the exquisite skill of those who performed. He enjoyed music as much as any one, but there was a time and place for everything, and the house of God was not the place for fine solo performers. Church music, in its finest, noblest aspect, was such music as all could unite in, so that it became the vehicle for the praises of the whole congregation to ascend as grateful incense to heaven. Wherever they had an opposite system introduced,—such a system as he had unhappily witnessed, he would not say where; such a system as was in force at places where solo performers stood out from the rest of the choir and sung, very beautifully he admitted, but very much out of their place, whilst the congregation was listening in wrapt attention,—he said that there the church was converted into a concert room, and he regarded it as little better than a profanation of the house of God. It was very hard to speak so as to be understood, and some who heard him might take what he said to be hostile to the cultivation of music. He meant no such thing. Let them cultivate music as much as they wished. He hoped that every one would learn to sing the praise of God, and that in all the churches throughout the country there might be more attention on the part of the congregation to the cultivation of church music; but then, if it were to be truly church music, it must be such as the whole congregation could join in. The bishop was frequently applauded during the delivery of these remarks.—*From our Correspondent.*

BELFAST.—"The Society of the Classical Harmonists" gave the first of the two inaugural concerts of their tenth season last night (Oct. 25), in the Victoria Hall, to an extremely large audience. The room, indeed, was crowded in every part. Handel's serenata, *Acis and Galatea*, was reproduced—a new cantata, by the conductor, Mr. George B. Allen, performed for the first time, and a miscellaneous selection, terminated the evening. The vocalists were—Miss Theresa Jeffreys, Mr. and Mrs. Winn, and Mr. Montem Smith; special instrumentalists—Mr. T. Harper, trumpet; and Mr. R. Blagrove, concertina. Full justice was rendered by the society to the delicate and graceful orchestration which, originated by Handel and elaborated by Mozart, makes this serenata one of the most charming productions which ever emanated from musical genius. In the choruses the members distinguished themselves by a precision and clearness which do infinite credit to the talent of their conductor and to their own industry. Miss Jeffreys, of course, took the *soprano* part, and Mr. M. Smith the tenor; Polyphemus being represented by Mr. Winn, whose bass voice is well suited to the melodious thunder of the love-sick giant. The great interest of the evening, however, and, we may add, the great success, was Mr. Allen's *cantata*, *England's Star of Freedom*, which, more than any composition of his yet produced, will, we believe, tend to establish his name. There is about it an originality and spirit—an animation of style, combined with solidity, which entitle it to rank high among compositions of its class. The symphony is not long, but full of spirit and fine effects; and the opening recitative for the tenor is dignified and expressive. The air, "Star of Freedom!" comes in with a power and animation, and has a martial vigour about it, which quite carried away the audience, and which constitute it a splendid song for a tenor voice. Mr. Montem Smith sang it extremely well, and threw into it the fire and enthusiasm it requires. He also sang the succeeding accompanied recitative well, and then came the grand chorus—"England, ask thy mighty heart!" which proved Mr. Allen to be competent to write for masses of voices as well as for instruments. The words of the *cantata* are by Mr. W. Ball, and are very good. In all his writings, Mr. Allen is sure to be guided by sound principles of art, but he possesses as well the originality and beauty of idea requisite to musical composition; and to conduct, as he did last night, a composition of his own of such talent, performed with such ability by amateurs whose training has been under his direction, was a position of which any musician might be proud. In the miscellaneous selection the noticeable points were Mr. Harper's magnificent trumpet playing, a solo on the concertina by Mr. Blagrove, Miss Jeffrey's "Let the Bright Seraphim," with the trumpet obligato, by Mr. Harper, Mrs. Winn's "Border Song," and Mr. Winn's "The brave old Temeraire."

No experiment could have been more successful than that made by the Society of the Classical Harmonists of giving cheap performances of high-class music for the benefit of the respectable class of society which cannot afford high-priced entertainments, yet is as capable of enjoying them as their wealthier fellow-mortals. From the first, these "people's concerts" have been a success, and in every respect most worthily so, and not many pleasanter sights are to be seen than the crowd of upturned, attentive, rapt faces when the "Hallelujah" is swelling through the building, and teaching the most indifferent heart how grand a thing is worship. The crowds who came to these performances, their profound attention, and their quick appreciation, show us how much to the taste of the lower class is elevated music, and make us, while acknowledging the services of the society to whose exertions such rare opportunities are due, wish that those opportunities could be more frequent.

Last night (Oct 26th), *The Messiah* was given with great success—so far as regards the society, indeed, with greater success, perhaps, than any oratorio we have yet had in Belfast. The choruses went with steadiness and vigour, and, in the more difficult and intricate passages especially, were given with a clearness and firm precision highly creditable to the conductor and members. Miss Jeffreys, Mr. and Mrs. Winn, and Mr. M. Smith took the solos. The *soprano* music is a little high for Miss Jeffrey's voice, but she sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth" with considerable power and expression. Mrs. Winn gave her solos with correctness and smoothness. The tenor recitatives and airs were excellently given by Mr. M. Smith, who was in good voice, and sang with freedom and ease. In the air, "Thou shalt break them," particularly, he showed the good quality of his voice, and took his high notes without any straining. The grand bass airs in this oratorio were done justice to by Mr. Winn's steady, even voice and correct style; and "The Trumpet shall sound," with Mr. Harper's trumpet accompaniment, was among the best performances of that air which we have ever heard. Mr. Harper, of course, plays his portion as no one else can, and leaves but one regret on the minds of his hearers—that he is not ubiquitous—and spoils one for any other trumpet-playing.

The orchestra deserve especial mention for their delightful playing of the Pastoral Symphony, and for the general efficiency of their accompaniments. Mr. Edeson, as organist, and Mr. Loveday, the leader, have prominent claims on the well-deserved commendation. We are happy to congratulate the society on their successful opening concerts, and on their high state of efficiency and apparent prosperity.—*Northern Whig.*

RICHARD WAGNER.—The favour shown to this great musical prophet of young Germany is due specially, if not solely, to the Emperor, who has abolished self-government even at the opera, and entrusts that institution now to the direction of a state official. He is known to have received Herr Wagner more than once during that turbulent composer's recent visit to Paris; and one such reception would probably have been enough to give rise to an amusing rumour which attributes the production of *Tännhauser* at the French Opera to political motives, and to a wish on the part of Napoleon III. to conciliate the German republican party through a man who has very considerable influence over them. Herr Wagner is a writer as well as a composer, and most persons would prefer his poems and essays to his music. His melodies (when he condescends to introduce mere lyricism into his highly dramatic works) are by no means grateful to the ear, and his political principles are equally repugnant to the reason. But to a certain class of young Teutons, who long for a united Germany, not under a Prussian king but under a republican government, his democratic views are so palatable that they tolerate his music for the sake of his opinions. Thus Verdi, in Italy, is said to have owed a portion of his success to his well-known patriotism, but, above all, to the discovery that the letters composing his name were the initials of the great national cry, "Vittore Emmanuelle re d'Italia." The Parisians had an opportunity some months since of hearing a quantity of Herr Wagner's music, at a series of concerts given by that composer for their special benefit at the Théâtre Italien, when musicians and amateurs agreed in condemning it.

EAST AND WEST INDIA DOCK COMPANY LITERARY INSTITUTION.—A concert was given by this institution on Wednesday evening, when the following vocalists assisted—Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Walsh, Miss Jane Palmer, Mrs. H. Lee, Mr. George Tedder, and Mr. Leonard. The room was well filled, and several gentlemen of the committee were on the platform. Mr. Gregson, the member of Parliament who is chairman of the Directors, opened the proceedings, and made several very sensible observations, which were listened to with marked attention. But the request of the hon. chairman that encores be not insisted on was not complied with strictly, Miss Eliza Hughes being compelled to repeat Bishop's "Tell me my heart," and the Scotch song of "He is what they ca' a Bonnie Lad," and Mr. Levy the canzonet of *Dinorah* for cornet-a-pistons. The demand for repetition of "Largo al Factotum," by Mr. Leonards, was, however, successfully resisted, but not till Mr. Gregson had again addressed the audience in deprecation of the "encore system." The vocal class of the institution, which is under the direction of Mr. George Tedder, who, by-the-bye, sang Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love" with taste and expression, gave steadily and carefully the "Angelus," from Mr. Wallace's *Maritana*, and a part-song arranged by Mr. Macfarren, "Autumn's Golden Leaf." Miss Hughes and Mr. Leonard were very successful in their delivery of the well-known duet, "Mira di acerba la Grima" (Verdi), and in the "Suliote War Song" (Brinley Richards), the fine bass voice of the latter was heard to great advantage. Mr. Leonard also sang Wallace's "Bellringer," in place of Mr. Wallworth, who was unable to appear, and acquitted himself greatly to the satisfaction of his audience. Mr. J. G. Callcott accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte. The room was full.

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VOCAL.

"I slept, and oh! how sweet the dream" 2 0
"Good bye, my love, good bye" 2 0

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

"GOOD NIGHT," (Cradle Song—Wiegenlied) composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT, price 2s. 6d. London: published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

The day, pretty darling, draws near to its close,
Come, cease from your play, on your pillow repose,
You peep from the cradle still laughing and bright,
Kind angels for ever preserve you, good night.

With freedom from sorrow, dear child, you are blest,
To you a pure heaven is your fond mother's breast;
Wild passion some day will your happiness blight,
Kind angels preserve you, my darling, good night.

Ah! happy is he who can slumber like you,
Be ever, dear child, to your innocence true,
The righteous are watched by the spirits of light,
Who guard them while sleeping, my darling, good night.

"Few songs of modern days have achieved a more decided or better merited success than Herr Reichardt's charming lied, "Thou art so near and yet so far," which has for the last two years been the delight of all concert-goers and drawing-room vocalists of more than ordinary pretensions. Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have just published a new composition, from the same original and elegant pen, entitled "Good Night" (a cradle song). The words are exquisitely simple and unaffected, being the address of a mother to her sleeping babe; and it is but justice to Herr Reichardt to say that he has wedded an exquisite domestic poem to a most graceful, unaffected melody, which breathes the very spirit of maternal tenderness. The song, which is written for a tenor voice—the composer being, as our readers know, one of the first of living German vocalists—is in the key of F major; and to amateurs of taste we can cordially recommend "The Cradle Song" as a composition worthy of their attention."—*Liverpool Mail.*

"THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS," words by Dr.

J. F. WALLER, music by CHARLES OBERTHUR, vocal trio, with or without accompaniment of the piano, as sung by Mad. Clara Novello, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Weiss, and performed at the Philharmonic and the Author's Concerts in Dublin. Score and parts 5s., to be had at the principal musicsellers, and of the Author, 14 Cottage Road, Westbourne Terrace, N.W.

Reviews.

The successful reproduction of Mr. Edward Loder's *Night Dancers* at Covent Garden is likely to create as general a demand for the music as the opera when it was first brought out at the Princess's in 1846. Few works contain the elements of popularity to a greater degree; few of recent years—at least, with which we are acquainted—present a more attractive combination of lively fancy and polished art. The opera entire has just been published in one volume (Charles Jefferys)—we mean, of course, the pianoforte adaptation. Each number can, on the other hand, be had separately.

The overture to the *Night Dancers*—by far the best of Mr. Loder's orchestral preludes—begins with an *andantino*, consisting of a graceful theme, interrupted with snatches of faëry music, in which the prominent passages are distributed *à la Mendelssohn*. The village life and the dream of the "Wilis"—are here poetically combined. The subjects of the *allegro* are both beautiful—the first passionate, the second tender and graceful; the *fortissimo* counter-theme, and the *coda* are brilliant; and the whole work is brilliant and animated. The overture is here arranged for four hands, and very well arranged, by the way. The legend for Mary, "Two sailors they came," in the induction (query, "introduction") is quaint and pretty, and is in the key of A minor. Godfrey's song, "Laugh, my girls," in B flat, is full of character, and harmonised in Auber's most sparkling manner. The lake serenade, "Pull, comrades, pull," in G, for Albert and chorus, is beautiful and highly effective. An air for Giselle, "Wild in the spirit," in the same key, is simple and melodious, with an unpretending but neatly-written accompaniment. We are again reminded of Auber in the passage preceding the resumption of the theme as well as in the entire treatment. The "induction" ends with the serenade dying away in the distance.

The chorus of vintagers, "Welcome neighbours," in F, which commences Act I., is fresh and flowing, and very effective for the voices. After an accompanied recitative in dialogue, in which Mary, Albert, and Fridolin take part, another serenade for Albert, in D flat, "Wake, my love," occurs. This is exceedingly graceful, and one of the most telling pieces in the opera. It is beautifully written for the tenor voice, and never fails of producing an effect on the stage. Giselle's scena, "I dreamt we stood before the altar," is more ambitious than anything which precedes it in the opera. The first movement, in E minor, with the *tremolo* accompaniment, is earnest and beautiful. The *andante*, in G, is equally charming, and accompanied deliciously. The *cabaletta*, in E major, hardly pleases us so much, the subject being rather trite. A ballad for Albert, in G, "I cannot flatter if I would," is simple and pleasing, and though written on the regular "order pattern," has nothing common in it. In the first success of the opera, fourteen years ago, this ballad took immensely with the public. Mary's song, "The cup is oak," published in G, originally in C, as sung by Miss Smithson at the Princess's Theatre, has been omitted in the Covent Garden representation. It is, nevertheless, very quaint and pleasing, and would, we fancy, have suited Miss Thirlwall. The concerted piece, "A noble train," admirably constructed, and opening with a spirit and boldness worthy of Rossini, introduces a striking air for Bertha, "Our way has been both rough and long." A chorus of huntsmen which follows, "Here's a health to the forester good," in D, offers nothing remarkable for criticism. A song, in B flat, "For one sweet hour," not assigned in the volume to any character, and omitted at the Royal English Opera, we may suppose to be sung by the Duke, as the verses imply a desire for the momentary resignation of pomp and power. The omission of this song in the representation cannot be esteemed a serious loss. A recitative and aria, "I breathe again," and "What pleasure can there be in staying?" for Giselle, in G minor and major, is also left out in the revival at Covent Garden; not unwisely, we think, as it is by no means an inspiration, and created less effect than anything in the opera when it was first produced, even with the aid of Mad. Albertazzi's singing. The recitative is poor, and the air is a *mêlée* of Meyerbeer's "Ah com è rapida," and Rossini's "Una voce." The finale to the first act is admirably constructed, and contains many charming things. Amongst them must be cited the pretty "Flower duet" for Giselle and Albert, consisting of an *andante* and *allegro* in A flat. This duet embodies the divination-speech of Margaret in *Faust*, "He loves me—loves me not," which all the world knows. A bacchanalian chorus, "Long live our vintage queen," in C, takes its subject from the overture, or, more properly, it borrows. The ballet music is beautiful. The "Peasants' Dance," *à la Mazurka*, is new and sparkling, and the "Silesian Waltz" particularly attractive. This last dance-piece told almost as well as anything else in the opera during its first career. The employment of snatches of the duet in Giselle's dying scene is ingenious, appropriate, and effective. The chorus of monks, "Holy waters o'er thee sprinkling," in E flat, is an exquisite strain of choral harmony. Indeed, the whole finale is not only the work of a musician but of a man of ingenious fancy.

The second act, the finest part of the opera, is full of beauties. It opens with a charming recitative for Bertha, succeeded by a duet for Bertha and Albert, "Peace to the dead," in A flat, exceedingly touching and graceful. A quintet and chorus, "Ah! sure, sweet maid," is slightly reminiscent of the introduction to *Guillaume Tell*, but not the less beautiful on that account. To this succeeds an air with chorus for Fridolin, "He who lingers here," describing the characteristics of the Wilis, which is full of dramatic effect, and possesses many beauties well worth the musician's notice. Albert's air in E flat, "Wake from thy tomb, Giselle," is for the most part pathetic and beautiful, but somewhat marred by the Italian *crescendo* in the middle, which is neither very new nor very striking. To the chorusses and dances of the "Wilis" which now succeed we have nothing but praise to offer. The opening chorus, "Pace, pace around her bed," in F, is very charming, with a characteristic tripping measure, and full of etherial grace. The trio, "The Wilis of the night are we," is not less fanciful and fairylike, and perhaps more captivating from the marked character of its rhythm. The air, "What delightful being's this?" in G, which Giselle sings on riing from the tomb, expresses the sentiment of the situation with great dramatic propriety; and the brief chorus of "Wilis" in answer, "No, sister, no," has an admirable and striking effect. The "Waltz of the Wilis" follows—a graceful and elegant danc leading to a recitative and short chorus, "Hence, hence let us fly," which brings us to Fridolin's air, "Pretty sprites, where are you hiding?" in A, a very sparkling and Auberish composition. The scene between the "Wilis" and Fridolin, in which the beadle is made to dance himself to death, is capitally illustrated by the music. The tarantella, especially, is delicious, as if indeed it were drawn from the

very fount of inspiration of Rossini and Auber. The duet for Giselle and Albert, "Thou hast called," is a charming melody. Giselle's air in F, "Ah, no! you'll forget," is pretty, but not remarkable. Her hymn, "Ave Maria," however, after she wakes from her dream, redeems it. This is a perfect gem, equally remarkable for the beauty of its melody and its masterly treatment. The final rondo for Giselle, "On me crowd such joyous fancies," has nothing particular to recommend it but its brilliant passages—more brilliant, however, than effective. But bravura writing is not one of Mr. Loder's excellencies, no more than of some other English writers. The little that is exceptional, nevertheless, may be well overlooked on account of the numerous beauties contained in the *Night Dancers*, the music of which cannot fail to afford delight in the closet as well as in the theatre.

"*Break, break, break*"—composed by E. BURNETT. Mus. Bac. Cantab. (Leader and Cock). The well-known and beautiful stanzas of the poet-laureate, which will at once be suggested by the thrice reiterated "Break," have frequently been set, with more or less felicity, but not often with such real and unaffected expression as by Mr. Burnett, who, in the present instance, shows himself worthy to be a bachelor of the same university where Sterndale Bennett holds the rank of professor.

"*What the bee is to the flowret*"—Polka chorus, by Dr. A. DENNING (J. Brader—Swansea). Pretty, lively, without pretension, and in the most unmistakeable polka rhythm.

"*Crocusses and Snowdrops*"—Song, composed for Mad. Sainton-Dolby, by RACHEL EVANS, R.A.M. (J. Brader—Swansea). The unlaboured simplicity of this little song would be alone attractive; but happily this is accompanied by genuine melody and a most careful and appropriate reading of the words.

VIENNA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Nov. 4, 1860.

IN the lobbies of the two Imperial theatres, the Burg and Karntnerthor, a code of regulations to be observed by the public is posted in conspicuous positions. Bearing date Feb. 1800, these regulations are still in force. The first article refers to the approaches and entrances to the theatres, mode of securing places, and other local arrangements. Articles XIV. to XX. directing the conduct of the audience during the performances, are more remarkable and worth reciting. They are set forth in the following very questionable French:—

XIV.—"Dans le nombre des Bienséances à observer une des premières c'est d'ôter son chapeau à l'entrée du parterre noble que leurs Majestés se trouvent au Spectacle ou non, et celui, qui averti par le Commissaire Inspecteur s'obstineroit à rester couvert, sera non-seulement obligé de quitter la salle incontinent, mais il pourra encore, suivant le cas, être sujet à une animadversion.

XV.—"Si leurs Majestés sont presentes au spectacle les hommes se tiendront pareillement au second parterre et dans le Loges la tête découverte.

XVI.—"Il s'entend de soi-même, qu'ainsi que le sentiment des convenances doit le dicter, personne ne fera difficulté d'ôter son chapeau lorsque celui-ci masquerait la vue ou generoit d'autres spectateurs.

XVII.—"Les applaudissements que meriteroient la Piéce ou les acteurs ne doivent jamais se manifester d'une manière bruïante contraire aux règles de la bienséance, et les réprises aïant le double inconveniant de trop prolonger la representation, et de fatiguer les chanteurs, il est defendu de faire répéter un morçeau de chant ou de danse.

XVIII.—"Il n'est de même point permis de redemander un morçeau de danse dans les Ballets."

These two last articles make a despotic government, as far as theatrical matters are concerned, almost desirable.

XIX.—"Les applaudissements à trois réprises étant regardés comme un hommage dû aux Souverains seuls, il n'est point permis de les accorder aux acteurs et actrices de quelque genre de spectacle que ce soit. Il est defendu en outre de demander à force de battemens de mains, de cris et autre tapage, que quelque individu que ce soit reparoisse apres la fin du spectacle; ainsi qu'il est sevérement défendu à toutes les personnes attachées au service des Theatres de la Cour de se rendre à ces sortes de provocations, de reparoitre apres la fin du spectacle sous quelque pretexte que ce soit, et surtout d'adresser la parole au Public. Ce réglement ne souffre aucune autre exception que le cas du Debut d'un personnage.

XX.—"Le paiement de l'Entrée ne pourra donner à personne le Droit de commettre une action messéante, ceux qui à la salle du spectacle tenteroient de siffler, huer, faire tapage avec les pieds ou les cannes, seront d'abord arrêtés et ensuite punis pour avoir commis une incongruité, d'autant plus répréhensible, qu'un silence general est une signe bien plus dècisif du mécontentement d'un public que ce tapage, qui presque toujours n'est que le resultat du caprice ou de la cabale."

And to these regulations the Viennese public still submit. It sometimes happens that an unhappy baritone will excite a frequenter of the gallery "to commit an incongruity," in the way of hissing, or that a revolutionary prima donna defies the Imperial commands, and appears before the curtain oftener than is allowed, having raised the enthusiasm of the audience to an unwonted pitch by her extraordinary skill; but as a rule both the public and the artists have a wholesome dread of the tyrannical impresario, and his regulations are obeyed accordingly.

To continue my last letter, on Sunday, Oct. 28, *Les Huguenots* was given at the Karntnerthor as follows:—

Marguerite, Mlle. Liebhart.	St. Bris, Herr Hrabaneck.
Nevers, Herr Liebich.	Raoul, Herr Walter (instead of Herr Ander, who was prevented singing by a sudden hoarseness.)
Marcel, Herr Drachsler.	Urban, Mlle. Ferrari.

Valentine, Mad. Csillag.

Mlle. Liebhart is hardly equal to the part she undertook, the music of which is not adapted to her voice. To those who remember Anna Zerr on this stage as Marguerite, the inefficiency of her successor was painfully apparent. Herr Watter acquitted himself creditably as Raoul, and his brother artists exerted themselves successfully in their respective *rôles*. The chief feature of the evening was most unquestionably the Valentine of Mad. Csillag, an effort reflecting its lustre upon the whole performance. If in *La Juive* and *Trovatore*, Mad. Csillag exhibited vocal and histrionic powers which would surprise those who never heard her but at Covent Garden, as Valentine she completely established her claim to be ranked among the greatest dramatic singers of the present day. The band and chorus were careless during the first and second acts, but regained their wonted energy and precision for the rest of the opera. The Benediction Chorus was well rendered. It is somewhat remarkable that the light and shade, such characteristic features of this composition, are overlooked by Herr Proch, the grand "crescendo" to which we are so accustomed in London, being neglected by the Viennese conductor; with this exception the execution was perfect, and the ensemble complete.

On Monday, Oct. 29th, a ballet, and Tuesday, 30th, *La Dame Blanche*, with Herr Wachtel, Mad. Wildauer, &c. I must not forget to record the opening of a new theatre in the Leopoldstadt quarter. The building is situate on the city bank of the Danube, and forms a handsome contrast to the dilapidated houses which formerly occupied the same site. It is built upon the French model, and most elegantly decorated in white and gold. The gas is almost too profuse, the illumination of the audience portion of the theatre being so brilliant as to mar the stage effects. The entertainments are similar to those given at the Carl Theatre, consisting of adaptations from the French, including all the repertoire of the Bouffes Parisiens. The fascinating Zöllner is one of the company, of which Carl Treumann is the director, the theatre in fact being his speculation, and named after him.

Nestroy's career as manager was brought to a close on Wednesday, Oct. 31st. There was more excitement to secure places for the occasion than on any Jenny Lind night of former times. As much as 80 guilders was paid for a stall, which was sold by

auction at Daum's Café. The public favourite appeared in a *mélange* of five of his most celebrated characters, and made a farewell speech, put together for him by Anton Lauger, in which were cleverly introduced the titles of the different pieces he had written or adapted to the German stage, Nestroy being a most successful playwright as well as a popular actor. The adieu was most impressive. When the curtain rose for the "last few words," Nestroy was discovered surrounded by the members of his company, the ladies being most elegantly attired in white silk dresses. Of course every point of the speech elicited applause, but the excitement of the audience is altogether indescribable when their favourite appealed directly to their feelings in the following lines:—

"Was ich als Darsteller gewirkt, gestrebt,
Sie wissen's ja, Sie haben es mitgelebt.
So hab' ich es erreicht nach manchem Jahr,
Dass ich—darf ich es sagen?—Ihr Liebling war?"

Bouquets, wreaths, showers of flowers were hurled at the speaker, who was quite overcome, and for some time unable to master the strong emotion which impeded his powers of speech. After the audience had dispersed, a handsome silver crown, inscribed with the names of all the company, from the call-boy to the first tragedian, was presented by the artists to their manager, as a souvenir of October 31. Nestroy was born in Vienna in 1802, and made his first appearance on any stage as a vocalist at the Karntnerthor Theatre in 1824. Although he retires from the position of director he will not abandon his theatrical career, having engaged himself to Carl Treumann to appear at the new theatre in January next. Till then he will remain at a chateau he has recently purchased in the neighbourhood of his native city. On Thursday, November 1, *La Favorita* was performed at the Opera House, under the title of *Leonora*. Why the name of the work is changed none can tell but those in the confidence of the Imperial impresario. The cast was as follows:—

Fernando, Herr Wachtel.	Cardinal, Herr Drachsler.
Il Ré, Herr Hrabaneck.	Leonora, Mad. Csillag.

The representation was in great peril owing to Herr Hrabaneck's total ignorance of the part he had undertaken to perform. In the duet with Leonora he was almost unable to join, not knowing anything of the music. By any other audience Herr Hrabaneck would have been hooted off the stage, and the manager called upon to substitute another artist; but, thanks to the "regulations" before quoted, the incompetent baritone was treated with that silence which is said to be "un signe bien plus décisif que le tapage." Mad. Csillag did her utmost to assist her camarade in his dilemma, but in vain. The duet was sung by the soprano alone. Herr Wachtel did not distinguish himself remarkably as Fernando, which is a part requiring more refinement and control of voice than he has yet acquired. Mad. Csillag revenged herself for the break-down in the duet by her admirable singing throughout the opera. Another instance of a different, and certainly less effective, reading of a morceau at the Karnthnerthor to that at other theatres, occurs in the well-known duet in the last act of this opera. The "tempo" adopted by the German singers and conductor is so very much slower, and the nuances so very much exaggerated, that the melody and situation seem to be travestied and hardly recognisable as the same which create such a furore upon the Italian stage.—Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer* was produced on Friday, November 2, after many weeks' preparation, with complete success. The different parts were thus filled:—

Daland, Herr Meyerhofer.	Der Holländer, Herr Beck.
Erik, Herr Walter.	Ein Steurmann, Herr Erl.
Senta, Fräulein Kraus.	

The libretto is founded upon the old legend of the sea, known as "The Flying Dutchman;" a story, the hero of which is condemned, as penance for his sins, to encounter the perils of storm and shipwreck, until he can meet with a young girl who is willing to sacrifice her life to secure his absolution. In the first act the ship of Daland is discovered at anchor. A storm arises, during which the phantom ship of the Fliegender Holländer appears. Daland and the Holländer disembark and speak together on the strand. The former offers the condemned wanderer a hospitable reception at his house, which is accepted, and a bargain concluded between them for the hand of Daland's daughter in exchange for certain jewels to be given by the Holländer. The storm subsides, and the two ships sail for the neighbouring port. In the second act Senta, Daland's daughter, is surrounded by her maidens, who spin and sing, upbraiding her the while for her melancholy state. They persuade her to tell a dream she has had of the Flying Dutchman, in which she believes her destiny to be foreshadowed. During the recital Erik, her lover, enters, and endeavours to induce Senta to disregard the presentiment she feels. Erik leaves her. Daland returns, bringing with him the Holländer, whose presence and appearance realise the presage of Senta's dream. She hears the promise her father has made, and accepts the Holländer. In the third and last act, Senta is about to depart with her spectre bridegroom, when he learns her former attachment to Erik. The Holländer discloses his history, and refuses to sacrifice the life of Senta. His vessel sets sail. Senta, true to the promise of her father and her destiny, plunges into the sea, constant to the Holländer to the death, the conditions of the absolution are thereby fulfilled, and the Holländer's years of wandering at an end. At the concluding tableau, Senta and the Fliegender Holländer are seen hand in hand in the realms of happiness. The music is more intelligible at a first hearing than that of either of Wagner's other operas, there being a flow of melody throughout the whole work of such a nature as to justify its being called "popular," if such a term may be applied to any composition of the new German school. Of this, however, in a future letter, the present having already exceeded the usual limits of your "foreign correspondence."

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Its Rise and Progress.

DALAYRAC.

(*Continued from page* 721.)

In 1785 he set to music a comedy by Desfontaines, *L'Amant Statue*, for the continuation of the *début* of Mlle. Rénault, a singer who had recently shone at the Opéra Comique.

L'Amant Statue appeared for the first time on the 1st of August. Three months after, on the 21st of November, he produced *La Dot*, which supplied Mad. Dugazon with one of her best parts, that of Colette. These two scores possessed the same characteristics as their elder sisters, grace and facility of melody. The composer was on the eve of his first great success, *Nina; ou, la Folle par Amour*, an opera in one act, written by Marsollier. The subject of this piece was the true story of a young Swiss girl, and the authors feared that the attempt to introduce a mad person on the stage might be regarded as too old. They tried their work first at the house of the celebrated Guimard, before an audience of friends, who warmly applauded it. *Nina* was produced at the Comédie Italienne on the 15th of May, 1786, and received with so much favour that it ran for more than one hundred nights consecutively. No such enthusiasm had been created since *Le Déserteur* and *Richard*. Mad. Dugazon interpreted the principal part with so much feeling that a critic of the time declared that "M. Desvivetières (Marsollier, then an amateur writer) had *supplied* the words, M. Dalayrac the music, but that Mad. Dugazon had *made* the piece." The accompaniments in *Nina* were more carefully written than in those of any preceding work of the composers. Moreover, there are several remarkable pieces in this score; the chorus, for example, "Pendant le sommeil," and the romanza,—

"Quand le bien-aimé reviendra."

Though this score may not be equal to the *Nina* of Paisiello, the colouring is more true, and this is a quality which, I repeat it, ranks first with the French public.

In the following year (1787) Dalayrac with his collaborator Lachabeaussière produced a piece which was performed, in the first place, at Fontainebleau, under the title of *Le Nouveau Robinson*, but met with no success, on account of the feebleness of the libretto. It was remodelled, and reappeared with better fortune

at Paris, under the title of *Azemia; ou, les Sauvages*. Among the meritorious pieces in this opera is a chorus of sailors,

"Aussitôt que je t'aperçois."

The same year Dalayrac wrote *Rénaud d'Ast*, the romanza in which—

"Vous qui d'amoureuse aventure,"

has become the national air.

"Veillons au salut de l'Empire."

On the fourteenth day of May, 1788, Dalayrac brought out *Sargines; ou, l'Education de l'Amour*, a drama in four acts, the words of which were by Monvel.* The work succeeded; the duet between *Iselle* and *Isidore*, the "reading lesson," and *Sophie's* air, were particularly remarked in it.

The following year (1789) two operas apppeared of very different characters. The first, *Les Deux petits Savoyards*, played the 4th of January, was distinguished by the usual characteristics of Dalayrac, grace and natural simplicity. The two principal parts were played with great archness by Mad. St. Aubin and Mlle. Rénault. The author of the words was Marsollier. The second opera, *Raoul de Créqui*, in three acts, by Monvel, played for the first time October 31st, is more dramatic, and treated in a broader style. Several concerted pieces in it deserve mention, and especially a trio which evidences the efforts Dalayrac was making, to rise above the original simplicity of this style of composition. As I before said, he had a remarkable aptitude for following the progress which musical composition was making from day to day in France. He sought to give more body to his harmony without however at any time neglecting the melodic portion, which he knew was the brightest jewel in his crown. The public constantly rewarded his efforts; for Dalayrac's productions were almost all successful throughout his career. The year 1790 was not however, a fortunate one for him.

Fanchette had appeared before the close of 1789, a little piece which did not greatly add to his glory. However, 1790 witnessed the birth of *La Soirée orageuse*, a charming one-act, but which was followed by, first, *Le Chêne patriotique*, a *pièce de circonstance*, played on 10th of July, of which Monvel had concocted the words, and which, like all works of this class, had but a short existence; next *Vert Vert*, a one-act by Desfontaines, which lived the brief span allotted to the most decided of failures—one single evening. The first and last performance of *Vert Vert* took place October the 11th. Dalayrac had in his overture wedded the phrases of the canticle "O filii et filiæ," with the song

"Quand je bois du vin clairet,
Tout tourne au cabaret."

It was the occasion of the following quatrain—

"Dans la révolution,
Tout tourne;
Le gout tourne tout de bon;
Le dos à la raison."

In this same year, 1790, Dalayrac lost his father. He set out for Muret to console himself by consoling his mother. When he discovered that he was left sole heir to his father's fortune, his noble heart refused to accept the bequest, and he cancelled the will. As he could live by his profession, Dalayrac resigned the fortune which had come to him to his younger brother, less fortunate than himself. Such actions speak for themselves.

He returned to Paris by Marseilles and Lyons, and received triumphant greetings in all the provincial towns which he stopped at, and whose theatres were supported by his works

In 1791 he had two great successes, *Philippe, et Georgette*, and *Camille ou le Souterrain*, which seems to me to be his masterpiece. Every piece in this score might be mentioned, beginning with the overture, which I consider as the first interesting and well-written overture ever played at the Opéra Comique since the creation of this particular style. After the air sung by Marcelin, "Joli minois," comes the charming trio, "Une grosse cloche," the best piece in the opera. I may also mention Alberti's energetic and impassioned air, "Amour, vengeance;" the rondo, which has become a popular air,

"Notre meunier chargé d'argent;"

the *finale* of the first act, the duet between Camille and Alberti, "Non, non, jamais!" and the air by Camille, "Heureux moment."

At the close of 1791 Dalayrac produced *Agnès et Hortense*. This year, 1791, however, had not been favourable to him in other respects, for it was signalised by two losses greatly differing in character. The most cruel was that occasioned by the death of his beloved mother, who in childhood and in his youth had soothed his grief, when his father so harshly opposed his devotion to his cherished art. The second was the loss of his savings, 40,000 francs, constituting his entire fortune, which he had placed in th hands of a banker who failed. Fortunately his dramatic toils, and the success which attended them, diverted him from his sorrows, and in some measure consoled him.

It may now be brought to the reader's notice, that, although Dalayrac's former title of *Garde du Corps* exposed him to the constant danger of arrest, he would never consent to leave the country. If the year 1792 did not increase his fame by the production of the two operas, *Elise et Hortense* and *L'Actrice chez Elle*, on the other hand he married a lady who made him happy for life.

Dalayrac wrote with incredible facility, and allowed no year to pass without producing one or more works, and hence the catalogue of his works comprises fifty-four operas. In 1793 he produced *Ambroise; ou, voilà ma Journée*, a sentimental piece; *Romeo et Juliette*, a score in which many happy inspirations may be found; *Urgande et Merlin*, and *la Prise de Toulon*, a *pièce de circonstance*. In 1794 he brought out *Adèle et Dorsan*, an opera in which the duet, "Que sa voix a pour moi de charmes" must be mentioned. In 1795 *Arnill*, *Marianne*, and *La pauvre Femme* appeared, three pieces distinguished by no especial merit; in 1796 *La Famille Américaine;* in 1797 *Gulnare*, one of Dalayrac's best, and *La Maison isolée*. In 1798 *Primerose*, *Alexis; ou, l'Erreur d'un bon Père; Le Château de Montenero* and *Les Deux Mots* appeared.

Le Château de Montenero is one of Dalayrac's finest scores. The following pieces deserve especial mention: the air, "Il faut me dévouer;" the duet, "Que je quitte ces lieux;" and the trio, "Doux moment."

In 1799, our composer produced *Adolphe et Clara*, which still keeps the stage with its pretty overture; then *Laure* and *La Leçon*. In 1800, *Catinat*, *Le Rocher de Leucade* and *Maison à vendre* appeared. Al. Duval was the author of the libretto in one act last mentioned. Of all Dalayrac's works it is that most frequently played in the present day. The origin of this piece is somewhat curious. Duval had gone to spend some time in the country at the house of Mad. Gay. He had introduced there Della Maria, a composer, whom I shall presently speak of, and, as he was walking with him in the village, he saw written upon a board—*Maison à vendre*. This simple title suggested to him the subject of a comic opera, which he wrote, intending it for Della Maria, but as he was proceeding with the work the individual for whom it was destined died. Dalayrac called upon Duval in order to agree with him as to an obituary notice on Della Maria. This proceding touched Duval's heart, and he spoke to Dalayrac about the subject of the piece, which he eventually promised him. Duval, however, could not bring himself to finish for another man a libretto which he had commenced for a friend whose death he mourned.

The means employed by Dalayrac to force in some sort Duval to finish *Maison à vendre*, were as follows:—He invited him to his country house, and after having pointed out to him the room he was to inhabit, he literally shut him up there. Mad. Dalayrac brought him his breakfast the next morning, and announced that she had received orders not to let him go out until the libretto was finished. Duval at first exhibited some ill-humour, and attempted to jump out of the window; but, reflecting after a few moments that this

* Boulet de Monvel, born at Lunéville in 1745, died in Paris in 1811. He commenced his career as an actor, at the Comédie Française, in 1770, and was afterwards, to quote the words of Grimm, "reader to his Majesty the King of Sweden, then gloriously interred in the mortuary notices of the newspapers, then married, then a traveller." After wandering from theatre to theatre in the provinces, he reappeared, to the great astonishment of the capital, on the stage of the *Variétés Amusantes*, where, in spite of his physical deficiencies, he never played without the greatest success.

joke, which might be tolerated as between men of wit, could only end to the profit of both poet and musician, he set to work, and in the evening, when they came to fetch him to dinner, it was with difficulty he could be brought away from his work, so swimmingly was it proceeding. When completed, he considered it so good that he regretted he had not destined it for the Théâtre Français. "However," he says in his preface, "Dalayrac was a man of much intelligence; he felt that the plot was sufficiently strong to dispense with music, and he placed his pieces in those situations, where they could not retard the action."

Such were the relations between poet and musician at the close of the eighteenth century. It is, perhaps, to be regretted, for the sake of musical art, that our contemporary librettists but too often give composers comedies, the plots of which have nothing in them strongly interesting, libretti, in a word, which could not dispense with the assistance of music. Among the pieces worthy of mention in *Maison à vendre*, I will call to mind the duet—

"Depuis longtemps j'ai le désir."

The following is a list of Dalayrac's last works:—In 1801, *La Boucle de Cheveux*, *La Tour de Wenstadt*. In 1803, *Picaros et Diégo*, in which is the pretty duet, "Elle était donc bien séduisante," and the still more celebrated one, "Ecoute-moi, je t'en supplie." In 1804, *Une Heure de Mariage*, a charming score, in which must be mentioned another duet, "Mes chers amis n'oublions rien," and the quintet, "Quel trouble." The same year he also produced *La jeune Prude*. In 1805, *Gulistan*, a score, in which occurs the well-known air, "Cent esclaves ornaient ce superbe festin." In 1807, *Koulouf; ou, les Chinois*. In 1808, *Lina; ou, le Mystère*. In 1809, *Le Poëte et le Musicien*, his last opera, not produced till 1811, after his death, and preferred by him to all his other works. Authors, especially those who have run a long career, always show a marked predilection for their latest works. This judgment is, however, rarely confirmed by the public.

Dalayrac had been decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honour shortly after the creation of this order, and it was in order to justify this distinction, with which he was much flattered, that he had set himself to work. The poem of this work was by Duputrey. The first performance was to have taken place in the presence of Napoleon I., but the illness of Martin (a renowned singer, of whom I shall shortly speak in detail, as also of his comrade Elleviou) retarded the rehearsals.

Napoleon was at this time making preparations for a journey to Spain. Dalayrac, finding that Martin was indeed seriously ill, and that the departure of Napoleon would undoubtedly take place before his recovery, was so cruelly disappointed, that on his return home he was seized with a nervous fever, which settled upon the brain. He sang constantly during his delirium, breathing out, like the fabled swan, his last sigh in a strain of plaintive music on the 27th of November, 1809. His ashes were deposited in his garden at Fontenay-sous-Bois. Marsollier, his usual collaborator and faithful friend, pronounced a touching oration over his tomb.

Dalayrac had written for the opera a one-act, *Le Pavillon du Calife* (1804), which was subsequently arranged as an opéra comique, and produced under that form in 1822. I shall conclude this biography with these few lines from M. Adolphe Adams' book, *Derniers Souvenirs d'un Musicien*, which aptly describes the relation existing between the works of Grétry and those of Dalayrac:—

"Grétry was a great musician, who had learned his art badly, but had guessed at a great deal. He was born a harmonist; his modulations, though badly contrived, are unexpected, and often piquant; his accompaniments are thin and awkward, but are full of intention, and some of the effects aimed at are realised. One feels that he owed all to his genius, and that it is only because he was deficient in science that he was unable to execute all that was present in his mind. Dalayrac is little of a musician; he knows about as much as he requires to know to execute his conception. He never sought to do more than he actually did, and had he possessed all the musical science which a sound course of study can impart, he would only have produced works written with more purity, but his thought would not have taken a wider range nor a higher flight. The instinct of combination and of interesting detail was entirely wanting in him, whereas Grétry possessed it to a very great degree."

I will add to these reflections of the composer of *Le Chalet* a few words as to the immense difference between the characters of these two men. Grétry, as I said in a preceding passage, cared not to hear any other than his own music; he was painfully affected even by the success of young writers. Dalayrac, on the contrary, was pleased to see the pieces of his fellow-composers succeed. He was not content to congratulate them, but published their praises in the journals of the day. Always holding his purse at the service of those who were more in want than himself, he was seen to work with ardour in order to repair the breaches which his infinite charity made in his means.

A close observer will sometimes discover the man in his works. We find in Mozart phrases of soft melody in which the heart of that great genius was reflected. We discover in Beethoven, especially in his later works, where he laid bare his soul, the expression of a disgust for life, of bitterness at immense efforts slighted, and we detect, besides, the trace of the unhappy love which poisoned the life of this great man. In the melodies of Dalayrac I fancy I recognise that ingenuity, that gentleness, that goodness, which caused him to be cherished by all who knew him, and which inspired the artists of the Opéra Comique with the idea of erecting in the *foyer* of their theatre a bust of him due to the chisel of Cartellier, and to engrave on its pedestal—*à notre bon ami* DALAYRAC.

BERLIN.—The Italian Opera Company of the Victoria Theatre commenced their season on Thursday last with the *Barbiere di Seviglia*. The audience, composed of the most distinguished persons in Berlin (the Court included) appeared glad of an opportunity of giving a warm welcome to their favourite artistes of last winter, and when Mlle. Désirée Artôt made her appearance (the most celebrated Rosina that Berlin has ever seen—and our adopted child of last season) the enthusiasm was immense, and she was greeted with a perfect shower of bouquets. The representation was perfect in every respect, for all engaged sang and played as if they were sure of the utter impossibility of the least mistake. It was a brilliant firework of musical art and fascinating comedy from beginning to end. A still greater triumph awaited Mlle. Artôt on Saturday evening in the part of Adalgisa in *Norma*. A new singer, Mlle. de Vries, made her *début* in the part of Norma, but she neither distinguished herself by her singing nor acting. Never would we have believed that the modest and retiring Adalgisa, whom we have always looked upon as a secondary part, could, by true genius, have been made the centre of attraction of the whole opera. The noble simplicity of her costume, without the least ornament, was most striking upon her first entrance upon the stage; each sound of her voice was blended with the deepest feeling; all was soul and expression!—the anguish of heart of the loving Adalgisa, her bursts of joy, all was so true, so impassioned, that every musical phrase received a profound signification. The spirit of poetry seemed to have inspired Adalgisa, a refined and pure glow of love animated her. We cannot speak separately of her singing and acting, all was inspiration, and therefore perfection. Only natures gifted with the highest genius can succeed in imparting so entirely new an aspect and charm to a part one has so often seen with indifference; and the consequence was that Norma was annihilated by her. The young artiste has proved that she is as sublime in tragedy as she is fascinating in comedy. Since Viardot and Jenny Lind, we have never heard a voice so plaintive—("weep so.") Why does not Mlle. Artôt appear without delay in the part of Desdemona in *Otello*? No instrument is so noble as the human voice, when each sound of it is a manifestation of a soul that soars up with angel's wings above all earthly incumbrance.

[The foregoing is a more or less literal translation of an article from the pen of one "Kossak," who writes in the *Berlin Montags-Post*, and evidently regards Mlle. Artôt in the light of an *avis* rarer than the famous "black swan" itself—rare even as the non-existent phœnix. *Ab effectibus causas indagavit ratio*—as Shirley Brooks would say.—TYPE.]

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SECOND CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON,

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, 1860,

INSTRUMENTAL PIECES BY

MOZART.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A major, for Clarinet, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (By desire) .. .. *Mozart.*

Mr. LAZARUS, M. SAINTON, Herr RIES, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

SONG, "The Bell-ringer" (By desire) ... ... *W. V. Wallace.*

Mr. SANTLEY.

SONG, "Thy pardon, dearest treasure" ... ... *Dussek.*

Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON.

SONATA, for Pianoforte alone (in C minor) ... ... *Mozart.*

Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

PART II.

SONATA, for Violin and Pianoforte (in E minor) ... ... *Mozart.*

Mr. CHARLES HALLE and M. SAINTON.

SONG, "Rough wind that moanest loud" .. .. *J. W. Davison.*

Mr. SANTLEY.

SONG, "Ah, why do we love" (By desire) .. .. *Macfarren.*

Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON.

TRIO, in E flat, for Pianoforte, Tenor, and Clarinet ... ... *Mozart.*

Mr. CHARLES HALLE, M. SCHREURS, and Mr. LAZARUS.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 8s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had of CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal music publishers.

PROGRAMME of MAD. CLARA NOVELLO'S FAREWELL CONCERT, at St. St. James's Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 21. Commence at 8. Part I. Overture, Anacreon, Cherubini; part song, "The Nightingale," Mendelssohn; aria, "Madamina il Catalogo" (Don Giovanni), Mozart, Mr. WEISS; grand scena, "Ocean, thou mighty Monster" (Oberon), Weber, Mad. CLARA NOVELLO; part song (for male voices), "Now the sun has mounted high" (Robin Hood), Macfarren. Part II. Undine, a Lyrical Legend, words by John Oxenford, composed by Jules Benedict—Undine, Mad. CLARA NOVELLO; Bertalda, Miss PALMER; Hildebrand, Mr. WILBYE COOPER; Kuhleborn, Mr. WEISS. Overture: Chorus and bass solo, "Undine, Undine, sad without thee have we been," Mr. WEISS; recit. and song (with chorus of female voices), "Mark the waves that rippling play," Mad. CLARA NOVELLO: Tersetto, "Daughter of a wondrous race," Mad. CLARA NOVELLO, Messrs. WILBYE COOPER and WEISS; scena and aria, "From worldly cares," Mr. WILBYE COOPER; march, wedding chorus, "Hail to the noble pair;" air, "The baron's old castle," Miss PALMER; duettino, "Happy Day," Miss PALMER and Mr. WILBYE COOPER; quartett, "I love thee," Mad. CLARA NOVELLO, Miss PALMER, Messrs. WILBYE COOPER and WEISS; finale, scena and chorus, "Attend ye kindred spirits," Mr. WEISS; solo and chorus, "Leap on the bank," Mr. WEISS; solo, "Bright green earth, farewell," Mad. CLARA NOVELLO. Part III. Overture (Zanetta), Auber; song, Miss PALMER, "Swifter far than summer's flight," (J. W. Davison), recit. and cavatina—"Giunse alfin il momento," "Deh vieni non tardar" (Nozze di Figaro), Mozart, Mad. CLARA NOVELLO; part song (for female voices), "Sweet repose," Benedict, by 12 ladies of the Vocal Association; "Ave Maria," from the posthumous opera of Lorely, Mendelssohn, Mad. CLARA NOVELLO and Chorus of female voices; song, "The winds that waft my sighs to thee," Wallace, Mr. WILBYE COOPER; "God save the Queen; the solos by Mad. CLARA NOVELLO, Messrs. WILBYE COOPER and WEISS. The band and chorus will be complete and on a large scale, numbering upwards of 250 performers, including the choir of the Vocal Association. Conductor, M. BENEDICT. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony stalls, 7s. 6d. and 5s.; reserved seats, 6s.; balcony, 3s.; area and gallery, 2s.; book of words, 1s. each, to be had of Leader and Cock, 63 New Bond Street, corner of Brook Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING (Saturday) will be repeated (17th time), Macfarren's highly successful English Opera of ROBIN HOOD. SIMS REEVES, SANTLEY, GEORGE HONEY, LEMAIRE, and LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Reduced scale of prices:—Pit Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; First Circle, 4s.; Second Circle, 3s.; Upper Box Circle Seats, 2s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery 1s.; Gallery Side Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. Private Boxes: Upper Box, to hold four persons, 10s.; Private Box, third tier, to hold four persons, £1 1s.; second tier, to hold four persons, £1 11s. 6d.; Private Boxes, Pit, first and grand tiers, two, three, and four Guineas. The Box-office of the theatre open daily, from 10 till 5 o'clock, under the direction of Mr. Nugent. Acting Manager, Mr. Mapleson. Stage Manager, Mr. R. Roxby.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In reply to the numerous applications, the subscribers, gentry, and the public are respectfully informed that Macfarren's new and highly successful opera of ROBIN HOOD will be repeated every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday until further notice. Early application at the Box-office to secure seats is recommended to prevent disappointment.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Immense success of the new drama, "45," which has been received with the most enthusiastic approbation and rapturous applause by crowded and fashionable audiences.—Sixth Appearance of Messrs. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, J. L. TOOLE, PAUL BEDFORD, and Miss HENRIETTA SIMMS, in the new drama, by WATTS PHILLIPS, Esq., author of the "Dead Heart," &c.—THIS EVENING the new and successful drama by WATTS PHILLIPS, Esq., entitled A STORY OF THE "45," with scenery and effects by Mr. William Beverley. Principal characters by Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER (and company from the Adelphi Theatre), Messrs. J. L. TOOLE, PAUL BEDFORD, SPENCER, M'LEIN, BELFORD, DIXON, BARSBY, MATTHEWS, CORMACK, GLINDON, &c.; Miss HENRIETTA SIMMS, Miss H. HOWARD, Miss THIRLWALL, Miss CLYDE, Miss PALMER, Miss ROSE ELLERTON, &c. To conclude with the farce of YOU'RE ANOTHER. Messrs. C. MATTHEWS, ROXBURY, TILBURY, Miss HOWARD, and Mrs. DOWTON. Doors open at half-past 6; commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5 o'clock daily, where tickets and places may be obtained. Stage Manager, Mr. Robert Roxby. Notice:—A new Piece in rehearsal, and will be immediately produced, in which Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATTHEWS will appear.

To Correspondents.

MR. HENRY SMART.—Next week.

J. C. (Ipswich).—*Volontiers.*

J. D. (Norwich).—C. E. Stephen.

J. E. (Highgate).—"*Bis dat,*" &c.

PINGIT OVIDIUS (Caserta).—

"Proxima cognati dixere Charistia cari;
Et venit ad socios turba propinqua deos."

SCAZON.—"Apollinarem conveni meum Scazon," &c. (*Martialis Epigrammata.* "AD SCAZONTA.")

MENECRATES JUPITER.—"*Le Philosophe est un animal de gloire. Le Philosophe est le plus fier et le plus superbe des animaux.*"

WEDGE.—The admirable article on Mr. Benedict's *Undine* was from the *Morning Post.*

Notice.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

"EXCELLENCE in music is incompatible with high ability in political performance, and the whole arrangements of human business." How grand! Dr. Johnson—who was indifferent to music—might have thundered out such a sentence, between two dishes of tea, in the ears of the astonied "Bozzy," who would have hailed it as uncommon profound, and scratched it out on foolscap for posterity. On the other hand, Dr. Johnson, though he flopped about the Hebrides, was not quite a Scotchman,* and therefore unlikely to utter anything so dismally Caledonian and Scotchmistily oracular. Only a Scotchman could be guilty of such a dry and miserable piece of sophistry—only a Lowlander—a gaunt, unwieldy, cadaverous, snuff-taking, (Christopher)-north-bitten, brain-toddy'd Scotchman. Galt might have ventured, it, after his nineteenth tumbler; the author of the (preface to) our English Dictionary, and *The Lives of the Poets*, never.

And a Scotchman said it; a pure "Sandy" of that ilk, if we may believe our correspondent "Culvertail," who, in another page, throws down the glove, with knightly audacity—like a hardy "crupellarius," armed to the teeth in the invulnerable harness of truth—against all pedants and crumpfooted croakers, to whose elongated ears the voice of harmony is distasteful, and who, with laborious dulness, construct

* Somebody (we don't remember who) complaining to Dr. Johnson that there was no good map of Scotland,—"No, Sir," retorted the ponderous pedagogue, "nor there never will be."—*Vide* "Boswell."

theories, which, by a tug here and a strain there, inevitably bring about the conclusion, that a mere musician is also of necessity a mere imbecile. "Culvertail" has valiantly protested; but he should have instanced further arguments to the point. Has the tuneless whisky-cask of "Auld Reekie" never heard mention of one Leonardo da Vinci? Has the Reid-ridden phlebotomist—to accommodate more easily the narrow limits of his probable acquirement—lost all memory of Henry VIII., who (cleverer than Themistocles) could play a tune, defy the Pope, and govern a realm, with equal aptitude and courage? Although unaddicted to cunctation, we must refrain just now from multiplying precedents—which *we could do*, readily, however stale and odible the theme; but surely it will not be maintained, even by one to whose ears the Scotch-fiddle is a symphony, to whose appetite Scotch-collops is a feast, and to whose taste for recreation Scotch-hoppers is a game of play; even by such an one, we iterate, it will surely not be maintained that Da Vinci was deficient in "high ability," or our oft-spliced Harry in "political performance and the arrangements of human business." Such infuscation as could possibly induce an inconcoction so triply inconcludent, we would not willingly lay to the charge even of a besotted adherent of Christopher North, or a bibulous worshipper at the shrine of the Ettrick Shepherd. The great Italian painter was also one of the greatest of Italian composers, and Henry VIII., like his daughter Elizabeth, a musician of eminent skill and attainments.

"Cum traheret Friscus, traheret certamina Verus."

But enough. This Scotchman must be a nyctalop; and the more daylight you throw on an argument, the dimmer will be his sense of vision. Nevertheless, were the whole tribe of Scotch metaphysicians, Scotch reviewers, and Scotch cultellators (the universal instrument of measurement being, of course, the Scotch intelligence) *stone-blind*, a musician—say a fiddler—would not, for all that, be, *quand même*, an ignoramus.

PETIPACE OF WINCHELSEA.

THE difficulty of obtaining a good libretto for music is acknowledged by all operatic writers in England. Why is this? Have we no poets, no dramatic writers who can versify, no concoctors of tales who can furnish subjects? Whatever the answer, there is no concealing the fact—we have no good librettists. No first-rate original book for an opera has ever been written by an Englishman. Why should the Italians and French be able to discover stories of the most thrilling interest — *Rigolettos*, *Huguenots*, *Masaniellos*, *Sonnambulas*, *&c.*—and we have no plots at all? Is it that we possess less invention or less daring?—cannot fabricate or cannot steal so well? Signor Verdi has taken most of his subjects from French literature. How fortunate he has been, or how discriminating, we need not point out. But Mr. Balfe, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Macfarren have had the same opportunities as Signor Verdi. Why, then, should the Englishmen be behind Italians in judgment and ingenuity? Why should our composers be invariably foiled in their endeavour to hit upon some fitting legend or story, and foreigners almost always be blest with an interesting subject? Even when our librettists condescend to borrow from foreigners, and attempt anything beyond a literal translation, how poor and valueless the concoction seems compared with the original!! Many recent essays of this kind will occur directly to the reader. Indeed, we incline to the belief that "invention" is not one of the qualities bestowed by Providence on modern English genius. Our constructive powers are certainly inferior to those of our neighbours across Channel, and this, in reality, is our only excuse for constantly despoiling them of their dramas. Even when a happy subject for a libretto is presented, an English writer has not always the tact for working it out dramatically, and rendering it conformable to the requirements of music. No one would deny that Mr. George Soane, author of the book of the *Night Dancers*, was a clever and experienced writer, and yet how tamely and impotently he has adapted the very beautiful legend of the "Wilis," we need not insist. Anybody who has perused the book with the least care will agree with us. A brief description of the fable upon which the *Night Dancers* is founded, and the manner in which it is treated, will serve forcibly to illustrate our remarks: —

The "Wilis," according to an old German legend, are young girls betrothed, who die before the nuptial day. An irresistible passion for dancing afflicts them in the grave, to such an extent that at midnight they rise, clad in the semblance of their bridal trappings, jewels on their fingers, and wreaths of flowers on their heads, and perform a succession of mystic dances on the highway, until the approach of morning drives them back into their graves. Their beauty is so fascinating, that any one who comes within the influence of their attraction is forced involuntarily to join in their dance, and continue dancing until death ensues from exhaustion. Mr. Soane has ingeniously availed himself of the superstition, without resorting to supernatural machinery. But in avoiding Scylla he has fallen into Charybdis. To get rid of the "Wilis" in reality, thereby ignoring the legend (and the ballet), he refers their existence to a vision, but shows the vision without in the least accounting for it. A dream has a cause, and the cause of her dreaming was everything in the case of Giselle. Her dream has absolutely no reason, no origin, and consequently the plot loses all verisimilitude. It was natural for Giselle, the night before her wedding, to conjure up the image of her lover in her sleep; but that her imagination should have taken such an out-of-the-way step, and call up before her spectral forms with which she had never been made acquainted, exhibits an obliquity in dramatic construction amounting, to say the least, to extreme carelessness. Had Giselle, in the scene with her father and cousin simply been informed of the legend of the "Wilis," and had the story exerted a certain amount of interest in her mind, expressed in the fewest words, previously to her falling asleep, sufficient insight into coming events would have been conveyed to the minds of the spectators, and all that followed have been brought within the bounds of dramatic credibility. As it is, when Bertha and the Duke come on the scene, with Albert dressed as the Prince, those who are not familiar with the book are sorely puzzled with all that is going forward, and never imagine that it is Giselle's somnolent fancies they are witnessing. It is to be lamented, in the case of the *Night Dancers* — the libretto of which has really something to commend it — that the author should have overlooked so important a point in the construction of his plot. As it stands now, the book is well nigh incomprehensible, and adds another to the long catalogue of incomplete English poems written for music, of which *Robin Hood*, and one or two other librettos of worth, constitute the sole exceptions.

RUY BLAS.—Mr. Howard Glover is writing an opera to a book founded on the subject of this celebrated drama, and supplied by a well-known hand. The story is admirably suited to the purposes of the operatic stage; and few would be likely to treat it more congenially than Mr. Glover.

Letter to the Editor.

MERE MUSICIANS.

SIR,—I think it must have been through inadvertence that you inserted, some time ago, a paragraph from the *Scotsman*, under the above head. It is not surprising that in a country which never produced a real musician,—a composer—or even a great performer, and in which the only instrumental music known is a reel, strathspey, or some other contemptible dance tune, and in which the only sacred music recognised is a dreary psalm tune, drawled out in the puritanical nasal twang of a vulgar precentor, that low notions should prevail as to those whom Scotchmen designate as "mere musicians."

The animus of the paragraph is sufficiently evident, but it is very clumsily worded. Take the last member of the sentence by itself literally, and of course its truth is self-evident: "A mere musician" (meaning by this a mere fiddler or bagpiper, I suppose), "was never known to excel in aught but the gamut." But we may make the same assertion with respect to the other artistic pursuits named: a "mere" painter excels in nothing but his palette and brush, and so forth. When, however, the writer states by implication that excellence in music is incompatible "with high ability in political performance and the whole arrangement of human business," he makes an assertion which is grossly false, and which proves that he is totally ignorant of the matter on which he rashly ventures an opinion. I might begin with King David, King Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and the Emperor Charles V., who were all excellent musicians. These were not "*mere* musicians" it will be said: but the following were, and for the benefit of the paragraph-monger I will place after each name in what direction besides music each one distinguished himself: — W. Jackson, organist of Exeter Cathedral, author of several literary works, and a good landscape painter; Marcello, a member of the council of Forty, *Provveditore* of Pola, and treasurer of Brescia; Merbecke, author of the first concordance of the Bible; Steffani, chapel-master to the Elector of Hanover, maintained a high position as a scholar and statesman—the science of music, philosophy and polite letters, politics and public business were equally familiar to his practice and expanded abilities; Mattheson, organist and chapel-master of the Cathedral at Hamburgh, was a composer of operas and church-music, author of treatises on longitude, and "resident" in charge of English affairs in Lower Saxony; Philidor, eminent as a composer of music and as a chess player; Herschel, organist, and subsequently a celebrated astronomer. This list might be extended indefinitely, but I think I have, by these few examples taken at random, shown that musical excellence is not only not incompatible with high ability in other respects, but that it is frequently associated with large attainments in politics, literature, art, and science.

I would have this Scotchman know that music is a science as well as an art, though practised as neither in his country; and I would tell him in the words of a gentleman well qualified to speak on the subject, that—

"The labours of the poet, the sculptor, the painter, the architect, the musician, are but exemplifications of like talent, and demonstrations of similar intellectual power. Yet this is a truth to which many will give only a partial assent. They assign a subordinate rank not only to the labours of a single artist, but to an entire region of art which they have never happened to study, and to which they are therefore unable to apply the test of criticism. It was said by a competent judge, that Purcell is as much the pride of England as Shakspeare, Milton, or Newton. This assertion such persons would doubt, if not disbelieve; they would wonder to see a musician thus associated; but their wonder would cease if they were able to read and understand what he wrote. They would then discern the same self-sustained power, the same creative fancy, the same bright and original thought, the same intellectual vigour in his productions as in those of poet or philosopher."

Hoping to see no more sneers about "mere musicians," I remain, sir, yours truly,

CULVERTAIL.

Mutton Island, Channel Chops, Nov. 5th.

The Operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—One line may chronicle the doings of the English Opera during the two weeks past. The success of *Robin Hood* continues unabated. It will take three lines, however, to chronicle the doings of the Italian Opera in the same space of time, although nothing absolutely new has been adventured. The week before last *Il Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Huguenots* were given on alternate nights with *Robin Hood*; but the success of Verdi, Mozart, and Meyerbeer has in no way lessened the attraction of Mr. Macfarren. English dramatic music is at present decidedly in the ascendant. The prospects of "National Opera" never looked so flourishing. The success of *Robin Hood* is a warrant for that. There is just now no hint about what is to succeed Mr. Macfarren's opera. Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch*, we hear, is not yet ready, and should a new work be required at this side of Christmas, Mr. Frank Mori's *Bride of Florence* has, we believe, the best chance. The first operatic essay of the composer of *Fridolin*, and some of the most popular songs of the day, will be looked forward to with interest.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The revival of Mr. Loder's *Night Dancers* was a good idea, and deserved even more pains than the management has thought proper to bestow upon it. Its first performance on Saturday night drew together an audience, among whom were remarked a more than ordinary number of professors and amateurs. Mr. Loder, however, stands high in the estimation of the musical world, and the *Night Dancers* has always been considered his best work for the theatre. That it can stand the test of time was satisfactorily established on the present occasion, when its reception was quite as warm as on that of its first representation at the Princess's Theatre (Oct. 28, 1846), under the direction of Mr. Maddox, whose spirit and discrimination in producing some of the best English operas—instance, besides the one under notice, Mr. Balfe's *Castle of Aymon*, and Mr. Macfarren's *Charles II.*—have, perhaps, hardly been requited by a fair meed of acknowledgment. Not only were the more directly popular pieces—such as the light and brilliant overture (cymbals and side-drum, notwithstanding); the graceful serenade of Albert, "Wake, my love, all life is stirring;" the duet for Giselle and Albert, "He loves me—loves me not" (subject from the overture), so charmingly felt and exquisitely dialogued, which makes part of the first finale and illustrates the most poetical incident of Goethe's *Faust*, that of Margaret testing her lover's sincerity by the leaves of the divining flower; the duet for Albert and Bertha at the tomb of Giselle, "Peace to the dead," no less expressive and melodious in another style; the trio, "The Wilis of the night," one of the most fairylike passages in that scene of the second act which describes the moonlight revels of the night-dancers, &c.,—not only were these welcomed with enthusiasm, but unfeigned approval was elicited for the more serious portions of the opera, to which Mr. Loder owes his reputation as a dramatic composer, and which, in a great measure, combined with similar exhibitions of fancy and ingenious workmanship, have helped to win for him a title as difficult to support as it is honourable to possess—viz. that of "the English Auber." The legend of Mary, "Two suitors came," and the first song of Godfrey, "Laugh, my girls" (despite the triangle), were admired as before for their piquancy; but the serenade on the lake (sung behind the scenes), "Pull, brothers, pull," where the tenor solo is so pleasingly contrasted with the chorus of the boatmen—a piece which Auber might have signed—created a still more genuine *musical* sensation. Giselle's lively solo, "Wild is the spirit that fills me now" (again despite the triangle), a well-devised episode in the foregoing, and the symphony accompanying her half-whispered accents, as echoing in broken rhythm the last words of the serenade, the future Wili gradually sinks to sleep, the curtain falling as the music dies away revived some truly agreeable impressions. This is the end of what Mr

Soane, author of the book, has termed "Induction," and which he might more significantly, perhaps, if less pedantically, have styled Introduction. The chorus of vintagers, "Welcome, neighbours," has lost none of its freshly Auberish sparkle; the scene of Giselle's dream, one of the most extended and best imagined of the solo pieces, as little of its romantic character and felicitous orchestral colouring. The prettiness of Albert's song, "I cannot flatter if I would," an unaffected, and therefore not maudlin drawing-room ballad (*rara avis*), has in no wise faded. Better still, the admirable concerted piece, in which the disturbed elements of Giselle's vision—that spectral "Duke of Silesia," his spectral daughter Bertha, and his imaginary head-ranger Wilfrid are first presented—including, among other excellent things, Bertha's solo, "Our way has been both rough and long," and the capitally written sestet, "Will't please you stay?" preserves it musical and dramatic interest unimpaired. The huntsmen's chorus, too, "Here's a health to the forester good," if not by any means so stirring as that of Weber in *Der Freischutz*, must still be extolled for its vigour. Lastly, the finale to Act I.—a concerted piece of large proportions and ambitious texture, which opens with a solo for Fridolin, the beadle, conceived in the very spirit of Auber, and accomplished with all the finished neatness of that consummate French musician (who even might not have disdained the reminiscence from Bertha's little song in the *Barbiere*); which contains the duet already praised ("He loves me—loves me not"); a bacchanalian chorus, "Hail to our vintage Queen," fully bearing out its title; a "Silesian peasant's dance," and a "Silesian waltz," in the way of ballet music, which, if here and there rather emulating the manner of Auber than strictly fashioned on the Silesian type (touching the precise nature of which authorities may differ, without meeting a tribunal competent to decide), are as lively and rhythmically accentuated as the most energetic dancer could wish; a grave and impressive chorus of monks, "Holy waters o'er thee sprinkling;" a variety of ingenious incidental music, choral, concerted, solo, or instrumental, as the situation may require, and a short "*coda*" (tail-piece?), full of life, in which these cular personages join in the monkish strain, doubling, as it were, the force of the ecclesiastical four-part harmony, the whole constituting a scene of varied and strong excitement, though of unequal power, a scene in which, while the skilful arrangement of materials is at times more noticeable than the intrinsic worth of the materials themselves, the scenic "movement" is sustained so well, that the attention rarely flags—this finale proved quite as attractive as formerly, and was listened to from end to end with interest, the curtain descending a second time amid unanimous and well-merited applause. The last act, as when the opera first came out, was unanimously voted the most perfect. Nor can there, we think, be a question about its superiority. The opening scene at the tomb of Giselle contains the duet for Albert and Bertha, already lauded; a quintet, with chorus, "Ah, sure sweet maid," which, as a clever example of vocal part-writing, may rank with the sestet in the preceding act; a characteristic air, with chorus, "He who lingers here when the phantoms rise," the instrumentation of which recalls the Witch's song in Auber's *Gustave;* and a song for Albert, "Wake from thy grave, Giselle," another example of sentiment not overstrained and consequently sympathetic. All these were heard with renewed pleasure by those who remembered them, and with not less satisfaction by those who did not; although—well as it was given—the song of Albert hardly revived the strong impression it used invariably to create when sung by Mr. Allen at the Princess's Theatre. The "tableau" which immediately follows—that where Giselle becomes a Wili, and joins in the gambols of the night-dancers, where Fridolin, enticed by the charms of these seductive spirits, is lured to his destruction; and where, just as Albert is equally on the point of being sacrificed, the day dawns, the Wilis vanish. Giselle awakes from her dream, and the scene slowly changing to that of her own chamber, where, scarcely quit of the *simulacra* that took so powerful a hold of her dormant senses, she kneels before the image of the Virgin, and utters her morning prayer (an "Ave Maria," as fresh as anything that precedes it)—is one of those lucky inspirations, marshalled into shape by unerring art, to which criticism has nothing to say, or which, at most, it must dismiss with an unqualified "Well done!" The chorusses and dances of the Wilis, the air of Giselle, "What new delightful being," after her metamorphosis, "Pretty Spirits" (theme from the overture), Fridolin's exhortation to his supernatural tormentors, and Giselle's apostrophe to Albert at the end, are all so good, so thoroughly to the purpose, and knit together into so effective a whole, that to select passages for preference would be a task alike difficult and thankless. From the moment the night dancers are first beheld, to the moment when they vanish at the approach of the morning, the music is in an artistic sense irreproachable as it is genial, picturesque, and charming. This was the general verdict long ago, and it received a triumphant confirmation on Saturday night. It were to be desired that the opera finished with the "Ave Maria," or, at any rate, with something more worthy of the rest than the tame "bravura" (with chorus), in which the now happy Giselle gives vent to her emotions.

That Mr. Loder is a disciple of Auber, it would be absurd to deny; but "*tel maître tel écolier*" aptly applies in this instance. Such disciples are unfortunately rare. In every particular Mr. Loder worthily emulates the admirable model of his predilection. In his handling of the orchestra, indeed, he can scarcely be pronounced Auber's inferior. Few living composers excel our countryman in this especial department. He knows the character and resources of every instrument, and his combinations are as rich and varied as they are ingenious; with him there is no experiment, being as certain of the effect he intends as though the orchestra was but a single instrument in his hands, and on which he had acquired the art of performing with invariable facility. His skill is declared unmistakeably in the *Night Dancers*, and especially in the scene of the Wilis, the music of which would do credit to any composer. Not to pursue this subject, however, it is pleasant to find the eulogies lavished, no more recently than 1846, thoroughly borne out by the result of fourteen years later, when, the popular taste for what is healthy and good in art having made such marked progress, a musician of earnest purpose as well as natural aptitude must address an audience at once more competent to judge and difficult to please. The *Night Dancers* was accepted now as it was accepted a long time since, with the favour rarely bestowed except on works of unquestionable merit. This in the case of Mr. Loder becomes a still greater source of satisfaction, as there is reason to believe that fortune has not dealt kindly by him; that for a very considerable period severe sickness has weighed him down, and wholly debarred him from the exercise of his calling; and that he never at any moment stood more absolutely in need of public indulgence and of the kind sympathy of his professional brethren. This may be stated without indiscretion as without reserve, inasmuch as it has already gone forth to the world, and been the theme of comment in musical circles. The composer of *Nourjahad*, the work which probably first set English musicians thinking about attempting something more and better than, with rare exceptions, they had hitherto done for the theatre; the composer of the "Sacred songs, dedicated to Sterndale Bennett;" of those genuine British effusions, "The Brave Old Oak" and "The Old House at Home;" and last, not least, of the opera of the *Night Dancers*, the merits of which have been so warmly and unanimously admitted, has claims to consideration not to be denied by those who take delight in music, and acknowledge the beneficial influence of its general diffusion among the various classes of society.

The book of the *Night Dancers* has more than once been described, and it is not a very grateful task to describe it. Moreover, those who are uninitiated, if frequenters of the opera, are surely acquainted with the story of Giselle, which has been exhibited in so many forms since Carlotta Grisi first enchanted the admirers of the ballet in that most graceful and poetical (*Esmeralda* hardly excepted) of her assumptions, and the main incidents of which, so far as they are connected with the original legend, are also those of the *Night Dancers*. Enough that the "Wilis" are supposed to be young affianced girls, who die on the eve of their appointed wedding. In the tomb they are seized with an irresistible passion for dancing, and at midnight, dressed as for the bridal, with jewels on their fingers and wreaths of flowers round their heads, perform a series of mystic saltatory evolutions until the approach of morning drives them back again to their graves. Although their features are rigid—

> "And white with the whiteness of what is dead"—

they are endowed with a supernatural beauty, so fascinating that any one who comes under the influence of its attraction involuntarily joins them in the dance, and continues dancing until killed by sheer exhaustion. The author of the book of the *Night Dancers*, discarding the unearthly machinery, treats the incident of the Wilis as a dream. Giselle, about to be married to Albert, her fancy excited by these wild and romantic stories, imagines in her sleep a succession of events that in the sequel bring herself to the condition of a Will, and her lover to that of one of her victims. She awakes, however, and "there's an end." The incidents of the dream are obscurely shadowed forth, and the "pourquoi" of one or two of the situations hard to explain; but they have inspired music which will in all probability preserve them from oblivion, and on that account may lay claim to a certain amount of respect. The "comic" business, however might advantageously be curtailed even now—especially the humours of the beadle Fridolin, with his "Pontificalibus," his "coram populo," his "proofs logistic and syllogistic"—which, logically (logistically?) or syllogistically, can be shown to be by no means as racy as that of Mr. Bumble.

A few words about the performance and we have done. The instrumental and choral music of Mr. Loder is well calculated to exhibit the universally recognised talent of the Covent Garden performers; nevertheless, the execution left something to desire, which no one knows

better than Mr. Alfred Mellon, while no one is better able to ensure the requisite efficiency. Indeed, at intervals the effect was rather that of a "dress rehearsal" than of a public representation. Mad. Palmieri, to whom was allotted the trying part of Giselle, was evidently indisposed, and this prevented her from doing either herself or the composer justice. Occasionally—as in the duet with Albert, "He loves me—loves me not," and in one or two other places—she sang extremely well, charmingly in short. She must endeavour, nevertheless, to make the living Giselle a little more sprightly than the phantom "Wili," or she may as well be a ghost from the first scene to the last. The little part of Mary was prettily looked, prettily acted, and very prettily sung by the clever and always progressing Miss Thirlwall, who should become the "very pearl" of vocal soubrettes. Miss Leffler, too, was all that could be wished as Bertha; while the three principal Wilis found careful representatives in Misses Albertazzi, Leng, and Mary Huddart, the first-named demanding a word of praise apart. The trio in the last act was one of the best executed of the concerted pieces, and created a lively impression on the audience; but the reception was by no means as satisfactory as the first attempt. The men's characters were thus distributed:—Albert, Mr. Haigh; Godfrey, Mr. T. Distin; Duke, Mr. G. Kelly; Fridolin, Mr. Corri; Wilfrid, Mr. Lyall. Mr. Corri is clever, painstaking, and ambitious of applause (of which, by the way, he obtained a volley, in the scene where the Wilis compel the beadle to dance); but, his humour not being spontaneous, he should be careful not to overact his part. With such an ungrateful voice as he possesses he gets wonderfully well through the music, which, nevertheless, he is not obliged to sing eternally "staccato." Mr. Haigh has advanced another step. About the agreeable quality of this gentleman's voice it is unnecessary to repeat what was said a short time since; but we have much pleasure in recording that he is acquiring a command over it which he never boasted, or at least never evinced till recently. The music of Albert lies somewhat high (it was written for Mr. Allen); and this, if we remember rightly, necessitated the transposition of one of the songs. It is melodious, however, in almost every instance; and Mr. Haigh gave frequent evidence of an expression at once graceful and subdued, of a feeling for well-balanced phrasing, which is indispensable to perfect vocalisation, and of other good qualities that warrant us in hoping that, adopting "Excelsior" for his motto, he may continue to progress. That he stands well in the graces of the public was shown by the warm manifestations of approval he continually elicited.

In repeating that the opera was favourably received from first to last, we may add that among the incidents subsequent to the fall of the curtain was the appearance before the footlights of Mr. Loder, who, in obedience to a loud and unanimous summons, was led forward by Mr. Harrison, the manager. The *Night Dancers* has been given every evening during the week. The houses have been generally good; but the best was on Thursday, when the performance was for the benefit of Mr. Loder.

The Theatres.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday, a new drama by Mr. Watts Phillips, entitled *A Story of the* '45, was brought out under circumstances more than ordinarily advantageous, Mr. Benjamin Webster, the lessee of the Adelphi, intrusting the fortunes of his own house to the still potent attraction of the *Colleen Bawn*, in which he does not play, had come over to "Old Drury" to sustain the principal character, and had brought Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Paul Bedford, and Miss Henrietta Sims in his train, so that there was the remarkable phenomenon of a Drury-lane piece acted almost by an Adelphi company. The heartiness with which the new comers were welcomed easily expanded into a disposition to hear the drama with marked favour, and the author was still further assisted by some of those scenic effects which are especially adapted to a large stage. A view of the Thames by moonlight, with a remarkably clever imitation of swiftly flying clouds, caused a well-merited cry for "Beverley," to which the inimitable scene-painter replied by a prompt appearance in front of his work. Hogarth's two pictures, the "March to Finchley," and "England," reproduced in living *tableaux*, had, moreover, a lively and exhilarating effect. The hero of the piece is Sir Andrew Silverton (Mr. Webster), a gentleman who during the period of his youth has been engaged in some of the earlier Jacobite plots, but who in the '45 has sufficiently reformed his politics to become a secret agent in the employ of the Government. Against Sir William Ashford (Mr. Spencer), a Jacobite gentleman, he harbours a deep resentment on account of certain wrongs committed long before the commencement of the drama, but he smothers his hatred, under a show of sincere friendship, wearing the mask of a laughing philosopher, while he is searching for proofs that may bring Sir William to the scaffold, his accomplice in the dishonourable work being Enoch Flicker (Mr. Toole), Sir William's steward, an agent like himself in the service of Walpole. One night, however, Isabel Ashford (Miss H. Sims), observing the entrance of an intruder into her father's garden, ascends the pedestal once occupied by a statue, and sees a man in a mask enter the house. Cyril Silverton (Mr. M'Lein), to whom she is secretly married, she despatches to stop the stranger's progress, and the young gentleman is greatly shocked to discover his own father in the capacity of a spy. On the following day an explanation takes place between Sir Andrew Silverton and his son, the former justifying at great length his hatred against Ashford, the latter confessing the secret of his marriage, and imploring his father to abandon his vindictive intentions. Touched by the situation of his son, Sir Andrew resolves not only to refrain from the persecution of Ashford, but also to rescue him from the clutches of Flicker, who has pilfered from his bureau a most compromising document. To effect this deliverance another personage is required, one Evan M'Ian (Mr. Belford), a Highlander, who resides in London, partly because he is enamoured of Jessie M'Leod (Miss Clyde), daughter of a wealthy cutler, partly because he desires to be revenged on an unknown individual who brought his father to the Grassmarket at Edinburgh. Evan in a jealous fit has contrived apparently to kill a gallant captain, who is his rival with Jessie, and though the seeming death was the result of a fair combat, there is no one to prove that it was anything but an assassination, except Sir Andrew, who witnessed the encounter, and has concealed Evan in his own house. Flicker, who also hopes to marry Jessie, and consequently to hang Evan, trusts that his friend Sir Andrew will not raise any inconvenient obstacle, and as it is he, moreover, who caused the death of Evan's father, the wild Highlander has a double reason for exterminating him, and listens with pleasure to Sir Andrew's proposal to place him where he can without difficulty send a bullet through his enemy's head. By a little mistake Sir Andrew is shot himself instead of Flicker, but does not die till he has burnt the document that imperils Sir William Ashford, and has heard a second report from Evan's musket, which assures him that Flicker is no more. As for the murdered captain, he is revivified in time to marry Jessie.

Considered as a drama, without the accessories incident to its production at Drury Lane, this is by no means one of Mr. Phillips's best works. There are two scenes which become powerful through the fine acting of Mr. Webster, and Mr. Toole was, perhaps, never seen to such advantage as when he depicts the frantic rage of Flicker on perceiving the failure of his plans. But there is no character on which the interest of an audience can be concentrated, the striking situations are few and far between, and the action is constantly retarded by dialogue, which, evidently written with care, does not tell much with the general public. We are not sure that the pleasantest part of the work is not that in which the principal figure is a melodious recruiting sergeant, played by Mr. Paul Bedford, and the stage is enlivened by the squabbles between a Jacobite and a Hanoverian ballad-singer, respectively sustained by Miss Thirlwall and Miss Howard. In connection with these personages, who are wholly independent of the plot, occur the Hogarthian pictures, and the old-fashioned tunes judiciously selected by Mr. Tully; and it is more as the illustration of a period than as an interesting drama that the piece appeals to the public. The applause at the conclusion was unanimous.

LYCEUM.—An original drama was produced at this theatre on Monday evening with remarkable success. It is entitled, *Adrienne; or, The Secret of a Life*. The plot may be thus cursorily described. A rich French heiress (Adrienne) is staying at Rome, and is the object of the attentions of a young artist (Savignié), who is painting her portrait, and of a nondescript villain (De Grassac), who peremptorily demands her hand on the strength of a secret which he threatens to disclose, should she refuse him. A duel takes place between Savignié and De Grassac, in consequence of the free use made of the heroine's name by the latter

person, his motive for speaking slightingly of the lady he expects to marry being, however, unexplained. At the conclusion of the duel, when the villain is seriously wounded, Adrienne appears on the scene, invited thither by her heartless admirer to decide her matrimonial fate. Observing her indecision, he is about to divulge the terrible secret to the ears of the heroic Savignié, whom Adrienne loves, when he is arrested in the fatal words by the unhappy heroine declaring herself his affianced wife. Thus the first act ends with the preservation of Adrienne's secret at the sacrifice of her heart.

In the next act the wounded man is being unwillingly but dutifully nursed by his betrothed in a "lonely chateau in France." Six months have elapsed since the duel, but De Grassac becomes worse every day. Aggravated by his prolonged sufferings, he suspects foul play, and despatches a bottle of his lotion for the examination of an eminent physician at a distance. A letter from this doctor, informing the patient that his lotion is an irritant poison, arrives just in time for the invalid to announce the startling fact to his servants, and to accuse Adrienne of his murder, before his death takes place, at the end of the second act.

In the third act the scene is in the mountains. The heroic artist Savignié, who, embittered at the loss of Adrienne, had enlisted as a soldier, now appears as a rapidly-advanced colonel at the head of his troops. Among his most painful duties is the order he receives to arrest the beautiful Adrienne, who had fled to the hills from the charge of poisoning De Grassac. The heroic officer, however, declines to perform his duty, and bids the lady fly. This she refuses to do, and is about to throw herself from a precipice, rather than involve the devoted colonel in a breach of duty, when there appears on the heights a faithful mulatto servant, belonging to Adrienne. He declares himself the murderer of De Grassac, and immediately afterwards springs into the chasm beneath. Adrienne is now free from the suspicion of murder, and is likewise relieved of the secret which had embittered her life, it having been just opportunely cleared up by a captive brigand. Always believing herself to be the natural daughter of her mother through a false marriage, she now learns that her mother had been accidentally married in a legitimate manner, and her honour was thereby saved. Every objection to the marriage of Adrienne and Savignié being now removed, the curtain descends, as the colonel observes in behalf of the poor mulatto, who had sacrificed himself for his mistress, that "according to the amount of the temptation, so is the measure of the punishment which Heaven awards the guilty." Several minor characters are introduced in the piece with excellent effect. The great merit of the drama is that the interest never fails, but increases with every scene. It is excellently written, being throughout pointed, amusing, and epigrammatic. The leading parts were admirably played by Mad. Celeste, Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Neville, and Mr. George Vining. At the end of every act the performers were recalled, and at the conclusion of the piece, the author, Mr. Leslie, was received with great enthusiasm, the manager having previously announced *Adrienne* as his first production.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE third season was inaugurated on Monday night most propitiously. The programme was agreeable and interesting from end to end, the performers, all of the first class, playing and singing their very best, and the audience that crowded St. James's Hall as able to appreciate as eager to applaud. Three great composers, who, though they have fulfilled very different missions in art, have each in a remarkable degree contributed to its progress, and, moreover, possess a something (almost, it may be, undefinable) in common — Spohr, Dussek, and Weber — were drawn upon for the selection, vocal and instrumental; and certainly, belonging as they all do, more or less, to the "romantic" (in the deep-felt, earnest signification of the term) and, at intervals, *quasi*-"melancholy" school, their united efforts resulted in as cheerful and brilliant a musical entertainment as, perhaps, was ever provided. Here and there a bit of "sentiment," it is true, peeped out; but it came like a stray sunbeam on a bracing winter-day, and the contrast only helped to endow the predominating vigour of the rest with the additional life and charm. We subjoin the programme: —

PART I.

Quartet, in G minor (strings)	Spohr.
Song, "Rose softly blooming" (Azore e Zemira) .	Spohr.
Canzonet, "Name the glad day"	Dussek.
Sonata, in C major, Op. 24, Pianoforte solus .	Weber.

PART II.

Sonata, in B flat, Op. 69 (pianoforte and violin) .	Dussek.
Song, "Restore those visions bright." . . .	Spohr.
Song, "Glöcklein im Thale" (Euryanthe) . .	Weber.
Quartet, in B flat (pianoforte and strings) . .	Weber.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

Spohr's quartet is one of the most immaculate productions of his early period, when, not yet absolutely "Spohr," but an ardent disciple of Mozart, he wrote with scarcely less consummate mastery and all but the inspired simplicity of that truly greatest of "absolute musicians"—to employ one of the happiest expressions of Herr Wagner, in a sense diametrically opposed to that which, in all probability (arguing from the context), Herr Wagner intended. The quartet in G minor is a work of genius beyond contradiction; and its spontaneous character, accompanied throughout by refined and exquisite beauty of ideas, is apt to cause regret that its composer should ever have branched out into the more individual but less amiable and engaging train of thought that led to those elaborate works with which his name has been almost exclusively associated. Spohr was not a commanding "self-luminous" intellect like Beethoven and Mendelssohn. He could doubtless think differently from other men, his predecessors and contemporaries; but it is a question whether, if, as he was well able to do, he had continued developing the idea of Mozart—as certain painters develope the idea of greater inventors, not greater artists, than themselves, instead of, like Beethoven, addressing the world in a language exclusively his own, he would not have produced more lasting works and entitled himself to more universal sympathy. Why, in order to win consideration, every musician, any more than every painter, should be expected to be "original," it would be difficult to explain. The air from *Azor e Zemira*, an opera produced not very many years after the quartet, again breathes the spirit of Mozart. It is evidently (and closely) modelled on "Voi che sapete;" and yet (higher praise could not be accorded) it may be placed side by side with that incomparable piece, and lose but little in comparison. The chamber-song in Part II. is one of the commonplaces of which Spohr was more frequently guilty than other decidedly great masters. "*Homerus dormitat*" sometimes; Spohr very often; Weber *never*. But, though Weber never sleeps, his wakefulness is not seldom the result of an over-feverish temperament. Witness, for instance, many passages—lengthened drawn-out passages—in the at times magnificent sonata, Op. 24, which, if all were as good as the last movement, would be a masterpiece. Nevertheless, the most unsatisfactory parts of this unequal composition possess a certain degree of interest. The leading thoughts are invariably fresh and vigorous, although the working out is occasionally diffuse and rambling. There is strength if not direction, as with a giant stumbling in the dark; and every false step leaves the impression of misapplied power, rather than of laborious incapacity. The vocal specimen of Weber conveys a sufficiently vivid notion of that cherished work upon which Robert Schumann affirmed he had "wasted his heart's blood," and of which Beethoven said, when Weber, stung by the cold reception it had met with, entreated the great "tone-poet" to retouch it—"*The thing is good, leave it alone*"—the opera of *Euryanthe*. Strange to say (*why* strange?), the honours of this excellent concert fell to the least known master of the three — at any rate least known to the majority of modern amateurs. Dussek, both in the vocal and instrumental contest, carried off the palm. The thoroughly enchanting sonata for pianoforte and violin—enchanting from its grace, its spontaneity, and its genuine unaffected individuality — created nothing short of a "furore;" and the audience, setting at defiance a rule, the habitual infringement of which cannot prove otherwise than detrimental to such performances as these, insisted upon a repetition of the final rondo. The extraordinary success achieved by this sonata (in B flat), which has been several times played, should encourage the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts—who, by the way, at the eleventh hour, has publicly announced his name (Mr. S. Arthur Chappell)—to introduce its

equally charming companion in G major, belonging to the same collection (Op. 69). The vocal "hit" of Dussek was achieved by a canzonet of exquisite loveliness—"Name the glad day, dear"—one of a set of six, which, though unknown to the present generation, are as worthy of being known as the most beautiful of Haydn. The revival of the compositions of so genial a master has been one of the distinguishing features of the concerts at St. James's Hall, where Dussek has created almost as much enthusiasm as Beethoven himself. Monday night brought such a triumph for the Bohemian musician, as would have delighted the ill-fated Prince Ferdinand of Prussia himself, who loved Dussek, his pianoforte playing, and his music almost as much as he hated the French nation, its government and its politics.

The vocal performers were Miss Augusta Thomson, who gave Spohr's songs, especially the one from *Azor and Zemira*, very sweetly, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, whose singing in the canzonet of Dussek, was worthy of the music, which is as much as to say absolute perfection. She was unanimously recalled; but, faithful to the good example she has lately followed at Her Majesty's Theatre, and which Mr. Sims Reeves,—who has been compelled to sing three pieces out of four twice over (occasionally thrice) for the last ten years, has courageously and discreetly (as much to the advantage of the audience as of himself) initiated—declined to accept the "encore." The executants in the quartet were Herr Becker, one of the great favourites of last season, who now showed himself as much at home with Spohr, Dussek, and Weber, as he had already done with Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; Herr Ries, who has ably sustained the second violin since the institution of the Monday Popular Concerts; M. Schreurs, the most expert player on the viola whom the Continent has sent us; and Signor Piatti, the violoncellist without a rival, who has succeeded to the throne of Lindley, and occupies it with even greater distinction than his renowned predecessor. The pianist was M. Charles Hallé, one of the most expert, erudite, and accomplished of classical performers. This gentleman never played more admirably than in the *scherzo* and *finale* of Weber's sonata, at the end of which, as at the conclusion of Dussek's sonata (with Herr Becker), he was unanimously recalled to the platform. Mr. Benedict, the prince of accompanists, occupied his accustomed post, alike to the satisfaction of the singers and the audience.

At the next performance (Nov. 19) the instrumental pieces, including a quartet and pianoforte sonata never yet given at these concerts, will be selected from the works of Mozart.

Provincial.

WORCESTER.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul gave one of their entertainments at the Music Hall, on Wednesday evening. As mimics, Mr. and Mrs. Paul are certainly clever, and their impersonations of the varied characters named in the programme secured the applause of a more than usually crowded house. The entertainment embodied, besides illustrations of character, English, Scotch, and Irish ballads, operatic selections, whims and oddities, and some well-selected music, so that there was a succession of novelties of a choice and amusing character. Mrs. Paul's portraiture of our great tenor, Sims Reeves, was to the letter, and her "make" up excellent. For this, she was rewarded with a hearty *encore*. Several of the songs were redemanded, and altogether the entertainment was very successful.—*Benowe's Journal.*

DUBLIN.—Mad. Clara Novello has taken her last farewell of the Dublin public. On Wednesday, the 7th inst., she sang at the Philharmonic Society, and on Thursday at the Ancient Concerts. Mad. Novello, in her farewell tour, continues to adhere to the same programme nearly, wisely, perhaps, since it comprises all her best pieces in various styles. The selections from the *Messiah* and *Creation* display her talents in the sacred school; the aria "Com, è bello," and air 'Robert, toi que j'aime!" exhibit her powers in the Italian and French school; while the English ballad, "The beating of my own heart," and the Scotch Jacobite song, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," are specimens of her simple and expressive manner. How finely she sings all we are invariably reminded whenever we read of the lady's doings. Of Mad. Novello's last two appearances, and of the concerts at which she bade her final adieus, the *Evening Mail* thus speaks:—

"The concerts of the above societies, which took place on Wednesday and Thursday evenings last, were of more than ordinary interest, as they formed a portion of Mad. Clara Novello's farewell performances—by far the most important portion, as the three concerts subsequently given in the Rotunda, being without an orchestra, did not approach them in magnitude. It was lucky for the musical public in Dublin that Mad. Novello came just at the opening of the seasons of the two societies we have mentioned, as it gave an opportunity of hearing the gifted lady both in secular and sacred song, with an assurance that the best and most effective selections would be made for the occasion. The programme of the Philharmonic contained some pieces which, independent of all extraneous aid, should have been sufficient to attract and delight an audience; while that of the Antient's comprised a selection of—*can* we say the best, where all are so exquisite—of the most attractive and best known solos and chorusses from the *Messiah* and *Creation*. Here was a selection of which Mad. Novello might herself feel proud. The two concerts were musical entertainments so excellent and so well contrasted that they were not only calculated to gratify but convey instruction. From the instrumental music given at the Philharmonic, we may mention Haydn's symphony, No. 7, a work of great beauty, full of melody, abounding with delicate and elegant figures of instrumentation, and rising to climax by the most legitimate artistic expedients. In fact the work of a man who was born a musician, and who could no more help giving forth music, beautiful and harmonious, than the flowers could refrain from putting forth their blossoms to the returning spring. This symphony was so well and intelligibly played as to make us hope more of Hadyn's works will be revived during this season, as no other compositions are so well fitted to generate a love for instrumental music. Beethoven's fine and vigorous overture, *Corialan*, was likewise boldly rendered, and Weber's *Abon Hassan* played the company out, as organists say. We must mention, in terms of no common praise, some charming part-singing by the members of the "English Glee and Madrigal Union." Horsley's "When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree," was sung with special charm, and unanimously redemanded. Spofforth's "Marked you her eye"—though the duet commencing is tedious—was likewise sung with much elegance; and Bishop's lovely quintett, "Blow gentle gales," went with rare felicity. We could not help thinking how far superior these vocal part-pieces by our English worthies are to the German quartetts which have been so much the vogue amongst our Dublin amateurs of late years. But then the English glees require good voices, and the cultivation of the vocal art to express them, while the German part-songs, mostly written for students, demand little voice and less art to vociferate them, coarse loudness being one of their essentials. Genuine singers the English glee possessed, in Messrs. Baxter, Lawler, Cummings and Land. Mad. Novello's singing on Wednesday evening was distinguished by all that purity of tone and grace of utterance which have characterised this gifted artist for many years back. She sang, "Robert, toi que j'aime!" "Com è bello," and "The beating of my own heart," and to an encore of the latter, "Bonnie Prince Charlie." We lament she was not accompanied in the two first *arias* by the orchestra, as much of the effect was lost by a mere pianoforte accompaniment. We understand this was in accordance with Mad. Novello's desire; nevertheless, the committee should not have complied, more particularly as there were present an efficient band and competent conductor. Herr Molique played a *romance*, by Lafont, on the violin; Mlle. Anna Molique two pi .. forte solos.

The selection at the Ancient Concerts was made from the *Messiah* and *Creation*. "The Pastoral Symphony" opened the performance, followed by "There were Shepherds," beautifully declaimed by Mad. Novello. This lady also sang "Come unto Him, all ye that labour," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in the portions from the *Messiah*; and in those from the *Creation*—"the Marvellous Work" and "With verdure clad." These pieces were rendered with a felicity precious with devotional feeling, and adorned with artistic expression of the highest order, while the voice, the gift of nature, for pure deliciousness of tone and sympathy with the phrases uttered, has never been equalled. Indeed, we do not hope to hear such an exponent of sacred song again, and the retirement of Mad. Novello in the prime of her powers will cause a blank not easily to be filled up at all the future great musical gatherings in England. Miss Eyles sang "He was despised" expressively. "Thy rebuke" and "Behold and see," as rendered by Mr. Cummings, were not happy vocal displays, evincing a want of both cultivation of voice and manner. He gave "Now vanish before the holy beams" with rather more fervour; yet it would be advisable for him to keep solely to part-singing, in which he is very efficient, at least for the

present. Mr. Lawler sang "Why do the nations," and "Rolling in foaming billows," skilfully, and with a tone and power that will ultimately make him a valuable addition to our oratorio singers. The chorusses were throughout admirable, well balanced, brightly in tune, and sonorous, and the band was careful, clear, and without weakness. It is a matter of congratulation to both societies that the English artists who gave their services at the two concerts, will carry away favourable impressions of our Dublin chorus and orchestra, and it is really a matter of surprise to us how they could be brought together with so much efficiency at the commencement of the Dublin season. This gives us hope, nay assurance, of progress during the remainder of the season. On the whole, the two performances were most creditable. The "Philharmonic" was under the direction of Mr. Bussell, and "The Ancients" conducted by Mr. Joseph Robinson.

CORK.—At the farewell performance of Mad. Rudersdorff's Opera Company, the selection consisted of the last act of *Sonnambula*, the fourth act of *Trovatore*, and the Singing Lesson in the *Daughter of the Regiment*, concluding with a farce. The portion of *Trovatore* which was performed presented a feature which was looked for with much interest, as it had been generally rumoured that our talented fellow-citizen Mr. Topham was to sing behind the scenes in the celebrated Miserere scene. Nothing could exceed the rapturous applause with which both Mad. Rudersdorff and Mr. Topham were received, both being called before the curtain, when they were greeted with loud plaudits from boxes, pit, and gallery—all of which were densely crowded. The singing of Mad. Rudersdorff, especially in the scene from the *Daughter of the Regiment*, was such as to create rather imperative demands for an *encore*, with which she obligingly complied by singing three songs additional to those in the opera. At the conclusion of the performance she was called before the curtain, when she came forward to the front of the stage, and warmly thanking the public of Cork for their kind reception of her, stated that the Company intended again visiting the city on the approach of Christmas, when she hoped she would receive a *Cead Mille Failthe*. The announcement was received with loud and continued cheering.—*Cork Advertiser.*

AN ENGLISH COMPOSER ON THE CONTINENT.—Mr. Ferdinand Quentin Duliken (son of the late Mad. Duliken), at present residing in Warsaw, is writing two operas which he intends bringing out upon the London stage. They will be entitled *Waverley* and *A Game of Chess*; the latter being a comic opera in one act.—*Communicated.*]

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MR. WILLIAM GRAEFF NICHOLLS begs to inform his friends and pupils that he WILL RETURN to town to 33 Argyle Street, towards the end of the present month.—Penzance, Cornwall, Nov. 20.

MISS PALMER begs to announce to her friends and pupils that she has REMOVED to Sherwood Cottage, 25 Park Village East, Regent's Park, N.W.

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January 8, 15, 22, 29	Choral Practice.
" 23	Conversazione.
February 6	Ordinary General Meeting of Fellows.
" "	" " " of Society.
" 5, 12, 19, 26	Choral Practice.
" 27	Orchestral Concert.
March 5, 12, 19, 26	Choral Practice.
" 6	Fellows' Meeting for Discussion, &c.
" 20	Trial of New Chamber Compositions.
April 10	Orchestral Concert.
" 16, 23, 30	Choral Practice.
" 17	Fellows' Meeting for Discussion, &c.
May 7, 14, 21, 28	Choral Practice.
" 8	Orchestral Concert.
" 22	Trial of New Chamber Compositions.
June 4	Choral Practice.
" 5	Orchestral Concert.
July 3	Conversazione.
November 6	Fellows' Meeting for Discussion, &c.
" 19, 26	Choral Practice.
December 3, 10, 17	Choral Practice.

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"GOOD NIGHT," (Cradle Song—Wiegenlied) composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT, price 2s. 6d. London: published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

The day, pretty darling, draws near to its close,
Come, cease from your play, on your pillow repose,
You peep from the cradle still laughing and bright,
Kind angels for ever preserve you, good night.

With freedom from sorrow, dear child, you are blest,
To you a pure heaven is your fond mother's breast;
Wild passion some day will your happiness blight,
Kind angels preserve you, my darling, good night.

Ah! happy is he who can slumber like you,
Be ever, dear child, to your innocence true,
The righteous are watched by the spirits of light,
Who guard them while sleeping, my darling, good night.

"Few songs of modern days have achieved a more decided or better merited success than Herr Reichardt's charming lied, "Thou art so near and yet so far," which has for the last two years been the delight of all concert-goers and drawing-room vocalists of more than ordinary pretensions. Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have just published a new composition, from the same original and elegant pen, entitled "Good Night" (a cradle song). The words are exquisitely simple and unaffected, being the address of a mother to her sleeping babe; and it is but justice to Herr Reichardt to say that he has wedded an exquisite domestic poem to a most graceful, unaffected melody, which breathes the very spirit of maternal tenderness. The song, which is written for a tenor voice—the composer being, as our readers know, one of the first of living German vocalists—is in the key of F major; and to amateurs of taste we can cordially recommend "The Cradle Song" as a composition worthy of their attention."—*Liverpool Mail.*

NEW WALTZ, "The Woman in White," Valse mystérieuse, by Charles Marriott, dedicated to Wilkie Collins, Esq., is just published price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 10.

THE month of November is not propitious to the operatic or dramatic world. A skirmishing party of colds, catarrhs, and influenzas prelude the advance of winter, and many a distinguished artist, disabled, has to retire to the rear. Among others, M. Gueymard has been incapacitated by a severe lumbar affection, or, as we should say, a lumbago, and the revival of Halevy's *Juive* would have had to be postponed had not a M. Rénard been in readiness to supply the gap. Mlle. Marie Sax made her first appearance in the part of Rachel, and thoroughly succeeded in the attempt. Mad. Vandenheuvel-Duprez, as the Princess Eudoxia, was no less successful; while M. Rénard looked the character of Eleazar to perfection, and acquitted himself of the music to the entire satisfaction of the audience. All three artists were called before the curtain. This revival, it is presumed, will carry the opera on to the production of the new ballet which, it is expected, will do great things. There has been considerable debate as to the title under which it is to appear. One of the authors was anxious to confer on it the Italian name *Farfalla*, which, being interpreted, signifieth butterfly. This was objected, however, with some show of reason, on the ground that the scene of the ballet is in Circassia; whereupon the Circassian term for that coleopterous insect was suggested, namely, *Kelebek*, but the sound was deemed too harsh for Parisian ears. The Persian synoyme, *Pervaneh*, was rejected for the like cause. Why all this overhauling of oriental dictionaries should be thought necessary it is difficult to conceive, when the French word *Papillon* would be at once euphonious and intelligible, without the aid of any moonshee or dragoman whatever; or again, the name of the principal personage, *Leila*, would be an unexceptionable title. It is curious how important a title is considered to be in theatrical circles, and how really little depends on it beyond the first few nights. Success will make the obscurest and most *baroque* title clear and euphonious as the jingling of *louis-d'ors*.

The Italian Opera has been in a perfect torrent of prosperity. The reappearance of Mario, and the return of Ronconi to Paris after an absence of ten years, have been the very intelligible cause of this flood of good fortune. Mario, Ronconi, and Alboni are the only Almaviva, Figaro, and Rosina of the day, and we doubt whether either has been surpassed of yore. The good Parisians, for once, are sensible of this artistic verity, and applaud them *ad nubes*.

The new opéra comique by Scribe and Auber is in full preparation. The principal artists to whom it is to be intrusted are Mlle. Monrose, Mlle. Prevost, MM. Montaubry, Couderc, Barrielle and Ambroise. There is also immediately forthcoming a new opera in one act by MM. Sauvage and Ambroise Thomas. It is generally reported that an important change is about to take place in the artistic staff of the Opéra Comique. Mad. Ugalde is to retire and Mad. Saint-Urbain is to exchange the boards of the Italian stage for those of the Salle Favart.

At the Théâtre Lyrique *Orphée* has been taken up again with Mad. Viardot, who has thus anticipated the period announced for her reappearance, namely the beginning of January. A Mlle. Oruil made her *début* in Gluck's Opera with some success. Her voice is fresh and flexible, though somewhat weak in the middle notes.

The Français has had a successful new comedy by M. Camille Doucet, entitled *La Considération*. Regnier, Geffroy, Monrose, Bressant, and Mesdames Guyon, Favart, and Figiac play in it, all of whom are said to have good parts.

The minor theatres have not been doing much. At the Palais Royal there has been a parody of Octave Feuillet's new drama *Rédemption*, and at the Variétés a new vaudeville called *Guide de l'Etranger dans Paris*, in which Le Clerc and Mlle. Alphonsine play. Both novelties are by the same authors.

Nov. 20.

M. Gueymard having recovered the painless flexibility of his lumbar regions, the run of the *Prophète* has been resumed. It is fixed that the new ballet is to be called *Le Papillon*. A grand rehearsal has just taken place, at which Mad. Taglioni (the inventor of the ballet) was present, and we may expect the first night without delay.

Mad. Penco has made her first appearance this season in *La Traviata*. She was recalled at the end of the first act, after the grand air "Follie, follie," and was warmly applauded in the *brindisi*, the duets with Gardoni and Graziani, and the whole of the third act.

The Opéra Comique is up to the roof in preparatives. Another new opera, entitled *André*, in two acts, has been accepted. The words are by M. de Leuven, and the music by M. Porse. At the same time the new opera by Scribe and Auber is being zealously pushed forward. Meanwhile Mad. Cabel has been re-engaged, and has played in *La Part du Diable* and *l'Etoile du Nord*. Mlle. Saint-Urbain, of whose intended *début* at this house I said something in my last, is to play the principal part in M. Offenbach's new opera, instead of Mad. Ugalde.

The Odéon has just put forth an amusing "proverb," entitled *Une Epreuve après la Lettre*, and the Palais Royal presents its frequenters with a parody on *Orphée*, called *J'ai perdu mon Eurydice*. At the Variétés we are promised a "*Revue*," with the title *Oh là, là, que c'est bête tout ça*. The gods avert the omen! KAY.

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Nov. 6, 1860.

A SECOND hearing of *Der Fliegender Holländer* confirms the impression that it is the most satisfactory and the least eccentric of all Wagner's operas. Written apparently before the ambitious intention of forming a new school of music for the future had seized and fettered the mind of the composer, it is a work containing some of the freshest and most vigorous efforts of his genius. Instances certainly occur where novel effects are attempted, in which the style subsequently adopted by Wagner is foreshadowed; but they are rare and almost forgotten in the many points of excellence to be admired. The overture—a composition of neither the form nor importance to justify that title—opens with a subject which most frequently recurs throughout the work. This theme pervades the opera, and is that with which the Holländer, in thought and presence, is identified. It is very effectively introduced, as the commencement of Senta's ballad in the second act, when she relates the story of the Flying Dutchman, and foretells her own destiny. Whether dramatically or musically considered, the treatment of this subject is most successful, and increases the interest of the whole work by the skilful manner in which it is made subservient to the progress of the plot. The notion may not be original, but its development evinces a knowledge of the resources of his act, which none but a thorough musician can attain.

To the first act the storm and the chorus of sailors on board Daland's ship form a spirited introduction. As the tempest temporarily subsides, the tenor solo, a mariner's love song, contrasts well with the preceding and subsequent description of the elemental strife. The storm rises again (most graphically portrayed in the orchestra), as the vessel of the Flying Dutchman appears. The grand scena of the Holländer, "Die Frist ist um," and his following duet with the bass (Daland), are both in Weber's style, and would not be unworthy of that master's signature. The act terminates with a chorus of sailors as the ships set sail. After a short instrumental prelude the second act begins with a melodious chorus for female voices, sung by Senta's companions, while they spin. In this a striking effect is made by the women laughing in chorus, jeering Senta for her melancholy. Then follows Senta's ballad already mentioned, a composition full of character and dramatic feeling; after this there is a duet between the soprano and tenor, Senta and Erik, her betrothed, when the lover urges his suit in a most plaintive melody, not altogether new, but so harmonised and instrumented as in a great measure to disguise its Italian origin. At the conclusion of the duet Erik departs, and Daland (Senta's father) returns accompanied by the Holländer, in whom Senta recognises the object of her ideal love and destiny. It is in the treatment of this situation, the most important moment of the libretto, that the composer fails. The Holländer and his victim are made to stand and look at each other for some time, while their emotions, supposed to be under various influences, are very inadequately depicted by music in

the orchestra. The result is such as might be expected—the situation is lost. A solo for Daland, "Mögst du, mein Kind," the duet between Senta and the Holländer, "Wie aus der Ferne," and a terzetto for the three just named, are the other *morceaux* in this act. The third and last act opens with a chorus of sailors about to leave the port; they are joined by women bringing provisions. The ship of the Holländer, lying at anchor, is hailed by the women and sailors, but no reply is given by the mysterious crew. Suddenly the wind rises, and the spectral mariners man their ship, singing the refrain with which the Holländer has been identified. A double chorus between the two ships' crews follows, and is the noisiest and least effective piece of music in the opera. Senta subsequently appears, followed by Erik, who endeavours to dissuade her, in a duet *allegro agitato*, "Was musst ich hören," from following the Holländer. The last finale, in which Senta, Daland, the Holländer, the choruses of the sailors, and the women take part, is admirably contrived, and forms a fitting termination to the work. It is somewhat singular that Wagner should consider the *Fliegender Holländer* as the least important of his operas, another instance that composers are not by any means the best judges of their own productions.

At the Kärntnerthor Theatre the *repertoire* is almost similar to that of last week. Some changes will, I believe, be made in the performances announced, for even an opera house, under the management of an Emperor's representative, is not exempt from such casualties. "I have sent word that I shall not sing this evening," exclaimed one of the artistes whom I met yesterday. "Not sing," I replied; "but you are announced, and will not surely disappoint us." "No, no! I won't disappoint you," was the reply. "But let the Director think so. A few hours' Bauchzwicken will do him no harm."

THE ORGAN.*

Eleventh Study.—The Second Principal Cause of Quality of Tone, viz., Form.—The Form of the Body of the Pipes.

The form of the pipe may vary without any corresponding variation taking place in the quality of the tones. If in the column of air in the pipe the nodes of the vibrations are at exactly equal distances one from the other, it matters little whether the pipe is cylindrical or prismatic in its form; but if the vibrating portions are not equal to one another, then, in the open flue pipes as well as in the reeds, the form of the body of the pipe, of the vibrating apparatus, and of the foot of the pipe boxes, will vary the quality of the tone into an infinite variety of shades. Nevertheless, these variations in quality of tone are not always produced in the same way in the two kinds of pipes, for in the flue pipes, closed or open, the real sounding body is the column of air enclosed within the tube; in the reed pipes it is the reed itself.

It has been already clearly shown that the communication between the column of air in the pipe and the air outside is in proportion to the diameter of the pipe, consequently, the narrower the pipe is, the less will be the communication between the air inside of it and the air outside, the wider the pipe the greater the communication, and the quality of the sound will follow the same proportions. Now in the flue pipes not only does fineness of scale so lessen the column of air in the pipe as to put in communication with the air outside nothing but the merest thread of a voice, but this communication itself, as regards the head of the pipe, may be completely intercepted, as in the bourdon. And in this last case the pipe will no longer sing as an open flue pipe with a full chest voice, so to say, but will make use of a sort of ventriloquism, or low murmuring sound (*bourdonnement*); in other words, it will emit that sound from which it gets both its name and its peculiar quality of tone. This bourdon quality, too, has an existence of its own quite independently of that thinness of tone that fineness of scale would also give to a pipe.

The influence that form has in giving a special character to the communication caused by the vibrations between the air in the pipe and the air outside is such, that in proportion as it makes the communication to be fuller and more direct, it will be the cause in the open flue pipes as well as in the reeds, not only of a stronger sound, but of a brighter quality of tone, though in reed pipes variations in the scale produce different degrees of power rather than different qualities of tone, properly so called. This is true of all form, but the special sort of form, of which we have to consider the influence here, according to our promise at the end of the last chapter, is that which consists in the various combinations of different scales in one and the same pipe, for these combinations really are the cause, not only of different degrees of power, but also of different qualities of tone.

Let us take, then, as an example of this sort of form, a pipe made up of several scales, laid one over the other, without having their transitions very distinctly marked, as would be the case in a pyramid-shaped pipe. The column of air will be divided throughout this pipe, as it is in a cylindrical one, into separate vibrating portions, each of which portions will be exactly like every other as regards the particular note it will emit, but unlike them with regard to length. For where the diameter is narrower the vibrating portion of the air will be much longer than where the diameter is wider. So that in that part of the pipe where the diameter is wider, at the base of the pyramid that is, the sound produced will tend towards power and fulness; but that produced by the upper part at the apex of the pyramid, where the diameter is narrower, will tend towards the reverse of this. The nearer we get to the head of this sort of pipe, which ends almost in a point, the weaker does the sound become, until, passing on from layer to layer, we arrive at last at its very top, and there we shall find that it has attained its greatest degree of thinness. The diameter, in becoming thus narrowed at its end, according to the ordinary laws, would give the sound of the very fine scale; but then we must remember that this sort of quality would be tempered by the gradual variations taking place in the column of air, beginning at the very head of the pipe, where it would be of the quality of the very fine scale, down to the base of the pyramid, where it would be of the quality partly of the mean, and partly of the full scale.

Let us take another example from amongst the pipes in which one scale may be said to be laid over the other. It shall be a pipe which is partially stopped at its head—a *quasi-bourdon*, or flue-pipe *à cheminée*, as it is called. The tube, from its base to about three-quarters of its height, is a regular cylinder. It is then stopped like a bourdon, except that a small space is left open at the centre of the lid, a small cap, into which another pipe is inserted. This second pipe is no larger in diameter than the space left open in the cap, and is only a few inches high. It is called the chimney (*cheminée*), because the sound may be said to make its escape by it, as the smoke does by the chimney; and it is from this that this kind of compound pipe gets its name, flue-pipe *à cheminée*. Now, let us put together the different kinds of sounds, or qualities resulting from the two scales, here placed one over the other. First, we shall have the quality of tone, which is proper to the pipe that extends from the mouth to the base of the little chimney, and that will be the quality of tone of an open flue-pipe. Next, as this open pipe is partly closed by the cap at its head, for so much of it as is thus closed we shall also have the quality which is peculiar to the bourdon pipe; and lastly, from the little pipe or chimney fastened into the cap, which, as compared to the larger pipe, is a pipe of very fine scale, we shall also have the quality of this scale. Here then in one pipe we have three distinct qualities of tone, and from the combination of these three we get a musical quality of tone which is both soft and loud at the same time, and in which the special characteristics of this threefold combination are very distinctly marked; so much so, indeed, that an experienced builder or tuner would have no difficulty in recognising at once in the flue-pipe *à cheminée*, 1st, the quality of tone of a bourdon; 2nd, the quality of tone of a bourdon of such and such a scale; and 3rd, the quality of tone of a bourdon combined with that of an open flue-pipe of very fine scale and of a lively quality.

As the sound naturally follows the sides of the pipe in the direction of their width, the conic or hyperbolic form is with good reason employed for widening out the sound or increasing its volume. This is the rationale, so to say, of the speaking-trumpet. If this instrument is made too long it will produce a low murmuring sound (*bourdonnement*), which will hinder the words pronounced

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

in it from being distinctly heard, and with regard to it too great length of tube would of course be simply fatal. But with regard to reed pipes, the result would be just the reverse; for all writers on these matters recommend organ-builders not to cut reed pipes too short, for fear they should be wanting in brightness and this very *bourdon* effect, an effect, which, in their case, is by no means a cause of confusion. Lately, too, an eminent natural philosopher (M. Poisson), has shown how this recommendation of practical men is good, not only in practice, but theory. For he shows that the separate vibrating portions of air, urged by the impetus given to the column of air in the direction of its width in an extended cone, acquire a force and fulness of play which they would never acquire by merely following the straight sides of a pipe, which is simply cylindrical. And hence we may conclude that the sound which is produced by cone-shaped pipes in an organ, is the most open, the most grand and magnificent quality of tone that can possibly be got from any sounding body. But since the cone-shaped pipe, owing to the great width of its head, takes up a great deal of space on the sound-board—since, again, the open flue-pipes made of this shape do not speak their proper note, unless each of them is cut with the greatest accuracy to the exact length required for each particular note; and since, without going to considerable expense in making experiments, there is consequently great danger of cutting them false, builders never make use of the cone-shaped pipe for more than one series of stops, namely the reeds.

The cone-shaped pipe, then, has a quality of tone which is peculiar to itself. This might be still further varied by taking a pipe of the speaking-trumpet shape and covering it with another as a lid. The two pipes thus treated would give us a pipe made up of two cones, more or less alike at the ends, but exactly so at their bases, placed inversely one against the other, and fastened together so as to leave no opening but a very small one at the end. In this pipe we should have at the centre a quality of tone full and ample, so to say, as the pipe itself is, but becoming less and less so as it approaches more nearly the narrower ends of the pipe. Examples of a pipe of an exactly opposite form may be met with in ancient German organs*, of a pipe that is made up first of two cones joined one to the other in the way described above, and then of a third cone fastened by its end to the end of the second of the two first cones. But every day the art of organ-building tends towards its perfection by becoming more simple, and by ridding itself of useless fancies. Moreover, it is not part of our plan to give an exact list of all the various kinds of combinations, scales, and forms, and consequently of qualities of tone which there either are or might be, otherwise we should never have done, still less to inquire into all the possible causes of all the different qualities of tone; on the contrary, it is strictly limited to giving a sufficient account of the principal causes of quality of tone in general, without attempting to carry our researches any further into the more hidden mysteries of the same. We will do no more than cite one other example of form as affecting quality of tone, and we do so because it has at least the merit of being a praiseworthy attempt towards the reduction of the immense bulk of the organ.

The learned savant, who speaks of this form while he is considering our subject strictly from the scientific point of view, shows that by diminishing the length of the speaking part of the pipes, and by enlarging their scale in proportion, a column of air can be got, the vibrations of which will be the same as those of the column of air set in motion within a pipe of the ordinary form. It may be taken for granted that open pipes and bourdons thus *cubic* in form would not be wanting in purity of tone, and as to its quality, it would have certainly all the conditions of the greatest fulness of tone, but this fulness would be softened down as well because of the want of thickness in the longitudinal layers of sound in the pipe, as because of the ease with which these same layers would be crossed and divided by the air outside, in the passage of the sound from the pipe to the ear. Perhaps a very fair idea of the kind of quality of such pipes may be got from that of the ophicleide, which is large in its scale but limited as regards its length; and though this kind of quality would be far from being perfect, still, we repeat, all attempts made with a view to being useful to an art are not unworthy of respect, although not attended with complete success. Unfortunately for such attempts, practical men who have made trial of them assert that cubic-shaped pipes cannot be made so as to produce any but the most dull and hard quality of tones, nor without giving rise to the most perplexing difficulties upon the sound-board from want of room. This may be true; but then it must be borne in mind that it is the conclusion of men who, perfect though they may be as regards the practice of their art, limit their ideas wholly to that, and would not for their lives venture one step out of the region of practice into that of theory.

* See Seydel, Orgel, und ihr Bau. *Verbo* Barpfeife.

STAGE AND PULPIT.

BOX *v.* PEW.

(From the *Leeds and West Riding Express.*)

It is said that men resemble their grandfathers far more than they suspect,—the habits of their bodies rather than their souls making the chief difference. It strikes us, however, that large numbers of them resemble rather their grandmothers. Certainly it is undeniable that gentlemen daily thrust themselves before the public with such striking old-womanly qualities and habits of thought, that it is difficult to account for their escape from the petticoats and pattens suitable for such dear, good, silly souls. We do not wish to say anything offensive of Mr. Jowitt, the hon. secretary of the Leeds Ragged School. We take it for granted, that in writing his letter to Mr. Thorne he acted for others as much as for himself; and therefore we shall not say anything of a harsh nature to Mr. Jowitt personally. But the supposition which we give him the benefit of, forces upon us the unpleasant conclusion that we must have in Leeds—and we say this notwithstanding the good work these men are engaged in—some of the silliest, most stupid, and impertinent specimens of piety to be found in connection with any system of religion on the face of the earth. It is intolerable that these people, by the puerility and disgusting offensiveness of their acts, should bring a sublime religion into contempt,—a religion which, through being bewildered by pious conceit, they can neither feel nor understand.

Mr. Thorne, the manager of our theatre, in a generous spirit, creditable to him as a man, offered one night's receipts of his theatre to help the friends of the Ragged School. We honour him for the act; and if the managers of that charity either understood the religion they profess to believe in, or the literature of their country, they would have accepted the offer with gratitude and thanks, instead of thrusting back ungraciously the kindly hand held out to them. We do not reprove these people by saying that Lord Palmerston, whom they trotted out the other day to help their friends, is not only a patron of the theatre, but of the tur also; nor do we inform them that the highest lady in the land —whose visit a short time since to our town was looked upon as the most important event that ever happened in connection with it—patronises the drama; although we dare say that such considerations would influence them more than any other. Nor shall we tell them that the actors on the stage are not the worst performers in the world; some of the very worst and most dishonest perform in the pulpit, and are sometimes applauded, too, by those who turn their backs with scorn on the honest men of the sock and buskin. If these modern Pharisees were not drunk with spiritual pride, as partially educated Englishmen, they would know that the greatest human intellect the world holds knowledge of was exercised in creating the best specimens of the finest dramatic literature the world possesses. Who can stand up and say that the faculty given by God to Shakspeare had not its tendencies from the same divine source! Or who with loving heart can read the beautiful and sublime lessons of the great bard, and not acknowledge the beneficence of his genius. Intellectually, there is as much difference between Shakspeare and the pious insects of Leeds, as between Micromegas, the giant of Sirius, and the little men who, when he came to this earth, crawled upon his thumb nail.

We are thankful to these little pious people for the good they do, for everything in the economy of nature has its use, and if they were disposed to perform their work with the humbleness and modesty which usually accompany sincerity and good sense, they would be entitled to the respect and support of their fellow-

citizens. But they must not forget that, next to those divine injunctions promulgated in regard to the destitute and the needy, the highest and the best are those which Shakspeare and the other great dramatists of England have left us as an inheritance by which to nourish a spirit of charity and manliness. What better text could those have who superintend Ragged Schools, or look after and relieve the necessities of the houseless poor, than the words put into the mouth of King Lear, when, bare-headed and storm-beaten, he cries out:—

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp—
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just."

And these are amongst the teachings of the poor players who strut and fret their hour upon the stage;—but still, we hope, like all their fellow-creatures, doing their common duties, as Milton says, in "The great taskmaster's eye," and responsible to Him, notwithstanding their utter unworthiness in the eyes of the committee who manage the Leeds Ragged School. If Mr. Jowitt and his friends participated more largely in the great humanities of the stage, and a little less in the narrow bigotry and dirty pride of the pew, they would have known that mercy shown by man to man, by the strong to the weak, by the rich to the poor, dropped

"as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; is twice bless'd,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

But the mercy of Mr. Thorne, expressed practically by a night's receipts of his theatre, so far as the Leeds Ragged School is concerned, lost its virtue in both ways, as the gifts, through being refused, robbed both parties of the benefit to be derived from it.

We should like our pious friends to reflect, if they can, on the loss which our land would have suffered, if Shakspeare and the mighty men who laboured in his craft,—or in his double craft, for he was both play writer, and play actor,—had never lived, never written, or never represented to us on the stage those vices and virtues, those strengths and weaknesses, those joys and sorrows, which make up so much of the sum of human life. We cannot consent to place the actor in the category of the leper, that he may be shunned for fear of contagion; we know that at this moment Macready is spending a portion of the money earned by him on the stage, for the education of the young in the neighbourhood where he proposes to end a life, which in its usefulness has been far greater, we are satisfied, than that of any Ragged School patron in Leeds, and which has given more real pleasure to the world than the lives of the whole lot would, if put together and stretched out to patriarchal lengths. The next thing we shall hear of will be the refusal of burial in consecrated ground to those who write or act plays. An impudence like this, once permitted to assert itself, will not know where to stop. Mr. Jowitt may think, that according to his views, he is doing the actors justice, and will say, as Polonius said to Hamlet, "My Lord, I will use them according to their desert," to which, however, we would reply as Hamlet did, "Odd's bodikin, man, much better; Use every man after his desert and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty." Hamlet, however, was a philosopher; what Mr. Jowitt and his brother committeemen are, the public of Leeds, we should imagine, by this time understand pretty correctly.

Mrs. Thomas Perry, formerly organist of the parish church, Edmonton, who was chosen teacher of music to the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead, for her high class testimonials, as an organist, in September, 1859, has recently been appointed organist to the new chapel of that institution. The organ is from the factory of Gray and Davison, and well sustains the reputation of its builders.

MADAME NOVELLO'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

Our English Jenny Lind sang her last notes on Wednesday night in St. James's Hall. The audience was worthy of the occasion—so numerous that locomotion was scarcely possible, and so discriminating that only the most exquisite manifestations of artistic skill succeeded in raising any enthusiastic demonstrations of approval. Mad. Novello's "Farewell" was in keeping with her past and honourable career. Not a single "trap" was laid to entice applause from the unreflecting. It was a manifestation of pure unadulterated art from beginning to end; and at the termination of the concert the vast assembly dispersed with the most intimate conviction that music had lost one of its most gifted and justly distinguished representatives. About a quarter of a century has elapsed since Clara Novello first came before the public, with a voice that at once elicited unanimous admiration, as one of the most perfect sopranos—allowing even for Billington, Paton, and Stephens—England had produced within the memory of the oldest amateurs, and a talent of such marked promise as warranted unrestricted belief in the future eminence of its young possessor. All that was predicted then—not merely by those who, like Charles Lamb, regarded the late Vincent Novello, Clara's father, as a phœnix among musicians (see "Chapter on Ears," in the Essays of "Elia"), but by impartial observers, who had never listened to the ineffable harmony flowing from the fingers of that most sublime and "inexplicable" of organists—was more than realised. Miss Novello went to Italy, and as "*the* Clara," made the "*délices*" of the Scala at Milan, and other first-class theatres. Her return to London led to a series of professional triumphs almost without example, only arrested by her marriage with an Italian nobleman, and her consequent (temporary) retirement from the arena of public exhibition.

What were the reasons that induced Madame Novello (the Contessa ——) to resume her professional career is no business of ours. Enough that she was welcomed back with rapture by all genuine lovers of the musical art, and that she who had figured conspicuously on the stage, as a representative of the most arduous characters in the lyric drama, now devoted her admirable talents exclusively to the concert-room, and most especially to oratorios and sacred music. It is not too much to say that the performances at Exeter Hall, and at our great provincial festivals, have, for the last ten years or thereabout, owed a very large part of their attractions to the singing of this accomplished lady, who, in conjunction with Mr. Sims Reeves, to whom devolved the mantle of the elder Braham, have maintained the English school at such a height as, by the consent of well-judging foreigners themselves, *to defy* all foreign competition. It is almost superfluous to cite the well-remembered compliment paid to Mad. Novello by the most illustrious composer of his time, who, when applied to by the Philharmonic Society to recommend for the Philharmonic Concerts "the two best singers *in Germany*," named Clara Novello and another, then performing at the Leipsic Gewandhaus; but the opinion of Mendelssohn was merely an echo of the universal verdict throughout musical Europe; and he who, before all other gifts, admired a classical purity of style, in all probability throughout his short and brilliant career had never met with a more signal example of what was most thoroughly to his taste than in the lady whose name his pen first traced in answer to the application of the Philharmonic directors.

Of these and other matters relating to Mad. Novello's career, we have, however, so recently spoken that it is quite unnecessary to dwell upon them now. The irreparable loss about to be sustained by the musical world was duly felt on Wednesday night, when, although labouring evidently under the effects of indisposition, Mad. Novello sang the majority of the pieces set down for her in such a manner as to extort unqualified admiration of her artistic refinement, together with an avowal, from all sides, that her voice—at this the moment of her abdicating the throne she has so long gloriously filled—was as clear and penetrating, as vigorous and flexible, as bell-like ("silver-toned?") in quality, and, from gradation to gradation, as unerringly modulated as ever. The tacit acknowledgment of such unfaded powers was naturally accompanied by a proportionate degree of regret that the term of their exercise, for the advantage and delight of those who rejoice in the accents of "the human voice divine," was so near approaching its conclusion; and the last piece allotted to her in the programme, the "Ave Maria," from Mendelssohn's unfinished *Loreley*, seemed the more appropriate, inasmuch as its quiet, sober, and half-melancholy cast was in keeping with the feeling with which its impressive and delicious strains were now associated. It was only just that Clara Novello's "adieu" should be sung to Mendelssohn's music. Nor could anything better fitted to the occasion have been selected than this "Ave Maria"—the "swan's song" of a genius in another sphere. The grand scene from *Oberon* (her first performance) was chiefly interesting as one of those pieces which Mad. Novello has been, of recent years, most frequently in the habit of introducing, although it was never well suited to her style. Far diffe-

rent and far more deep and genuine was the impression she produced in Susanna's love-song, "Deh! vieni non tardar," in which Mozart—by what many may term an oversight, though really none at all—makes Figaro's mistress very nearly as sentimental as the Countess Almaviva herself. Jenny Lind alone excepted, no one has sung this beautiful air to such absolute perfection as the heroine of yesterday evening, who never gave it with more consummate grace, simplicity, and unaffected expression. The notes of the final cadence seemed to linger as if the songstress, who had uttered them so often, was loth to part with them for ever; and most assuredly they will dwell long and tenderly in the memory of those who now heard them for the last time from the same lips. If any song could be mentioned out of the domain of sacred music with which the name of Mad. Novello has been closely and deservedly associated, it is this exquisite inspiration of the most melodious and natural of composers. Of Mr. Benedict's *Undine*, which occupied the second part of the programme, we can only say, at present, that the general execution was remarkably good, that Miss Palmer (Bertalda), Mr. Wilbye Cooper (Hildebrand), and Mr. Weiss (Kühleborn), were all that could be wished in their respective parts; and that the highly favourable opinion pronounced on the *cantata* in the reports of the Norwich Festival were more than justified by a second hearing. *Undine* will, of course, be given again not long hence; our London concert-givers are not likely to overlook so true and genial a master-piece, especially after the enthusiastic reception it experienced last night, and the honours lavished by the whole audience on its accomplished composer, who directed the performance with his accustomed talent. The Undine was the same Undine who enchanted the amateurs of East Anglia, and by her siren tones fully accounted for the infatuation of the enamoured mortal, Hildebrand. Nothing could be purer, nothing more artistically finished, nothing more musically *effective* than Mad. Novello's execution of this music, every phrase of which lies so readily within her means, and is so nicely fitted to the peculiar excellencies of her delivery that it is reasonable to presume Mr. Benedict must have been thinking of her during the whole progress of his labour in producing it. The "sensation" (a *cantata* like an opera, *must* have its "sensation") was created by the charmingly tuneful air—with chorus of women's voices—"Mark the waves that rippling play," a legitimate triumph alike for singer and composer.

Mad. Novello's final effort was a solo verse in the National Anthem, which brought out once more, and for the last time, that unparagoned "B flat" which has so often enraptured multitudes at the Crystal Palace, and was one of the memorable incidents of the inauguration of that monument. The "B flat" has been talked over ever since, and will in all probability be a theme among amateurs for years to come. A fresher note was never uttered—a lovelier nor a more emphatically *musical*; and, now that it can be heard no more, except in the mind's ear, we may congratulate its fair possessor on this emphatic display of its undiminished force and purity. Mad. Novello quits the arena of public exhibition in the plenitude of her powers. It cannot be said of her that she retires because she no longer boasts the means of pleasing as before; on the contrary (as in the instance of her Swedish contemporary, already twice alluded to), the unanimous opinion is that the musical art, in losing her, has been deprived of one of its most brilliant ornaments, and that without any adequate reason.

FRENCH PLAYS.

An entirely new character is given to M. Talexy's enterprise by the engagement of Mad. Doche. The performances with which he commenced his season were so merely respectable, there was so utter an absence of any name striking enough to catch the public eye, that the French play seemed in danger of being forgotten altogether. With Mad. Doche, however, a new era begins, the melancholy sight of half a dozen loungers scattered about the stalls having been succeeded by that of a numerous audience, amply filling every part of the Bijou Theatre, which, by the way, is as well suited to its purpose as any house in London. All that it wants is an independent entrance to attract the attention of the passing stranger, who will scarcely surmise that by ascending the staircase of Her Majesty's Theatre, and turning to the left, he will reach a separate establishment entirely devoted to the representation of French plays.

Mad. Doche was in London last summer, and was to have appeared at the St. James's, as one of M. Talexy's leading "stars." But her repertory, at the head of which stood the *Dame aux Camélias*, was of such a nature that it did not pass muster at the licenser's, the curious wondering not a little that a piece which had been played with impunity as an opera was prohibited as a drama. Consequently Mad. Doche remained unseen during her summer visit, and she will now appear in a series of parts not identified with her Parisian reputation.

Perhaps even that very circumstance may increase the attraction of the accomplished actress, for many of the patrons of the French plays are accustomed to Paris, and will be anxious to see Mad. Doche under a novel aspect. Nor has she shown any timidity in the choice of a new path. Adrienne Lécouvreur is the character she selected for her first night, and we need not say that of all the parts in the repertory of the late Mlle. Rachel, this was one of the most attractive in the eyes of the London public. The bold attempt has succeeded, and an artist need not desire heartier plaudits than those that followed the mimic death of Mad. Doche at the end of the drama.

That the Adrienne of Mad. Doche is based on Mlle. Rachel's conception there is no doubt; the resemblance even extends to the position of the emphasis and the intonation of the voice. Nor must it be imagined that the lady's known talent as an artist of comedy has tempted her to give a tone of levity to the part. Adrienne is still the earnest, impassioned woman to whom we have been always accustomed, and every point incident to her development has been carefully studied by Mad. Doche. The tenderness with which she repeats the fable of La Fontaine, delicately indicating her love for Maurice, while describing the farewell of the pigeon to its departing mate is serious to the last degree. Her entrance into the *salon* of the Prince de Bouillon, in the fourth act, where she is received by the assembly of titled beauties, is distinguished by a dignity of manner admirably qualified by a modest acknowledgment of inferior rank, and the effect of the situation is greatly heightened by the taste and splendour of her dress. The recitation of the passage from *Phèdre*, in which she denounces the Princess, is given with true eloquence and overwhelming spirit, bringing down the curtain amid universal applause. On the various emotions of the last scene where to the delineation of other emotions is added the appearance of delirium, Mad. Doche has bestowed a profound study, and is nowhere more felicitous than when she indicates the gradual departure of consciousness, as the poisoned bouquet first begins to take effect. In a word this great part is completely rendered throughout, and we may consider that "French plays" are once more established in London, for M. Talexy's general company, though not strong enough to stand alone, can efficiently support a distinguished leader.

Court Theatricals.—The first theatrical representation this season at Windsor Castle, before her Majesty and Court, is commanded for the 29th inst. when the Adelphi company (assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Wigan) will perform *Ici on parle Français* and *Masks and Faces*. The whole arrangements are under the control of Mr. Donne. The Adelphi and St. James's Theatres will be closed on the 29th instant.

Death of Mr. F. G. Tinney.—(*From an occasional Contributor.*)—With regret we have to record the death of the above talented and clever pianist and composer. He died on the 13th inst., deeply lamented by numerous friends, both in and out of the musical profession, at the early age of 45, and was interred at the Brompton Cemetery on Friday, his remains followed to the grave by his family, Mr. Charles Coote, his late partner, and several members of the musical profession, &c. Mr. Tinney, in his sphere as a composer of dance music, and compared with surrounding luminaries in that line, was a star of the first magnitude, and his works will not soon be forgotten amongst the *salons* of the aristocracy and gentry, where, during the season, a new waltz or quadrille was hailed with enthusiasm from his pen, and not considered one of the ephemeral effusions of the terpsichorean world, but an artistic triumph accompanied by the highest musical intelligence. He was partner with Mr. C. Coote up to the year 1857, and co-director of the famous "Coote and Tinney's band." His friends, who were aware of his integrity and kindheartedness, feel deeply his loss, and deplore that from a cruel and deplorable disease, which embittered with many pangs his latter days, and preyed on a frame already weak by nature, compelled him to abstain from any vigorous action in his professional career for the last three years. He has left a widow and seven children totally unprovided for. Surely those who have joined in the gay and festive scenes amid "marble halls," to the enlivening strains of poor Tinney's waltzes will minister comfort to his bereaved widow and children, and while his remembrance must long endure in the sphere which his talents most adorned, and his name respected, for no man owned him a grudge, or could he count an enemy, it is to be hoped an appeal will not be made in vain to the public, to whose amusement he administered in the shape of some of the most popular dance music of the day. Contributions received by the principal music-sellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

PROGRAMME OF THE
THIRD CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26, 1860,
The Instrumental Pieces selected from the Works of

BEETHOVEN.

PART I.—Quartet, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4 (Beethoven), Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (by desire), M. SAINTON, Herr RIES, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI. Song, "Nozze di Figaro" (Mozart), Mr. SANTLEY. Song, "Canst thou deem my heart is changing," (Macfarren) Charles II., Miss GERARD. Sonata, in E flat, Op. 7, Pianoforte solus (Beethoven), First time, Mr. CHARLES HALLE.
PART II.—Sonata, in F major, for Violoncello and Pianoforte (Beethoven), Signor PIATTI and Mr. CHARLES HALLE. Song, "Gipsy's Warning" (Benedict), Mr. SANTLEY. Song, "Knowest thou the Land" (Beethoven) Miss GERARD. Trio, in G major, Op. 1, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (Beethoven), Mr. CHARLES HALLE, M. SAINTON, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; and the principal music publishers.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT LIBRARY.—INSTRUMENTAL DEPARTMENT. (Edited by S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.—No. I.—DUSSEK'S SONATA IN B FLAT (Performed, for the Fourth time, at the Monday Popular Concerts, November 12, 1860—First Concert, Third Season.) No. 2.—MOZART'S SONATA IN B FLAT (No. 14), for Pianoforte and Violin. (Frequently performed at the Monday Popular Concerts.) VOCAL DEPARTMENT. (Edited by S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL). "NAME THE GLAD DAY," Canzonet, written by JOHN OXENFORD, Esq., composed by J. L. DUSSEK (Sung by Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, at the Monday Popular Concerts, Nov. 12, 1860)—"Ah, why do we love?" (Macfarren). "Soft and bright the Gems of Night" (H. Smart); and "Thy pardon, dearest Treasure" duet (Dussek).
London: CHAPPELL & Co., 49 and 50, New Bond Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. Smith.—Mr. Nugent, the box bookkeeper, begs to inform the friends and patrons of the theatre that ROBIN HOOD can only be performed a few more times this season, viz., on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturday. Persons desirous of booking places, to prevent disappointment at night, are requested to make early application at the box-office of the theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Farewell performances of Titiens and Giuglini, previous to their departure.—This Evening (Saturday) Nov. 24, ROBIN HOOD: Sims Reeves, Santley, Honey, Parkinson, Patey, Bartleman, Lemaire, and Lemmens-Sherrington. Commencing at 8 o'clock each evening. Reduced prices as usual.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Notice.—The Lessee begs to inform the public that the drama of "45" can only be played THIS EVENING (Saturday). Mr. Webster, although suffering from severe indisposition, has continued to perform nightly rather than disappoint the public. The following letter has been received from Mr. Webster, which compels the lessee to withdraw the play after to-morrow night:—

"New Theatre Royal, Adelphi, Nov. 21, 1860.
"My dear Mr. Smith,—I have struggled on through a bronchial affection in order not to stop the run of the new drama, A Story of the "45;" but the effect is too serious to proceed further than this week at present. I regret this interference with your interest, but cannot help it.
"Dr. Billing will inform you what I have suffered.
"Yours truly,
"E. T. Smith, Esq." "B. WEBSTER."

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. Smith.—Extraordinary Attraction.—Two Companies.—Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS, Messrs. B WEBSTER, J. T. TOOLE, PAUL BEDFORD, R. ROXBY, TILBURY, BELFORD, LAMBERT, M'LEAN, TEMPLETON, FARRELL, Mrs. FRANK MATHEWS, Mrs. DOWTON, Misses ARDEN, H. HOWARD, HENRIETTA SIMMS, &c.—Two New Pieces, with the most extraordinary and triumphant success ever achieved within the walls of a theatre.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), Nov. 24, Her Majesty's Servants will perform (for the last time but one this season) Watts Phillips's great historical drama, A TALE OF THE "45," with Beverley's magnificent scenery and effects, together with the accurate Tableau of Hogarth. Principal characters by Messrs. B. WEBSTER, J. T. TOOLE, PAUL BEDFORD, SPENCER, M'LEAN, DIXON, BARSBY; Mesdames H. SIMMS, H. HOWARD, THIRLWALL, &c. To conclude with the new comedy of the BILLET DOUX. Characters by Mr. and Mrs. C. MATHEWS, Messrs. M'LEAN, FARRELL, SPENCER; Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS, Mrs. DOWTON, Miss ARDEN, and Miss HOWARD. The box-office open daily, from 10 till 5 o'clock Doors open at half-past 6; commence at 7. Reduced prices. Stage Manager—Mr. Robert Roxby.

To Correspondents.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD.—Next week.
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.—Every piece that came to hand has been reviewed. We shall be happy to receive the others.
OVATION.—Mr. Sutherland Edwards.
INTERPRET.—Mr. Shirley Brooks.
AENDER.—Mr. Augustus Mayhew of course.
J. R. M.—The suggestion shall be attended to.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*
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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

THE composer of the immediate future (at least in London) is, after all, *not* Herr Wagner, whose unofficially promised *Tannhäuser* we should have liked to hear at the Royal English Opera, though we can quite understand our wishes on that subject not being shared by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison. The coming *maestro*, who is to attack us at once at both our opera-houses, is a gentleman of Parisian fame, or at least of Opéra Comique and Théâtre Lyrique notoriety. His name is Victor Massé, his nation France; Paris is his dwelling-place, and *Les Noces de Jeannette* and *La Reine Topaze* are to be his salvation with the English.

If any one had asked us to mention some composer of reputation and of decided merit, whose music, gracefully and cleverly written as it might be, would not be likely to succeed in England, we should have hesitated for half a minute, and should then have named M. Victor Massé. If our questioner, however, had reminded us that this composer had written several attractive "light soprano" parts, such as could not fail to exhibit to advantage the brilliant vocalisation of Miss Louisa Pyne, we should have admitted that we had perhaps replied somewhat hastily, but of course should not have eaten our words. Probably, however, by way of conciliating our interlocutor, we should have added that Mad. Miolan-Carvalho's part of La Reine Topaze, in the opera so entitled, would also suit Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington to a D. To this our imaginary well-informed personage would have rejoined (with more or less politeness), that whatever we might think about the part of "La Reine Topaze" being suited to Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, she was not going to sing it, inasmuch as it had been already allotted to Mlle. Parepa.

"Mlle. Parepa!" we should have exclaimed; "you mean the Mlle. Parepa who made her first appearance in England at the Royal Italian Opera, as Elvira in the *Puritani*, who used to sing the air from *Ernani* with so much success at the Crystal Palace Concerts, and who, at the Royal English Opera, played the part of Leonora in the *Trovatore* so much better than any other singer who ever attempted it at an English theatre?"

"The same."

"And when is Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington to appear as Norma,' as Lucrezia Borgia, as Semiramide?

A smile or a stare would have been the answer, according to whether our green-room gossiper approved or disapproved of the sarcastic nature of this past inquiry.

* * * * * *

From the above dialogue the ingenious reader will have discovered that M. Victor Massé's *Noces de Jeannette* is to be produced at the Royal Italian Opera (where it will, in fact, be given on Monday for the first time, under the title of *The Marriage of Georgette*), with Miss Louisa Pyne

in the principal part; and that when *La Reine Topaze* is brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre (where it may be expected at the same time as the pantomime) the character of the Topaz Queen will be assigned to Mlle. Parepa.

What shall we tell our readers about these two operas, of which as we have said so much, and yet so little, we feel really bound to give some further account? To begin with why is "Jeannette" changed into "Georgette." What a name is Georgette for music! Spell it phonetically, or after the fashion in which we should spell such a word if we heard it from the lips of a Russian, a Turk, or of any foreigner whose alphabet does not correspond with our own; write it, that is to say, "Djordjet," and the mind's ear (through the bodily eye) starts at the harshness of the sound. "Jeannette," on the other hand, is as soft and musical as the Scotch "Janet" (or "Djanet") derived from it is the contrary.

Who translated *Les Noces?* We remember some eight or ten years ago a librettist and stage-manager (now a theatre-manager also) who used to walk about the Paris boulevards reciting an English version of M. Victor Massé's pretty opera to his friends, and here and there singing the airs, to the astonishment, if not delight, of the waiters at the Café Cardinal. His friends should have told him, whatever he did, not to alter "Jeannette" into "Georgette."

If we had listened more attentively to the verses recited and the airs sung at the place and in the manner already mentioned, some eight or ten years ago, we should perhaps now be in a position to tell our readers more than we are actually able to communicate to them about the story and music of *Les Noces de Jeannette.* But repentance, with us at least, always comes too late.

We have heard *La Reine Topaze*, however, not monologically (so to speak), but in its original dramatic form—not in the open air and without the support of instruments, but in a regular theatre with all the advantages of orchestral accompaniments. "La Reine Topaze" is a distinguished and royal member of that race, tribe or people whom the mediæval Latinists called *Egyptiani*, whom the germans have named *Zigeuner*, who are known in Spain as *Zingari*, or *Zincali* (*l'un et l'autre se disent*, as the dying grammarian observed), who in Russia are so much despised, in the masculine as *Tsigari*, and much adored, in the feminine, as *Tsigankie*, and who in England are familiarly known as gipsies. Topaz the queen sees and knows everything, and turns out at last the last of the Salviatis, a distinguished Venetian family. But, in the meanwhile, what does she not sing? airs that are difficult, ingenious, and sometimes even beautiful. Above all the air of the bee—which is not a series of hideous perversions of a beautiful melody under the pretext of variations, like the *Carnaval de Venise* sung by the exquisitely singing but misguided Mad. Carvalho, but a really artistic specimen of its kind; a kind, however, which we cannot but say that we admire, which, with a little pressing, we would admit that we despised.

May both M. Victor Massé's operas be successful! But then if they are both successful we shall have some more of them (for he has written *Galathée, La Chanteuse, Voilée, La Fiancée du Diable, Les Saisons*, &c.), and, to speak candidly, we think two will be quite enough, especially when administered so rapidly one after the other. We wish well to every one, and certainly to Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Euphrosyne Parepa, but M. Victor Massé is *not* every one. We do not mean to suggest by this that we have any dislike to M. Victor Massé, for as a man we have no acquaintance with him and as a composer of ability, taste and refinement, we look upon him with respect; but with *Les Noces de Jeannette* at Covent Garden, and *La Reine Topaze*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, we are sadly afraid that we shall have too much of him.

DINADAM.

WHEN an artist, who has long been received by the public with the highest favour, is about to take his leave for ever, he invariably selects for his final effort that performance which has won for him the most genuine applause, and with which his name has been most intimately associated. John Kemble took his farewell of the stage in Coriolanus, certainly one of his grandest, if not his *very* grandest, impersonations. Miss O'Neill bade adieu in Juliet, Charles Young in Hamlet, Macready in Macbeth—not to instance lesser stars, who, wishing to leave the best possible impression, naturally chose the parts in which their talents were best displayed. Indeed, to pursue any other course would, *a priori*, seem an act of fatuity. And yet, within the past week, we have had an example of a great artist appearing for the last time before the public, who, not weighing the causes which led to her immense reputation, did not deem it necessary to introduce any one of those performances which had been universally accepted as most complete and most admirable. Mad. Clara Novello's "Farewell Concert" will, doubtless, occur at once to every reader, and many will exclaim with ourselves, "What could have induced Mad. Novello to ignore sacred music in her final appeal to the sympathies of the public?" Now that Mad. Novello has quitted the scene for ever, and that her admirers will have to look back to her past triumphs and substitute recollections for realities, with what performances will her name be most immediately linked? Will thoughts of the artist inevitably recall the scena from *Oberon*, the cavatina from *Luorezia Borgia*, the rondo finale from *La Sonnambula*, or the Jacobite song about "Charlie?" Will not memory the rather conjure up echoes of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Rejoice greatly," "Let the bright seraphim," "With verdure clad," "O mighty pens," "Come unto Him," "Hear ye, Israel," &c., &c.—all sacred songs, in short, in which the great singer left an indelible impression, and which none who heard can ever forget. To say that Mad. Clara Novello is one of the most accomplished interpreters of holy song in our own times is to utter a truism; but to state that her sacred singing far transcends her efforts in other branches of the art, may not necessarily be a platitude, since it does not appear to have been generally known to managers, or how account for the extraordinary fact, that not one single piece of sacred music was given at the farewell concert on Wednesday? Surely he who contrived the programme never gave it a moment's thought, and, fortunately, the public were too anxious to "assist" at the farewell performance of the renowned songstress to trouble themselves much about the appositeness of the selection. Clara Novello, nevertheless, should have sung her last in the *Messiah* or the *Creation*, those sacred works of the great masters in which she had exhibited her talents and capabilities to the utmost perfection, and in which she had achieved her brightest and most enduring laurels. This is the more to be lamented, since she appeared on Wednesday night positively for the last time, and there is no chance of hearing her again, as she was heard at the Crystal Palace, the directors of which on the occasion of her farewell performance had evidently studied the talent of the singer and the feeling of the public far more cunningly and wisely than the person or persons under whose

management the "Farewell Concert" at St. James's Hall was organised.

All minor considerations, however, were absorbed in the regretful thought that Mad. Novello appeared in the concert room for the last time, and that that enchanting voice, of which for purity and beauty of tone no one present could remember the parallel, would never more be heard breathing its silver murmurs in exultant ears, and that the old familiar face had looked and smiled its last upon the assembled thousands. The scene on Wednesday might indeed have been more demonstrative but the uppermost feeling in the minds of many was doubtless sadness, and people are never in the mood to applaud lustily when their sensibilities are deeply moved. Moreover, the audience was almost entirely composed of those in the better ranks of life, and the majority were ladies. Hence the enthusiasm on the entrance and departure of the heroine of the evening was not so uproarious as if a large division of the visitors had belonged to that vociferant class which frequents the pit and galleries of the theatres. The regret, however, was not the less intense because voices were mute and palms were at rest. That every heart was stirred and its sympathy awakened we do not doubt. The immense mass of spectators seemed to hang breathlessly upon every note that escaped the lips of the singer, and the sudden exclamations of delight and the ill-suppressed plaudits betokened unmistakeably the influence she exercised over her hearers.

Year by year the lights of song are being removed from our artistic hemisphere, and no stars appear to fill up their places. What loss Malibran was to the lyric stage Mad. Clara Novello will be to the sacred concert-room. Even should her real successor arrive, people will be slow in acknowledging her. It takes a long time to make a first-rate reputation in England. A second Clara Novello must not only possess the extraordinary accomplishments and qualities of her predecessor, but she must be many years before the public, and have done numberless things, independent of singing, to win their favour, before she can be accepted as her substitute. When all these circumstances cohere, then, and then only, will the public be pleased to elevate the new candidate for *prima donna* honours to the throne of Clara Novello.

ANGUISH.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. EDWARD LODER.

SIR,—Some weeks since Mr. J. A. Barnett addressed a few lines to you respecting Mr. Edward Loder's pecuniary difficulties, aring from long suffering, medical expenses, and, I apprehend, a cessation of professional income.

Mr. Barnett's lines were read by me, and I have acted on his suggestions in part, by subscribing for five copies of Edward Loder's twelve songs, published as a bound volume at a guinea, for his especial benefit, by Messrs. Boosey and Duncan Davison. These songs constitute a charming selection, and cannot fail in being most acceptable to vocal amateurs. I shall bring them under the notice of my pupils, and entertain no doubt of being enabled to sell several books of them. I have also given in my name as a weekly subscriber to a fund Mr. Allan Irving is raising on Mr. Loder's behalf. Permit me, Sir, therefore, to suggest to Mr. Barnett and other professors of singing, that they might greatly benefit Mr. Loder by subscribing for a few copies of the work I have alluded to, and their pupils will thank them for bringing such acceptable compositions under their notice.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

A PROFESSOR OF SINGING.

CUNCTATION PERFUNCTORY?

DEAR PETIPACE,—I strongly object to "cunctation" as a *more or less* (!) word. Define it and I will pay your *burial* (!!) expenses.—Yours,

20 MILES AWAY (!!!)

N.B.—I refer you to our mutual friend, the *Bank of England* (!!!!) *British brandy* (!!!!!) at 5.

FLOLL
(*of the Out Isles*).

NB.B.—*Hay* (!!!!!!) still in the ascendant. Bad news for MAPLE (!!!!!!!)

Haven't *tasted* (!!!!!!!!) a theatre for 8 months.

[Is "Floll" another Scotch cultellator? and from the Out Isles, too? If so, let him read Culvertail on Grouse, or consult the divine Aurelius Prudentius, who writes at the end of a diatribe against nyctalops (theological *nyctalops*) :—

"Nodos tenaces, *recta* RUMPIT REGULA
Infesta dissertantibus.
Idcirco Mundi STULTA delegit Deus,
Ut concidant Sophistica."

After this what becomes of the *mythos* of *Hay and Maple*?—PETIPACE.]

A "SUCCESSFUL COMPOSER," YOU'RE WANTED.

DEAR SIR,—I send for your inspection an anonymous letter addressed to me the other day. It may perhaps, be comforting and instructive to your readers as an evidence of the progress of art, and of all the host of little amenities supposed to march in its train.

It is to be regretted that the writer has been unkind enough to withhold his name. Otherwise, not only might I have had the chance of repaying personally some of the obligations with which he seems disposed to overwhelm me (the fine of a double postage among the number), but the musical public would have had some satisfactory mode of judging whether or no the town of Scarborough be really, at this moment, blessed by the residence of a "successful composer." At all events, none who read his letter can doubt the high probability that his merit is at least equal to his modesty.

However "successful" my correspondent may be as a composer of music, he is certainly most unfortunate as an inventor of facts. All who know me are pretty well aware that I had ceased to contribute a single line to the *Atlas* quite ten years before the date of that critical visitation which you here find so mildly deprecated. Thus much as to the matter of the writer;—his manner (*manners?*) requires, I think, no comment whatever.

Hoping you will accord to this gentleman—whoever he may be—that publicity for his sentiments which I fear he himself would have been too diffident to ask, I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

HENRY SMART.

Nov. 15, 1860.

(*Copy of Letter.*)

"SIR,—Some time ago (in 1854 or 1855) you spoke disrespectfully and very erroneously of a song of mine in the *Atlas*. Other critics praised it; but *you* are a crabbed fellow, full of your own conceits, and deserve a cudgel. You are no longer critic of the *Atlas*, thank Heaven, or of any other paper; and I would advise you to beware how you speak wrongly of any composer's works. You are a vile fellow, and nothing but a *croque-note*, a mechanical music-wright, yourself.—Your obedient servant,

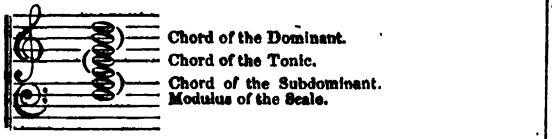
"A SUCCESSFUL COMPOSER."

"*Scarborough, 2nd Oct.*, 1860."

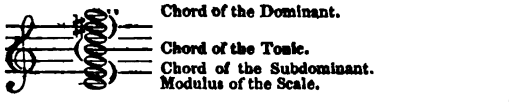
[Our pages will be reopened to Mr. Henry Smart next week.—ED. M.W.]

ON THE SUPERTONIC AS A PRIMARY BASE.

SIR,—It is anticipating the subject of my future letters to reply fully to your remark appended to my last letter. Nevertheless, that the supertonic is not the primary base of any chord having an immediate relation to the tonic, is evident from the nature and construction of the scale, which contains the sounds of the primary chords of the tonic, dominant, and subdominant only, which may be exhibited thus :—

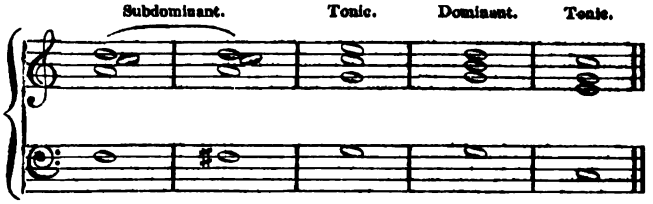


The above contains all the sounds of the scale of C major, F is the modulus of the scale, and the *nearest positive harmonic base of all those sounds*. F C G and D are all the primary sounds in the scale of C, as primary, but D, the supertonic, being the upper sound, cannot be the base of any of the sounds which are below it. The chord formed from the sounds D F A in this scale is imperfect, F and A being too flat in the ratio 80 : 81 to form consonant sounds with D. If we add the primary chord of D to the preceding diagram, we should have the sounds of two distinct scales, which would be an inconsistency as the subject under consideration is *one scale only*. It is certain that D leads to the primary base G, but in the key of C what is required is, not what leads to G but what leads to C, and that is the primary sound G. Neither could the chord of the supertonic be substituted for the subdominant, for then we should have the following sounds which are the scale of G not of C —



Again, the chord of the dominant in combination with the modulus of the scale decides the key, as shown in one of my previous letters, then if in the first diagram we take away the sounds B D F (G belonging equally to the chords of the tonic and dominant) the remaining sounds which complete the scale are consequently those indicated; these are A C E G, which are resolvable into the two chords A C E and C E G, the chords of the resolution in the major key. In the same manner in the minor scale we have the chords A♭ C E♭ and C E♭ G, the whole of these four chords are connected with the tonic, all the sounds being consonant with C, and they are the derivative chords of the system having the unit sound C. In like manner with the chords of the dominant and subdominant, so that in the derivative chords of the three systems having the unit sounds F C and G are contained all the chords in connection with those sounds as subdominant, tonic, and dominant. In some of my future letters I purpose showing that every chord in the key of C is undoubtedly, in its simple form, one, or a combination of two, of these chords. However, I may as well point out now the relation of the chord D F♯ A with the key of C; this key, as shown in my last, is connected with the key of A minor; now if we refer to the system having the primary base A, we have the key of A minor and also its relative key C major, the primary sounds now become derivative sounds, and the derivatives primaries, thus —

Primary Bases.	Primary Chords.	Secondary Derivative Chords.
D	D F♯ A D F A	F♯ A C♯ F A C
A	A C♯ E A C E	C♯ E G♯ C E G
E	E G♯ B E G B	G♯ B D♯ G B D

A comparison of the above with the derivative chords of the three systems having the unit sounds F C and G, will show that the chord D F♯ A is the major chord of D F A in the secondary derivative chords of the system having the unit sound F (the subdominant of C). Now this D, as stated in my last, does not belong to the key of C (see also MUSICAL WORLD, Jan. 28), it is not the supertonic of that key, but is the 6th of the scale of the subdominant F, the combined chords D F A and F A C form the chord of the added 6th on the subdominant, of which chord there are two varieties in the major key and two in the minor, as will be explained hereafter. That this chord is connected with the subdominant may also be seen in the following example :—

The three primary chords decide the key without the introduction of the dominant 7th on G. Although the sounds in the 2nd bar are nominally the same as the chord of the dominant 7th on D, yet the real sounds in both varieties of this chord (the added 6th on the subdominant) as represented by the ratios of the true intervals, are very different from those of the chord of the dominant 7th. If the sound C be omitted in the first two bars the chord remains the same, though it might be called a chord of substitution, D F A being substituted for the adjacent chord F A C, the true subdominant; any two adjacent chords being so nearly connected (having two sounds the same in each chord) that one may be used instead of the other, this, of course, does not alter their fundamental basses, thus the subdominant chords D F A and F A C in the key of C major have both F, the subdominant, for their fundamental bass, D in the chord D F A being the sound added, and C the one omitted; the same chords in the key of A minor have D, the subdominant, for their bass, C in the chord F A C being now the added sound, and D the one omitted; this chord, in the key of A minor, would be more correctly called the added 7th on the subdominant.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,
W. W. PARKINSON.

Cheetham Hill, Manchester, Nov. 16, 1860.

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

November 14th.

SIR,—A new national anthem was sent to you by post a fortnight ago, to be published in the MUSICAL WORLD if suitable. As it has not appeared, the author suspects you have not received it. To satisfy him on that head, you will oblige by informing him in your answers to correspondents, addressed to NATIONALITY.

["Nationality" should style himself "Newnationality." The new "national anthem" has *not* come to hand.—ED.]

DOUBTS.

SIR,—Truly, fiend of the abyss, I follow thy lead in most things musical, in all things epicurean. As thou may'st see in the last paragraph of the leader in the *Camelot Chronicle* of last Saturday, I did thy behest touching "Best," the Liverpuddlean, wiping the noses of the magnates, misprinted by the d——d printer, magistrates. (Ha! Ha!) Nevertheless, in regard to Hector Berlioz, I follow thee *not*, from sheer inability to obfustícate thy polysyllabicality into Anglo-Saxonicanonicals. Likewise, I would know why thou defacest a meritorious print, given to *awful* but ARTISTIC puffing, with those hideous effigies of Guy's? To this thou wilt respond, "Business." To which I will affably rejoinderate, "Business be blowed!" Enough. This is but to shake thine hand—to say that I am again at Camelot, and hard at work.

Whereby, I pray thee, *ora pro nobis*. Ever thine,
SAGRAMORE LE DESIROUS.

[Par mon chef, damp Chevalier, vous estes donques bien loing de ce que vous pensez: car par ceste seule raison que vous aleguez ferois encores que je fusse mort.—PETIPAGE.]

The Opera.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—*Martha* was produced on Monday, the cast being the same as that on the opening night of last season, when Mr. E. T. Smith inaugurated his management of Her Majesty's Theatre. Why M. Flotow's opera should have been given once only it is impossible to say. Perhaps there is no part in which Signor Giuglini is heard to more advantage than Lionello, the music of which he sings to perfection. Mlle. Titien's piercingly brilliant upper notes are wonderfully telling in the soprano music, which is unusually high throughout. Although the character is beneath her great powers, her performance is most admirable. The Plumkett of Signor Vialetti has much to recommend it, and if the singer could refrain from taking certain liberties with the "beer song," would have more. Mad. Lemaire is one of the most useful of *comprimarie*, although she writes herself of the *soprani-contralto assoluto*, which she is not. She sings well, and acts very becomingly, the part of Nancy. We shall not attempt to show cause why, of the Italian performances, *Martha* has proved more successful than *Don Giovanni*, the *Huguenots*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, or the *Trovatore*. But so it is; the Italian nights continue to improve with *Martha*. Meanwhile, *Robin Hood* has lost little or none of its attraction, even though the indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves necessitated the substitution of Mr. Swift on Tuesday and Thursday. It would not be fair to speak of Mr. Swift's performance under the circumstances. By and by the new tenor will be enabled to appeal for favour without any fear of comparison. The French opera, *La Reine Topaze*, translated into the vernacular, is in rehearsal, and Mr. Swift will give the public a taste of his qualities. Mlle. Parepa will sustain the character of the Queen. We may be excused from questioning the policy of making English Opera dependant on foreign composers. That Mr. E. T. Smith's second novelty in English Opera should be French, is neither consolatory nor complimentary to our own musicians; nor does it say much for the manager's expressed determination to uphold native talent.

Royal English Opera.—Native talent must certainly be at a discount. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, like Mr. E. T. Smith, are compelled to rush to the French *répertoire* for new works. On Monday night a new operetta, *The Marriage of Georgette* (a version of *Les Noces de Jeannette*), will be performed, and Miss Louisa Pyne make her first appearance since her recent indisposition. The *Night Dancers* has been given every night since the first performance.

The Theatres.

Haymarket.—The notion of an inoffensive gentleman arriving at a country town and being mistaken for some celebrity of the day, with whose peculiarities he has scarcely anything in common, has formed the basis of several farces supposed to refer with more than usual pungency to the occurrences of actual life. Many months have not elapsed since the Olympic audience laughed at Mr. Robson's assumption of a timid gentleman, who was wrongly supposed to be the "Benicia Boy," and some time previously another gentleman of weak nerves was placed on the St. James's stage, tormented by the general but incorrect belief that he was "Garibaldi's Englishman." Readers with long memories will easily recall a number of similar cases, and last night we had a fresh application of the old notion to a new topic, in a farce called the *Lion-slayer*. Mr. Gulliver Cumming, a harmless furrier, who has come to a provincial town to purchase lion-skins, is supposed to be the famous Gordon Cumming, arrived to capture a live lion, ecently escaped from a menagerie. His supposed courage at first gains for him a great deal of respect, for which he cannot account, but when the unexpected proximity of the lion causes him to run away much faster than the timidest inhabitant of the town the illusion is dissipated. The character of the "lion-slayer" is by no means worthy of Mr. Compton, but the extravagant jokes of the piece caused a great deal of laughter, which at last was mingled with no small quantity of hissing. Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy, the *Babes in the Wood*, has been liberally curtailed, and now plays within the compass of three hours. The gratification of the spectators is thereby much increased, and last night the piece elicited the noisiest approbation of a crowded audience, assembled to patronise the benefit of Mr. Wyld, the treasurer.

St. James's.—The programme of this house has been entirely changed, Mr. and Mrs. Wigan having revived the older pieces with which their names are associated. *Still Waters run Deep* was not only one of the most successful works produced during their management of the Olympic Theatre, but it has become almost a classic of the modern stage, and even amateurs regard it with avidity. Mr. A. Wigan, of course, retains his original character of Mildmay, and Mrs. Wigan the part of Mrs. Sternhold, her assumption of which so materially increased the strength of the cast during the first run of the piece. Mr. Emery, being one of the St. James's company, is restored to his original part, Mr. Potter, which is one of the best in his repertory. The revival of *M. Jacques* also enables Mr. A. Wigan fully to display his well-known talent for portraying French character.

Strand.—A new farce, based on a very extravagant notion, was produced last night, with the title *Did I dream it?* Mr. Poppy, a sleepy-headed gentleman, is supposed to dream with such intensity that he cannot rightly distinguish between the facts of his waking life and the fantastic occurrences with which his visions are replete. His dreams, moreover, are of such a nature that they never show the character of his friends in a favourable light, but have all the unflattering quality of the photograph without any of its correctness. Of course a gentleman endowed with such an idiosyncrasy is sure to run into all manner of scrapes. He will charge persons with delinquencies of which they are wholly guiltless, and a confession that he has mistaken a dream for a reality will with difficulty be admitted as a sufficient apology for gross calumny. The scrapes into which Poppy runs are of the most complicated kind, seriously compromising his own happiness and that of every person who unfortunately belongs to the circle of his acquaintance, but as Poppy himself is played in a very amusing manner by Mr. J. Clarke his oddities keep his audience in a constant roar.

Princess's.—The evolutions of a female rifle corps constituted one of the chief attractions in the pantomime produced last year at the Princess's, and a similar success is now aimed at by a "corps de ballet," equipped in the fashion associated with Garibaldi. The dance is introduced in the course of a broad farce called the *Garibaldian Excursionists*, which brings the evening to a close after the conclusion of *Ruy Blas*. The applause bestowed on M. Fechter when he first appeared was no transient sign of favour. The more he has acted the more he has increased in favour, and it is a long time since a fresh actor has become the object of so much curiosity and admiration.

Olympic Theatre.—It is worthy of observation that every piece brought out at the Olympic, however trifling, is put on the stage with all the earnestness proper to a grave undertaking. No theatre appears less frequently on the record, because at no theatre are more permanent successes attained. That constant change of performance which is to be found at some other establishments, and necessarily results in an incomplete style of production and a slovenly manner of execution, is altogether foreign to the Olympic, were change for the mere sake of change never takes place. Here the minutest niceties of character and costume are observed in the smallest "*lever du rideau;*" here the personages on the stage, however few in number, are sure to be effectively grouped, instead of standing in the time-honoured straight line; here the first night of performance is *not* a dress rehearsal.

The last novelty at the Olympic, a clever version by Mr. W. Gordon of a charming little French piece, called *Le Feu au Couvent*, is an illustration of the general principle of management. The subject, like that of *La Joie de la Maison*, is the conversion of a *roué* father by an innocent little daughter, and consequently the interest of the piece depends on the actress, whose department is by the French termed "ingénuité." Representations of this department are not common on the English stage, for mature talent is not often found in connection with an appearance of thorough juvenility, but the Olympic managers are fortunate enough to have in their company Miss Louisa Keeley, who is exactly suited to these youthful heroines, and who, since her *début*, at the Princess's last year, has never undertaken a character which she has not rendered effective. Amabel, as she is called, may be added to the list of her great successes, and as there is an eccentric part

for Mr. H. Wigan, and the *roué* father is exceedingly well played by the rising actor Mr. Robinson, the piece is efficiently sustained in all the leading parts. We should not forget to state that the English title is *Home for a Holiday*, and that the scene of action is placed in the London of the 18th century, with every regard to appropriate costume.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Had any seer no further back than three years since predicted that on a cold raw foggy November night St. James's Hall would be crowded by an audience attracted solely by a programme of classical chamber music, that seer would have incurred the risk of being considered as labouring under a mild form of lunacy—a far-seer (*farceur?*), too-far-seer indeed. The prediction of the seer in question, who saw through the fog in question, of the distant year and month in question, would have been called in question, as the prediction of a simple fanatic—a '*fanatico per la musica*' who should be promptly taken care of by his friends. But had the self-same seer foretold that by the year 1860 a series of concerts, devoted exclusively to a class of music at one time almost entirely unknown, save to amateurs and the wealthy, who could afford high prices at Willis's Rooms, should be not only inaugurated but so firmly established as to be looked upon by the musical public as much in the light of an institution as the Philharmonic, the Sacred Harmonic, or the Opera, that self-same seer would, indeed, have had "no honour in his own country"—nay, worse, might have formed the subject for a commission '*De lunatico inquirendo*' and been ultimately consigned to the tender mercies of a private asylum. The success, nevertheless, artistic and pecuniary, of the Monday Popular Concerts has long been placed beyond a doubt, and their recommencement is hailed by lovers of good music as a welcome boon now that the long winter evenings have fairly, or rather darkly, set in. On Monday last the post of honour was occupied by Mozart, the instrumental pieces being selected entirely from his works and comprising the quintett in A major for clarionet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, respectively held by Messrs Lazarus, Sainton, Ries, Schreurs, and Piatti; the sonata in C minor, for pianoforte alone, played by Mr. Charles Hallé (first time at these concerts); one of two sonatas in E minor, for pianoforte and violin, publicly introduced for the first time in this country, (Mr. Charles Hallé and M. Sainton); and the trio in E flat, for pianoforte, clarionet, and viola. Here, so far as criticism is concerned, "Othello's occupation's gone;" for when the music is of such a character as invariably marks the selection at the Monday Popular Concerts, and the executants are worthy of the music assigned them, but one descriptive word suggests itself, even to the critical mind, and that word is "*perfection.*" We may, notice a remarkable feature as distinguishing these from the ordinary run of musical entertainments, where we find the first piece in the programme serves much the same purpose as the "airy nothing" at a French theatre—the *lever de rideau*," which prepares us for the solid attraction of the evening. Even at the Opera many seem to regard the overture and opening chorus as so much preliminary noise. The reverse is the case at St. James's Hall, where, as a Rule (with some few "stalled," or unin-"stalled" exceptions) people are in their places, and eager to devote as much attention to the first as to any succeeding piece. The quintett (given for the fourth time) with which the concert opened, was listened to with intense delight, and the outburst of enthusiastic applause at the end of each movement, showed how thoroughly its manifold beauties were appreciated. The second movement—*Larghetto* (*con sordini*)—created a furore. The exquisite clarionet playing of M. Lazarus contributed in no small degree to this result, and frequently as we have had occasion to praise this gentleman's performance, we never heard him to greater advantage, faultless tone and mechanism being combined with taste and feeling beyond reproach. In the pianoforte solo Mr. Charles Hallé displayed his well-known capabilities as a performer of the first rank, deservedly gaining the heartiest plaudits. The duet, in which M. Sainton divided the honours with Mr. Hallé, is peculiar as well as charming; peculiar, as being in two movements only, *both in the minor key*, and charming from its plaintive and unaffected beauty. We hope this first time of hearing it may not be also the last. The vocal music must be dismissed in a few words—Mad. Lemmens Sherrington repeating Dussek's beautiful canzonet, "Name the glad day" (which was introduced at the previous concert), and also her favourite, "Ah, why do we love" (Macfarren); Mr. Santley, "The Bellringer" (Wallace), and "Rough wind that moanest loud" (J. W. Davison), both of which he has frequently sung. The singing in either instance was irreproachable. The pianoforte accompaniments of Mr. Benedict were, as usual, all that could be wished. At the concert of next Monday the instrumental pieces will be selected from Beethoven, and include the fine sonata in E flat Op. 7 for pianoforte, solus (first time)—pianist Mr. Hallé.

DODINAS.

THE LONDON TONIC SOL-FA CHOIR.—(*Communicated*).—We are glad to be able to inform our musical friends, that a performance of concerted vocal music will be given at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening next, November 27, by a new choir bearing the above name, consisting of about 150 voices, trained under the direction of Mr. W. S. Young. The fact that none will sing who have not passed an examination as to ability to read music readily, as well as to execute it skilfully, together with the well-known ability of the conductor, guarantees a first-rate performance. The programme includes music by Handel, Mendelssohn, Becker, Palestrina, Meyerbeer, Auber, &c., &c., and is of so highly popular a character, that we prophecy from our former experience of Tonic Sol-fa Concerts, that this will excel anything that has yet been attempted. The choir intends to assume a permanent character, so as, at any time, to be prepared to demonstrate that the Tonic Sol-fa method is the one by which the art of singing is most readily to be attained. We trust this choir will meet with much success, and have no doubt it will take a high rank among the Metropolitan Choral Associations.

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.—On Monday evening last, the Rev. Robert Maguire, incumbent of Clerkenwell and hon. chaplain of the 39th Middlesex Volunteers, delivered a lecture in the above Hall on the "Volunteer movement." The hall was densely crowded and the platform was occupied by the volunteers. Lord Radstock, lieutenant-colonel of the West Middlesex, occupied the chair. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Albert Lowe, who presided at the great organ and pianoforte with his usual ability. At the close of the meeting a poem, written by the Rev. Robert Maguire, called *The British Volunteers*, was sung to the air of "The British Grenadiers," a select choir of ladies taking the solo verse. The meeting separated after the usual compliments to the chairman.

Provincial.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO'S FINAL PERFORMANCES at present constitute the special features of the musical doings in the various towns and cities of the provinces. The "farewell," or "farewells," at Brighton took place on the occasion of the annual concerts of Herr Kühe, the well-known pianist and professor, on Friday evening last and Saturday afternoon, on both of which occasions, we are informed, "the audiences which filled the large room of the town-hall were such as could not fail to transform Mad. Novello's farewell visit into a most profitable speculation."

A correspondent is more diffuse about what took place at Herr Kühe's concert. "As usual," he writes, "Herr Kühe's concerts have proved most attractive. Herr Kühe is proverbial for giving some of the best concerts of the season, and on the present occasion he has in the fullest sense of the term, excelled himself. He always takes care to produce the leading feature of the day for the enjoyment of the *habitués* of the concert-room, and he could have offered no more powerful attraction than Mad. Clara Novello, whose retirement from professional life is so near. Besides the 'English Jenny Lind,' Herr Kühe had the assistance of Messrs. Baxter, Cumming, Lawler, Land, and Miss Eyles (Glee and Madrigal Union), and Herr Molique, with whom Herr Kühe played Dussek's sonata in B flat, so much admired when played at the London Monday Popular Concerts. Herr Kühe played also his own fantasia on the 'Shadow Song' from *Dinorah*, and some variations on 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' which the audience wished to hear again. The concert, which took place the following morning (Saturday), comprisod, among other *morceaux*, a selection from Spohr's oratorio of the *Last Judgment*, by the Glee and Madrigal Union; Beethoven's sonato in G, for piano and violin, by Herr Kühe and Herr Molique 'Angels ever bright and fair,' and 'I know that my Redeemer

liveth' (Mad. Novello), and Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' brilliantly played by Herr Kühe."

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are reaping an abundant harvest at the Pavilion by means of their new entertainment, of which the imitation of Mr. Sims Reeves by the lady is still the principal attraction.

At Manchester the Choral Society have been performing at the Free Trade Hall Handel's oratorio, *Samson*, which had not been heard there for years. The solo vocalists were Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Charles Hallé was the conductor. The performance appears to have afforded unqualified delight. At the "Saturday Concert," the week before the last, Mad. Lancia, who has been recently "creating a public" at the Eastern Opera House, Whitechapel, appeared for the first time before a Manchester audience, and made quite a sensation. "On this occasion," writes the *Manchester Weekly Times*—

"Mad. Florence Lancia made her first appearance before a Manchester audience, and this lady has shown we possess an English vocalist of rare gifts, though as yet unheralded by the leviathans of the press. With a suprano voice of silvery quality, truthful as to intonation, and flexible as the notes of a flute, she is also favoured with other natural gifts of person and manner that are always valuable to an artist, whilst everything she attempts, whether of a light or serious character, whether partaking of sunshine or tears, is delivered with that charm of expression indicative of feeling and intelligence. The variety of her accomplishments was well exhibited in the music chosen. Mad. Lancia is of English extraction, with an Italian musical education; she is interesting in appearance, unassuming and graceful. On Saturday she made what is generally termed a "decided hit," before an audience well acquainted with the highest talent; (or excited a call for repetition), and we feel quite assured that neither ellquery nor neglect can prevent this young and gifted lady from taking rank among the highest."

LEEDS.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Town Hall Concert Society are continuing their popular Saturday concerts with great success. They recently gave a Mendelssohn Night, when Miss Helena Walker, Miss Hodgson, and Mr. Paul Standish were the vocalists. The principal attraction was Mendelssohn's *finale* to *Loreley*. Miss Walker sang the solos; the chorusses were given by the Leeds Concert Choir; and the accompaniments on the organ and piano by Mr. Spark and by Master Tilney (his pupil). Last Saturday Miss Augusta Thomson, of London, gained a brilliant success at the Town Hall, and the Concert Choir was for the second time encored in a new spirited chorus, entitled, "Italy's Address to her Children," the music by Mr. Spark, Town Hall organist.

[*Loreley* on the organ and pianoforte! What next?—PETIPACE OF WINCHELSEA.]

LEEDS.—The seventh concert of the Town Hall Concert Society was given on Saturday evening last, before a large audience. Miss Augusta Thomson, from Paris and London, was the only solo vocalist; but pianoforte solos and duets by Miss Arabella Longley and Master Walter Tinley, and choral pieces by the Concert Choir made up a programme both good and varied. Miss Thomson created a favourable impression in Rossini's "Bel raggio," from *Semiramide*, and at once exhibited a clear, high soprano voice, cultivated in the best schools. Her other songs were "Come with the Gipsy Bride" (with chorus), from the *Bohemian Girl*, "Take this cup of sparkling wine," from *Lurline*, the Scotch song "Of a' the airts," and a ballad from Macfarren's *Robin Hood*. Miss Longley and Master Tilney (pupils of Mr. Spark) played on two pianofortes a grand duet on airs from the *Huguenots*, arranged by Mr. G. A. Osborne. It was played in a manner highly creditable to both the pianists, Miss Longly also gave Wallace's "Cracovienne," in which she displayed brilliant and rapid execution, and a firm touch. Master Tilney exhibited real talent in his *own** variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith," although he was somewhat too boisterous in his play. He was much more successful in the *William Tell* duet with Mr. Spark. The chorus singing was equal to anything we have heard in the town-hall since the festival. Mr. Spark's "Garibaldi Chorus" created quite an enthusiasm. Bishop's "Sleep, Gentle Lady," was sweetly rendered; and the concert which had been throughout most successful, concluded with Hatton's "Now let us make the welkin ring." Our newly-elected mayor (J. Kitson, Esq.), who is also president of the society, was loudly applauded on entering the hall during the concert. The performances on the grand organ of the town hall have been resumed by Mr. Spark, who played the following selection on Tuesday:—Grand Prelude, in D minor—Mendelssohn; Overture to *Zanetta*—Auber; Romance, "Ecoutez-moi"—Funke; Selections from the *Etoile du Nord*—Meyerbeer; New Grand March from *Undine*—Benedict.—*Leeds Express, Nov.* 17.

IPSWICH.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The first monthly series of bi-weekly concerts by the Ipswich Musical Union was brought to a close on last Saturday evening with such success, that it is intended to continue them during the season. Mr. Alfred Bowles, a devoted votary of "high art" has been assisted in the revival of the Musical Union (Mr. Bowles being the original projector, and conductor), by Mr. J. Lawrance. The difficulty they have had to encounter has been to rescue the musical entertainments of "the people" out of the hands of unprofessional persons, whose highest notions of musical excellence seems to be the *ribald* buffoonery of the imitation "nigger," or the clangour of brass instruments in the hands of unskilful manipulators, out of which their sole aim appears to be to make money. Thanks to the spirit of the above-named gentlemen that object is being achieved. Mr. Bowles can, and no doubt will, do very much to foster and bring out the talent of the young aspirants for musical fame in the town by giving them judicious opportunities for display, to be had only under his direction; of which he is conscious there is much existing, although till the present well grounded determination the obstacles to *improving* the musical taste have been deplored, and have appeared almost insurmountable, in consequence of the assumption by persons of a position they were unworthy and incompetent to occupy. "The people," however, have shown that they can distinguish and appreciate *good music*. The concerts have comprised both vocal and instrumental music. The first have consisted of part songs—"From Valley to Mountain" (Mendelssohn), "All among the Barley," &c., madrigals, choruses, ballads, &c Amongst the latter have been the overtures to *Zampa*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *Figaro*, *La Gazza Ladra* (operatic selections), which have given manifest pleasure andsatisfaction; dance music, partly vocalised; and last, though not least, violin solos by the energetic conductor in his usual masterly and pleasing style, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. W. Norman. The question of a large and commodious music hall for the town has been mooted, its necessity has been very apparent, and will now be more so, so that we may hope shortly to see active steps taken for the erection of a place *fit* to give a large concert in, which we do not at present possess.

HANOVER.—Mad. Anaide Castellan, well known in London at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, sung at the first concert of the season, with great success. At the same concert Herr Joseph Joachim played Mendelssohn's Concerto; one of Beethoven's symphonies was played by the band under the conductorship of Herr Joachim. After the symphony the king and queen sent for the celebrated violinist and expressed their satisfaction of its performance in the most flattering terms. Mad. C. Szarvady (Wilhelmina Clauss) plays at the next concert which is announced for the 1st Dec. Herr Joachim is going to Dresden to play at some soirées musicale in that city.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—It is now settled that the London public can no more subsist without a stock conjuror than without a regularly organised band of coloured minstrels. Moreover, the leading professor of legerdemain must no longer rely on the splendour of his mechanical apparatus, for gold vases and silver boxes open rather than dazzle the eyes of modern judges, and lead them to suspect that a lack of manual dexterity is masked by the brilliancy of the show. Herr Wiljalba Frikell, the Finnish necromancer, was the first to teach the Londoners that legerdemain, not the possession of gaudy utensils, is the conjuror's chief qualification, and his school is now worthily represented by Signor Antonio Polettl, who occupies the stage in the Gallery of Illustration and attracts spectators sufficient to fill the hall. Rejoicing in the severe simplicity of a small table, and such slight gear as an occasional box or pistol, he goes on finding something out of nothing, and much out of a very little, with a facility that stamps him a master of his art. Moreover, he is an agreeable, loquacious gentleman, with that foreign urbanity which goes so far in winning the hearts of a British public, and with a pleasant semblance of astonishment at his own marvels, that provokes laughter, as an accessory to admiration.

* We are extremely sorry for Master Tilney and equally so for *The Leeds Express*, which criticises his rendering of an exhibition so pretentious, repulsive, and disgusting. We recommend Master Tilney to abstain from improving Handel, at least for the present, and *The Leeds Express* may do well to discountenance such efforts.

Advertisements.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—The TWENTY-NINTH SEASON will commence on FRIDAY next, November 30, with a performance of Handel's Oratorio, SOLOMON. Principal Vocalists—Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Banks, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall. The usual Winter Performances of the "Messiah" take place on Fridays, 7th and 21st December. A Great Rehearsal of the Handel Festival Choir will be held on Friday, December 14, to witness which subscribers to the Society only can be admitted.

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V. R.

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MISS HELEN HOGARTH (Teacher of Singing) begs to inform her pupils and the public that she has RETURNED to town for the season, and has removed from Weymouth Street to No. 67 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square.

MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON, being engaged to sing the MESSIAH, at Aberdeen, on the 28th December, begs to say that she has a few days disengaged before and after that date, and would be happy to accept engagements, *en route* to or from Scotland.—24 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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Third Season, 1861.

January 8, 15, 22, 29	Choral Practice.
" 23	Conversazione.
February 6	Ordinary General Meeting of Fellows.
"	" " " of Society.
" 5, 12, 19, 26	Choral Practice.
" 27	Orchestral Concert.
March 5, 12, 19, 26	Choral Practice.
" 6	Fellows' Meeting for Discussion, &c.
" 20	Trial of New Chamber Compositions.
April 10	Orchestral Concert.
" 16, 23, 30	Choral Practice.
" 17	Fellows' Meeting for Discussion, &c.
May 7, 14, 21, 28	Choral Practice.
" 8	Orchestral Concert.
" 22	Trial of New Chamber Compositions.
June 4	Choral Practice.
" 5	Orchestral Concert.
July 3	Conversazione.
November 6	Fellows' Meeting for Discussion, &c.
" 19, 26	Choral Practice.
December 3, 10, 17	Choral Practice.

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"The meadow gate"	... Wilbye Cooper	... G. B. Allen ...	2	6
"Wert thou mine"	... Sims Reeves	... Frank Mori ...	2	6
"Thou art so near and yet so far" ...	... Herr Reichardt	... A. Reichardt..	3	0
"Good night" (cradle song)	... Ditto ...	... Ditto	2	6
"I never knew how dear thou wert" ...	... Miss Lascelles	... H. K. Morley.	3	6

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Ditto	... Ditto (very easy)	... Rudolf Nordmann.	1	0
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"I slept, and oh! how sweet the dream"	2	0
"Good bye, my love, good bye"	3	0

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"GOOD NIGHT," (Cradle Song—Wiegenlied) composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT, price 2s. 6d. London: published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

The day, pretty darling, draws near to its close,
Come, cease from your play, on your pillow repose,
You peep from the cradle still laughing and bright,
Kind angels for ever preserve you, good night.

With freedom from sorrow, dear child, you are blest,
To you a pure heaven is your fond mother's breast;
Wild passion some day will your happiness blight,
Kind angels preserve you, my darling, good night.

Ah! happy is he who can slumber like you,
Be ever, dear child, to your innocence true,
The righteous are watched by the spirits of light,
Who guard them while sleeping, my darling, good night.

"Few songs of modern days have achieved a more decided or better merited success than Herr Reichardt's charming lied, "Thou art so near and yet so far," which has for the last two years been the delight of all concert-goers and drawing-room vocalists of more than ordinary pretensions. Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have just published a new composition, from the same original and elegant pen, entitled "Good Night" (a cradle song). The words are exquisitely simple and unaffected, being the address of a mother to her sleeping babe; and it is but justice to Herr Reichardt to say that he has wedded an exquisite domestic poem to a most graceful, unaffected melody, which breathes the very spirit of maternal tenderness. The song, which is written for a tenor voice—the composer being, as our readers know, one of the first of living German vocalists—is in the key of F major; and to amateurs of taste we can cordially recommend "The Cradle Song" as a composition worthy of their attention."—*Liverpool Mail.*

NEW WALTZ, "The Woman in White," Valse mystérieuse, by Charles Marriott, dedicated to Wilkie Collins, Esq., is just published price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Nov. 28, 1860.

The most remarkable event of the week—to borrow the phraseology of our Foreign Minister—is conspicuous by its non-occurrence. The ballet which has been so long talked of, and built upon as the invention of Mad. Taglioni, to be illustrated by the music of M. Offenbach and the choregraphic art of Mlle. Emma Livry, is postponed, owing to the alleged indisposition of the last-named artist. Whether or not the malady of the principal *danseuse* is *bonâ fide*, or is of that convenient class of afflictions which come and go as the caprices of a public favourite fluctuate, I have not heard. The hitch is highly disagreeable, however, as it keeps manager, composer, inventress, and hundreds of artists and *employés* of all sorts on the tenter hooks of a permanent state of full rehearsal.

Procrastination is also the order of the day at the Opéra Comique. The new opera which M. Offenbach has been writing in conjunction with M. Scribe, is still only in the state of promise. The performance has, however, been positively announced for this week. Mlle. Saint Urbain, who is to play the part originally intended for Mad. Ugalde, is said to be thoroughly "up" in her part, and panting for action. The opera which M. Aimé Maillard, the composer of *Les Dragons de Villars*, has written for the Théâtre Lyrique, is also in the limbo of suspense, owing to the unabated attractions of *Orphée* and the *Val d'Andorre*.

At the Bouffes Parisiens the egregiously protracted run of the parody on Gluck's opera, *Orphée aux Enfers*—over three hundred nights—is about at last to be arrested, and *Fortunio* will reign in its stead.

Mad. Penco is shortly to make her appearance in *Norma* at the Italian Opera, and a new tenor from Sicily is to play the character of Pollio. There is also to be another *début* on the same occasion—a *comprimaria* recently engaged by M. Calzado, whose vocal powers are highly spoken of, will canvass the suffrages of the public as Adalgisa. There is a rumour, of which I am unable to test the truth, that Signor Ronconi is shortly about to perform a histrionic *tour de force*, by playing Don Basilio and Figaro the same night. That this accomplished and versatile artist is fully capable of executing this feat, and keeping the individuality of the two characters in question as distinct as though there were two Ronconis equally gifted with the dramatic faculty, there can be little doubt. But, whether the proceeding is not somewhat undignified, and savouring of a vanity unbecoming so great an artist, is another question. From this point of view, knowing the strong good sense of Signor Ronconi, it seems more than probable he entertains no such intention; at any rate, the feat is only possible in the first act.

One of the remarkable features in the present state of the play-going world is the reaction that is taking place in favour of the Théâtre Français and the legitimate drama. Something of this is no doubt due to the spirited and judicious management of the present director, but the chief cause is certainly that the public taste is sickened with the mawkish and immoral trash — the romance of the stews — with which such writers as M. Dumas, the younger, &c., have entertained them, outraging at the same time decency, good sense, and the purity of the French language. Within the last few days the *Cinna* of Corneille has been revived with some features which are the reverse of new, but have created considerable interest. The part of Livia is restored for the first time since the original production of this tragedy, and the sacred law of unity of place has been violated by playing the scene alternately in the palace of Augustus and in that of Emilia — a violation which, however, expressly obtained the sanction of the illustrious author, who, in his *Examen de Cinna*, declares that common sense requires such an arrangement.

At the minor theatres there have been but two novelties. A comedy, or rather *vaudeville*, in three acts, at the Palais Royal, entitled *Le Passage Radtziwill*, which was not brilliantly successful, and a drama in five acts and ten scenes, mounted on the most elaborate scale, entitled *La Dame de Mont Soreau*. The authors are the experienced and illustrious collaborators, MM. Dumas and Auguste Maquet, and the success of the work is such as might have been anticipated from such a conjunction.

At this moment is proceeding a sale of autographs of considerable interest, being the collection of M. Lajarriette. A few of the letters may be referred to here, as specially connected with "music and theatres." First, there is a little note from Boieldieu to Choron, in which he fixes 2,400 francs as the price of a "Te Deum" for the Church of Notre Dame. Paer, who was not so well off, addresses a petition to a minister of state, containing the very modest request that "his superannuated pension may be continued." Favart, in a charming letter to his wife, while he admits that the Flemish women are amiable, protests that he will never have eyes but for her. Gavaudau, who, in 1793, was dismissed his post of officer in the *milice Parisienne*, supplicates the members of the *Comité Révolutionnaire* to reinstate him, not for his own sake, "which is of little matter, but for the sake of the honour and esteem of his comrades in arms, the highest pleasure and foremost need of a true Republican." Rouget de L'Isle writes for the directorship of the Opera. He promises "to rescue that magnificent manufactory, that immense centre of French industry, and to make it a truly national stage, the most splendid and the least burthensome which has ever existed in France or elsewhere."

There is a letter from Rachel. She is to make her re-appearance on the 1st of June. "But is it permitted," she asks, "in a theatre, that a tragic actress should sometimes suffer human affliction (her sister Rebecca was ill)? It requires (viz. the theatre), like a despotic tyrant, that our souls should not extend beyond the foot-lights. *Allons*, since I have a salary, I must turn somersaults like the clown (*Paillasse*) when the bills announce me."

There is also a letter from Mad. Raucourt to André Dumont, a member of the Committee of Safety, urging him to obtain the liberty of a woman who had been arrested. She says, "Put my note in your pocket, that you may be reminded of my entreaties. Adieu, André, adieu. Thine!"

KAY.

OPERA COMIQUE.

ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

(*Continued from page* 731.)

DELLA MARIA.

ALTHOUGH less prolific than Dalayrac, Della Maria presents a certain resemblance to him in the nature of his talent; grace and softness were qualities common to both these musicians.

There is some difference of opinion as to the date of this master's birth. Some have it he was born at Marseilles, in 1764, of Italian parents, others in 1768. Duval, his intimate friend, makes him out to have died, at 27 years of age, in 1800, which would advance the date of his birth to 1773. M. de Borigelon states that his family was French, and his real name Lamaire. It would appear that Della Maria had Italianised his name during his stay at Naples, or in order to facilitate the establishment of his reputation in France, foreign musicians having at all times had better chances of success than native artists. He early devoted himself to the study of his art, and succeeded, while yet very young, in getting a grand opera played at Marseilles. It was well received by his fellow-townsmen, and flushed with his success, and full of confidence in the future, he repaired to Italy to complete his musical education, which was quite of an elementary character. He remained in Italy ten years, and studied there under several masters. The last was Paesiello. In the different towns through which Della Maria passed, he had several operas performed, some of which were successful, among others *il Maestro di Capella*. At Naples he had made the acquaintance of Amaury Duval, who recommended him to his brother Alexander in Paris. As soon as he arrived in that city, Della Maria sought out the author of *Maison à Vendre*, and the latter being made aware, through his brother, that Della Maria was a distinguished pupil of Paesiello, confided to him the *libretto* of *Le Vieux Château*.

Thanks to the fame and influence of his collaborator, the young composer had to endure none of the usual annoyances and disappointments which await the first attempts of a beginner. The doors of the Comédie Italienne opened to him spontaneously. *Le Vieux Château* was not the first of his works in the order of their appearance. Here is what Alexander Duval relates on this point:

"The sole recommendation of my brother would have sufficed to gain my interest in his favour (Della Maria's); but after a few days of acquaintance I was quite surprised to find in young Della Maria a man as amiable as he was well instructed. Although *an Italian and a composer, there was nothing like charlatanism about him*, and he joined to simplicity of manners an originality which was quite *piquant*."

After recounting to what a degree Della Maria was timorous, and how he used to get frightened in the evening in the woods of Romainville, where Duval had a country house, the latter continues thus:—

"As he had too much wit to say that he believed in ghosts, he bethought him of other motives to account for his terrors. He admitted that he was easily scared, and that night and solitude caused him actual distress. It was after this singular conversation that I told him he had inspired me with the wish to give him a pack of cowards to write music for. Having no subject at hand, and being absolutely bent on gratifying his desire for an opera, contrary to my habit, I did not wait for the moment of inspiration, but at once composed for him *Le Vieux Château*; but scarcely had he finished the music for this when the idea of *Le Prisonnier* occurred to me. A month after the reading, and only a few months before the performance, of *Le Vieux Château*, *Le Prisonnier* was played with the greatest success."

Some of the young musicians in the orchestra, however, finding this music too simple, put on periwigs, in order to throw ridicule upon the young composer's work. Their endeavours were fruitless. "It was a day for triumph to young Della Maria," continues Duval, "his music produced such a sensation that the whole orchestra rose crying, bravo! and applauding by striking on their instruments."

The first performance took place on the 2nd of February, 1798. There are in this score several very remarkable pieces. After the overture, the commencement of which is original (two *points d'orgue*), I will mention the duet—

"O ciel, dois-je en croire mes yeux?"

in which the pupil of Paesiello is recognisable. The trio which follows—

"Dans les détours du bois prochain,"

the stanzas sung by Mad. Belmont, which have become hackneyed.

"Il faut des époux assortis;"

Blinval's air—

"Oui, c'en est fait, je me marie."

The duo—

"Aimerez-vous votre beau-père?"

Della Maria had found some difficulty in composing music to the words last quoted. They were not sufficiently musical, and he went to his collaborator to ask him to alter them. Duval merely set about making him understand by singing them to an air which he extemporised, that, on the contrary, a great deal might be made of them. The light dawned on the young composer's mind, and he returned an hour after with the piece finished. Finally, I will mention the pretty trio—

"Faut-il pour une bagatelle?"

and the well known romance—

"Lorsque dans une tour obscure."

The great portion of these airs have become singularly antiquated, but this arises from the immense popularity they enjoyed, and popularity is, in my eyes, a great merit in a work, the style of which is inconsistent with too elevated a tone. The piece was remarkably well played by Elleviou, the friend and fellow-townsman of Duval, by Mad. St. Aubain, and Dugazon.

The other operas of Della Maria were far from obtaining the success of *Le Prisonnier*. *Le Vieux Château*, however (March 16, 1798) was performed some thirty times. "It had the misfortune of coming after *Le Prisonnier*," Duval used to say.

On the 9th of December, 1798, our two collaborators produced *L'Oncle Valet*, which met with still less success than *Le Vieux Château*. The *verve* of Della Maria was beginning to fail. *L'Oncle Valet* was played at Vienna, where it was heard by Weber, who, in one of his letters, says in reference to it:—

"Here now are some particulars of the victory which the Theatre an der Wieden has just gained over that of the city. Both were rehearsing unknowingly the same French opera; at last the Court Theatre got wind of the affair, and made haste to steal a march on the rival stage. The piece failed wofully. The next day it had the most brilliant success at the Theatre an der Wieden, since when it has had already seven or eight consecutive performances. The work is weak enough, the plot commonplace, the music light. It is by Dalayrac.* The opera is called *L'Oncle Valet*."

L'Opéra Comique, by Segur and Dupaty, was played between *Le Vieux Château* and *L'Oncle Valet*. Next to this last piece came *Jacquot, ou l'Ecole des Mères* (1799), *La Maison du Marais*, three acts, by Duval (January, 1800), and *La Fausse Duègne*.

La Maison du Marais was played shortly before the death of Della Maria†—a death in the saddest of manners. On leaving a friend's house where he had been dining he fell down insensible in the middle of the Rue St. Honoré. He was carried into a neighbouring house, where he expired without having been able to utter a single word, and as no one present knew him, he had to be taken to the Morgue. Duval, his universal legatee, had him buried on his property in the country. The architect Lecomte, Isabez, his brother-in-law, and Lemot, erected a monument to his memory.

Dalayrac pronounced a funeral eulogium over his tomb. "I shall not undertake to analyse his works. It will suffice to say that they abound in agreeable and flowing melody; that their style is pure and elegant; that the accompaniments are light and brilliant; lastly, that they are full of charming thoughts, and that these qualities, combined with the genuine expression of the words, which is extraordinary in a disciple of a foreign school, have placed Della Maria side by side with the best composers."

VIENNA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

THE reputation of the Kärtnerthor Opera House, although, for reasons which shall hereafter be considered, now somewhat on the wane, will give an interest to the following list of the managers and singers at present employed in the undertaking:—

GENERAL DIRECTORS—MM. Esser and Schober.
FINANCE DEPARTMENT—Herr Steinhäuser.
COMPTROLLERS.—Comte Lanzcoransky and Hofrath Raymond.

PRIME DONNE—Mad. Csillag, Mad. Dustman Meyer, Mad. Wildauer, Mlle. Kraus, Mad. Hoffman, Mlle. Liebhart.
CONTRALTO—Mlle. Sulzer.
SECONDE DONNE—Mlle. Ferrari, Mlle. Weiss, Mlle. Kudelka, and Mlle. Koschok.
PRIMI TENORI—MM. Ander, Wachtel, and Walter.
SECONDI TENORI—MM. Gunz, Campe, and Barach.
BARITONI—MM. Beck, Hrabaneck, Libisch, and Rudolph.
BASSI—Drachler, Schmied, Meyerhofer, Koch, Grauer and Hölzel.
1ST VIOLIN—Herr Helmesberger.
CONDUCTORS—MM. Esser, Proch, and Dessof.

The onus of management falls, as may be supposed, upon the general Directors. They are responsible for the orders of the comptrollers being carried out, the production of the operas, &c., &c., not by any means an enviable responsibility. Without the excitement of speculation, which is supposed to be the great charm of a theatrical manager's vocation, these gentlemen have all the trouble and petty annoyances incidental to their position, its chief attractions being the while denied them. Patronage, the privilege of office, is moreover monopolised by the superior authorities, so that what inducement MM. Esser and Schober can have (except it be of a pecuniary nature, which I very much doubt) to undergo so much drudgery, for it is nothing else, I am at a loss to understand. The artists are well paid, perhaps better than at any other continental theatre, Paris excepted. They are subject to certain arbitrary rules and regulations, in nature somewhat similar to those I quoted in my last letter for the guidance of the public. One condition of their engagements is, that they pay a certain sum, be-

* The author of *Der Freischütz* was not the only one who confounded Dalayrac with Della Maria. How often has *Le Prisonnier* been attributed to Dalayrac?

† Some biographers assert that *La Maison du Marais* was played after the death of Della Maria. Duval states expressly that he died shortly after.

sides forfeiting a proportionate amount of the salary, for every performance they may miss. This reminds me of an incident in Paris some years ago, where the same stipulation is made with the artists of the Grand Opera. Dining with a celebrated prima donna (who has since retired from the stage) she informed me of her intention not to sing the following evening, saying she would pay the forfeit rather than do so. Notice to this effect had been sent to the theatre. During dinner the director of the theatre arrived, and was admitted. "Comment, Mademoiselle, vous ne chantez pas demain?" "Non, Monsieur, je veux me reposer, et je payerai le dédit. Après tout, ce n'est que mille francs." "Mille francs, Mademoiselle, vous vous trompez; c'est dix mille francs. Lisez votre engagement." The lady was completely taken aback. "*Dix* mille francs! Cela, par exemple, est trop fort,—je chanterai." However, to return to Vienna. Of the talents and vocal powers of the different artistes mentioned I have already spoken in the various operas that have been given lately. The band and chorus, formerly of such remarkable excellence, have suffered considerably from the fact of three conductors being appointed to a post which one alone should fill.

The retirement of Eckert from this position cannot be sufficiently regretted. Since he left the precision and vigour of both the orchestra and chorus have but too evidently diminished, and it is hardly a matter of surprise, when it is considered that three conductors, Esser, Proch, and Dessof, supply his place alternately, and thereby prevent the possibility of that unity of feeling so absolutely necessary between a band and its conductor, which can only be attained by long and constant practice with each other. It is to this system of divided management that the decline of the Kärntnerthor Opera House is to be attributed. Its effect is observable in every branch of the establishment. Most evident in the band and chorus, it is also apparent on the stage in the slovenly costumes and careless *mise en scène*. Let us hope the system will be changed, and before it is too late. Comte Lanzcoransky regain your vigour, and don't let the Opera House, which formerly was an honour to you, lose its reputation through your indifference and neglect.

MADAME CSILLAG.—A life-size bust of this eminent prima donna, by Mr. Morton Edwards, is being exhibited. Of great merit as a work of art, it is also interesting as a likeness of the gifted artist, the sculptor having imparted to the "soulless marble" the characteristic expression and dignity of his subject. In this respect Mr. Edwards has followed the true principles of portraiture whether in painting or sculpture. With the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds in favour of the opinion, we believe character, that is to say, individuality, to be of greater importance in this branch of the imitative art than a servile copy of the features. When sculpture was in its infancy the power of merely producing the likeness of any object was considered as one of its greatest efforts. Those ignorant of the principles of the art talk the same language even to the present day. But when it was found that every man could do this, and a great deal more, by the observance of certain precepts, the name of genius then shifted its application and was given only to him who added the peculiar character of the object he represented; to him who had expression and grace, in short, those qualities or excellencies, the power of producing which is not the result of mere imitation; imitation being, in fact, only the means by which the sculptor presents his ideas to the spectator, while expression and grace are the manifestations of his genius. The sculptor's art is limited in comparison to others. Its essence is anatomical correctness, and when to perfect form is added (so to speak) the intellectual qualities of grace, dignity of character, and appropriate expression, its purpose may be said to have been accomplished. A bust, correctly modelled, and presenting the characteristic expression of the original, will be recognised by all (although each feature may not individually be exactly copied) and excite the admiration of the connoisseur by the means by which the resemblance is produced. It is not, however, our intention any more than our vocation, to discourse upon the art of sculpture. We have been led to make the foregoing remarks by the apparent excellence of Mr. Morton Edward's bust of Mad. Csillag, which we strongly advise our readers to see and criticise for themselves.

Letters to the Editor.

A NEW DODGE.

SIR,—On Saturday evening last a cart with three men drove up to my door, and said they came for a Collard's piano, for which they were sent by that firm. There was only one servant in the house at the time, but she fortunately had some experience of the deeds of London thieves, and very properly declined to deliver up my piano, which happens to be one by the makers in question. Had she allowed them to enter they would doubtless have gagged her, and not only carried off the instrument, but everything else they could lay their hands on, for I have since ascertained from Messrs. Collard that they had not sent any cart in my direction for several days, and that consequently the men must form part of a gang organised for the commission of such robberies. As it was, they went away grumbling that they should be obliged to depart empty-handed after coming such a distance.

I must remark, in addition, that the men could not give the name of the person to whom they were to apply for the piano, and that they doubtless selected Saturday as a safe day for the attempt, as for many weeks past I have left town on that day, which they must have observed.

You may possibly deem it worth while to insert this as a warning to unsuspicious housekeepers; and, trusting that it may be the means of frustrating similar plots,

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

CAVEAT LATRO.

No. 11—NOT No. 2.

DEAR SIR,—I observe that in the MUSICAL WORLD of the 10th inst., "*Your own Correspondent*" at Belfast has been inaccurate in stating that "Haydn's Symphony No. 2," was performed at the recent concert given by the Anacreontic Society, on the 6th inst. It was No. 11 of the Symphonies composed by Haydn for the Salaman concerts which was produced, and which was admirably executed by the amateurs of the Society, and by the professional gentlemen engaged for the occasion.

The symphony was highly applauded by the audience.

I am, dear Sir, Yours most truly,

JOHN C. BOYD,

Vice Pres. of the Belfast Anacreontic Society.

LEEDS DOINGS.

SIR,—You delivered a very strong anathema last week upon certain performances at the Leeds Town Hall concerts; more especially did you marvel at the "Organ and Pianoforte" accompaniment to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, and strike terror into the heart of poor Master Tilney for having dared to compose and perform new variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

Allow me to explain, in reference to the *Loreley* accompaniment, that as the society can only occasionally afford to have a band, works of this class can rarely be heard with more than a pianoforte accompaniment, or else they must be sealed to the multitude.

The organ was only *added* in this instance to give effect to certain passages for the wind instruments, which would otherwise have been lost with the piano solus. By persons well able to judge, the result was considered excellent, and by no means to be despised, in the unavoidable absence of a band.

Whole operas were given last season by Mrs. Wood, Mr. Burton, &c., with piano accompaniment *only:* surely, then, the addition of such an orchestral instrument as our grand organ, if judiciously managed, is not to be condemned.

Touching Master Tilney's sin, will you allow me to ask (as you attack the principle only), in what respect his wickedness differeth from that of Dr. Chipp and others, who have *done* "The Harmonious Blacksmith" with their own variations, and left Handel to look after himself?

If I remember rightly, too, you lauded the Chipp composition

after its performance on the *organ* at one of the Birmingham Festivals!

Now, seeing that you cannot know whether the Tilney variations (undoubtedly clever) are not equal to the Chipp ones, *why* do you blame the one and praise the other for the same act of commission?

I beg to send you by this post a copy of Chipp's "Harmonious Blacksmith," for your inspection and digestion.

Respectfully yours,
LEEDSER.

Leeds, Nov. 29, 1860.

[In a certain reign, which need not be specified, several of the clans of Scotland seemed to expect with impatience the arrival of the *Chevalier,* who was known to have been at Bar-le-Duc. These several of the clans of Scotland were in hopes, when the *Chevalier* should have arrived in their part of the kingdom, of ravaging the estates of gentlemen, remarkable for their zeal to the House of Hanover. *The members for that part of Britain did not dissemble their fears on this occasion.* Cold air in the extreme is almost as bad as hot. *Mundus alter et idem.* W. Spark, you're wanted.—PETIPACE.]

CHURCH PSALMODY IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

SIR,—The tune before the sermon here on Sunday last was "Rousseau's Dream" to a *funeral psalm!!* What next?

Mr. Charles Horsley in the admirable preface to his *Eighty-four Church Tunes* (an excellent work), says:—

"Whatever talent the author of this composition possessed, one of the last of accusations that can be brought against him was any belief in, or respect for, the doctrines of Christianity; and, though I have no proof of my assertion, I have not the slightest doubt that this tune, bad in melody and worse in harmony, has already been put to the profanest use that can disgrace any community; and yet it is found *introduced into* the service of the Church!"

"Rousseau's Dream" to a *funeral psalm* at the church of a fashionable watering-place in the nineteenth century!!! What next? I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE, Mus. Doc. M.A.

8, *Steyne, Bognor, Nov.* 26, 1860.

["Rousseau's Dream" was *not* Rousseau's dream, but a waking thought of another musicaster. Agent, patient; speculative, practick; habit, act; simple, compound: these are the common divisions of the understanding. *Synteresis —dictamen rationis*—CONSCIENCE, is another matter, as both Horsley and Fowle should know. "*Apostatare facit cor*" —said a wise man. But he was alluding to another matter. —PETIPACE.]

HERR MOLIQUE AND THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.—The 50 guineas presented to Herr Molique by the committee of the Norwich Festival, as remuneration for his successful oratorio of *Abraham*, has been returned by the composer, with a request that that sum should be appropriated to charities.

MR. WALTER LACY.—"This gentleman's Don Salluste, in the play of *Ruy Blas*," says the *London Review*, "is as perfect a piece of stage representation of the cold-blooded, self-possessed demon of the scene, as the imagination of the spectator, wrought up to the highest pitch by the vivid portraiture of Victor Hugo, can conceive. The rigid muscle, the fixed eye, the calm hollow voice, the imperturbable stony face, and the withering sneer, embodied all the salient points of the fiend, who plots a scheme of vengeance, distinguished amongst dramatic scenes for its heartless atrocity. Mr. Lacy never for a moment loses sight of his object, his soul is in it, you see it in the turn of his eye—the curl of his lip—the movement of his hands, and in that pitiless voice which runs to the heart like a bolt of ice."

LONDON TONIC SOL-FA.

THE London Tonic Sol-Fa Choir gave a concert at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday night, which attracted a large audience, chiefly made up, it is reasonable to believe, of the friends and relations of the pupils. The principles upon which the Tonic Sol-Fa system of instruction is based, and the aim and hopes of its abettors, must be tolerably familiar to our musical readers. What it comprises of tangible and possible, has been dwelt upon; in what respect it must be looked upon as restricted, and in a certain sense utopian, has been pointed out. A new musical language for general application is neither necessary nor practicable. We cannot begin reprinting in strange characters all that has been produced which is worth preserving, and even the disciples of the Tonic Sol-Fa, if they are desirous of becoming acquainted with the existing treasures of art, must make themselves proficients in the established system of notation, which to judge from their announcements, is tacitly admitted by themselves. If, however, it be true, as is stated, that no less than 150,000 pupils, under the guidance of some 700 teachers, in various parts of Great Britain, are receiving instructions in singing on the Tonic Sol-Fa system, the fact that a vast number of persons are usefully employed, whose leisure time might be devoted to much less worthy purposes, is beyond dispute. All such associations deserve encouragement, their moral influence being as highly beneficial as their practical tendency is healthy and civilising.

The London choir, under the direction of Mr. W. S. Young, forms only a small contingent of the general body of Tonic Sol-Fa-ists, and is probably not the most striking example of its average degree of cultivation. Several of the compositions introduced in Tuesday night's programme were by no means well given, the intonation being unsatisfactory, the delivery of the voices abrupt and inharmonious, and nothing distinguishing the performance from ordinary exhibitions but a sort of dry mechanical precision seldom obtained, moreover, until after the first start, which was invariably more or less unsteady. In other pieces these deficiencies were less apparent, in some scarcely at all; and this goes far to prove that they might, with proper care, be speedily and altogether amended. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

"The National Anthem"	Arranged by Mr. Henry Leslie.
"I will give thanks"	Palestrina.
"We hail thee, glad spring time"	*Arranged from* Auber. (1)
"Moonlight song of the fairies"	W. B. Bradbury.
"Skylark's song"	Mendelssohn.
"The little church"	V. E. Becker.
"See our oars"	Sir John Stevenson.
"Beautiful star"	Sayles.
"Blow, blow, thou winter wind"	Stevens.
"When the earth is hush'd"	De Call.
"Envy, eldest-born of hell"	Handel.
"Hail, smiling morn"	Spofforth.

PART II.

"Call John"	
"Greeting"	Meyerbeer.
"Return of spring"	Kalliwoda.
"O hills, O vales of pleasure"	Mendelssohn.
"See the chariot at hand"	Horsley.
"The blue bells of Scotland"	Arranged by A. Neithardt.
"Life's pleasant sail"	From the German Music Hall.
"Good news from home"	P. S. Gilmore.
"From Oberon in Fairyland"	Stevens.
"Now pray we for our country"	Eliza Flower.

Several things included in the above were radically unsuited to the object in view. To cite one remarkable instance, the chorus entitled "Greeting" involved a display of questionable taste on the part of the concoctors no less than of questionable execution on that of the singers. The name of Meyerbeer is attached to this piece, which is nothing better than a mutilated abridgment of the opening chorus in *Robert le Diable*, presented, too, in such a manner as virtually to strip it of its harmonious beauty. Such practices are, to say the least, reprehensible; and it is to be hoped that "Greeting" is not to be looked upon as a fair specimen of the

contents of the *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*, to the fourth volume of which, as the book of the words informs us, it belongs. The effusion which bears the name of "Call John" (Part II.), extracted from the same compilation, was perhaps intended as a satire on that portion of the musical community which has hitherto failed to discover the peculiar merits of the Tonic Sol-Fa method of vocal instruction. "Chorus" may stand for the majority of amateurs; "John" for their would-be enlighteners:—

(Chorus) Call John! John! John!
Louder, louder, louder,
John! John! John!
(John) Well! well! what d'ye want of John?
(Chorus) Oh John! oh John! can you tell us?
(John) Tell you what?
(Chorus) Oh John! Oh John! Oh John!
John! John! John! Can you tell us?
(John) Tell you what?
(Chorus) Tell us how? (John) How to what?
(Chorus) How to sing? (John) Sing what?
(Chorus) This song
(John) How to sing this song? Yes, yes.
Fah, me, ray, do, me, ray, do—
(Chorus) No, no, no. (John) *Soh, me, do, ray;*
(Chorus) No, no, no. (John) *Soh, fah, me, ray, do, me, ray, do.*
(Chorus) No, no, no. (John) *Soh, me, do, ray, me, ray, do.*
(Chorus) No, no, no, Johnny! Johnny! Can you tell us,
Tell us how to sing this song?
(John) No, no, no, never will I teach you how to sing.
(Chorus) Ha! ha! ha! ha! John! John! we've learn'd this song.
(John) No, no, such a set of blunderheads
Will never learn to sing.

Nevertheless, if teachers of the new system were not more explicit than "John," the world might for ever remain in darkness on this particular subject. Happily, to all accounts they are, and "Fah, me, ray, do," &c., shuffled up no matter how many times, does not represent the whole of their professional stock in trade. "Call John," though in no respect a composition distinguished for beauty, in a strictly musical sense, was declaimed (*sung* would be hardly the word) with remarkable vigour, and welcomed with clamorous enthusiasm. The audience seemed as though they could never tire of it. Whether this hearty reception of a piece so entirely unmeritorious, and (with deference) so vulgar, is an incident upon which the promoters of the "Tonic Sol-Fa" may be felicitated may, we think, be open to doubt. Far more gratifying to all who regard their very praiseworthy efforts from a serious point of view, and for legitimate reasons wish them success, must have been the smooth and correct delivery of Mendelssohn's part-song, "O hills, O vales of pleasure." Music such as this cannot fail to work good to whatever cause may invoke its co-operation, its simplicity being not more inviting than its feeling is poetical and genuine. Each successive rehearsal of so chaste and beautiful a piece is calculated to improve the taste and elevate the ideas of beginners, under whatever system their studies may be pursued; and they who have the direction of the Tonic Sol-Fa movement throughout the country—a movement which, according to the manner in which it is controlled, may be one of real importance, or, to say no worse, of comparative insignificance—should be anxious to include as much of the pure element in their course of instruction as expediency will allow, and as little of what is spurious, trivial or corrupt. Tuesday night's programme contained much that was good, but left as much to desire; conveying, moreover, in its general outline, no evidence of a clear and definite aim. How to sing should not be the whole and sole object in contemplation, *what to sing* involving, under the circumstances, a question of at least equal significance.—*Times.*

Burns' Cottage.—We understand that Mr. James Allan, butler to Sir Edward Hunter Blair of Blairquhan, is to become tenant of Burns' cottage, having been selected from a number of offerers by the Incorporation of Shoemakers, to whom the property belongs.—*Ayrshire Express.*

Monday Popular Concerts.—The third concert was in no way less attractive than its predecessors, and again, in spite of a drenching and incessant rain, was the cheerful large hall filled by an audience bent upon enjoying another of those excellent programmes which the directors know so well how to provide. Of the four instrumental pieces by Beethoven (to whose compositions the instrumental part of the programme was confined), three were heard here for the first time, showing that the management fully intends carrying out the promise made in the inaugurative address of "varying the entertainments as much as practicable, and frequently presenting new selections." The exception to the novelties was the quartet in C minor (No. 4, Op. 18), first introduced by M. Wieniawski, Herr Ries, M. Schreurs, and Signor Piatti, on March the 21st, 1859, and now repeated by desire. In parts suggestive of Mozart, yet stamped throughout with the individuality of Beethoven, it would be difficult to find in the whole range of its author's works a more charming composition, or one more likely to grow upon the hearer at each repetition. That it was rendered to admiration by MM. Sainton, Ries, Schreurs, and Piatti, we need hardly say, nor that it commanded breathless attention and the heartiest applause. The grand sonata in E flat (Op. 7) for pianoforte *solus* (dedicated to the Countess Keglevics) created the liveliest sensation. Mr. Charles Hallé's reading and execution of this fine work were alike masterly, and it is worth noting that he played the whole from memory. Herr Von Lenz, the rhapsodical panegyrist of Beethoven, finds no praise too lavish, no simile too extravagant, in speaking of this sonata; but listening attentively from beginning to end we failed to realise either the "*gerbes de feu*" in the *allegro*, the "tear dropped from the eye of a Magdalen in the vale of sorrow" in the *largo*, or the "joyous company on the greensward," &c., in the *scherzo*; far less the "child tormenting the may-bug, and not desisting until he has torn off its last leg," in the minor episode of the *rondo finale*. Fortunately the position of Beethoven is too surely established to be shaken; but had he been an ordinary composer we should have trembled for his reputation. The analyses of Herr Lenz are too frothy to inflict much injury. In the sonata in F major (No. 1, Op. 5) for pianoforte and violoncello, Mr. Charles Hallé enjoyed the co-operation of Signor Piatti, and with two such artists the performance, as may be imagined, was irreproachable. The sonata (in two movements, only—like that of Mozart for violin and piano, introduced last week) will doubtless be repeated. The grand trio (G major, No 2, Op. 1), in which the last-named gentlemen were joined by M. Sainton, although coming at the end of the programme, gave as much delight as any of the pieces that preceded it. Miss Gerard's nervousness interfered with her success in a very charming song from Mr. Macfarren's *King Charles II.*, "Can'st thou deem my heart is changing?" and Beethoven's lovely air, "Know'st thou the land?" Mr. Santley sang Benedict's "Portrait-song" from *The Gipsy's Warning*, and the song of Figaro in the last act of *Le Nozze*, "Aprite un po quegli occhi," both with admirable effect. The selection from Spohr, Dussek, and Weber, which afforded so much satisfaction on the opening night, will be repeated by general desire on Monday, with the same artists. Mr. Benedict was the accompanist.—Dodinas.

The Festivals of the Three Choirs.—A final winding up of the accounts of our late Festival has now taken place, the Rev. R. Sarjeant, Hon. Sec., having this week received from the Earl of Coventry, who, it will be remembered, was prevented attending the Festival owing to absence from the county, the munificent donation of 100*l.* to be added to the liberal sum already subscribed for the charity. The total amount thus received, therefore, is 1,314*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*, which exceeds the amount realised for the charity at the Worcester Festival of 1857 by no less than 281*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.*, besides the surplus of profit (65*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.*), which will be invested as already explained in the columns of the *Journal*. The largest collection ever made at these festivals, prior to 1860, was made at Gloucester last year, when 1,143*l.* 3*s.* 0*d.* was received, but the Worcester collection this year exceeds that amount by no less than 171*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.* We are glad to notice that already, before the last sounds of the Worcester Festival have well died out, the indefatigable conductor at Hereford—Mr. G. Townshend Smith—is exerting himself to make the next gathering of the Three Choirs, which will take place in that city in the autumn of 1861, at least as successful as those which have preceded it there. We announced at the close of our late festival that he had already obtained a good list of stewards for the next meeting, and the

following are the names of noblemen and gentlemen who have expressed their willingness to act in that capacity :—Lord William Graham, M.P.; Hon. J. F. T. W. Fiennes; Hon. C. S. B. Hanbury, M.P.; Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart. (2nd time); J. King, King, Esq., M.P.; H. Mildmay, Esq., M.P.; Col. Clifford, M.P.; B. Botfield, Esq., M.P.; S. Allaway, Esq., (2nd time); J. H. Arkwright, Esq. (3rd time); Rev. G. Arkwright; Rev. J. Bullock (2nd time); Rev. T. H. Bird; T. Dew, Esq.; W. Brewster, Evans, Esq.; Rev. E. Hampden; Rev. E. B. Hawkshaw; T. Hill, Esq.; Rev. H. C. Key; A. R. B. Knight, Esq. (2nd time); Rev. Prebendary Lee; Rev. W. B. Mynors; Rev. Prebendary Poole; R. Webb, Esq.; Rev. H. O. Wilson. These gentlemen stipulate that their individual pecuniary responsibility shall not exceed 25*l.*; but there is no reason why they should be mulcted so heavily, if the inhabitants of the county will only come forward in a commendable spirit and support the proposition which has been started for providing a guarantee fund, as has been done at Worcester on former occasions, when the Worcester Festivals were less prosperous than they have been of late years. A beginning in this way has been made, and at a meeting held at Hereford, on Wednesday, a 250*l.* was put down as subscriptions to the fund. —*Worcester Journal.*

SCARBOROUGH.—Now that the season is drawing to a close, we are but fulfilling a duty to Mr. W. Williams, conductor of the Spa band, in congratulating him on the able and satisfactory manner in which he has discharged his duties, and the manner in which music of the higher order (together with the lighter music of the day), has been rendered Praise is no less due to Mr. Smith, the general manager, for the energy and taste he has displayed in catering for the amusement of the public during this (his first) season. A further prolongation of the musical engagements at the Spa, we have no doubt, would form an important aid in bringing about the much-needed extension of the season at Scarborough.—*Scarborough Gazette.*

Advertisements.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

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MONDAY. POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE FOURTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

Will take place

On MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3, 1860,

When the Selection exclusively selected from the Works of

SPOHR, DUSSEK, AND WEBER.

Which was received with so much favour at the First Concert (November 12th) will be repeated, by general desire.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in G minor, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Spohr), Herr BECKER, Herr RIES, Herr SCHREURS and Signor PIATTI. Song, "Rose softly blooming" (Spohr), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Canzonet, "Name the glad day" (Dussek), Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON.] Sonata, in C major, Op. 24, Pianoforte solus (Weber), Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

PART II.—Sonata, in B flat, Op. 69, Pianoforte and Violin (Dussek), Herr BECKER and Mr. CHARLES HALLE. Song, "If a youth should meet a maiden," Der Freischütz (Weber), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Romance, "The clouds by tempests may be driven," Der Freischütz (Weber), Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Duet, "Come be gay," Der Freischütz (Weber), Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON and Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Quartet, in B flat, Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (Weber), Mr. CHARLES HALLE, Herr BECKER, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; and the principal music publishers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The Last Six Nights of Titiens and Giuglini. This Evening (Saturday) December 1, for the last night but three, ROBIN HOOD. Positive re-appearance of SIMS REEVES, supported by SANTLEY, PATEY PARKINSON, BARTLEMAN, LEMAIRE, and LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. In active preparation, a new opera, entitled QUEEN TOPAZE, in which Mlle. PAREPA, Mlle. ALLESANDRI, Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. PATEY, and Mr. SWIFT will appear. Commence at 8 o'clock each evening. Reduced prices.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Last Two Performances before Christmas.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), Dec. 1, Her Majesty's Servants will perform FORTY AND FIFTY. After which the new comedy, THE ADVENTURES OF A BILLET DOUX, in which Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATTHEWS will appear. To conclude with Sheridan's CRITIC; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed. Sir Fretful Plagiary and Puff, Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS; Don Whiskerandos, Mr. R. ROXBY; Tilburina, Miss E. ARDEN. Doors open at half-past 6; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 o'clock daily.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

THE general meeting of the Philharmonic Society (annually held in November) has taken place, and resolutions have been adopted which are calculated to satisfy every true friend of the institution. If the Philharmonic is not exactly in the position of Ajax defying the lightning, it at least disdains to emulate the self-denying reticence of Bede the younger. Brother Gye must look up a Dinah on his own account; at Hanover Square he will search in vain for a mildly relinquishing Seth. That accommodating "methody" finds no parallel in Pope Anderson, who seems to share the obstinacy, without the faint-heartedness, of Pius IX. His army shall be neither a French army, nor an army of mechanics, but an army of genuine Philharmonic troops, led on to victory by Generalissimo Sterndale Bennett.

We have reason to believe that no general meeting ever took place at which more unanimity was expressed than at the general meeting of the Philharmonic Society, on Monday week. The wave that threatened to annihilate the institution has not quite overwhelmed it. That is clear from the result. Not foolhardy enough to endeavour *to breast it*, and thus be carried away, the members prudently "ducked," and allowed it to pass over their heads. They have got soaked a little, it is true, but nothing worse.

If report lies not, the Covent Garden people are beginning to hesitate. The Philharmonic Concerts will not do in Floral Hall. Mr. Alfred Mellon is aware of that. Nevertheless, the Philharmonic Concerts *must* go on; and the mere notion of their being swamped by a conspiracy has enlisted a world of sympathy in their behalf. The members know it well; strong faith within has encouraged them to pass strong measures; and they are likely rather to be gainers than losers by the crisis that, a month since, astonied them to a member.

One of the resolutions, carried *nem. con.*, is extremely significative. Instead of six concerts, there are, in the forthcoming season, to be *eight*. The return to the old system will be hailed with delight by every amateur. Sixteen symphonies, as many overtures, and at least eight concertos (for pianoforte or violin) will form something more like a substantial Philharmonic budget than the restricted supply of recent years. Moreover, in reducing the number of their performances from eight to six, the Philharmonic Society had cried "Peccavi," when there was really no reason for any such confession. Another important and straightforward decision was adopted, which will probably confer an equal amount of gratification on the musical world. It was resolved *unanimously* that no change should be made in the nights of performance; that the time-honoured Mondays should be again consecrated to the classic muse of harmony; *and that no proposition to the contrary, from whatever source, or on whatever pretext, should be entertained for one instant.*

As Agrippa's dog (Cornelius, not Menenius) had a devil tied to his collar, some think that Paracelsus (Theophrastus Bombastes, &c.) had one confined to his sword pummel (or else that Erastus belied him. Others, it was once generally believed, wore devils in their rings. But this is neither here nor there, unless it be beside the question. *Nihil intellectu quod non prius fuit in sensu.* Notions are twofold—actions or habits. "*On ne se soucie pas*" (says Pascal), *d'être estimé dans les villes où on ne fait que passer; mais quand on y doit demeurer un peu de tems, on s'en soucie.*" "How long a time is necessary?"—asks of himself the French philosopher. "Just so long"—answers to himself the French philosopher—"as is proportioned to our *durée vaine et chétive*" (our vain and feeble sojourn). The same proposition holds with *salles de concerts* as with "*villes.*" The directors of the Philharmonic Society have been reading Pascal at the eleventh hour. "No one,"—says John Stuart Mill—"can be a great thinker who does not recognise that, as a thinker, it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead." The same holds with Philharmonic directors, who may or may not be great thinkers, but who have followed the conclusion to which their intellect led in the contemplation of an anticipated crisis. They have looked it boldly in the face, and outlived it!

Of the eight concerts, two will take place before Easter. *Bravo!* Professor Sterndale Bennett is re-appointed conductor. *Bravissimo!* There is even a talk of *two* rehearsals, instead of one only, for each concert. Better and better, if this should turn out sooth. One rehearsal is no rehearsal; and thus the first rehearsal and the performance become too often synonyme.

What follows involves grave matter for consideration. "Any members of the orchestra," (we quote from memory of hearsay) "who may *find themselves,*" ("find themselves"—good) "precluded by engagements *made elsewhere,*" ("made *elsewhere*"—not bad) "from accepting the engagement offered by the Philharmonic Society for the Monday evenings pre-specified, will, as a matter of, however disagreeable ("however *disagreeable*"—capital!), necessity, be replaced by substitutes, appointed, *not necessarily by themselves,* but (necessarily) by the Philharmonic Directors."

Finis coronat opus. Cæsar, Brutus, Metellus Cimber, and even Antony must ruminate before proceeding further in this venture, adventure, or (to cite Sancho) "misadventure."

PETIPACE.

ADDISON'S satirical articles on the Italian Opera, in the *Spectator,* would probably be liked, though not truly *relished,* by the editor of the *Scotsman;* for he would be quite unable to appreciate their admirable humour. By musicians, however, they are often spoken of as ill-natured and unjust, and are ascribed—somewhat unfairly, as it seems to us—to the annoyance, it is supposed, Addison must have felt at the failure of his opera of *Rosamond,* which had been set to music by the most ignorant and malicious impostor of his day.* This, however, is politely to assume what Addison's life, as a whole, will not allow us to believe, that he never blamed except in revenge for some personal loss, or praised except in the hope of some personal gain. And, after all, what *has* Addison said against the Opera—an entertainment which he certainly enjoyed, or he would not have attended it so often, or have devoted so many excellent papers to it? The *Spectator* was written from day to day, and was certainly not intended for *our* entertainment; yet who can fail to be amused at the description of the stage king "who spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English;" and of the lover who "frequently made his court and gained the heart of his princess in a language which she did not understand?" What, too, in this style of humour, can be better than the notion of the audience "getting tired of understanding half the opera, and to ease themselves of the trouble of thinking so ordering it that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue;" or of the performers who, for all the audience knew to the contrary, might be "calling them names and abusing them among themselves;" or of the probable reflection of the future historian, that "in the beginning of the eighteenth century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England that operas were acted on the public stage in that language?" On the other hand, we have not, it is true, heard yet of any historian publishing the remark suggested by Addison, probably because those historians who go the opera—and who does not?—are quite aware that to understand an Italian opera it is not at all necessary to have a knowledge of the Italian language. The Italian singers might abuse us at their ease, especially in concerted pieces and in grand *finales;* but they might, in the same way, and equally without fear of detection, abuse their own countrymen. However, it is a great mistake to inquire too closely into the foundation on which a joke stands when the joke itself is good; and we are almost ashamed, as it is, of having said so much on the subject of Addison's pleasantries, when the pleasantries spoke so well for themselves.

The only portion of Addison's longest paper on the opera that can be treated in perfect seriousness is that which begins, "If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for performances of a much higher nature, &c." Now we fancy the recent political condition of Italy sufficiently proves that music could not save a country from national degradation; but neither had painting nor an admirable poetic literature done so. It is also better, no doubt, that a man should learn his duty to God and to his neighbour than that he should cultivate harmony; but why not do both, and above all, why compare like with unlike? Allow that the "performances of a much higher nature," than music exist; at least they do not answer the same end? If it could be shown that the more general science on which that of astronomy rests was a nobler study than music, it at the same time could not be maintained (except perhaps by the editor of the *Scotsman*) that there was anything consoling, or *per se,* elevating in mathematics? Poetry, again, would by many persons be classed higher than music, though the effect of half poetry, of imaginative literature generally, is to place the reader in a state of reverie, such as music induces more immediately and more perfectly. The enjoyment of art—by which we do not mean its production, or its critical examination, but the pure enjoyment of the artistic result—has nothing strictly intellectual in it. No man could grow wise by looking at Raphael, or listening to Mozart. Neither does he derive any intellectual ideas from some of our most beautiful poems, but simply delight of an elevated kind, such as is given by fine music. Music is evidently not didactic, and painting can only teach in the ordinary sense of the word what every one already knows; though of course a painter can depict

* Clayton, who, afterwards supported by two other musicians named Haym and Dieupart, proposed, under the auspices of Steele, to rescue their art from the "barbarism, under an affectation of knowledge," into which it had fallen since the arrival of Handel in England!

certain aspects of nature and of the human face, previously unobserved and unimagined, just as the composer in giving a musical expression to certain sentiments and passions can rouse in us emotions previously dormant, or at all events, never experienced before with so much intensity. But the fine arts cannot communicate abstract truths—from which it chiefly follows, that no right-minded artist ever uses them with such an aim; though there is no saying that some wild enthusiast will not endeavour to express, and other enthusiasts equally wild pretend to see, in symphonies, whether of the past, the present, or the future, and in big symbolical pictures, such as the admirably-painted fresco by Kaulbach, on the walls of the Neue Museum at Berlin, which explains to every one (after he has read the long printed description of the work) that the fall of Babel and the destruction of Babylon meant and were precisely the fame thing.

But why, it will be said, should we argue about music with the editor of the *Scotsman*? Heaven preserve us from any such folly! We are merely publishing a few remarks for the perusal of our intelligent readers who may have been shocked by the barbarism of this Pict, and may wish to see him put to shame. It is a strange thing, nevertheless, that the editor of the *Scotsman* should not like music. Shakspeare had somewhat of a taste for it, and we all know what he says of the man who has "no music in his soul," and of the dark conspiracies and other *political performances** for which he is fitted. Milton was passionately fond of music; and let the editor of the *Scotsman* ask Mr. David Masson whether the author of "Paradise Lost" did not address three Latin poems to Leonora Baroni singing at Rome—*ad Leonoram Romæ canentem*? Molière's plays are full of allusions to music of such a nature, that they prove him to have had a practical acquaintance with the art. (Let the editor of the *Scotsman* consult on this subject "*Molière musicien*," *par* C. Blaze,—price [we regret to say] 15 francs). Finally, Rabelais was not only a musician by taste, but was actually a fiddler and a singing-master. At all events, when violin playing was in its infancy in France, he understood what was in his time considered the wonderful art of shifting or *démancher*-ing the instrument.

"*Panurge*," he says, "*ces mots achevez, jecta au milieu du parquet une grosse bourse de cuir pleine d'escus au soleil. Au son de la bourse commencearent tous les chats fourrez jouer des gryphes, comme si feussent violons desmanchez.*" PANTAGRUEL, LIVRE IV. CHAPITRE 13. Rabelais is known moreover to have opened a singing-school at Meudon, which he himself directed.

The two greatest poets of England, the two greatest comic writers of France, loved music (it being tolerably certain that at least three out of the four practised it), and yet the editor of the *Scotsman* undervalues it and hates it! The thing passes belief.

We fancy what the editor of the *Scotsman* really objects to in music is, that he cannot get any solid, material advantage out of it." "You can't eat it, and you can't drink it, and you can't put it on your back," as a Caledonian manufacturer is said to have observed, when asked to set a value upon a certain picture. But the editor of the *Scotsman* can obtain real bodily profit out of sweet sounds, as out of medicinal waters, if he only knows how to set about it. Let him study and derive what good he can from the following account of the wonderful curative powers of music, as given by that great musician, Rabelais:—

"COMMENT LA QUINTE ESSENCE GUARISSOIT LES MALADES PAR CHANSONS.

* * * * * *Vous, en vostres royaulmes, avez quelques roys les quelz fantasticquement guarissent d'aulcunes maladies, comme scrophule, malsacré, fièvres quartes, par seule apposition des mains, ceste nostre royne de toutes maladies guarit sans y toucher, seullement leur sonnant une chanson selon la compétence du mal. Puys nous monstra les orgues, desquelles sonnant, faisoit ses admirables guarisons. Scelles estoyent de façon bien estrange. Car les tuyaulx estoyent de casse en canon, le sommier de gaiac, les marchettes de rheubarbe, le suppèed de turbith, le clavier de scammonie.*"

Lors que considérions ceste admirable et nouvelle structure d'orgues, par ses abstracteurs.... et aultres siens officiers, feurent les lepreux introduictz: elle leur sonna une chanson, je ne scay quelle, feurent soubdain et parfaictement guariz. Puys feurent introduictz les empoissonnez et les Escossois et gens debout. Puys les aveugles, les sourds, les muetz, les resdacteurs apoplectiques, leur appliquant de mesme."

If the editor of the *Scotsman* can make nothing out of the above Rabelaisian anecdote, we recommend to his attention the following extract from the "Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier," which seems to show that the Scotchmen of the present day are a great deal too much like the Scotchmen of two hundred years since:—"*Le Roi d'Angleterre (Charles II.) vint me conduire jusqu'à mon logis par la galérie qui va du Louvre aux Tuileries; et le long du chemin il ne me parla que de la misérable vie qu'il avait menée en Ecosse; qu'il n'y avait pas une femme; que les gens étaient si rustres, qu'ils croyaient que c'était un péché d'entendre des violons.*" DINADAM.

IT is at length decided that the customary Festival of the Three Choirs will take place at Hereford next year, although at one time great fears were entertained that this important musical event would fall to the ground for want of sufficient funds. Thanks, however, to the energy and determination of the present chairman, J. H. Arkwright, Esq., of Hampton Court (chairman of the festival, by the way, for the third time), aided by the stewards—at the head of whom figure Lord William Graham, M.P., the Hon. J. F. T. W. Fiennes, Hon. C. S. B. Hanbury, M.P., and Sir William Curtis, Bart.—the triennial meeting is not merely determined upon, but is likely to prove an entire success. Twenty-six gentlemen have accepted office as stewards, on condition that they are not to be responsible for a deficiency beyond 650*l*. The Mayor of Hereford, B. Botfield, Esq., M.P., in compliance with a general wish, has added his name to the list of stewards; so that already a powerful *prestige* attaches to the forthcoming meeting, and nothing more is required than a Guarantee Fund, in case the loss should be greater than the sums for which the stewards have made themselves answerable, to make the prospects of the Festival in the highest degree promising. Through the exertions and untiring energies of Mr. Townshend Smith, Honorary Secretary, the subscriptions to the Guarantee Fund have already realised nearly 350*l*.; so that at this moment, even should no more additions be made to the list of subscribers, the stewards have only rendered themselves

* Talking of "political performances" (of which the editor of the *Scotsman* declares musicians to be incapable) we are reminded that Farinelli, the organist, was minister at the Court of Spain—not as ambassador, but as minister of state. A sopranist in the cabinet! To what political position, then, might not a manly tenor or baritone of the present day aspire?

liable to 12*l.* or 13*l.* each to make up the deficit. At the head of the subscribers to the Guarantee Fund stands the Venerable the Archdeacon of Hereford, who, although continuing to entertain objections to musical performances in the cathedral, has put down his name for 25*l.*; while Messrs. Bulmer and Whitfield give the next largest sum, 10*l.*, and Mr. Townshend Smith's name is conspicuous among the 5*l.* donors. Further, it may be worthy of mention that the Dean and Chapter of Hereford have granted the use of the nave of the cathedral for the performance of oratorios and other sacred compositions, and another portion of the building for the daily celebration of choral service.

The cessation of the Hereford Festival would have involved a serious loss to the cause of charity. The collection in 1857, amounting to 1064*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, was greater than on any former occasion, which was equally the case at the last meetings both of Worcester and Gloucester. It would have been a disgrace to the town corporate and shire of Hereford to have suffered the discontinuance of the Triennial Meeting, which for so many years had benefited the inhabitants of the old cathedral town by the influx of visitors, conferred new life and enjoyment on a remote and listless locality, and rescued hundreds from the grasp of want and misery. The people of Hereford are indebted more than they are aware of to Mr. Townshend Smith, to the stewards, and to the subscribers to the Guarantee Fund, for upholding the honour of their fair city.

ANGUISH.

IN again placing the oratorio of *Solomon* before their subscribers and the public, the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society have done wisely. The works of Handel must necessarily be their chief stock in trade, and to fairly represent his colossal genius, *Solomon* must be entered on the list among his better known achievements, the *Messiah*, *Israel*, *Samson*, the Dettingen *Te Deum*. It is our invariable custom to attend performances of Handel's oratorios, and if we rank *Solomon* as a work in which the interest to musicians is not of the same stamp as in the others we have mentioned, we do not by any means think it should be neglected. It was, during the season before last, twice performed, and listened to with unqualified satisfaction. While we think the scene of the two mothers before Solomon is too prolonged, and that the libretto is one of the worst that ever troubled Handel, we are not forgetful that "From the censer," and the series of choruses (with contralto solo) commencing, "Music, spread thy voice around," are amongst his most gigantic inspirations; that "May no rash intruder" is not only of marvellous beauty, but that being the only specimen of its style, it has no rival. *Solomon*, too, has an overture of great value as an orchestral study, which fitly inaugurates an oratorio wherein instrumental excellence is preserved unimpaired throughout. The work, as performed at Exeter Hall, is much curtailed from its original proportions, and even now is too long for particular descriptions of each piece. The antiphonal form is used in many of the choruses, and in particular instances—such as the first, "Your harps and cymbals sound," "With pious heart," and the before mentioned "From the censer"—with a dignity and magnificence only inferior to some of the numbers of *Israel in Egypt*. In the airs, too, we find very many of the happiest ideas of the composer, such as "What tho' I trace" (contralto), "Can I see my infant gored?" (soprano), and "Will the sun forget to streak? (soprano), with its graceful *flauto obbligato*. These are but few of the many pieces in *Solomon* which are always welcome. The recitatives are very numerous, and serve to exhibit Handel's fertility of invention. Indeed, in this branch of vocal art he has never been surpassed.

It is the custom for the press to take a great deal for granted with respect to the performances of well known associations. We have never failed to express our opinion on the Sacred Harmonic Concerts; but, while admitting their excellence in many points, which, if considered altogether, leave them without equal, we have had occasionally to urge that better things might be done by a body of such great resources. On the present occasion we can safely say that a better representation will never have been given by the Society. If we are not mistaken, this may be attributed to the work of reform and purgation to which the Committee have lately directed their zealous labours. Those gentlemen, however, know best; but if we are right in our surmise, it cannot fail to be an encouragement to them to prosecute a reform, which indeed was rapidly becoming indispensable.

Of the performance of *Solomon*, which took place last night, and inaugurated the present season, we shall speak next week, in the proper place.

SHOULDER.

WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The *Trinummus* of Plautus will be performed by the Queen Scholars of Westminster on the following nights:—Friday, December 14; Tuesday, December 18; Thursday, December 20, with the addition of a Prologue and Epilogue on the last two nights.

MUSIC.—It requires no extraordinary skill in execution to render music subservient to the purposes of social and domestic enjoyment; but it does require a willing spirit and a feeling mind to make it tell upon the sympathies and affections of our nature. There is a painful spectacle occasionally exhibited in private life, when a daughter refuses to play for the gratification of her own family, or casts aside with contempt the music they prefer; yet when a stranger joins the circle, and especially when many guests are met, she will sit down to the piano with the most obliging air imaginable, and play with perfect good-will whatever air the company may choose. What must the parents of such a daughter feel, if they recollect the fact that it was at their expense their child acquired this pleasing art, by which she appears anxious to charm any one but them? And how does the law of love operate with her? Yet music is the very art which, by its mastery over the feelings and affections, calls forth more tenderness than any other. Surely, then, the principle of love ought to regulate the exercise of this gift in proportion to its influence upon the human heart. Surely it ought not to be cultivated as the medium of display, so much as the means of home enjoyment; not so much as a spell to charm the stranger, or one who has no other link of sympathy with us, as a solace to those we love, and a tribute of gratitude and affection to those who love us.—*Brighton Guardian.*

THE BASS VIOL *versus* THE PIANO.—Since the harp has fallen into disuse, nothing has supplied its place as a drawing-room instrument. The piano, that friend of mediocrity, reigns everywhere; but ladies are not aware of all the harm that it occasions. In the first place, except in the hands of an adept, the piano has no expression at all, and only wearies the ear. Besides, it accords in no respect with feminine beauty, and it especially cuts the bust or the head with a horizontal line, causing the most unpleasing effect. It is really strange that our drawing-room musicians have not thought long ago of substituting for these massive, angular chests, some instrument graceful in form and melodious in tone. The painters were the people to consult. There is to be seen at the Louvre a beautiful picture by Netscher—a lady playing on the bass viol. Paul Veronese has represented himself with this instrument in his magnificent picture of the "Marriage at Cana." St. Cecilia also displays her exquisite hand on the strings of a bass viol. The outline, the shape, the shades of colour, all unite to place in advantageous relief the white arm which lithely directs the bow, the slender fingers which delicately traverse the finger-board, the bust gracefully bending forward over the soul of the instrument, which seems to reply by its vibrations to the throbbing of the lovely performer's heart. Should not an instinct of coquetry, in default of musical sentiment, have caused the adoption by ladies of the instrument of the patron saint of musicians?—*Brighton Guardian.*

The Opera.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—On Monday night an operetta in one act, entitled the *Marriage of Georgette*, was produced with unequivocal success. *Les Noces de Jeannette*, the French original, from the joint pens of MM. Barbier and Carré (authors of *Dinorah*), was brought out some years ago at the Opéra Comique. The music, by M. Victor Massé, gained the first laurels for a young composer who has since taken rank among the most popular disciples of the late Adolphe Adam, and whose latest notable performance, *La Reine Topaze*, was, like *Les Noces de Jeannette*, composed expressly for the now celebrated Mad. Miolan Carvalho. A more agreeable little piece to serve as what our neighbours term "*lever de rideau*" could hardly be desired; and the music is so light and sparkling, that, the brevity of the opera taken into consideration, it is a pity any portion of it should be rejected. Although we are not aware that *Les Noces de Jeannette* has been introduced at any of our metropolitan theatres, an English version, by Messrs. Leicester Buckingham and A. Harris, so conveniently adapted that it may be played with or without music, has been given in most of the provincial towns, and—thanks to the brilliant vocalisation of Miss Louisa Pyne—was for a long time a favourite in the United States of America, where she sustained one of the two principal characters. The French piece itself, together with the music, transplanted *literatim et notatim* from the boards of the pleasant opera house in the Rue Favart, was presented, last summer, at the little theatre in Camden House, Kensington, and experienced a highly-flattering reception at the hands of a genuine assembly of connoisseurs. As the general public, however, has no access to that *sanctum sanctorum* of aristocracy and fashion, a brief digest of the plot may not be supererogatory.

Georgette (Jeannette) is in love with an artisan named Jacques (Jean), who pretends to reciprocate her attachment, until the day appointed for signing the wedding contract, when, repenting of his engagement, he suddenly withdraws. Pursuing the fickle swain to his abode, nevertheless, the forsaken Chloe reproaches him with having made her the laughingstock of the village. Jacques, thus confronted, vows that his admiration remains unchanged, but that his abstract dread of marriage, being even greater than his affection, has led him to this seeming inconsistency. Not satisfied with such a poor excuse, Georgette threatens vengeance from so uncompromising a quarter—that of a stern military father—that Jacques is induced to affix his name to a paper, which he subsequently learns to be a second contract. His indignation at finding himself to be thus irretrievably bound, is only appeased by Georgette's promise that she will not herself sign the deed, and, satisfied that he is still a free man, he leaves the house on an errand with which she has intrusted him. Meanwhile, however, having altered her mind, Georgette completes the contract by the addition of her signature, and on his return Jacques discovers his now legally affianced bride in quiet possession of his domicile. The only expedient he can hit on is to disgust the intruder alike with her partner and her home; and to this end, in an excess of exasperation, half assumed, half real, he turns the apartment topsy-turvy, deranges the bed-furniture, overthrows chairs and tables, and smashes the glass and crockery; after which magnanimous achievement he seeks a temporary repose in the hayloft. While thus invoking the aid of Somnus to calm his excited nerves, Georgette has the broken furniture removed, and substitutes her own, the recent gifts of her friends, in its place. Jacques, on awakening, is astonished to see his apartment freshly and neatly furnished, a substantial supper laid out for him, after his own peculiar taste, while the self-elected wife of his bosom, like the heroine of Lebrun's *Rossignol*, is emulating the nightingale in fluent and mellifluous strains. Touched with this proof of united forbearance and solicitude, enchanted by the song, and still more (as Mr. Corri makes it appear) by the supper, the heart of Jacques relents; a reconciliation follows in due course, and the enamoured Georgette is rewarded for her perseverance by the hand of a youth who, unmoved by her intrinsic charms, was by no means proof against new furniture, new crockery, and a bacon-omelette. Mr. W. Harrison (we are approaching the period when every manager will be his own author), in his adaptation of the French piece, has followed the original with tolerable fidelity, but somewhat spoiled the *denoûment*, by omitting the incident of Georgette's tearing up the contract at the very moment of her triumph, which left her still more completely mistress of the field, while, at the same time, paying a slight tribute to "poetical justice."

The music of M. Massé (it must be understood that of all his operas—which, besides those we have mentioned, include *Galathée*, *La Chanteuse Voilée*, *La Financée du Diable*, *Les Saisons*, &c.—the *Noces de Jeannette* is the least pretending) does not admit of detailed criticism or analysis, there being very little to criticise and nothing at all to explain. It is throughout of the slightest possible texture, and depends exclusively on its light and fluent tune, combined with a certain well-sustained theatrical propriety. The soliloquy of Jacques, "At last, I am alone," is spirited, if nothing more; the duet, "Hold, stay there, if you please," in which Georgette induces Jacques to sign the contract, though too long for its abstract musical interest, is by no means too long for the dramatic situation; the comic song, "Oh! you can little know, my dear," in which Jacques tries to disgust Georgette by a formal catalogue of the conjugal duties she will have to fulfil under his roof, is lively, well written, and to the purpose; and the final duet, where Jacques, repenting, endeavours to make peace, contains a phrase for Georgette—"My fond heart will sure its joy reveal"—not merely pretty, but which, without exaggeration, may be termed beautiful. Best of all, however, are the three songs of Georgette—"Amongst the village swains," "Fly nimbly with your work, my fingers," and "At my cottage door"—the first of which is remarkably graceful and expressive, while the others (the "Knitting-song" and the "Nightingale-song," by which names they are likely to be familiarly known) are characteristic as well as melodious. All three were given to perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne (Georgette), whose first appearance after her indisposition was hailed with several distinct rounds of applause. In the "Nightingale's song" the accomplished vocalist was accompanied in masterly style on the flute by Mr. Pratten. This gentleman shared with her an elaborate "cadenza" for flute and voice, cut out on much the same pattern as those time-honoured specimens of Lebrun and Bishop that were wont to enliven the amateurs of two or three generations since, and which one might have thought had been virtually driven out of fashion by the genius and originality of Meyerbeer, who by the extraordinary trio for voice and two flutes in the last scene of *L'Etoile du Nord* made all preceding attempts look faded and forlorn. Perhaps, however, M. Victor Massé did wisely in taking Lebrun rather than Meyerbeer for a model, the first being as easy as the last was difficult to emulate. Nevertheless, Lebrun allowed for, it was a real musical treat to listen to such a performance as that of Miss Lousia Pyne and Mr. Pratten. We have said nothing of the overture and final chorus, inasmuch as they are wholly insignificant. The part of Jacques was supported with vigour and painstaking ability by Mr. Corri, who, though his humour cannot (as we have had already occasion to observe) be cited as spontaneous or natural, managed to divert the audience considerably in more than one scene. The applause at the fall of the curtain was unanimous and cordial.

The *Marriage of Georgette* was preceded by the ballet of *The Ambuscade* and followed by Mr. Loder's admirable *Night Dancers*. Mr. Balfe's new opera—*Bianco, the Bravo's Bride*—is in active rehearsal.

The Theatres.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Monday night Mlle. Albina di Rhona, a French dancer, said to be of Servian origin, made her first appearance, in a trifling piece entitled *Smack for Smack*. The young lady, who is an actress as well as a dancer, speaks the French language, and, as the piece originally stood, the only other character, a Prussian soldier, was played by a German, who spoke in his own vernacular. The bickering which takes place between these two personages, and which ultimately leads to a declaration of mutual attachment, mainly serves to introduce a number of those characteristic dances in which Mlle. Albina di Rhona is a proficient. Nevertheles, it was felt that the German would be unintelligible to a large portion of the audience, and hence he is converted into an Englishman, and played by Mr. Belmore, the lady still retaining

her original French. Mlle. Albina is a dancer of immense strength and vivacity, capable of surprising *tours de force*, and is withal endowed with that histronic spirit that is especially required to give effect to dances of the national kind. She is, moreover, a lively actress, in the ordinary sense of the word, and speaks her dialogue with all the point of a French *soubrette*. She was greeted with universal applause.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Mathews is again the prevailing genius at this house, the temporary withdrawal of the *Story of the '45* allowing light comedy to take the place of romantic melodrama. A very clever version of *Les Pattes de Mouche*, which is called *The Adventures of a Billet-doux*, gains considerably by this revolution, for when it was first brought out it was played after the very lengthy tale of serious interest, and was therefore scarcely noticed. Now it occupies the post of honour, which it well deserves, for, as we need not say, it turns on a most amusing intrigue, and, as we may justly add, the two leading personages in whose hands the game entirely lies are excellently played by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. The *Critic*, in which Mr. Charles Matthews plays both Sir Fretful and Puff, has been too long identified with his name to require comment.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mr. S. Lover's comical novel of *Handy Andy* has been converted into a dramatic shape, that Mr. John Drew, an actor celebrated in Ireland, may maintain the part of the blundering serving-man—the Jocrisse of Irish fiction. Mr. Drew is an artist of the quietest and least obtrusive kind, never violently thrusting forward his drollery, but allowing it to insinuate itself into the minds of the audience, as if perfectly relying on its natural force. The finish with which he executes the minute details of the part is very remarkable, and when his share in the dialogue is but small, he still makes himself conspicuous, and remains the attractive figure of the scene through the excellence of his by-play. His skill in "making up," so necessary a qualification for parts of characteristic humour, is very great, his resemblance to the picture of Handy Andy extending apparently even to the conformation of the face. How far nature has assisted art in this respect we cannot determine.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The weather has not been very favourable for the winter concerts, four of which have been now given; nevertheless, the attendance on each occasion has been larger than might have been expected. The programmes continue to preserve their distinctive instrumental features, which Mr. Augustus Manns finds he has been wise in adopting. A symphony and one or two overtures invariably constitute items in the selection, for the most part executed with efficiency and vigour. The new vocal favourite has been Mad. Palmieri, who made her *début* last Saturday, and sang airs from the *Bohemian Girl*, and the Italian repertory with marked effect. Also the lady's *caro sposo*, Signor Palmieri, presented himself as a tenor singer, with no remarkable results. M. Joseph Heine, a violinist, made his first appearance, and executed Ernst's *Pirata fantasia* with much applause. The symphony was Mendelssohn's, A major, alias The *Italian*.

CAPTAIN MORTON PRICE AND MISS CATHARINE LUCETTE have commenced an entertainment at the Prince of Wales's Hall, Regent Street (formerly the Cosmorama), under the name of a *Theatrical Tour through the United States and Canada*. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the title with the entertainment itself, which consists of two amusing *petites comedies*, written by Captain Price, interspersed with songs and duets of a popular character. These, we suppose, constituted the *répertoire* of the gallant captain and his fair companion during their tour through the new continent. Captain Price states that he first undertook his theatrical trip for a wager, and that in America he gained 500*l*. We hope he will be as successful in England. Miss Catharine Lucette appeared, a year or two since, at Drury Lane Theatre, as Susan, in Mr. Tully's *Black-eyed Susan*, and met with a very favourable reception. She has a fresh and agreeable voice, sings well, and acts like one accustomed to the stage. Captain Morton Price is evidently a practised amateur of the first stamp. Among Miss Lucette's best vocal efforts was the ballad of "Kate Kearney," given with taste and expression, and a new song by Herr Emile Berger, entitled "That handsome volunteer," which, being quite in "the spirit of the times," created an unmistakeable impression. M. Berger's song is one of the best we have heard on a "Volunteer" subject, and was given by Miss Catharine Lucette with an archness and vivacity that were irresistible. The distress of the enamoured fair one when she says,

> "I ne'er, I'm sure,
> Shall see him more,
> That gallant volunteer,"

was capitally conveyed, and brought down roars of laughter. The "Handsome Volunteer" indeed made a decided impression. A duet between Captain Price and Miss Lucette, given with infinite spirit by both of them ("Sally, Sally"), was another "hit." The songs we have named were only but a small portion of the entertainment, but they were the most effective. With regard to the pieces in which they were introduced, one is entitled *The Double Courtship*, the other, *A Manager's Perplexities*. Simplicity of plot and neatness of dialogue are their principal recommendations. A visit to the Prince of Wales's Hall may be undertaken with a certainty of a couple of pleasantly spent hours.

HERR MOLIQUE AND THE NORWICH CHARITIES.—One of our contemporaries announce that Herr Molique, the composer of the oratorio of *Abraham*, performed with so much success at the last Norwich Festival, has returned the fifty guineas sent him as remuneration by the committee, requesting at the same time that the sum may be distributed to the charities of the town. The statement is correct, but it is scarcely complete as it stands. We have reason to know that the gifted musician alluded to returned the miserably inadequate recompense proffered him for the express purpose of marking his appreciation of the niggardly spirit in which he had been treated by the Festival committee. It indeed seems something very like a blunder or an insult to offer such a pitiful sum to a man of genius for a work that must have been the labour of months, or perhaps of years, and we are not surprised that Herr Molique should have resented it in this high-minded manner. Of Norwich we can quite believe he has now had sufficient experience, and we can fully understand the determination he is said to have arrived at never again to enter that city. We should, indeed, think it probable that other composers will be warned by his example, and will in like manner shun a place where their merits are likely to be so ill appreciated and so poorly recompensed.—*Daily Telegraph*.

MUSIC AT PENRHYN.—A correspondent informs us of the great pleasure he received, a few weeks past, from hearing a choral performance in the Penrhyn Slate Quarries, so romantically situated at the commencement of the Nant Francon Pass, on the road from Bangor to Capel Curig. The performers were the quarrymen, their wives, sisters, and daughters; and the programme consisted of most of the choruses from the *Messiah*. The day was very fine, and the interest created by the performance was proved by the crowds who came from the neighbouring towns and villages to enjoy the music. There must have been present nearly ten thousand persons, who were seated in the various galleries of the quarry, which formed, as it were, a large amphitheatre; the chorus, in number about two hundred, standing in the centre of the quarry, facing the audience. The accompaniments were played on two harmoniums, which, wonderful to relate, were heard by every one present. The weak point of the affair was the number of conductors, there being no less than four; but this could hardly be avoided, as there were four choirs present—Church of England, Wesleyan, Independent, and Methodist—and policy necessitated that the conductor of each sect should have his turn in directing the movements of the whole. The execution was most creditable to all concerned; so creditable, indeed, that we cannot but express an earnest hope that no effort will be spared to carry out a movement so auspiciously commenced. The Hon. Colonel Pennant, the owner of the Penrhyn Slate Quarry, is only too anxious to promote everything that can tend to improve the moral as well as the physical condition of those in his employment; and too much praise cannot be accorded him for his assistance in putting within the reach of his quarrymen a resource so elevating as the performance of the *Messiah*. Previous to the choral demonstration, the Volunteers (all quarrymen) marched in, with their band, and were put through their drill. The band performed at each change of conductor.

Provincial.

Our provincial column will be somewhat scant of news this week. The autumn *tournées* are fast drawing to a close, and *entrepreneurs* in the country become timid in their speculations as Christmas draws near. Nevertheless, we find some important musical doings going forward in sundry localities, where the spirit of fashion or the desire of recruiting health still detains crowds from the metropolis. The season at Brighton is not yet exhausted, and *impresarii* and concert-givers are, at the last moment, bent on providing some luxury of entertainment for the seaside visitors about to fly off, at any given moment, to prepare for the festivities of the coming holy time. At Mr. Waite Vernon's concert, held in the music-room of the Pavilion, on Monday evening, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington appeared for the first time since the great "hit" she made in *Robin Hood* at Her Majesty's Theatre. She sang, among other things, the ballad "True love," from Mr. Macfarren's opera, and the scena "Ombre légère," from *Dinorah*, creating quite a furore in the latter. Herr Derffel gave his last "pianoforte recital" at the same place on Thursday afternoon.—The Edinburgh journals furnish lengthy accounts of the first subscription concert of the Edinburgh Musical Association, which took place on Saturday evening in the Music Hall, and at which several of our London artists assisted. Mad. (?) Louisa Vinning, Mad. (?) Laura Baxter (why two English ladies married to two English gentlemen should style themselves "Madame" has puzzled more than ourselves!), Mr. Tennant and Mr. Allan Irving were the singers; Herr Becker, the violinist, and Herr Lechmeyer, the pianist, instrumentalists; Herr Becker made a decided hit. The Saturday evening concerts increase in popularity. At the last the crowd was very great. Mr. Howard Glover's cantata, *Tam o' Shanter*, according to the reliable information of the *Evening Courant* will be performed this evening, and we have no doubt will cause an unusual sensation, as the music is not only admirably characteristic but beautiful in an abstract sense. The production of this work speaks well for the energy and enterprise of the directors of the Saturday evening concerts.

We learn from a Manchester paper that the organ in St. Ignatius's church (Roman Catholic), was re-opened on Sunday last by Mr. W. T. Best, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The organ has been entirely rebuilt and much enlarged by the eminent organ builders, Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, of Manchester. A correspondent sends us a list of the stops which are as follows:—

Great Organ, C C to F.

1.	Grand Open Diapason	8 feet.
2.	Open Diapason	8 „
3.	Stopped Diapason	8 „
4.	Principal	4 „
5.	Twelfth	2⅔ „
6.	Fifteenth	2 „
7.	Sesquialtera	3 ranks.
8.	Trumpet	8 feet.

Choir Organ, C C to F.

9.	Stopped Diapason Bass	8 feet.
10.	Stopped Diapason, Treble	8 „
11.	Dulciana	8 „
†12.	Keraulophon, Tenor, C.	8 „
13.	Principal	4 „
14.	Flute, Tenor C.	4 „
15.	Cremona, Tenor C.	8 „

Swell Organ, Tenor C to F.

16.	Double Stopped Diapason	16 feet.
17.	Open Diapason	8 „
18.	Stopped Diapason	8 „
19.	Principal	4 „
†20.	Mixture. 2 ranks	2 „
†21.	Cornopean	8 „
†22.	Oboe	8 „

Pedal Organ, C C C to F.—30 Notes.

†23.	Grand Open Diapason	16 feet.
†24.	Bourdon	16 „
†25.	Principal	8 „
†26.	Mixture. 2 ranks.	„
†27.	Trombone	16 „

Couplers.

28. Swell to Great.	30. Great to Pedals.
29. Choir to Great.	31. Choir to Pedals.

There are three combination pedals to the great organ, and two to the pedal organ. Those stops marked with a dagger (†) are new, and all the others have been carefully revoiced. The sound-boards, bellows, actions, &c., of the pedal organ, are also new. The movements generally throughout the organ have been reconstructed. The organ has a round and full tone, of great power, and may be fairly considered a very fine instrument.—At the last Glasgow Saturday evening concert the same party was engaged who assisted at the performance of the Edinburgh musical association in the morning. "The programme," writes the *Glasgow Daily Herald*, "contained a staff of artists which has neither been so strong nor so good since the commencement of the season. The singers were Mad. Laura Baxter, Mad. L. Vinning, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Allan Irving; the instrumentalists, Herr Lechmeyer, pianist and composer, and Herr Becker, violinist. Mad. Laura Baxter displayed a fine alto voice; and Mad. Vinning is an excellent soprano singer. Mr. Irving's baritone voice was highly esteemed, and his singing was repeatedly encored. Mr. Tennant's musical abilities are of a very high order; "Annie, dear, good bye," was sung by him in a manner well worthy of his talents. The performances on the piano by Herr Lechmeyer were executed in a masterly manner. Herr Becker is decidedly a first-class violinist, and his ingenious playing on that instrument deserves the greatest praise. The band of the West York Rifles, under their able conductor, Mr. J. Deacon, also contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening. In consequence of the great attraction, the hall was crowded in every corner."—At Bradford we find the Festival Choral Society giving Mr. Macfarren's cantata *Christmas* with great success at St. George's Hall, the solo parts being taken by Miss Illingworth and Miss Carrodus, with Mr. Burton at the pianoforte, and Mr. Jackson, conductor.

"*Christmas*," writes the *Bradford Observer*, "is a *cantata* descriptive of the rustic festivities of an English Christmas in the olden time,—the song, the chorus, the carol, the dance, the merry tale, and other pastimes, are each brought out in succession with true English feeling and with a genial warmth suitable to the hospitable season pourtrayed, Mr. Oxenford's poetry finding an able exponent in the talented composer of the favourite new opera of *Robin Hood*. The music, to use the language of a metropolitan critic, 'is full of pure English melody, rich in choral effects, and glowing from beginning to end with fire and animation.' This beautiful work was interpreted on Monday evening in a manner highly creditable to the society, considering that it was the first time of its performance. The production of the *cantata* was evidently a 'labour of love' with Mr. Jackson, the conductor, who was ably seconded in the beautiful pianoforte accompaniments by Mr. Burton."

Mad. Sainville's evening concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening week, went off well. The vocalists were the fair beneficiare, Miles. Pacini and Stella, "rising young vocalists," Miss Lizzie Gilbert, Mr. Williams and Mr. Lee. Mr. Cunningham, who was announced to sing "Come into the garden Maud," and "Thou art so near," was unfortunately unable to appear owing to "urgent private affairs," as we understood. Mr. P. Van Noorden was the pianist. He played an "Octave study" and an "Etude à la Valse" capitally. Mad. Sainville's best performance was the "brindisi" from *Lucrezia Borgia*.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

(From the Times.)

Last night an operetta in one act, entitled the *Marriage of Georgette*, was produced with unequivocal success. A more agreeable little piece could hardly be desired; and the music is so light and sparkling that, the brevity of the opera taken into consideration, it is a pity any portion of it should be rejected. Best of all are the three songs of Georgette—"Amongst the village swains," "Fly nimbly with your work, my fingers," and "At my cottage door"—the first of which is remarkably graceful and expressive, while the others (the "Knitting-song" and the "Nightingale-song," by which names they are likely to be familiarly known) are characteristic as well as melodious. All three were given to perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne (Georgette).

(From the Morning Post.)

The music of this little operetta is gay, sparkling, elegant, and *spirituelle*. The great feature of the evening was the reappearance of Miss Louisa Pyne as Georgette. The music of the part is, throughout, admirably suited to her voice and style, and she executed it all to perfection. In one air, nevertheless, she shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and this was the trying *bravura*, with flute *obbligato*, "Ah! my cottage door." Here Miss Pyne achieved a success in every respect equal to that which she gained in Meyerbeer's famous "Shadow-song," and, with her aid, M. Massé's air can scarcely fail to become generally popular.

From the Daily Telegraph.

The music is throughout graceful and pleasing. The overture opens effectively with the ringing of the marriage bells, and is appropriately rustic in character. The most noticeable of the solos are those for Georgette, known in France as the *Romance de l'Aiguille*—a most charming and graceful melody, sung with exquisite taste by Miss Louisa Pyne—the "Air des Meubles" so well given as to make the hearer regret that a note of it should be omitted; and the "Air du Rossignol," a florid bravura with flute obligato, in which Mr. Pratten's admirable playing was almost as remarkable as the magnificent execution of the accomplished vocalist.

From the Standard.

The music to which this simple story is wedded is by M. Victor Massé, and is of that agreeable class which is a characteristic of some modern French composers. There is a regular overture very pleasing, and commencing with a charming movement expressed by means of bells, and a clever imitation of the corne-muse of a rustic wedding. The vocal music is, of course, confined to songs and duets; of these by far the best are given to Georgette, who has three airs of a graceful and simple character, one of these, sung while she is at work ("Even at her work the village maiden sings"), begins, "Fly nimbly with your work, my fingers," and narrowly escaped with an *encore*; and another, "At my cottage door," (the nightingale-song) certainly received one, although it was not accepted by Miss Pyne. This latter, which is the gem of the opera, is a charming melody, piquantly expressive, and a good theme for brilliant execution. It has a delicious flute accompaniment, and in the passages especially in which the voice took up the phrases of the instrument, Miss Pyne's execution was marvellous. This air itself is enough to secure the success of the operetta, and excited the utmost enthusiasm of the audience. Without any aim apparently on the part of the composer at the highest class of music, the whole of this little piece is light and agreeable, and the instrumentation even more than the voice parts full of variety and expression. It is altogether a charming entertainment. The applause at the close of the operetta was enthusiastic, and the curtain was raised for Miss Pyne and Mr. Corri to bow their acknowledgments.

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BACH AND MENDELSSOHN.*

FROM A SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

HE who would praise Mendelssohn as he merits, must not forget how many thousands have been attracted to the study of Handel and Bach, through him, and how, with his works, he opened out, for the whole nation, a new appreciation of these men, whose immortal fame will always be ours, yet whom we seemed for a time to have forgotten. Many, even, who cared to hear little else save Parisian and Italian music, have had new pleasure in German musical art awakened in them by Mendelssohn. Here we may plainly see how much more effectual is artistic creation, than all the preaching and theorising in the world. Zealous critics had long thought to direct attention, with words, to the sublime models Bach and Handel offered us; but as soon as Mendelssohn set his exhortation to notes—or in notes—it succeeded at one blow.

Mendelssohn never betrayed his nationality; how few German masters there are, who can be placed side by side with him in this! Many write in an un-German spirit, and know not what they do. For of all arts, music is the oftenest pursued without thought, while poetry, painting and sculpture allow the changeful conditions of national life to flow in upon them, the majority of composers create according to chance, or, at best, as a happy instinct guides them.

This is the principal reason why music, that otherwise might become so extraordinary a power, rarely works practically upon the spiritual life of the nation. Mendelssohn chose, consciously, the stand-point of national effectuality. There are some musicians who can forgive him all but this!

With such a view of the case, it seems a rare accident of destiny—if not something more—that Mendelssohn did not produce an opera. Formerly, an opera might have been carelessly enough composed, and, for all that, it might succeed famously; but the case is altered now. Half a musical generation asked a deep, artistic completion for the opera; and Mendelssohn, the very man of men for this, the only man, perhaps, who could have entirely forced German opera from its incompletion—must die, when the first act of his opera was yet scarcely finished.

That restorative tendency, by means of which German historical paintings has lately gained such triumphs, naturalised itself with music, in Mendelssohn; indeed, it is a characteristic sign of the musical present. As Overbech, Veit, and Steinle painted the sacred histories, of which people did not want to hear anything more, in the serious old style, so Mendelssohn wrote his oratorios and church compositions; but he did not stand still at the ecclesiastical, though he clung as obstinately as the painters to the antiquated; and his circle of view become wide as the world itself, his works more full of life, and more in accordance with the spirit of our own age, although he did not always succeed in making himself fully master of his powers. When a good historic school is founded in our music—and we may safely predict that the near future will see it—Mendelssohn will be named the precursor of that school. We would have the young generation swear at the Master's grave, not to forget that this is the great heritage he has left to us: and to see to it, that to such an inheritance an heir is raised up.

Mendelssohn's position in the history of music, may be compared with that which the Caracci occupy in the history of Italian painting. They also purified degenerate art, and returned to the study of the old classic masters, while, sustained by theoretic knowledge—like Mendelssohn — they created thoughtfully conceived works. Their aim has been styled an eclectic one. The same may be truly said of Mendelssohn, who with studied consciousness united in one whole the prominent characteristic of earlier schools; a union, which is new in its combination, if not in its parts. It betokens a season of decay, when artists feel themselves obliged to look backward, in order to gather inspiration for new creations, from the study of more fortunate predecessors. Is this also the case in the history of music? Does not the over-abundance of merely technical effects, the abuse of form, look desperately like the degenerate time of historic painting? the Caracci were not able to dam the in-breaking flood of destruction; will the Mendelssohnian school permanently succeed?

When Mendelssohn placed Handel, Bach, and Beethoven, as foundation posts of all further progress in modern music, he brought great changes, not only into production, but even into the current traditional aspect of things. The masters who were looked upon at that time, as peculiarly classic, namely Mozart and Haydn, have been—and especially the last named—practically ignored by Mendelssohn. His entire direction is, in fact, an indirect polemic against theirs. This is easy to understand; for that very degeneration in modern music, against which Mendelssohn fought so manfully, is rooted, partly in a misunderstanding of Beethoven, and partly in the spiritless superficiality, which may be traced back, in a direct line, to the stupidly mechanical imitators of Mozart and Haydn. It is plain that such music, running into the sand of the driest triviality, must have been a peculiar horror to a man like Mendelssohn; and when the silly tone-play decorated itself with the spangles of German and French new-romanticism, it was difficult to subdue—for the Philister is immortal. But Mendelssohn was a re-action in himself; he caused us to forget the Viennese tone-school in Handel, Bach, and Beethoven. And we must acknowledge, besides, that, in spite of his classic spirit, he knew better how to set off the clear, delicately sensuous geniality of Haydn and Mozart, than all young Germany and the new romanticists together.

(To be continued).

* (From Riehl's *Musikalische Charakterköpfe.*)

OTTO JAHN'S "MOZART."

(From the Morning Post.)

MOZART! Such is the brief and compendious title of Mr. Otto Jahn's very long, elaborate, and scrupulously careful work, the fourth and last volume of which is just out; the first having appeared in 1856, more than four years ago. Mr. Jahn was obviously in no hurry to complete his labours, but he has proceeded surely as well as slowly; and so vast is the amount of facts accumulated, so valuable the information acquired, that those who have the courage to read the production from end to end will doubtless be more than satisfied. Of Mozart the *composer*—a being whom all civilised creatures know, or think they know—there remained, perhaps, but little to tell; but about Mozart the *man* it appears that a good deal was left for Mr. Jahn to communicate, and he has told it with a disregard to brevity and concentration quite astonishing even in a German writer. Such a book, the first volume of which is alone longer than Johnson's "Lives of the British Poets," should have been published in the age of the patriarchs; for the present exceedingly curtailed duration of human life it is far too long. Methuselah might possibly have found it light reading.

Our objection, however, applies only to Mr. Jahn's method of treating his subject; to his extreme prolixity and verbosity; his unhappy fondness for dwelling upon merely subordinate matters and trifling events, which throw no new light upon the character or genius of his hero, and are therefore of no use to the world; and must not be understood to call in question the importance of the subject itself—to involve any insinuation that Mozart did not deserve the greatest possible amount of attention which enlightened criticism can bestow; for we consider him to have been one of the greatest men that ever lived; and as there is even now a tendency to believe that music is a peculiar faculty, and that a composer may be superlative in his own particular art without possessing generally any intellectual supremacy—an opinion supported by certain literary men who influence the public mind, but which we reject as utterly false and ridiculous—it may, perhaps, be permitted us to observe that when we trace in a musical composition the operation of precisely the same principles which would constitute the greatness of a first-class poem, or any other noble work of art, we cannot help recognising the same grand qualities of intellect applied to different objects; and if further comparisons be needed, we can add that when we have to note the absence of these great qualities in a small literary work, we naturally conclude that it is decidedly inferior as an intellectual production to the musical composition which does possess them; and thus, for example,

we find Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony very much more intellectual than the *Godolphin* of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who says, "very stupid people often become very musical; it is a sort of pretension to intellect that suits their capacities. Plutarch says somewhere that the best musical instruments are made from the jaw-bones of asses. Plutarch never made a more sensible observation." And we also consider Handel's "Messiah" to be a very much greater illustration of human genius than the "Biography of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli," in which music is again treated with contempt, or even the "Coningsby" of this anonymous author's hero. The fact is, that such *littérateurs* are not in a condition to feel or understand great intellectual achievements of any kind, simply because the smaller cannot contain the greater. If they could comprehend the principles upon which noble works are wrought, they would necessarily recognise them in whatever form they might appear, and write much better than they do, or not at all.

Beside the musical composition, which exhibits with soul-searching power the sublime and beautiful of human feeling, the loftiest and purest ideality, expressed by such scientific means as can only be acquired through the exercise of reason in its highest state of development, surely the modern novel—the mere minute copy of manners, and sometimes very silly manners—or the "brilliant *fantasia*" upon history, in which the description of dresses, scenery, or social customs constitutes the chief attraction, dwindles into hopeless insignificance, just as it would before the Iliad, the Laocoon, or the Last Judgment.

We can thus easily understand and sympathise with the enthusiasm that led Mr. Jahn to write so long a book, and can likewise applaud him for leaving nothing untold with respect to the private career of his immortal hero. Some think that it lessens our admiration for a creative artist—for the poet "hidden in the light of thought"—to see him brought before the world "in his habits as he lived;" to be made acquainted with what he said, and wrote, and did, and suffered as a private citizen. In certain instances it may do so; but we are nevertheless of opinion that the humanity which would throw a veil over the errors of genius is at best but an amiable weakness, and the fastidiousness that would exclude the knowledge of what are termed "every day occurrences" (how poetical are many of them!) for fear of disturbing some æsthetical impression, is a refinement of selfishness, and an unwholesome squeamishness worthy only the Sybarites of sentiment. Even where revelations of the private life of genius afford more pain than pleasure, it is of the utmost importance that the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, should be spoken, that the heart of the divinely-gifted should be laid palpitating before the world, that the secret springs of thought and action should be unveiled, the causes and influences which can act upon immortal mind be noted and remembered. But where, as in the case of that beautiful, bright, and loving spirit, Mozart, there is no vice to describe that is not covered by a hundred virtues, no tares to be detected that are not inextricably entangled with the wholesome wheat, it were difficult indeed to find even the shadow of a reason why any one thing relating to him should be kept from the public.

This copious, conscientious, and excellent biography of Mozart, who combined in his own works the greatest qualities of all previously existing schools, and looked far into the future; who, commingled the sensuous beauty of Italian melody, the deep expression of German harmony, and the dramatic truth of the so-called French manner; of him who rendered the rigid contrapuntal science of the ancient masters completely subservient to the purposes of poetical thought and emotion; who could sing as spontaneously and sweetly in fugue or canon as in the simplest composition; who, in short, carried musical art to the highest perfection, and is the "model master," if ever there was one—this carefully written record of all that Mozart did and suffered—this elaborate philosophical disquisition upon his merits, both as a man and as an artist, is certainly not to be disposed of satisfactorily in one brief notice. Mr. Otto Jahn was more than four years writing the work, and a few days must be conceded us for reviewing it. Meanwhile we recommend the biography strongly to the attention of the musical public.

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE musical event of the week has been the performance of *Ernani* at the Kärntnerthor Theatre. Mad. Csillag most eminently distinguished herself as the heroine of the evening, and by her energetic singing and acting achieved a great success. Herr Wachtel sang the tenor part admirably. An opera by Rubenstein, the pianist, is in active rehearsal, and will probably be produced early next month. It is spoken of by the friends of the composer as a work of merit, and great hopes are entertained of its success. *Nous verrons.*

HOW IS IT?

TO HORACE (ESQ.) MAYHEW.

MY DEAR HORACE,—How many of the present generation, who really have given any time and attention to music, have felt this thought pass through their minds: How is it? The operas of the present day, with few exceptions, are written for money, and money only. Did the great "tone poet" write for money only? Examine his works, and then say if what you find there waited for a price, or was written to order. We will not dispute that he *did* write for money, because money procured that without which he could not live, and consequently could not write; but, see his house, his furniture, his dress—all that belonged to him. Did he look as if he wrote for money. Would his nine great symphonies have remained pent up in that wonderful soul of his, never to have come out, except for money? How is it? Was Mozart's only idea to gain money? How is it that nearly all musicians, or rather great writers, die poor? They make a great deal of money most of them. Money, as I said before, is a necessary evil; but look at our writers of the present day—money is all they care about! They write operas to order; so much an air—so much an act—so much more for an overture.* Do ever any of our *great* writers of the present day write *three* overtures to their operas, as we find for *Fidelio*? Why, a good overture in the present day is as "*rara*" an "*avis*" as a dead donkey. We do occasionally get a tune that has the honour of reaching a barrelled organ. Its composer, no doubt, as he wends his way through otherwise silent squares, wraps his cloak around him, and hears with great satisfaction his production dinned, in the most objectionable way possible, into the ears of his fellow-citizens. What is more objectionable or sickening than a constant quoter of Shakspeare? And how many other luxuries become nuisances by being served up when they are not wanted. The English Opera, which is making gigantic struggles to obtain a permanent footing in London, is all written to order. How is it? Music *cannot* be written to order; neither can *anything* which involves a high order of inspiration. On the contrary, it mars and mutilates, very frequently, ideas which are unripe, and which, if allowed to bud and bloom without being forced, bring forth good fruit, which might live for posterity to delight in; but now you see we have our monthly roses, which we take a passing smell of, and they wither and die. How is it? They are written to order! Is that a correct and final answer, or not? Would these composers write immortal works if they *did not* write for money? Perhaps there are some sufficiently interested to endeavour to solve this question. One thing is quite certain, that the operas of the present day *are* written to order, and like most things written to order, soon wear out. How is it? What, my dear Horace, has become of the "tone poet" genus?

As ever, your faithful

CRUMB.

Rolls Alley, Loaf Circus, Bread Street, Dec. 5.

[* Beethoven wrote *four* overtures to *Fidelio* as Mr. Horace Mayhew very well knows, and could have told "Crumb" had he seen "Crumb" before "Crumb" committed his letter to paper;—*four* overtures, three in C, and one—as Mr. Horace Mayhew very well knows, and could have told "Crumb," &c.—in E.—PETIPACE.]

MR. GYE, lessee and manager of the Royal Italian Opera, has returned from the continent.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER I.

He is an anomaly. Never at rest and yet an idle man. Selfish, but continually promoting the success of others. Worshipped when sought after, to be, when found, remorselessly tormented. He leads the most anxious life, and can, nevertheless, indulge in venison and champagne while others make his fortune. He is at once the most despotic ruler and submissive slave. The "super" trembles at his nod while he is kneeling at the prima donna's feet. He is the impersonation of unlimited liability. He is liable to the public, liable to the artists, liable to government, liable to proprietors, in short, liable to everything and everybody except himself.

By nature amphibious; at times strutting proudly upon the high and dry land of prosperity; at others wallowing in the muddy waters of misfortune; equally familiar with both—a philosopher—he is indifferent to either. His habits are luxurious, even to extravagance. Whether fortune frown or smile, he keeps his carriages and horses, is a good whip, and, if not gouty, riding is his favourite exercise. I have studied the "enterprising *Impresario*" carefully in every phase of his existence, and confess my inability to understand him thoroughly. He varies in some respects from every other member of the community. I purpose giving an account of my experiences and observations of the race, in order that others may form some notion of their anomalous characteristics.

I recal with pleasure that I was of service to the first "enterprising *Impresario*" with whom I became acquainted. The incident is fresh in my memory. I still hear the shrill angry voices; but let me tell the story.

It was some years ago, in a London theatre late at night. The performance of the evening had terminated; the audience had dispersed; the gas was extinguished—all was dark and silent. I had occasion to see the *Impresario* in question upon important business, and was requested by his secretary to wait but a few moments, and that he would be disengaged. The moments had extended into hours, and I was still doing, as the French say, *l'antichambre*. The secretary had locked up his desk and departed—I was left alone to await the desired interview. Some time after I had been thus forsaken, and when almost on the point of also taking my departure, my attention was arrested by the sounds of high words in the adjoining room, followed by a noise of what appeared to be the clashing of swords. The hour of night and stillness of all around added to the interest of the situation, and perhaps made the noise seem more important than it really was. I listened attentively—the quarrel waxed warmer—there were two voices audible, although one was less distinct, being overcome by the power and volubility of the other. Both spoke in a foreign tongue. A sword, or some other steel instrument, was evidently in the hands of one of the disputants, from its ringing sound when struck forcibly against the ground in the anger of the holder. Everybody had left the building; there was no one within hearing, except myself and the two whose dispute I overheard. What course to take?—Whether to interfere, perhaps to prevent bloodshed, or quietly await the result of the quarrel? I was a stranger, quite unknown to both, in fact, was ignorant who they really were. My unceremoniously rushing in upon them would perhaps be resented as an intrusion, and yet some interference seemed imperatively necessary. I listened again, and knocked at the door. Some time elapsed before I was answered. At last, being told to "come in," I entered, and a most remarkable scene I witnessed. The "enterprising *Impresario*" whom I then saw for the first time, was seated at his writing table, surrounded by the usual quantity of letters, newspapers, and play bills peculiar to a manager's room, while before him stood a figure in stage costume, brandishing a sword, and speaking in a voice excited to the highest pitch by the most violent passion. The quiet manner and seeming indifference of the *Impresario*, afforded a remarkable contrast to the menacing gestures of the other, whose anger was evidently exasperated by his imperturbable coolness. I was requested to be seated, and my surprise was great, when, upon looking at the figure a second time, I discovered it to be that of a female in male attire! At length the *Impresario* rose and came towards me. The lady had not observed my entrance. Upon seeing a third person present, her manner completely changed, and making some hurried apology, she suddenly left the room.

It appeared she was a member of the comp and had, after the performance, rushed to the manager in her stage dress, to complain of some real or imaginary grievance which it was utterly hopeless the unoffending *Impresario* could rectify. "Had you not so kindly interrupted us," he said to me, "we should have been here till daylight or God knows what might have happened." And thus I released the first "enterprising *Impresario*" of my acquaintance from an unpleasant position, and rendered him a service for which he was grateful ever after.

ANTEATER.

NEW SCHOOL OF DANCING MUSIC.

To the joined Authors of the "Goose with the Golden Eggs."

GENTLEMEN, BURLESQUISTS, and WITS,—Having suggested improvements in some of our musical instruments, I beg to add one on the elegant and enlivening art of dancing, which some one, at a future period, will probably introduce to the notice of the public.

Like other accomplishments, dancing has undergone changes during the last thirty years, and the music that accompanies it become of a more varied character; and instead of only one description, we have five kinds of tunes—the waltz, polka, quadrille, hornpipe and country dance; and although the waltz, polka, and quadrille are generally of a lively character, the shortness of the tunes renders them, after a few times hearing, monotonous to advanced musicians.

To improve upon our present dancing music, and at the same time introduce and render familiar to the million the higher provinces of instrumental composition, it has occurred to me that figures might be invented by a skilful dancing-master to fit the quick movements of the best overtures and symphonies, the slow introduction to the former to be played by the band, and the *allegro* danced; and by repeating some portions of the figure, it might be spun out the length of the quick portion of the overture, and, with a little extra tuition, become as common to dance the overture to *Figaro* or *Tancredi* as a polka or a set of quadrilles.

The first *allegro* of a *sinfonia* being equal in length to about three sets of quadrilles, I would recommend the opening *adagio* to be played without a figure, the *allegro* following danced, the next movement played, to afford the dancers time to rest, and then finish with the *minuetto* and *finale*; the former danced as a waltz, and the latter with a suitable figure. This new school of dancing music would render familiar to the majority the finest instrumental compositions of the greatest masters, and thus elicit more attention when played at our places of public amusement than they do at the present, besides procuring them a larger sale at the music shops, and also holding out encouragement to such of our rising composers as possess talent enough to write them to try their hand, restoring the public taste in the majority to what it was forty years ago, which has been on the decline for genuine scientific music, instead of improving, during the last thirty years, that any person may perceive who observes the amount of attention paid by the audience at our theatres and tavern concert-rooms when a symphony or overture is even well performed by a good band at the former, and on the pianoforte at the latter, whatever some may be inclined to assert to the contrary. Yours, Gentlemen and Wits,

HAYDN WILSON.

MISS POOLE.—We are happy to be able to inform our readers that the report of the death of this charming vocalist, which obtained such currency at the beginning of the week, and caused such deep grief to her numerous admirers, is entirely without foundation. Miss Poole has been indisposed, but is now so far recovered as to be on the point of resuming her professional duties. It would appear that the more distressing a rumour the wider its probable circulation, for we have received inquiries from all quarters respecting the one which we now with so much pleasure and satisfaction contradict.

Letters to the Editor.

FLORAL HALL CONCERTS.

Sir,—Having read some time since an article on the Floral Hall Concerts, in which occurs the following passage:—

"It is unnecessary to say more than that this concert was regarded somewhat in the light of a festival, being expressly 'for the benefit of Mr. Alfred Mellon' (we had been led to believe, by the way, that the entire series were for his 'benefit;' in other words, that the undertaking was exclusively his own,)" &c.—

Will you kindly permit me to state that the undertaking was exclusively mine, and that no other person had any interest in it whatever.

It being customary for managers to take a benefit at the conclusion of the season, I only followed an established rule in announcing a night as my own.

Apologising for troubling you with this letter,

I remain, Sir, your obliged and obedient Servant,

Alfred Mellon.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Sir,—It is with more than usual gratification that you should chronicle the first performance of this season. The programme of coming events is big with a promise of Beethoven's Mass in D, a work twice performed five years ago, but since then most undeservedly laid on the shelf. Another good thing from the Society's *répertoire*, which is not often done, is *Solomon*, and its performance on Friday week now claims your attention.

The oratorio *Solomon* is throughout a remarkable and characteristic work of Handel. Among the choruses, we find "With pious heart," "From the censer," "From the East," and several others which contain some of his greatest ideas, and many of which exemplify his skill and felicitous use of the antiphonal form. Indeed, the opening chorus of the second part, "From the censer curling rise," must be classed with "The Horse and his Rider," and "He gave them hailstones for rain," as a specimen of a style in choral treatment, which is without a rival for breadth and grandeur of effect, and has been seldom equalled in point of skill, or tact in management of voices and instruments. One or two of the choruses are unique, such as "May no rash intruder," and "The name of the wicked," each being an individual specimen of phases of Handel's multifarious and comprehensive style. The admirable overture and accompaniments of this work are an additional charm; and among the airs are the well-known "What tho' I trace?" and "Every sight these eyes behold."

The execution of the instrumental and choral portion of the work on Friday night was, as you are aware, apart from the well-known capabilities of the Society, remarkable for its general efficiency and accuracy. The choruses with solo, "Music spread," &c. were sung—as you must remember—with an artistic feeling rare in so large a body. The much talked of reform in the choir, seems to have come into operation. Are you of my opinion?

The solo singers are answerable for the effect which this oratorio produces to an unusual extent. The solos, particularly the recitatives, are numerous and long, and require the most artistic treatment. When it is stated that the *soprano* music was in the hands of Mad. Sherrington-Lemmens and Miss Banks, your readers may be assured that all that an easy and fluent delivery, an unswerving faultlessness of intonation and wonderfully distinct articulation, joined with a perfectly natural, free, and unaffected style, could do, in exaltation of so great a work, was done. In *contralto* singing, Mad. Sainton seems to gain in beauty of voice and dignity and benignity of manner, no less than in vocal skill and knowledge of the art; and yet this would have been thought impossible when we remember her singing during the last few years. Mr. Montem Smith is welcome on many accounts; a good healthy manly tenor voice is a rarity in the present day; and Mr. Smith always uses his natural gift with taste and judgment. Mr. Lewis Thomas claims (and readily obtains) credit for the possession of one of the finest real bass voices we have had for some years. The volume of tone, and the vigour of the lower notes is remarkable; while the manly expression with which he renders his most ponderous passages shows artistic taste of no common order.

In this oratorio, as in *Deborah* and some others, Mr. Costa's pen has been called into requisition for additional accompaniments. To meddle with Handel is an unwelcome task, and includes rivalry with Mozart among other considerations; but making every allowance for the difficulty of the case,— &c., &c., &c.

I am, Sir, your obedient

Shoulder.

[We agree here with "Shoulder," if not there; which, he will urge is neither here nor there; to which we may re-urge, or r'urge—in extenuation of a passage omitted, and for which "&c. &c. &c." must be accepted as substitute—"*Quippe non delicta regum illos, sed vires ac majestatem insequi.*" The words applied by the Latin historian to the persecutors of crowned heads will serve equally well as a reproof to "Shoulder," in his new capacity of persecutor of batoned hands. He pursueth not the faults but the strength and majesty. What says Pascal?—"*La raison agit avec lenteur . . . . ou elle s'égare;*" and Burns?—"Ah Nick! ah Nick! (Old Nick—"Shoulder") *it is na fair;*" and Huon of Bordeaux,—"*Je scais bien vétir le haubert, et mettre le heaume en mon chef.*" Michael Costa knows eke.—Ah "Shoulder!"—must it be spoken of you, as of the ambitious man in Burton's *Partn.* 1 *Sec.* 2, *Mem.* 3, *Subs.* 11—we quote from memory—"*Si appetitum explere non potest furore corripitur?*" It is sad to think it, but we are shouldered into that conclusion. "*Sæpe homo de vanæ gloriæ contemptu, vanius gloriatur,*" as Shirley Brooks might exclaim, without in the least parodying Austin.—Petipace.]

A LAPSUS PENNÆ.

Sir,—Mr. *Punch*, who, like a wise man and philosopher, reads the Musical World, informs the *ordinary* world that he has learnt from your columns how the natives of Baden-Baden, sensibly appreciating the genius of Meyerbeer, had newly christened one of their thoroughfares, *L'Avenue Meyerbeer*, in honour of the composer of *Les Huguenots*. To the best of my recollection, however, it was stated that *the inhabitants of Spa, in Belgium*—not of Baden, in Baden—had added to the interest and attractions of their pretty town, by paying so graceful a compliment to their honoured guest, who has composed many of his *chefs-d'œuvre* while residing amongst them. I am sure that Mr. *Punch* would not willingly disturb the harmony existing between the Musical World and Spa, and must therefore conclude that your humorous contemporary has for once been guilty of a *lapsus pennæ*—a-liner.—Yours,

Porcupine of Liverpool.

[If so, a considerable *calami—ty*.—Petipace.]

ORGANS AND ORGAN-PLAYERS.

(*From Punch.*)

The art of (street) organ-playing, dear *Mr. Punch*, has attained to such a degree of popularity at the present day, especially in the suburbs of London, that, knowing as I do from a constant perusal of your pages the great interest you take in the subject, I venture to offer a few suggestions for your consideration; and my remarks will perhaps have greater weight if I mention, with all due modesty, that I am myself a performer of some experience on that noble instrument, as I have frequently in my younger days, by the offer of small coins, induced the gentleman who attended our house to allow me to turn the handle of his organ.

I would suggest that, with regard to the performance of the most favourite airs,—as, for example, *Il Balen* or the *Power of Love*,—it should not be considered necessary to play them oftener than about twenty-five times each in any one place, as a more frequent repetition occasionally produces a feeling of

monotony; and if the organ should happen to be revoltingly out of tune, as might sometimes be the case, the performer should consider himself limited to a fifteenth repetition of those ever-fresh and beautiful melodies. In cases where the player accompanies the organ with his voice,—where a pedal passage is introduced,—where there is a monkey *obbligato*,—in short, where any gesticulation is required from either performer,—the duration of the entertainment should be limited to half an hour before each house, as a longer performance is an unreasonable tax on the physical powers of the executants. In case of sickness in any house which he might visit, I think it should certainly be left to the judgment and good taste of the performer to determine how long he should play; and no remonstrances ought, under any circumstances, to be offered by the inhabitants. I trust that these few suggestions will be received in the spirit in which they are offered by those whose arduous business it is to perambulate the streets for our gratification, and I hope that they will meet with due consideration from all admirers of the Italian school of of organ-playing.

I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, very truly yours,
A LOVER OF THE "DIVINE ART."

NEW YORK.—Looking back during the period of some five or six months since I have written to you, I find that I have passed through some agreeable if not startling musical experience. Various brief opera seasons under transient Italian and German dynasties have come and gone. Stigelli, whom I hailed with rapturous delight on his first appearance here, has become *the tenor* of a New York audience. Fabbri has appeared and established a good lyrical reputation. Colson has sung and acted and dressed, and looked so indescribably bewitching, that with half the opera enthusiasts in New York I have fallen deeply—oh! *so* unfathomably deeply—in love with the delightful creature. Adelina Patti has worn her popularity not quite out—but sufficiently so to demand a change. Carl Formes has returned, and D'Angri has arrived, and that classic ruin Frezzolini, whose every operatic performance (notwithstanding her decaying voice) is positively worth shekels of gold, has flitted away down South, to Dixie, for all I know. Were you ever in the Mammoth Cave? It is, with all its wonders, the most god-forsaken, dreary, gloomy spot mortal ever entered. Yet there is some strange mystic power in the place to transfigure the weakest, most wretched music into harmony for the celestial spheres. After poking about in the bowels of the earth for three or four hours, visitors to the Cave arrive at Echo River, where they embark on a disgustingly muddy scow, or if the party is large enough, two or three wretched boats are brought into requisition. The women are all dressed in fancifully coloured bloomer dresses, and with the uplifted lanterns, present a strange and weird appearance as the boat is pushed from the shore, and floats down into the black gloom, the lights reflecting themselves on the surface of the deadly still water, and lighting up with strange effect the arch of rock overhead. When they are fairly out of sight we enter the other boat, and ourselves push out into the dark stream. Dark—awfully dark it is. The dark river of Death finds on earth no more vivid parallel than this. You know, in the first picture of Cole's "Voyage of Life," the gloomy river of the past, from which floats out into life and light the little boat of the baby voyager. The stream issues from a dark rocky cavern, mysterious and unknown. Such a stream is this on which we are embarked. Silent and gloomy, dark and mysterious, it serves as a type of the past and the future—of the past mystery whence all life evolves of the inscrutable future whither all life tends. The feeling of security is not very great. The boat sinks down almost to the water's edge, and the perpendicular slippery rocks on either side offer no ledge on which a shipwrecked voyager might find a temporary footing. Above, sometimes so low that you must crouch to avoid it, and again so high as to be scarcely visible, rises the rock-roof, while the water in which you glide is thirty feet in depth, and as cold as the brow of a corpse. There is no sound but the rippling made by the boat; not a cricket along the shoreless stream, not a fish to plunge up and flash a moment in the air before returning to its watery home—no symptom of life, no sound, no motion save that made by ourselves.

Hark! there is a sound! Far off a delicate shade of music, so faint as to seem the ghost of some wandering echo. But by degrees it increases. It becomes clear and defined. Rich harmony trembling with strange sensuous wildness—fluttering around the rocky projections, swelling in waves of harmony to the arched roof above. Now it appears to come from one direction, now from another. Anon a higher note or strain is heard like some clear voice rising above a mighty chorus. Never did syren sing more magic songs to listening traveller, never did the mysterious maiden of Lurlei-burg chant more entrancing melody to the unwary boatman who floats along the moonlit Rhine. Suddenly a turn of the boat brings you opposite a break in the perpendicular rock-shore, and perched upon a mass of broken rock you see a party of four negroes playing upon violins and a cornet. Those are the syrens, these the Lurlines of Echo River. Out on the earth's surface their music would be merely quaint and odd, but here, in the Mammoth Cave, it is weird and unearthly.

Floating away, out of sight of the above minstrels,—who are in fact the barber, bootblack, or waiter from the hotel at the mouth of the cave—their music resumes its supernatural tones and effect, and so until we land at the opposite shore of the dark river, it haunts the ear with its peculiar harmony—while ever after it forms the most vivid reminiscence of a visit to the Mammoth Cave. —*Correspondent of Dwight's Journal of Music.*

BOSTON, UNITED STATES.—We hear of a movement for the organisation of an Amateur Musical Society, composed of gentleman in this city, who propose meeting weekly for the purpose of practising the *orchestral* works of the great masters, under the guidance of one of our best musical directors. In some features this organisation will resemble a club, which known to many of us as the "Boston Amateur Club" has existed here for many years (we think since about 1830) but has lately been discontinued. Most of the best members of the old Club, whose performances have been listened to by many of us with much interest, will compose the nucleus of the new organisation with the addition of some fresh active members, and, if found necessary, some professional talent. In one important point the enterprise will be new to us. It is intended to add *associate* members to the active ones of the association, somewhat on the plan of the Orpheus Club, so that those who cannot play may at least help *pay*, and have the pleasure of being present at the musical and social meetings of the Society, by thus contributing a part of the material aid which every such enterprise requires. The members are gentlemen of the highest standing in this community, of culture and refinement. We understand that the first meeting for the season will be held on Monday evening next, to organise for the winter campaign, which offers an opportunity for new members to join.—*Dwight's Journal of Music.*

MILAN.—Yesterday was given the *Barber of Seville* with a perfection of execution seldom heard on the stage of our greatest theatre. This could not be otherwise when the parts were confided to the artistic intelligence and prodigious throats of a Witty (Whitty), a Stecchi Bottardi, and a Ronconi. They did not sing the smallest branch of that divine music without being two and three times recalled; in fact the *Barbiere* was yesterday evening *one* applause, *one* ovation. Stecchi sustained his well-merited reputation; Ronconi betrayed a talent superior to every eulogium, and played the part of *Figaro*, both in singing and acting, to make it appear a novelty—a creation whose originality was all and entirely his own. The Witty, who appeared in the *Cenerentola*, the humble, mortified, and ill-treated child of the ashes, became in the *Barbiere* the brilliant and astute *Rosina*. She adapted so well every expression of her face, every smile and every gesture to all the different and difficult points of her position, that it would be hard to decide whether she is more charming as a singer than she is as an intelligent and accurate actress. Don Bartolo (Parodi), Don Basilio (Rigo), and even Berta (Nebuloni), had applause in their airs, that they sang in a way that rendered them worthy of standing by the side of companions of such reputation.—*Lombardia.*

At the Santa Radegonda the *Cenerentola* has ceased for the

present, at least to triumph; the Witty in the last representation was regaled with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, that put a perfumed seal to the glory she has acquired this season, a glory of which she can be all the prouder, for it has been gained in a city that, in the art of singing, stands the first in Italy, which for so long has dictated the laws to every other country.—*Gazetta.*

Advertisements.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

BY GENERAL DESIRE,

A SECOND BEETHOVEN NIGHT,

On MONDAY, DECEMBER 10,

BEING THE LAST CONCERT BUT ONE BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Grand Quartet, in A major (Posthumous), two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, first time at the Monday Popular Concerts (Beethoven), Herr BECKER, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI. Song, "The maiden and the river" (Benedict), Miss LASCELLES. Duet, "Thy pardon, dearest treasure"—Canzonet, first time—(Dussek), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON and Miss LASCELLES. Sonata, in E flat, Op. 7, Pianoforte solus—second time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Beethoven), Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

PART II.—Sonata, in F major, for Violoncello and Pianoforte—second time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Beethoven), Signor PIATTI and Mr. CHARLES HALLE. Canzonet, "Fidelity" (Haydn), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Song, "Sweet evening star" (W. V. Wallace), Miss LASCELLES. Trio, in G major, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—second time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Beethoven), Mr. CHARLES HALLE, HETT BECKER, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT.

ON MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17th,

THE LAST CONCERT BEFORE CHRISTMAS,

Will be devoted to the Works of various Masters.

Pianiste ... ... Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.

THIS EVENING (Saturday), December 8, ROBIN HOOD.

MONDAY, December 10 (in consequence of the brilliant success on Wednesday last), LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR will be repeated, with TITIENS, VIALETTI, BRIANI, and GIUGLINI (their last appearance but two).

TUESDAY, December 11, re-appearance of SIMS REEVES, first time since his domestic calamity, and last time but two this season, in ROBIN HOOD.

WEDNESDAY, December 12, MARTHA; TITIENS, LEMAIRE, VIALETTI, and GIUGLINI.

THURSDAY, December 13 (last time but one), ROBIN HOOD. Last night but one of SIMS REEVES.

FRIDAY, December 14 (last night of the Italian Operas), Grand Miscellaneous Performance for the BENEFIT of MLLE. TITIENS (being her and Signor GIUGLINI's last appearance previous to their departure for the Continent), on which occasion will be performed the First Act of NORMA. Pollione (on this occasion only), Signor GIUGLINI; Oroveso, Signor VIALETTI; and Norma, Mlle. TITIENS. After which, the Second Act of MARTHA; TITIENS, LEMAIRE, VIALETTI and GIUGLINI. To be followed by a Selection from IL TROVATORE, including the celebrated MISERERE, in which Mlle. TITIENS and Signor GIUGLINI will appear. To be followed by a Ballet Divertissement, in which Mlle. MASSOT and Mad. MORLACCHI will appear. To conclude with the Fourth Act of LES HUGUENOTS, in which TITIENS and GIUGLINI will take their farewell.

SATURDAY, December 15, the last night of ROBIN HOOD (last appearance of SIMS REEVES and last night of the season).

Commences each evening at 8 o'clock. Reduced prices.

To Correspondents.

J. H. N. (Liverpool).—Spa was the place, not Baden-Baden.

SY. BS. (Alsatia).—"Nunc tunc. Non habes aliquid dicere, bonum aut malum." "Macedonia (*tamen*) ante a nomine Emathionis regis, cujus prima virtutis experimenta in illis locis extant." This without malice, prepense or otherwise.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

TO resume a still unsifted topic:—

Some, even among the grave and wise, are led to regard music in no higher light than that of a frivolous and enervating luxury; but, on the other hand, it has had advocates,—eloquent advocates, indeed—and among these many exalted and famous intellects. One of the sternest and least sensual of ancient legislators, the magnificent Lycurgus, was a great and earnest encourager of the "divine art;" one of the most learned and sagacious of ancient historians, the unequivocal Polybius, attributes the ultra-humanitarianism of the sons and daughters of Arcady to the universal influence of music among them, and the savage barbarity of their neighbours, the ferocious Cynethians, to their as universal neglect of, nay, contempt for it; one of the most urbane, polished, systematic, and far-seeing of modern philosophers, the Voltaire-worshipped Montesquieu, preferred music before all other means of recreation, and pronounced it the only one among the arts incapable of corrupting the mind—wherein, nevertheless, we find him unjust to the other arts; for although art may be corrupted, art which in itself is pure *cannot* corrupt.

Then fancy the, if not exactly dry, laborious, and, though deep and wise, a thought pedantic Quintilian—or Quinctilian: *he* is incessant in his praises of music, extols it not merely as an incentive to valour, but as an useful instrument of moral and intellectual discipline, not merely as a pleasant auxiliary to science, and an object of attention to the most gifted among men, but as a source of comfort and an alleviator of toil to the humblest. And it is but truth to say that in this, like the illustrious author of the *Esprit des Lois*, Quintilian, or Quinctilian, is no more than just.

What though the pluponderous Samuel liked not music; what though Othello cared not greatly for "a music that might be heard," and instructed his clowns to make his bridal serenaders "play soft;"—what of this and that? Read Shakspeare, with whose allusions to the art of their affection we will not insult our readers by presuming they are not familiar. Read Shakspeare, did we say? Read *all* the greatest poets. Even Walter Scott loved music, although incapable of recognising a tune he might have heard ever so frequently. His harmonious numbers would have showed that, had we not his historiographed words to attest it. We entertain an immeasurable, if not an incommensurable, esteem for the modern race of comic epigrammatic minstrels, whose lyres are strung with quirks, and who, headed by Horace Mayhew, and other versicular cultellators, twang the world to cachinnation; but would it be just to weigh them in the scale with Phœbus, with Hermes, with the demigods, or even with the mortal heroes of old Hellas? "We suppose, nay," as Aries the cowherd said, in reply to King Arthur's interrogatory about the legitimacy of Tor; "we suppose nay." The heroes (to

pitch aside the gods and "demis") of ancient Greece, were ambitious (many—most of them) to excel in music; and it is recorded against, rather than in favour of, Themistocles, that *he* was not. Socrates himself, "the divine" master of Plato (a capital musician, Plato), and fountain of philosophic wisdom, reviled himself for having in his youth neglected the study of this art. Said Socrates to one of his disciples,—"Had I been skilled in music, I could have softened Xantippe." What were his last words to Cebes, before ingurgitating the fatal draught? "I have, O Cebes, all my life been haunted by a spirit, which seemed repeatedly to say to me, 'O Socrates! compose and practise music.'" The admonition of the spirit plagued him in his latest moments; and, when, under sentence of death, he diverted himself with turning Æsop's fables into verse, and composing a hymn to Apollo (Phœbus), the only sort of harmonious essay in his power. Our authority for this is Plato himself, who relates the story in the fourth division of his immortal *Phædon*. Even Horatius (Mayhevius—not Flaccus) must yield the bell to Socrates. But, if he will not give in to the master of Plato, is he ready to face the author of *Ecclesiasticus*? Does not the son of Sirach declare the ancient poets and musicians to be worthy of honour, and place them among the benefactors of mankind?

Ex uno—we forgot the rest. Music has ever been the delight of accomplished princes and the most elegant amusement of polite courts. Thus might argue Mr. Samuel Warren, if not Mr. James Hannay, no less conservative though better worth conserving. Mr. James Hannay might argue (and may, if he pleases, in the *Edinburgh Courant*), that music is just at present so combined with things sacred and otherwise important, to say nothing of its close connection with our pleasures and amusements, that it seems almost a necessity of existence to nine out of ten of us. *Magnam vim habet musica* (Mr. Hannay might continue); it plays a considerable part in the Divine service of our churches; it is essential to military discipline; and, in its absence, the theatres would languish, if not die out. There is scarcely a private house without its flute, its fiddle, its harmonium, its harp, its organ, or its piano; it refreshes the fatigued spirits (*animos tristes subitò exhilarat*); is an antidote (when not an enchanting aid) to melancholy; and mitigates the pains of sickness. Still more, it is a blessing to humanity, for it tends to banish mischief*, and blunt the edge of care.

We never much cared for street music; "the voice of a mandrake had been sweeter;" but that is beside the question. The theme is not exhausted, although our pen is dry; next week we may redip it and resume.

WE should hardly have expected such an immediate and complete justification of the remarks in the last letter upon the decline of the Vienna Opera, from our own correspondent at Vienna, as is contained in the announcement just issued by the Government, of which the following is a translation:—

"It has been ordered that the management of the Court Opera-house, lying contiguous to the Kärntner-gate, Vienna, shall pass into private hands, the concession to continue from 1st April, 1861, to 31st March, 1866; in the event, however, of the newly-projected Opera-house being opened by the expiration of the term stated, such concession thereupon to cease.

"In certain conjunctures, moreover, the entrepreneur, as well as the management of the Imperial Court theatres, would be at liberty to rescind the contract on giving due notice. The representations are limited to operas and ballets; and, although it is desirable that operas in Italian should be given, this is not made an express condition; in the tenders it should, consequently, be stated whether and under what conditions the entrepreneur would be inclined eventually to submit to the requirements set forth in paragraph 7 of "agreement." The subvention to be accorded by the State should be taken into account in such tenders. The entrepreneur would be required to give caution-money equal to one-half the subvention, such caution-money in no case to range lower than 60,000 florins Austrian currency.

"The final particulars of agreement may be learned at the Imperial Finanz-Procuratur, Vienna, throughout the provinces at the respective statthaltereis (lieutenancies); and abroad, at the Imperial Legations. Persons making tenders are required to affix their signatures to the same, expressing themselves fully bound by the several conditions.

"In the event of several persons tendering conjointly, they must hold themselves conjointly liable.

"Those persons who are desirous of making tenders are invited to send them under seal to the Imperial Obers Kammereramte (Chamberlain's office), as being charged with the chief direction of the Court theatres."

What is this but a tacit acknowledgment of the incapacity and uselessness of the present management? Although a change is absolutely necessary, the measure now resorted to is extreme, and not, in our humble opinion, very likely to succeed. Where is the sanguine *entrepreneur* to be found who will subscribe to such conditions as are here proposed? In plain terms, the announcement says that a private director is wanted to carry on the operas at his own risk for a short time, while a new theatre is being built, the Government being unable, from loss of money or some other cause, to continue the present undertaking. The private *entrepreneur* is to be liable to ejectment at the option of the Government, upon a certain notice being given; he is to deposit caution-money to the amount of 5,000*l.*, and his lease is in no case to exceed five years. As to the subvention mentioned, it must be looked upon as a bait to induce some private manager to carry on that which the State has found to be a losing speculation. The agreement to which allusion is made, contains, we may suppose, other conditions equally onesided as those stated in the circular. Every publicity is to be given to the fact, that "it has been ordered that the management shall pass into private hands;" but if the terms are none other than are set forth in the announcement quoted, it will be more difficult than is supposed to find "private hands" ready and willing to direct the Court Opera-house of Vienna, notwithstanding the dignity of such a position.

ANTEATER.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD has just concluded a short professional tour in Devonshire—a speculation (annually renewed, and with always increasing success) of the able and enterprising Mr. Ashe of Exeter. Brilliant and well attended concerts were given, alternately, at Plymouth, Torquay and Exeter—the lion's share falling to the capital town, as a matter of course.* At all these the playing of Miss Arabella Goddard was the theme of unanimous admiration and applause. Her first appearance in London for the winter season is announced to take place in St. James's Hall, at the Monday Popular Concerts, Dec. 17th, when among other pieces she is to perform (with Signor Piatti), Professor Sterndale Bennett's sonata-duo for pianoforte and violoncello.

HERR MOLIQUE AND THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.—The sum awarded to Herr Molique by the committee of the Norwich Festival, as a remuneration for his successful oratorio of *Abraham*, has been returned to the honorary secretary, Mr. Roger Kerrison, with a request on the part of the composer that it may be presented to the charitable fund in behalf which the festival was instituted.—*Times.*

* "Mischief" is a comprehensive word.

* We have received several letters from correspondents in Devonshire containing details to which we shall give publicity in our next number

Provincial.

Apropos of the erection of the New Music Hall, Brighton, the following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Brighton Herald*:—

"Sir,—Since writing in your valuable journal on the subject of a Music Hall for this town—which subject, I believe, I chiefly originated—it has been discussed in many quarters; with fairness in some, with virulence and personal acrimony in others. It is pretty generally admitted that a larger hall is required than we actually possess, not merely for musical purposes, but for important town meetings, &c. The question remains, Who is to build it? Shall it be done by private enterprise, or by the municipal authorities?

"With respect to private enterprise, the fact exists of a gentleman, the head of the leading musical firm in this town, having made an offer of leasing a part, not at present used, of the Pavilion property (not the Riding School); to pay rent for it; and to convert it, at his own expense, into the required Music Hall. This offer has been, as it would seem, systematically misrepresented. Mr. Wright has been abused for asking the town to provide him with a Music Hall, whereas the fact is that he does not ask the town for a single shilling, but would find the necessary three thousand pounds himself, and take the risk of failure. This offer is acceptable; for nothing prevents the town authorities from inserting a clause in the lease to enable them to recover possion of the property at any time, and another to give them the use of the proposed Music Hall on stated terms. It is thus clear that the town can have its hall within a twelvemonth, through private enterprise, without the smallest risk, and with the advantage, when recovering possession, of having had it built on cheaper terms, most probably, than it could have done it for itself.

If we turn from private to public enterprise, the solution of the question is by no means so easy. The town labours under the not uncommon want of money; the debt on the Pavilion will not be worked off for some fifteen years yet; and it is difficult, if not unfair, to increase the already heavy rates, although scarcely any other means offer to develope the great capabilities of the Pavilion property. In this pecuniary difficulty, what shall we do? Shall we sell the ground-rents of the Pavilion buildings? They would sell well, but we should forego great future advantages. Shall we build on portions of the Pavilion grounds—for instance, on the frontage in New Road? That would be advantageous, and would improve a locality that stands somewhat in need of it; but the inhabitants might not consent to lose a corner of the central lung of Brighton. If the town is to do anything, it would seem that the only plan is to procure a short Act, enabling it to extend the repayment of the Pavilion purchase-money over a long term of years, then borrow on the security of the rates the necessary sum for completing the appropriation. This will take some time to do; meanwhile the most feasible thing for the Music Hall seems to be to accept the proposals of private enterprise, for which the town, when it comes into money, can substitute its own action. But, above all, it is necessary, in discussing matters of such public importance, to do so fairly, and to lay aside all private pique or animosity.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
"An Occasional Concert-Giver."

—Our Windsor correspondent informs us that Mr. Dyson's second concert took place at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, under distinguished patronage. The singers were Miss Wilkinson, Miss Janett, Mr. Dyson, and Mr. Lambert; instrumentalists, Mr. Gunniss, violinist, of her Majesty's private band, and Mr. Goss Custard, pianist. The concert was well attended. —The *Bath Express* has a long article devoted to Mr. Walter O. Gibbs' concert, given at the Assembly Rooms, Bath, Tuesday evening, the 27th ult., and which was an affair of more than ordinary importance, inasmuch as a trio and pianoforte sonata of Beethoven, and a violoncello sonata by Mendelssohn for pianoforte and violoncello, were performed. The programme was entirely instrumental, the executants being Mr. Walter Gibbs (pianoforte), Mr. Carrodus (violin), and M. Paque (violoncello). The strictly classical character of the selection does not appear to have been thrown away on the amateurs of Bath. The *Express* speaks in high terms of praise of the pianoforte used by Mr. Gibbs, sent especially for the occasion by the Messrs. Broadwood.

Royal Academy of Music.—A private chamber concert was given by the students at the institution, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, on Saturday evening, December 1st, when the following selection was performed:—

Part First.—Scherzo, romance, and rondo, pianoforte and flute, from Sonata, Op. 11 (C. E. Horsley), Miss Brinsmead and Mr. Radcliffe. Duet, "Two merry gipsies" (G. A. Macfarren), Misses Robinson and Ibbotson. Song, "In a drear-nighted December" (J. W. Davison), Miss Bramley. "The Lake," "The Millstream," "The Fountain," three musical sketches for pianoforte (Dr. W. S. Bennett), Miss Walsh. Trio, "The coming of May" (Walter Macfarren). 1st voice, Misses Armytage, Robinson, Sellman, and Walsh; 2nd voice, Misses Bramley, Henderson, Tayler, and Watson; 3rd voice, Misses Flewitt, Ibbotson, Pitt, and Spence. Song (MS.), "If to thy heart I were as near" (F. Westlake, student), Miss Henderson. Duet in B flat, two pianofortes (Schumann), Miss Tasker (K.S.) and Mr. Masom.

Part Second.—Trio in E flat, pianoforte, clarionet, and viola (Mozart), Messrs. G. H. Thomas (K.S.), A. Williams, and F. Westlake. Song (MS.), "The Exile's Adieu" (Miss Jenkins, student), Miss Bramley. Introduction and rondo, violin and pianoforte (Spohr), Messrs. Amor and Weekes. Duet, "How beautiful is night!" (B. Richards), Miss Flewitt and Mr. Barraclough. Duet, allegro, brillante, pianoforte (Mendelssohn), Miss Lindley and Mr. J. B. Turner. Romance, "Long I've watched," *preciosa* (Weber), Miss Henderson; flute obligato, Mr. Radcliffe. Trio, "Rest thee on this mossy pillow" (Henry Smart). 1st, 2nd, and 3rd voices as above. The vocal music was accompanied by Messrs. J. B. Turner and Mr. H. R. Eyers.

The entertainment was greatly enjoyed by a select company of friends and patrons of the institution, who were present by invitation. We trust this may be only the first of a series of such meetings. They are both useful and interesting. The more the students act for themselves the better.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The performance of *Solomon*, which inaugurated the winter oratorio season on Friday evening se'nnight, was in almost every respect worthy of the high position by unanimous consent awarded to the Sacred Harmonic Society among the musical institutions of Europe. The admirers of Handel assembled in large numbers at Exeter Hall, and were more than usually warm in their demonstrations of satisfaction. Though *Solomon*, as a whole, is not to be ranked with certain of the more familiar works of its author—who wrote it in the decline of life, when his invention was on the wane, shortly before the loss of sight brought his career as a producer to an end—it contains quite enough of beautiful thoughts, of vigorous colouring, and ingenious contrivance, to stamp it with immortality. Its merits, and its shortcomings (such as they are), nevertheless have been sufficiently dwelt upon; and it is unnecessary to repeat what has so often been said in extenuation of one who rarely needed apology, but who in *Solomon* was trammelled with as feeble and ill-constructed a book as was ever submitted to composer. Wherever the subject is amenable to effective musical treatment, Handel is no less striking and impressive than in the *Messiah*, *Israel*, and other oratorios, where inspiration never failed him. Many of the choruses, indeed (we need not specify them all by name), reach the highest flight. As an example of antiphonal writing, "From the censer curling rise" (Part II.) may be ranked with some of the finest of his so-called "double choruses"—examples of which, by the way, abound in *Solomon*. in pathetic force "Draw the tear from hopeless love" has hardly been excelled; while for dramatic expression "May no rash intruder" and "Shake the dome" (Part III.), in precisely opposite styles, challenge comparison with the most remarkable passages of a corresponding nature in *Samson*, *Judas*, *Deborah*, or (to quit the domain of oratorio) *Alexander's Feast*. To hear such choruses as they are now given by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society—who since the appointment of Mr. Costa have continually made progress—is well worth a visit to Exeter Hall, and an attentive hearing of a much more unequal work than *Solomon*—which, it may be added, is so unsparingly condensed as to do away almost entirely with the prolixity inevitable where there are no omissions. We admit that to meddle with Handel is a task both delicate and ungrateful; but, on the other hand, the whole of *Solomon* at a sitting would exceed the limits of ordinary endurance. As well think of taking in *Paradise Lost* from end to end, without a pause. It is even found expedient to pass habitually one or two pieces from

the third part of the always interesting *Messiah;* and perhaps the only oratorio of Handel which at public performances can safely be offered without curtailment is *Israel in Egypt*, which has the advantage of being as conveniently short as it is unceasingly sublime. That a judiciously abridged *Solomon* can not only be endured, but listened to, with unabated pleasure, was shown on the present occasion, when nearly all the choruses were more or less applauded, two of them—the epithalamium at the termination of Part I., and the martial ebullition in Part III. (one of the series in which the varied powers of expression attributed to music are so powerfully illustrated)—rousing the audience to enthusiasm.

The solo music was in excellent hands. No one in our time has declaimed and sung the part of Solomon so admirably as Mad. Sainton-Dolby, who, now at the very pinnacle of her reputation as a mistress of the sacred style, seems resolved to put rivalry out of the question. The soprano music was divided between Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, apparently summoned to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mad. Novello, and the young and clever Miss Banks, one of Mr. Hullah's most promising discoveries, who, in the part of the Queen of Sheba, did full justice to her rising fame. What little is left for the bass enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Lewis Thomas's fine voice and ripe experience; while the arduous recitatives and airs of the tenor were allotted to Mr. Montem Smith, an artist who, to say the least, is invariably painstaking and correct. The band was as strong and efficient as in former seasons, and Mr. Costa (whose additional accompaniments were used) conducted the performance with his accustomed energy and skill. On the whole, this representation of *Solomon* more than sustained the credit of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The *Messiah* (the first of the Pre-Christmas series) was given last night.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The epithet "popular," as applied to a performance of music, no longer means something adapted to an uneducated and unrefined taste—something in which the high and classic productions of the art are eschewed as being calculated only to weary the audience. At some of our popular concerts the customary fare is fit for the palate of the most fastidious amateur; and, far from being neglected on this account, such concerts flourish more and more. Such is the case with the Monday Popular Concerts, given every week during the season at St. James's Hall. At first we had some suspicion of the reality of the musical taste shown at these concerts. When we heard pieces of great length, highly complicated, such as we had always believed to be "*caviare* to the general," not only attentively listened to, but applauded with enthusiasm, we could not help thinking that there must be some affectation at bottom, and that people would tire of pretending to be delighted with things they did not understand! But time has shown that this was a mistake. These concerts, successful the first season, are still more successful the second. They are even improved in quality; an inferior piece is never admitted into their programmes, nor is an inferior performer employed. Yet the spacious hall is every night crowded to the doors by persons in the habit of frequenting cheap entertainments; and no assembly of *cognoscenti* could show a sounder or more discriminating taste. And the consequence is, that these concerts are now attended by the most musical people in London. —*Spectator.*

MR. SIMS REEVES.—It may not be generally known that the domestic calamity which prevented this eminent singer from resuming his part in *Robin Hood* at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Saturday last, according to announcement, was the sudden and unexpected death of his father, which happened on the Friday previous, and rendered a suspension of all professional duties for a period inevitable. Our readers will hear with pleasure that Mr. Sims Reeves will positively re-appear on Tuesday, and perform in *Robin Hood* at least three times before the temporary close of the theatres.

WINDSOR.—On Tuesday evening, Dec. 4th, Mr. Dyson's second concert for this season took place in the Town Hall under distinguished patronage. The artists engaged for the occasion were Miss Wilkinson, soprano (of the Crystal Palace Concerts); Miss Jarrett, contralto; Mr. Dyson, tenor; and Mr. Lambert, basso. Mr. Gunniss, solo violinist (of her Majesty's Private Band), and Mr. W. Goss Custard, solo pianist and accompanist. The concert commenced with the trio, "When shall we three meet again?" sung by Miss Wilkinson, Miss Jarrett and Mr. Lambert. Miss Wilkinson next gave "Summer Night," by Henry Smart, very effectively, and "Take this cup of sparkling wine" her singing of which much gratified the audience. Mr. Lambert contributed two songs, Callcott's "Last Man," an "Old English Melody," and "The Holy Friar." He was in good voice and gave them with his accustomed power and success. Miss Jarrett gave great satisfaction, and was much applauded, in her songs, "I'm a poor shepherd maid," and "Truth in absence." Mr. Dyson's tenor voice was heard to advantage in "The Troubadour's Song," Verdi, and "Shine on Beautiful Star," in both of which he was very successful. The duet by this gentleman and Miss Jarrett, "Home to our mountains," was pleasingly sung. Mr. Gunniss and Mr. Custard each gave a solo, the former on the violin and the latter on the pianoforte. Macfarren's trio, "The Troubadour," was very effectively sung by Miss Wilkinson, Miss Jarrett, and Mr. Lambert. The concert gave entire satisfaction to a crowded audience, and concluded with the "National Anthem."—MUSICUS.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA FOR 1861.

A PARODY BY PORCUPINE.

(*Inscribed to Augustus Mayhew, Esq.*)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

SEASON OF 1860.

Lessee and Director,

SIGNOR RE GALANTUOMO.

The public is respectfully informed that the season of this popular Establishment will shortly recommence under unusually favourable auspices, and with the most powerful and talented Company ever yet brought before its numerous friends and patrons, while the *répertoire* will include a number of works entirely new to the majority of them. In proof of this, the Lessee submits the following list of artists, many of them of European reputation, and others of great promise.

SIGNOR CAVOUR,

(*Primo basso profondo*, of the Theatre Royal, Turin).

SIGNOR GARIBALDI,

(The unrivalled *primo tenore di forza* of the South American, Roman, Lombard, and Two Sicilian Opera Houses, unanimously pronounced by the entire press to be the greatest artist of the age).

SIGNOR FARINI,

(Of the Theatres Royal, Florence and Milan).

SIGNOR CIALDINI,

(Whose performances at the Theatres of Ancona and Castelfidardo excited a perfect *furore*, and who is now engaged at Gaeta, where he "takes" immensely).

SIGNOR PERSANO,

(The admirable delineator of nautical characters, from the Theatres of Ancona and Capua), and

SIGNOR FANTI,

(Whose triumphs at the Theatres of Central Italy are too well known to need mention).

The Company will also include other well-known artists, such as

LA MARMORA,	RICASOLI,
DURANDO,	RATAZZI,
PEPOLI,	POERIO,

And those youthful pupils of Signor Garibaldi, whose recent *débuts* at the Sicilian and Neapolitan Theatres excited the admiration of the most critical audiences—namely, Signori

MEDICI,	TURR,
COSENZ,	EBER,
BIXIO,	DUNNE,
SIRTORI,	WYNDHAM,

And others too numerous to mention. Among the novelties to be produced, the Lessee would call especial attention to the revival of the famous Operas,

LA CONSTITUZIONE,

IL PARLAMENTO,

AND

LA GAZETTA LIBRA,

By Signor Inglese,

For many years the most popular and attractive works ever produced at Turin, and which are almost unknown in other parts of Italy; and to

LA LIBERTA,

(an entirely new Opera, by Signor Garibaldi and the Lessee, in which the former will sustain the principal character). Other works by well-known composers will also be produced at the earliest possible opportunity; and in the spring, the Lessee hopes to enter into an engagement with the temporary managers of the Roman and Austrian Opera Houses, for the production of the great *chef-d'œuvre*

L'ITALIA UNITA,

the promise of which has excited such enthusiastic hopes in every civilised country. Should the Lessee be able to produce this long-expected work, the whole strength of his company will be engaged in its performance, and, if necessary, several French and Hungarian artists will be solicited to strengthen the caste. Further particulars will be shortly announced.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The students give a concert today at the institution in Tenterden Street, the principal feature in which is to be a selection from Mozart's *Idomeneo.*

PUN.—Let the organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, play ever so badly, at the worst he is BEST.—(*Goose with the Golden Eggs.*)

The Opera.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Another glorious triumph for English opera—another hope for national music. Mr. Balfe's new opera, *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*, produced on Thursday evening, was one of the most legitimate successes ever witnessed within the walls of any theatre. The excitement commenced with the overture, which was encored, and was rampant at the end of the first act, when a vociferous call was made for Mr. Balfe, who, after some delay—doubtless not being prepared for so early a summons—made his appearance, and was received with deafening acclamations. Four long acts, enduring four hours and a half, would have cooled any ordinary enthusiasm, and have tired any ordinary patience; but the applause, far from abating, went on increasing, and was most vehement in the last two acts, the audience unanimously encoring a gallop in the last scene, which was indeed inevitable, since the music is exciting in the extreme, and the *pas* is most admirably arranged by M. Petit, the *maître de ballet*, and was capitally danced by the young ladies.

The libretto of the *Bravo's Bride* is from the pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has founded his plot on Monk Lewis's melodrama, *Rugantino, the Bravo of Venice*, and has pretty closely adhered to the original. *Rugantino* is not only utterly buried in oblivion, as far as regards production on the stage, but is excluded from most editions of English dramatic works, even from those, like the *London Stage*, which pretend to comprise every work that achieved popularity in its day. It is, however, included in "Cumberland's Plays," but does not appear to have obtained much favour at any time. The story, as adapted in the libretto, may be thus briefly detailed:—

A certain romantic young Prince of Ferrara falls in love with Bianca, daughter of the Duke of Milan, but, though betrothed to her in some mysterious way, which does not appear, wishes to be loved for himself, and not for his princedom. He takes upon him the guise of a young soldier of fortune, and wins the heart of the tender Bianca, but withholds confession of his affection. He departs to the wars—to test the young lady's love by absence, we may suppose—and "crushes the bravo band." How this is effected we are not informed; but the "bravo band" is headed by a terrible chief, Fortespada, whose very name strikes terror to all the country round. Our prince is "led by fate" to the brigand's den, and finds him dying, and so penitent, that he confesses "a foul conspiracy of death" on the part of certain nobles against the Duke of Milan, in which he is implicated. The brigand gives the prince a list of the traitors, and dies. Upon this, the better to prosecute his plans to discover the heads of the conspiracy, the prince disguises himself as the brigand, gains access to the conspirators, and induces them to elect him as their chief. He has them thus entirely in his power, but why he does not denounce them at once is not told. The prince is a great adept at disguises. Two of the conspirators having determined to kill Bianca in the grand cathedral of Milan, where she goes alone to pray, our prince, who knows everything, is ready behind a pillar, caparisoned as a mendicant, and stabs the highborn gentleman who was about to stab her. Bianca faints, and on coming to herself she sees the beggar transformed into the brigand, and is terrified when she hears him claim her, in life or death, as the "Bravo's Bride." The young lady—who must have been singularly obtuse as to vision not to detect her lover through one of his disguises—naturally screams, and brings her father and friends to her assistance. The Prince, however, is not so easily caught. Directly he hears the approach of footsteps he assumes the garb of a monk, and makes his escape. We need not dwell upon the incident of the Prince appearing to the Duke as the bravo, since nothing comes from it, but may go at once to state the *dénouement*, which happens thus:—Changing his tactics, the Prince appears to Bianca as Odoardo, when a confession of love takes place on both sides. The lovers are detected in their transports by the Duke, who, at first enraged with Odoardo, at last consents to grant him his daughter's hand, provided he would place Fortespada in his power that night, at twelve, in the great ducal hall. Nothing can be easier for the Prince to comply with, as we know. Accordingly at night, when the ball goes forward, and the midnight hour has tolled, Odoardo appears and announces that he has captured Fortespada alive. "Bring him before us," cries the Duke, whereupon the Prince retires, and returns as the Bravo. He is unanimously voted to destruction, when the royal troops appear, and, at a sign from the Prince, carry off all the conspirators in custody. Lastly, his Royal Highness declares that Fortespada and Odoardo are the same, and, being pressed for further disclosures, confesses that the Prince of Ferrara is identical with the bravo and the young officer.

As a specimen of Mr. Simpson's work, we shall quote the two verses, addressed by Bianca to her father, in the duet, "From my childhood," wherein the young lady is desirous to disbosom herself of that secret which she thinks she has too long kept to herself:—

"BIANCA.

"From my childhood did'st thou pray me
In thy heart to seek, my father,
Should a false world e'er betray me,
That pure love which ne'er betrays;
And my sorrow I have brought thee,
In affection weak, my father,
Thee I seek now, as I sought thee,
In my early childhood's days.

"In my childhood, ay, I swore thee
To respect thy wish, my father,
And my spirit bowed before thee,
As a loving child obeys;
But, my heart has now betray'd thee,
Nor bows 'fore thee still, my father,
With the same love that obey'd thee
In my early childhood's days."

Of the music generally we are inclined to think that the composer has expended more thought and care upon it than on any previous occasion. But on this point we must defer entering into details until our next. With respect to the first performances of *Bianca*, let the subjoined extracts from two of our morning contemporaries bear witness. Our own impressions shall be published with our criticism of the music.

BIANCA, THE BRAVO'S BRIDE.—(*From The Times, Dec. 7th.*)—A grand romantic opera in four acts, abounding in complicated music, built upon a story that embodies a great variety of incidents, and written throughout with an evidently serious purport, cannot in fairness be dismissed after a single hearing, more especially at half an hour past midnight. Such an opera is the long and anxiously-expected new work of Mr. Balfe, who for upwards of twenty years has been the most popular of our native composers for the stage, and who last night added another to his long list of successes. His *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*, is framed more ambitiously than any of his latter productions, and for that reason demands and merits stricter attention. We shall therefore be satisfied at present with announcing its enthusiastic reception by a crowded house. The composer was thrice summoned before the curtain, and again appeared a fourth time, leading on Mr. Alfred Mellon, who had well earned the compliment by the ability and labour he must have bestowed in preparing what was an admirable representation, even for this theatre, where imperfect first-night performances form the exception rather than, as is too frequently the case, the rule. It may as well be stated that *Bianca* is founded on the well-known romance of *Rugantino, or the Bravo of Venice*, also once familiar to the public as a melodrama, and that Mr. Palgrave Simpson has turned the original materials into an operatic libretto with the tact and judgment of an experienced hand. Nearly every member of the company is engaged in the distribution of characters, which are so numerous that Mr. Balfe has been able to accommodate as many as six bases and barytones—Messrs. Wharton, Lawrence, Corri, Wallworth, Kelly, and Distin—with more or less conspicuous parts. Mr. Harrison represents the mysterious and formidable bravo—

"Like Cerberus, three gentlemen in one;"

Miss Louisa Pyne, whose singing from end to end was a model of finished and brilliant execution, the Princess distinguished by his tender solicitude; Mr. St. Albyn a (comic) second tenor; and the promising Miss Thirlwall, a maid of honour somewhat advanced in years. To conclude, scenery, costumes, and a more than usually animated *ballet*, all effectively combine to lend attraction to the spectacle. The star of English opera is clearly in the ascendant.

BIANCA, THE BRAVO'S BRIDE.—(*From the Daily Telegraph, Dec. 7th.*)—Mr. Balfe's anxiously-expected opera was produced last night, and achieved the most unquestionable success. The popular composer was

called before the curtain after the first and second acts, and again at the conclusion of the opera, and on each occasion was received with tumultuous applause. Although the performance did not terminate until midnight, the enthusiasm of the large audience seemed to increase rather than diminish, as the work approached its conclusion, and from the overture to the dance in the last scene there was a continual demand for the repetition of pieces which at once seized the popular taste. But while in *Bianca* Mr. Balfe's wonderful facility for inventing striking melodies is quite as conspicuous and as inexhaustible as ever, the work exhibits an immense superiority over all his former efforts in the orchestration. In this important matter the example of Meyerbeer's enduring success seems to have exercised a beneficial influence on our English composer. The story of *Bianca* has been adapted by Mr. Palgrave Simpson from the well-known tale of the *Bravo of Venice;* and in each of the four acts into which the opera is divided opportunities for musical effect have been presented, of which the composer has always availed himself with the happiest results. Mr. Balfe has been most fortunate in the representation of his work. Indeed, we have never seen all the members of the Covent Garden company to such advantage as in *Bianca;* and it would not be too much to affirm that the chorus and orchestra have never been so perfectly irreproachable on the first performance of any opera. Miss Louisa Pyne has great opportunities for the display of her varied powers. The charming ballad in D flat in the third act—which we prophesy will be the favourite *morceau* of the opera—was delivered with exquisite pathos, while the trying scena that opens the fourth act, and the brilliant *finale* to the opera, in which the vocalist reached almost the extremest limits of the human voice, were sung with the perfection to which we are accustomed in Miss Pyne, but which we may elsewhere seek in vain. Miss Thirlwall's singing is always conscientiously correct, but as yet she has not had so good a chance of showing that in action she is no less artistic and admirable. Mr. Alberto Lawrence's noble voice, judiciously subdued, was heard to much more advantage than on his first appearance in *Il Trovatore;* Mr. Henry Wharton, throughout painstaking, was compelled to repeat the ballad in praise of gold, which, with its bold and striking melody, is sure to become a popular drawing-room song; and Mr. St. Albyn excited great applause, no less by his terpsichorean than by his vocal efforts. On Mr. Harrison, however, the most onerous duties—histrionic as well as musical—devolve; and in all his disguises, whether as bandit, beggar, or noble, he sustained the character with unflagging energy and invariable effect. The *mise en scène*, while offering no novelty, is as admirable as usual; and we must not omit to mention the dance in the last scene, which is very prettily contrived. Nor should we forget to state that Mr. Alfred Mellon, in answer to a loud demand, was led on with evident satisfaction by Mr. Balfe at the conclusion of the opera, and was received with cordial and well-merited applause. Altogether, we have never had to record a more unequivocal success.

MR. BALFE'S BIANCA.—(*From the Morning Post, 7th Dec.*—Last evening the first important novelty of the season, namely, Mr. Balfe's new opera of *Bianca*, was produced at the above theatre with complete and well-deserved success.

Bianca, the libretto of which is by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, is founded upon Monk Lewis's well-known tale of the *Bravo of Venice*, which was adapted to the stage many years ago as a startling melodrama, under the title of *Rugantino*. Mr. Balfe's opera begins on the cathedral square at Milan, and as the curtain rises groups of penitents are discovered kneeling on the steps of the famous "Duomo," and in various parts of the stage. After a brief instrumental introduction played upon the organ the penitents sing a solemn choral prayer, "To Thee above our hearts we raise," an excellent specimen of Mr. Balfe's talent in the serious style of composition. This over, a herald (Mr. Distin) appears with a proclamation, which sets forth, in the name of the high and puissant Matteo Visconti, Duke of Milan, that a reward of 500 ducats will be paid for the apprehension of the notorious bravo, Fortespada (Mr. W. Harrison), whose daring iniquities have rendered him the terror of Milan and the surrounding country. The crowd of citizens to whom this proclamation was addressed now begin to debate among themselves how it will be possible to secure the bravo, and are presently assisted in their deliberations by a young nobleman called Memmino (Mr. H. Corri), and Beppo, an *attaché* to the Duke of Milan's household (Mr. St. Albyn). Beppo relates a dreadful legend about the bravo, interrupted occasionally by exclamations of terror from the crowd, or the vainglorious boasting of Memmino. A chorus of monks, who appear at the gate of the cathedral and desire the crowd to disperse, in order that the Duke and his daughter may pass without intrusion to their evening vesper prayers, brings the first scene to a conclusion.

All this, which is musically expressed in one connected piece, beginning with the chorus of citizens, "What man so bold?" is certainly one of the best things Mr. Balfe ever wrote. It is spirited, genial, full of variety, and thoroughly dramatic. Mr. Simpson, too, deserves great praise for the very ingenious construction of this scene for musical purposes. In the second scene we find Count Malespina (Mr. Henry Wharton), Montalto (Mr. Wallworth), Memmino (Mr. H. Corri), Contarini (Mr. Lyall), Michele (a ruffian in the service of Malespina), and others enjoying the pleasures of the wine-cup, and plotting the destruction of the Duke of Milan (Mr. Alberto Lawrence) and his daughter Bianca (Miss Louisa Pyne). Malespina says to his friends that

> "The ducal guard is bribed,
> The Church is zealous for our good:
> The Emperor approves. When once the blow is struck
> His troops will hasten to support us, and, meanwhile,
> We must be zealous—bold."

It also appears that the chief Ministers of State are to fall by the assassin's steel. A first-class bravo being wanted, of course no better man than Fortespada could be found, and that his professional services may be obtained is sufficiently proved by a written communication to the following effect, and which has been mysteriously placed in the hands of one of the conspirators:—

> "Ye, who need my dagger—seek me; ye shall find.
> Ye who blood would shed shall see it shed around.
> When you meet, wherever gathered, then behold
> The bravo, Fortespada."

But a sudden alarm obliges the conspirators to be brief, and depend upon themselves. A young nobleman, who has discovered their machinations, determines to betray them. He must then, be disposed of at once, and thus lots are drawn to decide who is to strike the blow. Before, however, this matter is definitely settled, Fortespada suddenly appears before the astonished and affrighted conspirators. His terms for aiding them are that he shall be made their leader. They refuse; whereupon Fortespada wishes them "good evening." But Malespina, more determined than his companions, throws himself between the bravo and the door, and calls upon the rest of the conspirators to fall upon Fortespada and destroy him. They hesitate, the bravo laughs loudly and hideously, and, seating himself at the wine-table, looks calmly at them all. "I know your secrets," says he; "a certain scroll lying on my table contains a full account of them, and if I return not in half an hour that scroll will be in the hands of the Grand Duke."

Fortespada is at once elected chief of the gang, and having with some difficulty obtained all the names of his associates, taken an oath to annihilate *the oppressors of Milan*, drunk a bumper to the success of their enterprise, and overheard Michele promise to assassinate Bianca that very night as she returns from the cathedral, he takes leave in the pleasantest possible manner of his newly-made friends. Here ends the first act, the music of which is for the most part in Mr. Balfe's very happiest manner. The baritone scena, "Yes, proud Bianca," in which Malespina expresses his determination to take revenge for his slighted love, has a sweet and *cantabile* slow movement, very charming in itself, if not in the strictest accordance with the sentiment of the words; and the *cabaletta*, beside being quite unimpeachable with respect to verbal expression, is highly spirited and eminently tuneful. But the finale, beginning with the words, "Friends, we must act without delay," has still higher claims to consideration, arising from the very skilful treatment given to a large mass of dramatic material which it was necessary to bring into accordance with the laws of strictly musical form. To construct one coherent piece in dealing with such ever-varying and frequently opposite emotions, and to make it constantly vivacious and entertaining, was certainly no easy task, and yet Mr. Balfe has accomplished it to the satisfaction both of musicians and the general public.

Before terminating our remarks upon this act, we must specially mention the capital bacchanalian song—

> "Glorious wine,
> Liquor divine,"

as one of the most genial and attractive pieces in the opera.

The second act opens with a scene supposed to represent one of the aisles in Milan Cathedral. It is night, and Bianca is about to depart, after her evening devotions, when she is confronted by Malespina, who here makes a last and ineffectual attempt to win her love before he allows his dreadful purpose to be carried into execution by the ruffian Michele, who, dagger in hand, is waiting to murder her, according to his promise. Upon the final rejection of Malespina, the assassin approaches to execute his design; but just as he is about to strike, his hand is arrested, and the poignard turned into his own heart, by an old man habited as a mendicant, who suddenly emerges from some obscure corner. Bianca, terrified, demands to know who is her deliverer, and is thus answered by the supposed beggar:—

Go, tell thy father, on his throne of pride,
'Twas Fortespada; thou the bravo's bride!"

Bianca calls for help, and the bravo having momentarily disappeared behind a pillar, returns clad as a monk. Nobody recognises him but Bianca, who cannot bring herself to denounce the man who has saved her life, and thus Fortespada again escapes. This closes the second act, to the music of which, as to that of the first, we can award high praise.

The opening chorus for female voices, "Slowly fades the light of day," is as pretty and spontaneous a piece of vocal harmony as Mr. Balfe ever composed; and the succeeding dialogued recitative and duet for Bianca and Malespina, "Although with cold disdain," if of a more elaborate complexion, and perhaps less fluent and *cantabile* than Mr. Balfe's inspirations generally are, must, nevertheless, be set down as particularly creditable to him as an orchestral colourist, and exceedingly dramatic in purpose. The melodic accompaniments assigned to the first violins over the subject in the duet is not only brilliant, fanciful, and charming, but at the same time quite original. The florid figurative counterpoint is indeed richly varied throughout the slow movement, which has peculiar merits, though perhaps not such as are calculated to strike the general public at a first hearing. The second movement, with its Verdian unisons, is less to our taste, but we doubt not it will find its way to the barrel organs.

In the commencement of the finale to this act, "Forebodings sad come creeping o'er my mind," Mr. Balfe has again displayed his imagination and ingenuity as an orchestral writer to very great advantage. The rather Meyerbeerish employment of the clarinet in F *solus*, as accompaniment to the voices, makes a pure and legitimately musical effect, charming yet simple in construction.

The solo assigned to Fortespada, "Thou art the bravo's bride," is also to be highly commended for dramatic fire and accent; and the praise which belongs to a melodious and well written concerted piece in the modern Italian manner is due to the slow movement, "Ah, mystery strange," which terminates this act.

The third act shows us, firstly, a scene in which Beppo and a young lady of the Court, Zeffrina (Miss Thirwall) are practising an old-fashioned gavotte, and sundry other dances, for the grand ball, which the Duke of Milan is about to give in honour of the Duke of Ferrara, who is expected to visit the Milanese Court, and to whom he has promised his daughter Bianca in marriage. The music here is exceedingly spontaneous and pretty; its only fault being a somewhat barbarous mixture of stiff ancient musical phraseology with the ultra-modern style. On the whole, however, it must be admitted that Mr. Balfe (who shines most brightly in light and brilliant music—witness his *spirituel* and charming "Quatre fils d'Aymon") has distinguished himself most honourably in setting this rather unsuggestive scene to music. The bright, joyous dance tunes with which it abounds will doubtless be reproduced in every possible shape, and played upon every piano. At the end of this scene, Bianca enters, and presently expresses her repugnance to the projected union with the Duke of Ferrara, and her love for the desperate man who saved her life, in a thoroughly *Balfian* ballad, "In vain I strove to teach my heart," one of the most genial and characteristic effusions that ever emanated from the facile and prolific pen of our popular English, or rather Irish, composer.

The second scene in this act opens with a recitative and air for the Duke, in which he expresses his anxious cares as the wearer of a prince's crown of thorns. The instrumental introduction to this, assigned to the violoncellos, accompanied by double basses, affords another proof of Mr. Balfe's fancy and science as an orchestral composer. If the following air, "If treachery base," were less uncertain in tonality, more simple and natural in melody and harmony; if the major and minor modes were not so confused in the peroration, we should like the composition much better. In the following duet, however, "From my childhood," Mr. Balfe gives us more of himself. Anything more unaffected or idiosyncratic than the two principal movements he has not given to the world. The dramatic action of the rest of this scene makes us acquainted with Fortespada's offer to the Duke to espouse his cause *with* his daughter, the indignant rejection of the bravo's proposal by his highness, and the consequent grief of Bianca. The principal musical features here are a bold and energetic melody, "Say, why this bold disdain" (a worthy companion to the famous "When the fair land of Poland"), and the concerted piece, "Oh, night of woe!" which is full of dramatic sentiment, and musicianly from first to last.

In the third act we discover that Fortespada, the supposed "Bravo of Venice," is a noble in disguise, the very Duke of Ferrara to whom Bianca was betrothed by her father. The principal pieces in this act are an admirably written scena for Bianca, "Yes, I shall see him once again;" a ballad for Fortespada, "Once more upon the path of life;" the baritone air, "Chiefs on might relying;" a sparkling and thoroughly *dansante* polka and gallopade; and a most brilliant rondo finale sung by the heroine of the opera.

With respect to the performance we have only time to state that it was on the whole admirable. The artists, one and all, exerted themselves to the utmost, and unanimous applause of the warmest kind was bestowed upon them on every possible occasion.

Mr. Balfe was called for at the termination of each act, together with the principal executants. All critical details upon the performance must, however, be deferred, as the opera did not terminate till midnight.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—A Paris journal, *La Presse*, in noticing a musical performance which recently took place at the house of Madame Orpila, one of the most distinguished amateurs in the French metropolis, thus speaks of the two fair artists, Mlles. Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, who have already won for themselves so much renown at the Grand Opera and in private *salons* by their *ensemble* singing:—

"But the principal attraction of the evening was the first appearance in this artistic *salon* of the sisters Marchisio: they sang the duos from *Matilda di Shabran* and *Norma* in the midst of a transport of enthusiastic applauses; the perfection of their method, the richness of their organ, but, above all, that admirable combination of the two voices, the quality of which harmonises so perfectly, that marvellous blending together even of the most difficult *nuances*; those oppositions of light and shade so wonderfully managed, so exquisitely graduated, in short, all those qualities of *ensemble*, twins, as it were, which characterise and individualise the talent of the sisters Marchisio, astonished, no less than enchanted, the brilliant auditory. We doubt whether the sisters Marchisio ever obtained a success more real and more flattering at the same time. Among the company who were most liberal of their applause were Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, M. Duprez, and the "brothers Braga."

THE MARCHISIO SISTERS.—Mlles. Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, in making their first appearance at the Opéra in *Semiramide*, had real difficulties to surmount. They had been at least twelve months engaged; the *quasi*-official announcements of the opera had promised beforehand two singers of the highest order, two young and great artists of different kinds, the one gifted with an agile and brilliant dramatic soprano voice, the other having a magnificent contralto voice, both *tragédiennes*, devoted to the art and possessing the sacred fire.

It was consequently with extreme emotion that the sisters stepped for the first time on the redoubtable scene of the Opéra, where so many artists of talent failed, where great and enduring celebrities consecrated themselves. With what ardour the two sisters confronted so terrible an ordeal is matter of history. They were accepted immediately by the chosen public, whose opinion is sovereign, and of which the press is the faithful echo. Mlle. Carlotta was compared, and with reason, to the best Semiramises who had ever interpreted the adorable music of Rossini; and Mlle. Barbara to the most renowned Arsaces of whom the Italians have preserved the recollection. The success of the sisters Marchisio is then the most sincere, the most *positive*, if, in matters of art, it may be permitted to employ the term. It is doubtful, neverthe-

less, if they consent to sign a new treaty with the Opéra; and doubtless they feel that the Italian stage offers them more profit, more glory, and more easy triumphs. It will be a serious loss to the Opèra that it could not retain two singers of such extraordinary talent; but the great artists can hardly be deceived in regard to their future prospects, as trees bend their leaves in that direction whence proceed the rays of the sun. Why, then, should not the sisters Marchisio, like other queens of song, having won Parisian applause, seek for admiration and enthusiasm in other capitals of Europe, and even in the New World?—*La Presse Théâtrale (reduced into English.)*

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"GOOD NIGHT," (Cradle Song—Wiegenlied) composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT, price 2s. 6d. London: published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

The day, pretty darling, draws near to its close,
Come, cease from your play, on your pillow repose,
You peep from the cradle still laughing and bright,
Kind angels for ever preserve you, good night.

With freedom from sorrow, dear child, you are blest,
To you a pure heaven is your fond mother's breast;
Wild passion some day will your happiness blight,
Kind angels preserve you, my darling, good night.

Ah! happy is he who can slumber like you,
Be ever, dear child, to your innocence true,
The righteous are watched by the spirits of light,
Who guard them while sleeping, my darling, good night.

"Few songs of modern days have achieved a more decided or better merited success than Herr Reichardt's charming lied, "Thou art so near and yet so far," which has for the last two years been the delight of all concert-goers and drawing-room vocalists of more than ordinary pretensions. Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have just published a new composition, from the same original and elegant pen, entitled "Good Night" (a cradle song). The words are exquisitely simple and unaffected, being the address of a mother to her sleeping babe; and it is but justice to Herr Reichardt to say that he has wedded an exquisite domestic poem to a most graceful, unaffected melody, which breathes the very spirit of maternal tenderness. The song, which is written for a tenor voice—the composer being, as our readers know, one of the first of living German vocalists—is in the key of F major; and to amateurs of taste we can cordially recommend "The Cradle Song" as a composition worthy of their attention."—*Liverpool Mail*.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.—"THE CHRISTMAS ROSE." (Poetry by M. A. STODART.) Composed by LOVELL PHILLIPS. Price 2s. 6d.

The Christmas Rose! The Christmas Rose!
'Mid wintry frost and snow it blows;
And opes its portals pure and fair,
When winds have swept the gay parterre.
Just like a true and constant friend,
Whose faith no storms of life can bend;
Not the mere friend of summer day,
But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline;
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
And sad the spirit sighs alone.
Then marvel not that thus I twine
My thoughts around this gift of thine,
And muse on hopes and joys that last,
And bloom through life's most piercing blast.

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NEW HARP MUSIC by C. OBERTHÜR, "Thou art so near and yet so far." Reichardt's popular song transcribed for the Harp by C. Oberthür, is just published, price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

MR. WEISS'S NEW SONG—"THE KNIGHT'S VIGIL." (Poetry by J. P. DOUGLAS.) Composed and sung by Mr. W. H. WEISS.

The custom of watching armour in church was a religious duty imposed upon knights who used to consume whole nights in prayer to some saint whom they chose as their patron.

Sir Neville spurr'd his gallant grey,
And hied him on his lonely way;
But ere he from the saddle sprung,
The abbey's midnight chimes had rung.

He doffed his armour, whose fair sheen
The stains of battle ne'er had seen;
And said, "Heav'n send thee I may be,
A worthy son of chivalry."

In hours when bright remembrance came
Athwart his memory like a flame,
A crimson scarf was given to tell,
Of one who loved Sir Neville well.

The gift was fondly cherished yet,
And while his burning glance it met,
He sighing said, "Be thou to me
The beacon star of victory."

Sir Neville kept his vigil lone,
Till the matin star had come and gone,
Then donned his armour and away,
He sped him on his gallant grey.

In many a land on fields of fame,
The watchword was Sir Neville's name.
Where fell the bravest, there fell he,
Fighting for love and chivalry.

The above popular and romantic ballad, now being sung everywhere with the greatest success by Mr. Weiss, is just published, beautifully illustrated, price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

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The above duets are of a pleasing and popular character, and are adapted for moderately advanced performers.

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THE LONDON GLEE and MADRIGAL UNION, whose Concerts of Old English Ballads and Part-songs, Glees and Madrigals, obtained a remarkable success last Season, will resume their Entertainments at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, for a short period of One Month only, commencing on Monday, January 7.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC.*

IT must be matter of observation that the practice of commenting upon art has now become a field of independent mental exertion, it having of late years been shown that, in the investigation of works of art, faculties and gifts of mind have been elicited as great and original as those which produced the art itself.

The reason of this is apparent in the consideration that amongst the votaries of the arts there are always some in whom susceptibility to impression is greater than the faculty of demonstration; and thus in these the artistic energy vents itself in adding its fire to ideas already formed and inspired; in imparting a second soul—the added soul of their own pent rapture—to an object of art, by means of some other medium of expression. It may be language. Thus their minds are driven into the *recesses* of the object of art they contemplate. Thus the artistic impulse is brought to bear upon art itself, and thus the above object comes out from this process still further spiritualised.

If I were to define art, I should say it is preceded by a distinct emotion of admiration, created through the influence of some external object of beauty, or by an indefinite rapture of feeling aroused by the general action of outward nature, upon the sense and intelligence of man. It arises in the tendency this condition of feeling exerts to push the pent ardour, amassed in the receptive channels of the mind, outwardly, through the demonstrative faculties of the nature; to employ the outward senses; to wreak itself upon expression.

In consummating this expression, it involves the action of that remarkable tendency prevailing in the human breast whenever charged with an emotion partaking of the character of admiration, to reproduce, to conjure up again and again the natural influence of that feeling. Thus the painter reproduces upon canvas the fair aspect of nature that impresses him—thus the lover conjures up, in poetic rhapsody, the charms which excite his admiration.

Now, this reproduction of the external influence of emotion constitutes art. But it must be remarked that the impulse of the breast, thus resulting in art, is twofold in its action. For the representation of an outward incentive of feeling not only in its production employs the demonstrative faculties—not only constitutes the expression of an emotion, but in its effect reacts upon the receptive faculties, and also perpetuates the emotion.

Thus art is the embodying an inward idea of beauty, by repeating in ideal form the external influence of that idea, and the expressing and perpetuating an emotion of admiration in the production, and by the effect of this embodiment. This is art, and this is the operation of a great principle of the human mind, by means of which it may be said to multiply its offspring, to perpetuate the existence of its own emotions.

From this principle the whole phenomenon of art is developed, and by its aid can be accounted for. The distinction in character, for instance, between a natural influence and the same influence reproduced in the aspect of art, may be thus explained. The mind, in reproducing the object that elicited its admiration, recreates it in the light of that admiration, with those attributes of charm only visible in its original aspect, through the medium of esthetic taste and poetic meditation, in its artistic form, shining outwardly and apparent to ordinary contemplation. Thus it may bear its original shape, but its soul is no longer hidden, its beauty shines outwardly. It may reappear in bodily form, but its expression is spiritual.

Through these few remarks upon the general constitution of art, it will be understood how the attentive and intelligent observer of *art* may gain a deep insight into *truth*; how, through the *effect* of art, he may behold the *spirit* of nature; how it has been the destiny of many earnest writers upon art to attain to this comprehensive vision; to wield the Ithuriel spear of art as an instrument of moral application.

Poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture have, in several instances, led their commentators and recorders to totally new and original eminences of mental observation; and thus to these arts the human mind in general is greatly indebted for the discovery of truths of deep import, and beauties of all-pervading influence. On the other hand, music, of all the arts, has hitherto been the least serviceable in guiding the mind on its path of moral inquiry. The reason of this may be that, of all the arts, music is that which, in its own conquest and acquisition, absorbs more undividedly the whole attention, monopolises more completely the varied faculties, claims in a greater degree the continued experience of man, and thus reduces the function of its votaries solely to the illustration and interpretation of its simple effect.

There may also exist another reason, which is revealed in the consideration, that music, with regard to other ministrations of art, deals the least with the palpable forms and influences of nature, and is the only one without the faculty of representing them in their natural aspect. Consequently, in tracing its influence, in wandering amongst its array of expositions, we meet with no effect common to other branches of moral demonstration, and with no object of external human interest. And thus the large sphere of *suggestiveness* which these influences possess is lost in the contemplation of music. Thus the mind in the exploration of music does not arrive at *new starting-points of thought*, but traversing the etherial stream of sound, glides continuously on its emotional course, undiverted into new channels by the external features of nature.

In the analysis also of musical effect we are searching into that which we cannot grasp, cannot see, and can only feel. Thus in inquiring into an effect we are analysing an emotion; whereas in the analysis of other effects of art, the mind is brought into contact with a material influence. In music it is mind acting upon mind. In the other arts, mind acting upon matter. In the case of music the intellect works inwardly. In that of the other arts, outwardly. And thus the result is, that in commenting upon musical effect, the mind is lost in its own mazes and checked in its progress. Thus its lucubrations in this direction are mostly of a metaphysical character; and meeting with so little support and light from without, the borrowed light of fancy and vague imagination is so often visible upon them.

In the following pages, however, an attempt is made to push the fragile skiff of thought along this subtle current; and by aid of the compass of known truth, the rudder of argument, and other mental means for obtaining steadiness and straight progress, to gather reliable and practical information upon the nature and meaning of musical effect in the mind; to probe to its source this mystic Nile of tone, and to establish thereupon a few firm positions for the human intellect to affix its standard.

And as the deeper the voyager of discovery penetrates into the recesses of nature, the greater becomes his knowledge of the laws of his own being, so does the mind in exploring its empire inevitably refract light upon itself; so may we in our present path of research gather new truth for the mind, as well as in casting the light of conquest upon our subject, still further develop its resources.

When we pause in admiration of a flower, the reason is not only lulled by the absorbing influence of beauty upon the senses, and its subtle property of reaching the finer perceptions, without arousing the mind to conscious action; but the activity of the intellect is further superseded through the consciousness we possess of the origin and function of the flower in question. We do not regard this effect as the poet the stars, which he describes as "a beauty and a mystery." On the other hand we are all the while aware that the flower is a natural and necessary feature in the development of the plant whereon it grows. Though there may be in this object much food for reflection, there is still therein nothing, as in the case just alluded to, which strongly arouses the mental activity simultaneously as it invokes the admiration. Now this is the distinction at the outset between the state of the mind in contemplating the effects of all other species of art, and that which it assumes when wrought upon by the influence of music.

Here is a strangely beautiful phenomenon. But what is it? Is it "bright effluence of bright essence increate," or where is the connection between it and the world's more palpable and functional influences; as the flower and its subtle odour that floats like

* *Introductory Remarks to the Philosophy of Music*, being a series of essays, entitled respectively, "The Relationship of Music to the other Fine Arts," "The Moral Theory of Music," and "The Laws of Life in Art," which appeared in the MUSICAL WORLD. Corrected and amplified by the Author. By Joseph Goddard.

sound through the air is threaded to the rest of nature by the fine tissues of the plant?

Now, in the course of the arguments pursued in the essay termed "The Moral Theory of Music," it is shown that music is *the flower of human speech;* that it is developed from the ordinary materials of language, as the blossom from the substance of the shrub; that it retains the finer attributes of speech, namely, tone, emphasis, and pause, as the flower still possesses in its roseate petals, the beautified likeness of the green leaves; and that it loses the mixed and dull sound of ordinary language, and wholly assumes the vesture of melody, as the flower relinquishes the opaque and neutral tints of the plant, and beams totally in the dazzling raiment of colour.

In closing these preliminary observations, it may be remarked, that in regarding "music" from the point of view occupied by this work, we do not discover it in its technical and mechanical details. We regard it as an astronomer a heavenly body; not so much to unfold its individual principles, as to discover those great laws that bind it to the universe; to trace the spring of its orbit, and the influence it exerts upon, and receives from, the other solar influences in the mental concave. Its surface aspect is not again gone over; but its rise from the general human horizon is endeavoured to be traced, and its power, brightness, and ultimate effect as a light in the moral firmament of man revealed.

Therefore, although the present work on account of its subject (and as tending, by connecting in a near relationship that subject with some of the most momentous, moral, and intellectual phenomena of man, to lift up the art of music to a lofty and dignified position in general estimation; to exhibit it by the light of reason to all, at this altitude, which otherwise were only visible to the believing few through the far more eloquent language of its effect), though for these reasons the present work recommends itself specially to the musician; still it solicits the attention of all who are interested in the philosophy of art generally; and through the light it endeavours to throw upon common human phenomena, the laws of the mind, the evolution of the feelings, and the principles of moral demonstration, in the subjects with which it has presumed to cope, it applies to all who possess emotion and employ a language.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER II.

My introduction to the impresario, mentioned in the last chapter, led to many subsequent business transactions between us, which brought me into frequent communication with some of the most celebrated Italian singers at different times under engagement to him, and moreover, gave me an insight into the amenities and difficulties of his position.

I have seen the crowd of courtiers at his door, waiting patiently to be received by the successful manager. I have heard the mob of creditors clamour rudely for their rights, when the public was blighting all hopes of a replenished treasury by "damning" the last new opera. I have seen him in knee-breeches and silk stockings, a silver candlestick in either hand, proudly receiving royalty; and, oh! I have seen him when, in accordance with slavish custom, trying to walk backwards up the treacherous stairs, miss his step, and bump down in a sitting posture, candlesticks, knee-breeches, and all, in the front of royalty, to the horrible confusion of himself and infinite amusement of the lookers-on. Yes, there are indeed moments of striking contrast in the career of an impresario.

Among other distinguished artists with whom I became intimate during my association with theatrical affairs, was Lablache—old Lablache, the incomparable basso, the inimitable buffo—whose voice and presence moved us to tears in *Norma*, or made our sides ache with laughter in *Barbiere*. Dear old Lablache! with your fund of anecdote and *bons mots* you have left us, and your pretended successors do but prove the irreparable loss we have sustained. I was constantly in company with the great basso, and often had my pity excited by the inconvenience he suffered from his colossal proportions. No ordinary made chair was safe beneath his enormous weight; a servant, whenever it was practicable, carried one about for his especial use. It was difficult to find a carriage the doors of which were large enough for him to pass; in London he had, of course, his own brougham in attendance. On one occasion the rehearsal at the theatre terminated sooner than was expected, and Lablache, anxious to reach home, ordered a street cab to be called. The driver looked alarmed when his fare issued from the stage door. "He'll never get in, sir," said the man despairingly to me, as I was shaking hands with Lablache, who also seemed to have his doubts upon the subject. We approached the vehicle—the door was opened wide. Sideways, headways, frontways, backways, the prize basso tried in vain to effect an entry. Without assistance it was impossible. Two men went on the opposite side, and dragged with all their force, while two others did their utmost to lift him in. "It's no go," cried the cabman; he'll ruin my cab." One more effort. A long pull, a strong push, a pull and a push together—the point was gained—Lablache inside, puffing and blowing from the exertion. But the difficulties were not yet terminated,—he had inadvertently sat down on the wrong seat, with his back to the driver. Wishing to change the position, he rose; in turning round, the whole of his prodigious weight was upon the few slender boards forming the bottom of the cab. Imagine the horror of the cabman, the astonishment of Lablache, and the surprise of a large crowd which had been attracted by the terrible struggle we had had, when the boards gave way, and his two feet were seen standing in the road! The cabman swore, Lablache grinned, the crowd roared. No scene in a pantomime could have been more ludicrous. Fortunately Lablache sustained no injury; had the cab been in motion, the consequences of the accident might have been serious. The same process of shoving and pulling, but reversed, was necessary to get him out again. Whether greater violence was used than at first, or not, the door in this instance was torn from its hinges, and the cab (previously a good-looking vehicle) now presented the most melancholy appearance of a perfect wreck. The driver uttered curses both loud and deep, but was pacified by the assurance that the damage should be repaired, and his loss of time remunerated. I am not aware that the portly basso ever again attempted to ride in a hack cab.

Lablache was one of the "Old Guard"—one of that incomparable quartet of whom Grisi is now the only singer to be heard—the quartet for whom *I Puritani* was composed.

Rubini has gone. Tamburini has left the stage. Lablache is no more. Grisi alone remains, the last link in the chain which connects the Italian opera of our youth with that of the present day; and Grisi will (if it can be believed) make her last appearance before the London public next season. It is asserted, upon very good authority, that she will give her positively farewell representations at Her Majesty's Theatre, the theatre which more than any other, whether in London or Paris, is associated with her successes; the theatre which lost its prestige when she left it, and now that she is about to return, seems to be regaining its good name and to offer more serious opposition than ever to Govent Garden. If that mysterious attribute which we call good luck exists, no one individual can boast of possessing a greater share, in addition to transcendent talent, than Giulia Grisi.

Throughout her extraordinary career it has been always constant, and not only herself but those with whom she has been associated seem more or less to have been affected by its influence. I have heard Grisi tell the story of her *début*,—how, when hardly fourteen years old, she sang the part of Emma in the *Zelmir* at Bologna. It was at an hour's notice. There was no one to be found to replace the singer who had been suddenly taken ill. Giulia, hearing of the embarrassment of the manager, offered, to the surprise of all her family, her assistance, was accepted, and acquitted herself admirably. So satisfied was the impresario with her success, that he offered an engagement for the rest of the season. From Bologna Grisi went to Firenze, and thence to Milan in 1831. On every occasion the same "good luck" attended her, until her first appearance in London, in 1834, when, strange to say, the young *débutante* was but coldly received. She had previously, in Paris, sang with great success, when Laporte had heard and engaged her. Grisi was disconcerted with the reception of *La Gazza Ladra*, the opera in which she first appeared, and expressed her disappointment to Laporte. "Cela ne fait rien," said that enterprising impresario, "it will be all right." His prediction was fulfilled. Before the termination of the first season Grisi had

become a popular prima donna, a position she has ever since sustained against the opposition of innumerable rivals. Perhaps no singer ever paid so little attention to her voice than Giulia Grisi, none whose great dramatic effects were less premeditated and more impulsive. When the two theatres, Covent Garden and Her Majesty's, were open some seasons ago, I remember calling upon a prima donna of the latter house, and finding her reclining upon a sofa, with a cold water bandage round her throat, "What's the matter?" I exclaimed, fearing she was indisposed. "Oh, nothing," was the reply, in a very low voice, "but I sing to-night, and am making my usual preparation." On leaving this lady (as poor Albert Smith would have said) in pickle, I had occasion to call upon Grisi. Knowing she was announced to sing in the *Huguenots* that same evening, I was uncertain whether she would be visible. My doubts, however, were soon removed when I reached the house. "Madame is in the garden, Sir," said the servant, pointing to where he supposed his mistress to be. I followed his directions, but tried in vain to find the Diva, who presently came running out of the kitchen, making many excuses, and saying she had a new cook to whom she was obliged to give instructions.

ANTEATER.

Letters to the Editor.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

SIR,—"It is too much the custom of journalists to take for granted the performances of certain societies, especially with regard to well-known works. In the case of the *Messiah*, for instance, a criticism of a performance of this universally appreciated work seldom appears. The consequence is, that this, the best known oratorio, is, all things considered, frequently very ill performed. If progress is to be the life of any musical society, the pressure of the critical screw should never be relaxed."

It was thus that Kewcha Sannyman, Esq., the well-known tenor, discoursed on Friday evening last, as he accompanied his friends to Exeter Hall. It was then many years since he had listened attentively to Handel's masterpiece, for he could found no original remarks upon so old a composition; and his invention having failed to produce new phrases, and especially adjectives and substantives of remote derivation, he took no interest therein. But on arrival at the well-known Hall, the rumour of a tightened rein and sharper bit in the mouths of desultory chorus singers brought unwonted fire to his eyes, and lit up his finely formed countenance with ecstatic joy. The goodly promise of a full audience was also grateful to his feelings, though his ribs suffered severely on the narrow stairs. In the room his expectations were more than fulfilled; never before did he hear a better performance. He found the familiarity of the orchestra and chorus with the work still shown in the ease with which it was delivered; while the collective nose, being constantly kept at the conductorial grindstone, was productive of the best results. He proceeded to admit the folly of the *pianissimo* commencement of "For unto us;" but thought that further remonstrance was useless—with both of which conclusions I cordially agree.

Miss Parepa taking the soprano part, K. S., Esq. was delivered of some well-digested reflections. "Effect is not always produced by loudness of voice. Volume of t ne, if it were an eagle, might be heard from London to York, while a skylark would not be audible through a quickset hedge. The purity of voice and perfect tune, together with clear enunciation of the words, are the requisite qualifications for singing sacred music. The departed Mad. Novello was my *beau idéal* of a classical singer. The lady of this evening, in all the exuberance of a great voice and brilliant vocalisation, loses sight of the purity and unaffected beauty of the great Englishwoman's style. Nevertheless, her voice is very fine, and her singing remarkably clever."

Without altogether endorsing his opinion, I pass on to his estimate of Mad. Sainton's style, as shown in the *Messiah*. "Of all composers," says he, "Handel shows most power in the pathos of simplicity. While the elaborate use of the science of harmony, and the art of instrumentation serve to point the melodic beauty of Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's most thrilling passages, there is in Handel a quiet dignity and touching expression that goes to the very heart of the audience. 'He shall feed His flock,' and 'He was despised,' may serve as examples of this. In the declamatory 'But who may abide,' we find a power and intensity that carries us back to the days of the old Hebrew prophets. Handel had not many predecessors in his art; but he looked well to the future; and if we say that in writing for a contralto powerful alike in declamation and pathos, he predicted the existence of Miss Dolby, we are accounting for the marvellous fitness of her capabilities in the only satisfactory manner."

Of tenors his discourse was naturally diffident and modest. "I find few who 'please by manly ways.' Your Italian tenor of the present day is generally a poor, effeminate creature. Among English artists I find men who can deliver the sentences of *Judas Maccabeus* in a manner that would set a whole nation on fire. In the present case vigour cannot be dispensed with, hence it is that we never heard a foreigner sing the tenor music of the *Messiah* to satisfaction. Mr. Sims Reeves, lately bereaved, is *par excellence* the tenor I like; his two deputies, Messrs. Cooper and Perren, are both genuine artists with good gifts. The latter pleased me, especially to-night. There is much refinement in his singing, which he shows without detracting from his manliness." And, again, who remembers to have read such writing as the following. "Ponderosity and closeness of tone please me in bass singing. Mr. Weiss has a magnificent voice, which he damages at times in trying to sing too loud. A properly winded 16-foot pipe is better, *i.e.*, more effective, than an underwinded 32. Let not this, however, apply to his singing. 'The trumpet shall sound,' but now," continued our friend, "as supper is ready, we will leave a parting word of high praise for the incomparable Mr. Thomas Harper, and retire to our habitations, wondering for the five thousandth time at the powers and royal genius of the great Saxon, and the hold he possesses on the ears, minds, hearts, and souls of men so many scores of years after he has passed away." It was in vain for us to attempt to improve or add to these excellent remarks, so we left the great artist, not without sorrow that such a train of thought should be suddenly cut short.

SHOULDER.

[Shoulder arms! "Shoulder."—PETIPACE.]

DEAR PETIPACE,—Many thanks for your emendations of my last. Why an elegantly written sentence, pregnant with significance, should be excised to make room for "&c., &c., &c.," I don't know; but anent the same transaction, let me quote the words of the Bolognese Adolfo, which have been excellently translated by the late Mrs. Susan Creever:—

"When success and popularity are gained the fortunate possessor is apt to be dazzled with the result of his endeavours. Others pay him reverence and admiration, and attribute to him capabilities he never possessed, which latter he himself may be induced to believe in, till, some great occasion demanding an exercise of the reputed talent, he is rapidly adjusted to his proper level by his failure. Even then there be some who will not perceive his mistake, but continue to assert the value of deeds which have, in the minds of right-thinking men, produced only disgust and repulsivity."

I am yours faithfully,
SHOULDER.

SIR,—In reference to a paragraph in Sunday's *Observer* stating that "an extensive system of fraud had just been discovered, which had been carried on for some time, especially in the matters of the stores of the company," I beg to state that there is no ground whatever for any such statement.

The only way in which I can account for such a misapprehension arising is from the circumstance that the directors recently found it necessary to discharge one of the superintendents in the building, in whose transactions some irregularities were found to exist; but they did not amount to *5l.* in money value, which has since been made good to the company, but at the same time infringements of principle were involved in the transactions which the directors felt it necessary to mark with the severest censure. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham, SE., Dec. 10.

IN RE LEEDS.

SIR,—It may be of scant moment that the prize infant, Master Tinley, or the Chippian Doctor have adorned (!) Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" with their own variations, in place of the melodious "changes" of the mighty Saxon on his particular anvil; but is it not a curious index of the musical progress of the cloth emporium to find (after the good seed sown by Field-Marshal Bennett at the late musical

festival) that local societies serve up OPERAS (!) with the miserable accompaniment of a *piano*, to their woolly patrons? Another DISCREET and learned society takes credit for executing * Mendelssohn's picturesque conception, the *Loreley* finale, with sundry supplementary growls from the Town Hall ORGAN (a tremendous fellow, I have heard). Let the men of cloth establish a "Philharmonic Society," with a properly-appointed orchestra and chorus, as is the wont of the *big* manufacturing towns, and advance the musical art by performances of a legitimate and elevating character. * RESPECT THIS.*

(*When the leaves of the oak tremble it is well to hasten and descend Mont Cenis, as the Chevalier prefers the champaign lands.*)

*** At Bradford, I have been told, George Macfarren's cantata of *Christmas* has been performed by a society in the Hall of St. George, in that overgrown hamlet, to the "beautiful *piano* accompaniment of Mr. Burton." Was it he of that ilk who displayed himself at a Yorkshire Concert, * at St. James, his Hall (some time ago), by eccentric gyrations on that domestic instrument, while Hallé's fingers were as yet dank and trembling on the clavier?

(Knowing these things, why not cross the Eastern Lake before the YEAR is ended? The Chevalier *will* approach by the Olive Fields.)

BE DUMB.

PAPPUS OF BIRKENHEAD.

[SAMUEL SMITH you're wanted!—PETIPACE.]

WIPING AWAY TEARS.

DEAR SIR,—I observe an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* thus worded:—

"Brinley Richards wipes away tears from all eyes. Price 3*s*."

Can you inform me of that gentleman's address, and at the same time give me an idea of what his charge would be to keep my wife's eyes dry by the year?

Yours, truly,
AN UNHAPPY HUSBAND.

A LETTER FROM WEBER.

[The following is a translation of a letter addressed to the father of Mr. Benedict, the well-known composer, when, as a boy, he was studying under the illustrious author of *Der Freischütz*.]

Dresden, 10th February, 1822.

I have been always prevented from thanking you for your esteemed letter and your kind present. I wished to write you a long and detailed letter, but could not find leisure for it. Now, at last, only a few hours before starting for Vienna, I claim the greater indulgence for brevity.

My excellent Julius gives me real gratification, and I trust that time, severe study and application, combined with his true talent and intellectual endowments, will some day present him to the world as a genuine artist. Such a long separation from your dear son must indeed be a great trial for you, but I think it my duty to urge upon you not to do the thing by halves, but secure yourself twofold joy and comfort for your whole life by what you now deny yourself.

A serious and deep study of the art must progress slowly and by degrees, and can only thus give self-possession to the artist's mind. Indeed it is a lamentable symptom of our time, that we are all content with the mere surface; and, casting of too soon the bond of apprenticeship, henceforth, in ever vacillating weakness, aim at producing effects, which, glaring without substance, quickly vanish. It excites a sad smile when we think how everybody admits that the business of a merchant requires several years of application, and that even for a mechanic, besides the three or four years' apprenticeship, other probationary years are deemed essential. In art only—the profoundest and most comprehensive study of life—probably a few months' of superficial observation are thought sufficient to accomplish the task.

Instead of giving your son the twelve lessons a month I promised, I have had him with me daily. I do not mention this in order to obtain your thanks, but merely to show you what time is required for the simplest elementary studies. To keep alive his inventive faculty, I have even now let him venture upon compositions, which he ought not yet to have been allowed to undertake; but, thank God, I have found my rich reward in his own good sense, since through these very compositions he has acquired the conviction of how great the distance still is to the goal. I must leave off, as the abundance of my subject would carry me too far. The little I have said comes from my inmost heart and conviction, and from the truly sympathetic interest and affection I feel for my dear Julius.

In my thoughts I share with you the joy of your meeting again. My wife unites with me in kindest regards, and I remain, with greatest esteem,

Yours faithfully,
C. M. VON WEBER.

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM AT LIVERPOOL.—Few, if any, names have become more honourably associated with English literature on the American stage than that of John Brougham, the universally popular Irish comedian, and the author of *Romance and Reality*, *Columbus*, *Playing with Fire*, &c. A son of the Emerald Isle, his wit is eminently racy of the soil; while, gifted with genius of no ordinary kind, he is at once an accomplished actor, an entertaining author, and, above all, a gentleman. Mr. Brougham, during his residence in America, won troops of friends, who testified, in the most marked and pleasing manner, their sense of his worth and abilities. In Liverpool he has also many admirers; and these, last evening, showed their appreciation of him by entertaining him to a splendid supper at the Waterloo Hotel. About 40 gentlemen sat down to supper. Colonel Beverly Tucker occupied the chair, having on his right the guest of the evening. Mr. M. J. Whitty filled the vice chair, and amongst the other gentlemen present were Mr. George Francis Train, Captain Newlands, L. V. E., Mr. Charles Mozley, Captain Miller, Messrs. John Bingham, W. H. Peat, Joseph Belcher, Worrall, Montgomery, &c. Dessert having been placed on the table, the Chairman proposed "the Queen." The toast was drunk with all the honours.—The Vice-chairman then gave "The President of the United States" (great applause).—The Chairman, in responding, said he was proud to witness the good feeling which prevailed between the two countries, and might that feeling long continue (applause). He knew that Americans felt proud of their mother-country, and he thought the latter was equally proud of her full-grown and prosperous child (applause). The two countries were knitted together alike by affinity and common interest, and he believed that what redounded to the credit of the one could not but favourably affect the interest of the other (loud applause).—The Chairman again rose, and proposed the toast of the evening, "The health of, and long life to, their friend, Mr. Brougham" (loud and continued applause). He had had the honour and the pleasure of knowing Mr. Brougham for some time, and he knew him to be both a man of genius and a gentleman (applause). As an author, an actor, or a friend, he was equally to be admired; and, speaking for himself, he might, in the words of *Hamlet* to *Horatio*, say to Mr. Brougham, "Give me that man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him next my heart of hearts, as I do thee" (loud applause).—Mr. Brougham, who was heartily cheered on rising to respond, said he felt deeply the cordial welcome with which he had been received in this great town. A native of Ireland, he had felt, after a twenty years' sojourn in America, a strong desire to visit and a yarning towards his native land, and he could only say that since his return he had received many proofs of the kind feeling entertained towards him by his countrymen (applause). After making some humorous but highly complimentary allusions to Mr. F. Train, the projector of street railways, he spoke in terms of eulogy of the country from which he had lately returned, and concluded by again thanking the company for the unexpected honour they had done him in inviting him to be their guest that evening (applause). Various other toasts followed, and a most agreeable social evening was passed.

THE GOVERNMENT of China is divided into four departments, each presided over by a mandarin. The fourth department is that of *music*, and is managed by the brother of the late Emperor.

THE TENOR, Herr Reichardt, is in Paris, where he will sing at several concerts. He has also accepted engagements for the provinces with several local musical societies.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—With one exception, the instrumental pieces of last Monday (fifth concert) were the same as on Nov. 26th, when the name of Beethoven was the attraction. Thus the sonata in E flat, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone, that in F major for violoncello and pianoforte, and the trio in G major (Op.1), were heard for the second time and with increased pleasure, the pianoforte solos especially eliciting the warmest applause. As before, the whole sonata was played by M. Hallé from memory. The novelty was the quartet in A minor (No. 15, Op. 130), (MM. Sainton, Ries, Schreurs and Piatti being the executants), one of the erroneously-styled "posthumous," for an explanation of which we cannot do better than refer our readers to the analytical programme. Not one nor a dozen hearings would suffice to reveal the numberless beauties with which this composition abounds. From the opening bar to the last note there is an unceasing vein of the most highly-developed musical thought, never-ending melody —combined with the most perfect harmony, and an overflow of ideas the most original, a tithe of which would be sufficient to stock many modern composers for life. So replete with charms, that it is almost difficult to individualise any particular movement as finer than another, we are nevertheless inclined to select the *adagio* as our favourite. The "Song of Thanksgiving in the Lydian mode," written in gratitude for recovery from severe sickness—anything more solemn and impressive than this it would be impossible to conceive; and we do not wonder at the devout attention of the audience and their subsequent enthusiastic plaudits. Sceptics who, not believing in themselves, are inclined to place everybody else on the same level, should attend St. James's Hall on one of the Monday Popular Concert nights. There they will find that, be the weather what it may,—the thick November fog, the pelting, merciless rain, the blinding snow, or the melting hot evening of midsummer,—the large hall is always filled, and that with an audience who have paid their money; that almost all the audience are seated by the time the concert commences, and that, let a quartet or sonata last even forty-five minutes, as was the case with the A minor on the present occasion, it is heard throughout with an intense gratification that finds in applause the genuine heartiness of which there is no mistaking. This is the second of the later quartets which has been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. We shall anxiously await the third. The vocal selection comprised two songs, in which Miss Lascelles' remarkably fine voice was heard to great advantage; one by Benedict, "The maiden and the river," a work of easy expression; the other, Mr. Wallace's "Sweet evening star." Miss Augusta Thomson sang Haydn's canzonet "Fidelity," and took part with Miss Lascelles in a charming duet of Dussek's, "My pardon, dearest treasure," in which Mr. Oxenford's beautiful words have been substituted for the weak originals. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocalists with that skill and taste for which he is noted. The new screen at the rear of the orchestra is a manifest improvement. The sound is now thrown out into the room, and the most delicate passages are distinctly heard. At the next concert (and last before Christmas) the programme will be selected from various composers—Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss making their first appearance this season.—DODINAS.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.—The new Music Hall in Leicester Square was opened on Monday night, and attracted an immense audience. The Alhambra Palace is an extraordinary establishment, and one which, with proper and enterprising management, is likely to prove a fortune to its proprietor. We shall not enter into a minute detail of the decorations or arrangements of the *salle*, which will be found better set forth in the advertisements. Enough to say that the general effect is brilliant and tasteful, and that accommodation has been provided for about four thousand persons, who may sit, and eat, and drink at their ease, listening to music, and witnessing terpsichorean performances. The whole designs have been conceived and carried out on the most liberal scale, and afford an assurance that everything is likely to be done necessary to make the Alhambra Palace highly attractive to the million. For the admission fee of sixpence an excellent series of diversions has been provided. A numerous and efficient orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Tully, performs a selection of appropriate and effective music, while the vocal portion of the entertainment is in the hands of such artists as Mr. Parkinson, Mr. E. Rosenthal, Miss Emma Heyward, Mad. Volkener, &c. The programme of the week, besides vocal solos from these *virtuosi*, includes a duologue called "Folly and Fashion," by Mad. Caulfield and Miss Louisa Graham; a comic *mélange*, in which Mr. George Perren, Mr. Tom Matthews, Miss Rosina Collins, and other performers appeared; with a mixed entertainment of ballet and opera, well devised and executed. On Monday night, after the National Anthem, Mr. E. T. Smith was summoned before the curtain, and vehemently cheered and applauded. We may venture to predict that the new undertaking of the great "entertainer" will be hailed with welcome by thousands, the moderate and decorous amusement of whom we have persistently advocated.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The concert last Saturday comprised, for the instrumental pieces by the band, Mendelssohn's symphony in A major and the overture to *Euryanthe*, vocal solos by Mad. and Signor Palmieri and Miss Eleanor Armstrong, and a solo on the violin by Mr. Joseph Heine. The songs most admired were the polacca from *I Puritani*, by Mad. Palmieri, and the grand scena, "Bel raggio," from *Semiramide*, by Miss Eleanor Armstrong. The last-named young lady is a highly promising singer. "Bel raggio" is taxing to the most accomplished and experienced singer; but Miss Armstrong exhibited such good taste and skill, and showed such a nice voice withal, that the audience were delighted, and applauded liberally. The new violinist played Ernst's *Pirata* fantasia, and created a decided impression. We shall be glad to hear him again.

MYDDELTON HALL, ISLINGTON.—A concert was given here on Monday evening, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the liquidation of the debt on the new organ of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park. The hall was well filled, so that something, at all events, may be anticipated in liquidation of the debt. The vocalists were Miss Clari Fraser, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. Lewis Thomas; instrumentalist, Mr. T. J. Cooper (piano): Mr. Liddell was accompanist. The performance calls for no particular remarks, beyond stating that Miss Clari Fraser and Mad. Sainton both sang admirably, and excited great enthusiasm, the former being encored twice, the latter once.

GRAND VOLUNTEER CONCERT OF THE FIRST SURREY RIFLES.—This exceedingly brilliant affair came off at the Athenæum, Clapham Common, on Tuesday evening, and brought together all the rank, youth and beauty of the neighbourhood. Such an assemblage indeed has rarely, if ever, been witnessed at the Music Hall on the Common. An establishment under the direction, or patronage—we are not authorised to say which—of the First Surrey Rifles, more especially of that distinguished section of the corps, No. 5 Clapham and Wandsworth Company, would of itself have proved eminently attractive to the fair sex at any rate; but when it is added that the concert was supported by those eminent artists, Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Arabella Goddard, assisted by the Orpheus Glee Union and the band of the corps, under the direction of their band-master and leader, Mr. J. Callcott, enough has been said to account for any degree of excitement. The programme was constructed skilfully and with taste. The band of the Rifles played selections from *Der Freischütz*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Robert le Diable*, and proved themselves blowers of the first wind—players of the first water. They also performed an arrangement from the Prayer in *Mosé*, and a polka by Mr. J. Callcott, which was greatly admired. Miss Arabella Goddard gave Liszt's enormously difficult *fantasia* on the quartet from *Rigoletto*, and Benedict's enchanting "Where the bee sucks;" in both of which she was rapturously encored. She respectfully declined the first, but graciously accepted the second, giving in place of Mr. Benedict's piece, Mr. Wallace's "Home, sweet home," again with triumphant success. Mad. Dolby was not less heartily received. She sang "The skipper and his boy," which she was compelled to repeat; the ballad, "Janet's choice," and Signor Randezzger's serenade, "Sleep, dearest sleep," all in her most admirable manner. Mr. Fielding, too, sang with the Orpheus Glee Union Kücken's solo and glee, "Soldier's love," a very effective performance; while the "Union" contributed Webb's glee, "Discord, dire sister," Hatton's part-song, "When evening's twilight," and Otto's part-song, "Pretty maiden." The concert, in short, was a great success, and thoroughly pleased and gratified every one present.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

First Appearance this Season of

MR. SIMS REEVES, MR. WEISS,

AND

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

SIXTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON, AND LAST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17, 1860,

The selection, Vocal and Instrumental, from the works of various Masters.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in E minor, Op. 44 (Mendelssohn), Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. By desire, M. SAINTON, Herr RIES, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI. Song, "The Monk within his Cell" (Macfarren), Robin Hood. First time, Mr. WEISS. Canzonet, "Gentle Hope, from Heav'n descending" (Dussek), Canzonets, First time, Mr. SIMS REEVES. Sonata, in E flat, Pianoforte solus dedicated to Madame Buonaparte (Steibelt). First time at the Monday Popular Concerts, MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART II.—Sonata, in F major, Pianoforte and Violin (Haydn). First time at the Monday Popular Concerts, MISS ARABELLA GODDARD and M. SAINTON. Song, "Adelaide" (Beethoven), by general desire, Mr. SIMS REEVES, accompanied by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. Song, "I'm a Roamer" (Mendelssohn) Pedlar's Song—Son and Stranger, Mr. WEISS. Quartet, in A, Op. 18, with Variations (Beethoven). Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. By desire, M. SAINTON, Herr RIES, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; Chidley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside, Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street, And CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE MUSIC HALL,

LEICESTER SQUARE.

Lessee and Proprietor, Mr. E. T. SMITH.

IN announcing the Opening of this Grand Establishment, Mr. E. T. Smith ventured to remind the public that he appeared in their midst as a favoured caterer for their amusement, and based his claim for a patent of precedency in that respect upon the "Great Fact" that, by no ordinary struggles against "quality" prejudices, he had established the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as the playhouse for the people. Mr. Smith further challenged the musical army to point out one volunteer who had made more rapid strides towards advancing the taste for music than himself. He had provided for the million, at the lowest prices of admission, the grandest Operas, English and Italian, illustrated by the most accomplished artists; in a word, he had broken up that inharmonious monopoly which shut out high-class compositions, not only from the humbler, but from the middle classes of English society. In his present great effort, unmatched in the history of modern times, Mr. Smith would, he trusted, amply sustain the character it is his ambition to boast.

The Alhambra Palace was no ordinary place of entertainment; and, with emphasis, Mr. Smith directed attention to the Opening Night, on Monday, December, 10, 1860.

The Musical Direction was confided to Mr. JAMES TULLY, the popular Conductor at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, whose name was alone a guarantee for the Orchestral Department.

In the Refreshment Department a prospectus was needless, when it was stated that it would be under the superintendence of Mr. JAMES ELLIS, from Australia, favourably remembered as the original proprietor of Cremorne Gardens, Chelsea, and of the Adelaide Gallery, Strand. Mr. Ellis might fairly lay claim to having given rise and impetus to all the popular music halls and *salons* of amusement which now form so conspicuous and leading an element of public appreciation.

Mr. Smith felt it scarcely necessary to add, that he had gone to enormous expense in making the Palace of the Alhambra a giant specimen of good taste and of public comfort. Experience had long since proved that those who solicit the patronage of the public must endeavour to deserve it; and nothing less than the supply of the very best articles could entitle any public caterer to that high distinction. In evidence of his good intentions, Mr. Smith trusts the opportunity of publishing the names of the firms in the wholesale trade with whom he was dealing, and thereby made them responsible, with himself, for the excellence and genuineness of the Wines, Spirits, &c., which were supplied by Messrs. Swaine, Boord and Co.; and of the Malt Liquors, which are supplied by the celebrated firms of Messrs. Huggins and Co., Messrs. Reid and Co., Messrs. Bass and Co., and Messrs. Guinness and Co. A Tariff of Charges was conspicuously placed in every part of the building. It was respectfully requested that any complaint of incivility or inattention on the part of the waiters or assistants might be at once communicated to the Manager. In thanking the public for the gracious support previously conferred on him, Mr. Smith respectfully submitted to their patronage an unparalleled example of his energy, expenditure, and zeal.

CATTLE SHOW WEEK.—ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE MUSIC HALL, Leicester Square: Proprietor, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Immense Success.—Visited by 6,000 persons nightly.—THIS EVENING, at 7 o'clock. The musical direction is confided to Mr. J. H. TULLY, the popular conductor at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. The whole of the building has been altered, and the designs carried out under the superintendence of Mr. William Beverley, of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. The proscenium and paintings in the dome have been executed by the celebrated artists, Messrs. Danson and Sons; the decorations by Mr. Hurwitz, of Southampton Street, Strand. COME THIS EVENING!

REFRESHMENTS the most récherché at a MODERATE TARIFF.

ADMISSION, 6d. Commence at 7.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The Last Night of the Season.

This Evening, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15,

ROBIN HOOD,

SIMS REEVES, SANTLEY, SHERRINGTON, and LEMAIRE.

Reduced prices.

Commencing at Eight o'Clock.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

ADVERTISEMENTS *are received until Three o'clock on Friday Afternoon, and must be paid for when delivered.*

Terms { *Three lines (about 30 words)* ... ... 2s. 6d.
Every additional line (10 words) ... 6d.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

A GREAT book, a wonderful book, has come before us—a history in music! The history, that of England, the music, that of Mr. George Linley. Mr. Linley is of opinion that next in importance to knowing one's-self, is a knowledge of the history of one's country, which is quite true to a certain extent, though we do not think an acquaintance with the bare facts, the "dry bones," of history serves any purpose but that of enabling the person possessing this knowledge not to appear grossly ignorant before his betters. That, however, is something, and it is an advantage that may be attained by any man, woman, or child, who chooses to read over a few times the eight hundred lines or so to which Mr. George Linley has reduced the records of his native land.

"Learning, to some, is a mistress,
Of charms which can never decrease;
To others, a cow which supplies them,
With excellent butter and cheese,"

says Schiller; to which we may add

"To others a cloak which permits them
Their folly to hide with more ease."

And no one need seem unable to understand the history of England since the Norman conquest who has once accustomed himself to say or sing the metrical annals of Mr. George Linley. Whether the music will aid many students in remembering the verses is another question, and, we believe, we may safely say, that scarcely one person can recollect a melody perfectly and distinctly where twenty can with ease learn to repeat stanzas of poetry by heart. Whether it is that Mr. Linley is greater as a poet than as a composer, no matter for what other reason, we think the majority of persons would be more impressed by such striking lines as the following, than by the somewhat mild music to which they are set:—

"In the year fifteen hundred and fifty-eight,
Elizabeth governed the English state;
Her soldiers and sailors and ministers grave
Brought conquest and glory on land and on wave.
Her rule was an era of talent and worth,
The genius of Shakspeare beamed brilliantly forth;
Brave Sidney, and Raleigh, and Crichton, and Drake,
Howard, Burleigh, and Effingham shone in her wake."

Unfortunately, Mr. Linley, in setting history to music, has restricted himself to the most simple style of composition, so simple that we fancy here and there it falls

somewhat beneath the dignity of the subject. Otherwise, and if Mr. Linley in his music of the past had any ambition to rival Herr Wagner in his music of the future, he might have made the melodies and harmonies which the particular events of each reign would naturally have suggested to him, as instructive as a course of historical philosophy. Modern teachers of history aim above all at showing how one great event naturally and inevitably led to another, and how certain centuries are characterised by certain important intellectual, religious, and political movements. Could not this connection, and above all, this characterisation, be admirably shown in music? The invention of printing would be a difficult thing, perhaps, to suggest by musical means; but let it once be understood that a certain air stands for it (or "typifies" it, as we might say in such a case as this), and by introducing this air again in combination with another intended to indicate the Reformation, the composer would be able to show not only that the one event preceded the other, but that there was intimate connection between the two. The Reformation and the civil wars might be treated in a similar fashion.

Foreign history, or the history of England's relation with foreign powers, could be musically illustrated in a still more striking manner, by the appropriate introduction of the national airs of our enemies and of our allies, and the system might even be extended to great political questions. There is the celebrated Eastern Question, for instance, which a skilful composer might certainly expound in music; and, as it is now being brought forward again, it would be quite a relief to hear it sung after it has been made the pretext of so much fatiguing talk. The cantata of the "Eastern Question" might be prefaced by an overture, which should depict the contentions between English, French, Russian, and Austrians, to which it has given rise. Then the cantata proper should open with a Turkish march, symbolising (and at the same time "cymbalising," as H. M. would remark), the irruption of the Turks into Europe, in the 15th century, unless indeed the composer liked to go further back, and commence with the first attack of the Russians upon Byzantium, under Vladimir the Great, grandson of Ruric the Norman.* The battle of Lepanto, the great victory of Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, the successful campaigns of Potemkin and Souvaroff in the Crimea, and in Turkey itself, might be just hinted at in the instrumentation, but the general progress of Russia, coincident with the decline of Turkey, should be made the subject of a grand dramatic air. How the cantata should end is a question it would be rather difficult to answer; indeed, neither more nor less difficult than to arrive at a solution of the Eastern Question itself. Perhaps, however, the most interesting and satisfactory termination for musicians would be the appointment of Joseph Donizetti to the post of band-master to the Sultan.

WHENCE is derived the power of music to delight mankind? whence proceeds the magic spell through which it works such wonders on the soul?

To answer somewhat mystically: music represents an inward sense and inward expression of the symmetry and rhythmical force that reign in the creations of genius. We cannot explain what we mean, and would not if we could.

May the charm of music be traced to the pure enjoyment experienced by the ear in the concord and harmony of sweet sounds? In a measure, undoubtedly, it may—or must it be attributed to the pleasure attending the perception of dissonances unfolded and resolved, and to the faculty of divining by anticipation the ideas and intentions of a composer? In part, "*assurément*," as Théophile Gautier answered Victor Hugo, not wishing to discuss his theories. At least this has much to do with the gratification of a connoisseur.

But the chief effect of music is *magnetic*. We are woven out of fibres quiveringly alive to the sense of what is exquisite, and therefore are affected to the heart's depths by the influence of dulcet tones, of long-drawn melodies, of rich and various harmony. These vibrate diversely, according to the characters and temperaments of individuals. Hence the same music does not touch all alike, for the degree of pleasure must be in proportion to the susceptibility of nerve.

Music is the art of youth. It is also the art of love and poetry. "*Musicam docet amor et poesin*," says the wise Erasmus, whose discordant theological controversies failed to untune him altogether. Music is the art of youth, because it is the spontaneous growth of the soul—because it perishes if forced to put forth its blossoms in an uncongenial atmosphere. In manhood, however, as in youth, it holds its sway, notwithstanding that the fibres become less susceptible; the sensibility is blunted, and that, with certain square-cut natures, ardent enthusiasm gives place to calculating analysis, criticism usurping the throne of feeling. Beethoven, for example, was never a more thorough-paced enthusiast than when imagining his ninth symphony and his last sonatas. Look at the unfathomable C minor, Op. 111, and his last quartets; instance the uncontrollable A minor. Love may gradually evaporate as the blood begins to circulate less freely; but music is a consolation to age, as it is a spur and stimulus to youth. Let the man of many sorrows seek comfort in the fugues of John Sebastian Bach. Every fugue, entirely mastered by intellect and finger, will surely quench a sorrow.

Yet music is the cherished art of youth. The true musician must, as a boy, have charmed the public and obtained applause. If his genius has not declared itself in his early days, if it is only in riper years that he enters upon the paths of science, he can *never* attain *real* greatness in music. If he begins to learn late in life, his very acquaintance with those whose works have already enchanted the world, will prevent his feeling any keen relish for the produce of his own labours, or entertaining the necessary confidence in his own ability. He will know too well how to estimate the plaudits of the crowd to covet such distinction over greedily. He will experience the want of that vigorous ambition, of that instinctive yearning, so to say, which excites the youthful aspirant to his boldest essays, and impels his spirit towards the highest flights of imaginative art. He may coin money; he may write as cleverly as any of those who have merely studied hard; but he will never be A MASTER. Did Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Mendelssohn begin music when adults? No; they were musicians from the cradle.

In spite of all this, maturity, nay, even old age, &c.

> "Genius may sometimes gloriously offend,
> And rise to faults your critics dare not mend."

But let us pause at the threshold of the subject. To pass the door would induce too long and tedious a homily.

PETIPACE.

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* Composers who wish to treat the subject, *ab initio*, should consult a little book published by Messrs. Parker, entitled "Vladimir, or the Conversion of the Russians to Christianity."

BOTH Italy and France are about to pay a just tribute to the memory of one of the most illustrious musicians of modern times. The first stone of a monument to Cherubini was laid at the church of Santa Croce, in his native city of Florence, on the 14th of September, the centenary of his birth, the great composer having been ushered into life on the same day and month, 1760. The site of the monument has been chosen close to the tombs of Michael Angelo and Galileo, which figure conspicuously in the church. The idea of the memorial erection originated with the Florentines, and a commission of the most eminent men of the city was formed to receive subscriptions. At the head of the list of subscribers appeared the names of King Victor Emmanuel and the Prince of Savoy-Carignan, while the city contributed a large sum. The commission of Florence appealed to France. Should France have waited for the appeal? We think not. Cherubini was born in Italy; in Italy certainly his genius was fostered, and there it bloomed and blossomed. The fruits, however, were destined for a foreign land. In France the great master composed nearly all his *chefs-d'œuvre;* in France he founded a school, the influence of which is now universally felt and acknowledged; and in France, after a protracted career of honour and renown, his bones repose. France, then, should not have waited for the summons; should not have permitted even Italy to teach her how to offer proper homage and respect. The debt France owes to Cherubini no time and no gratitude can repay. It will remain undischarged while music lives, and will be felt as long as art takes cognizance of its benefactors. If France, nevertheless, did not lead the initiative in paying a last tribute to the memory of him who constituted one of the glories of her capital, she did the next best thing; she nobly and immediately answered the call, and attested that she only required to be told what to do, to do it in the best manner. No sooner was it announced in Paris that a monument was about to be erected at Florence to the memory of Cherubini, and that contributions were wanted for this purpose, than a committee was instituted, the members of which included, among others, the illustrious names of Prince Poniatowski, Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer, and a subscription list was opened at the *Conservatoire*, at the office of M. Rety. That Paris will surpass Florence in its contributions towards the completion of a fitting monument to the renowned composer, cannot be doubted. Nothing less, indeed, could be expected from the "metropolis of civilisation and the fine arts."

Cherubini was one of the most voluminous of composers. He wrote in all styles, and has bequeathed to posterity imperishable worth in every department of the art. As an abstract writer of Church music he surpassed, both in the quantity and quality of his contributions, all his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors. Cherubini was also one of the profoundest of musicians. Even the giant Beethoven regarded him with admiration and respect for the depth of his learning and the subtlety and penetrative quality of his mind. That he was never a popular composer, in the common acceptation of the term, must be conceded; but this, in our opinion, is to be attributed to that peculiar mental bias which led him to muse alone and apart, rather than to any want of capacity, or even desire, to accommodate his thoughts to general appreciation. Although his music, for the most part, is of grave and serious character, his operas show that he could unbend his loftiness on occasions, and write with the utmost ease, and aim at nothing beyond simplicity. *Elisa*, *Ali Baba*, and *Les Deux Journées* abound in beauties calculated to strike the popular ear, and have recommended Cherubini's operas perhaps more than the deep meaning and elaborations of his grand, serious cogitations. But the wonder is that the dramatic compositions, grave or comic, of so profound a thinker and so great a master—in an age like the present, when, from the dearth of writers, revivals have all the force of novelties—should be overlooked or ignored altogether. We allude more immediately to France and England, where Cherubini's operas are seldom or never heard, since in Germany the great master figures prominently among popular composers. England may perhaps stand exculpated for her neglect, although Cherubini bequeathed her no mean memorial in the grand symphony he wrote expressly for the Philharmonic Society; but France, where the genius of Cherubini was fostered and matured, and where he laid down his life and found a grave, can find no excuse or palliation. Would it not be worth the while of our managers to turn their attention to the neglected works of the illustrious composer, who was the glory and wonder of his time? *Les Deux Journées* has been affirmed by those well capable of pronouncing a correct opinion, as the perfection of a comic opera, and *Medea* has elicited admiration and excited enthusiasm wherever it has been performed. Let us then recommend both these masterpieces to the consideration of Mr. Gye and Mr. E. T. Smith. It is time that some one would "say a word for poor" Cherubini. The Monday Popular Concerts gave him a powerful lift in the musical world last season. The frequenters of St. James's Hall were in ecstasies with one of his quartets. The Philharmonic Societies and the Musical Society of London make us acquainted with sundry of his overtures. It only remains to hear one of his operas. For this we must look to the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre or the manager of the Royal Italian Opera. We shall then have something more to say about Cherubini.

ANGUISH.

A STEP UPWARDS IN LIFE.—The Gray's Inn stall was exchanged for handsome chambers, and by the time that these looked as delightfully as possible, that the pictures were finally and tastefully hung, that the pianoforte was in admirable tune, and that the oak and velvet furniture left nothing to be desired, except the upholsterer's receipt, the susceptible Archibald discovered that to live as a gentleman meant to live with a lady, who, being his wife, could not be expected to live in chambers. So the pictures, pianoforte, oak and velvet, and Mrs. Vernon, were established in a charming house, not much too large at Craven Hill. All went delightfully, for Emmeline Vernon was an accomplished musician, and Archibald was just of the calibre of mind that dotes on music, and it was the pleasantest occupation in the world to sit with his pretty wife till two or three in the day singing duets, or hearing that divine thing of Mozart's. Vernon with his feet in slippers, elegantly worked by his bride, and in a velvet coat that gave the refined-looking man an appearance between that of an artist and of an Italian nobleman, as beheld in ancient portraits. The children came with their usual celerity, and it was not until Emmeline grew rather cross and cold about playing Mozart after disagreeable interviews with traders, that Archibald Vernon once more began to think that he really must buckle to work.—*Shirley Brooks, in Once a Week.*

M. RUBINSTEIN'S opera, *Les Enfants des Landes*, has been put in rehearsal at the Viennese Opera.

THE PRIVILEGE of building a new theatre in Vienna has just been granted to Baroness Pasqualeet. It is to bear her name.

SPOHR'S Stradivarius is to be sold by auction for the benefit of his heirs. The great master is said to have used it for half a century. One might have thought such a relic would be kept in the family as an heir-loom. Probably they prefer gold to notes.

The Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — On Tuesday night Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance in public since the loss of his father deprived the theatre of his invaluable services. We constantly hear reflections made on the capriciousness of artists, and as in most cases these observations are totally unfounded, we are always glad of an opportunity to give full credit to those who do their very utmost to keep faith with the public. It ought to be made known that Mr. Sims Reeves has throughout the season strained every nerve in order to avoid disappointing his audience. During the run of *Robin Hood* he has contracted no other engagement; indeed, he has never once sung at the concerts at which he usually appears — as he was expected to do on the off-nights of Macfarren's opera — fearing lest the additional exertion might possibly prevent his doing full justice to the part he had undertaken to perform. Mr. Reeves has thus made real and tangible sacrifices for the sake of aiding the success of national opera, and this proof of self-denying devotion to his art will be fully appreciated by all. Certainly the warmth of the reception accorded to him last night seemed to express sympathy with the man as much as admiration of the artist. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice, the enforced rest having exerted an evidently beneficial influence, and he never sang with more expression and effect. "Thou art my own, my guiding star," was deliciously rendered and vehemently applauded, while the spirited drinking-song was given with immense vigour; it was, however, in the long and arduous scena in the prison that the exquisite taste and consummate skill in vocalisation of the great tenor were both most remarkably displayed. But we have dwelt at such length on *Robin Hood* that we need not recur to it; suffice it to say that Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang so charmingly — although she was suffering from a severe attack of influenza — that the preparatory apology seemed needless; and that Madame Lemaire was as artistic, Mr. Santley as full-voiced and admirable, and Mr. Honey as comic as ever. Of the orchestra the praise must still be as restricted and qualified as usual; and of the chorus the less said the better.—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Theatres.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The revival of Mr. Palgrave Simpson's *Daddy Hardacre* at this house, after its performance at Windsor, enables the public once more to appreciate to its full extent the genius of Mr. Robson, which for some time was confined to the delineation of merely farcical personages. This is the first great part of what is called "domestic interest" in which he ever appeared, and his acting in it is still pre-eminent as one of the most remarkable instances of characteristic impersonation ever witnessed on the stage. In the miser Daddy Hardacre, who is perhaps a more legitimate descendant of the Euclio of Plautus than of the Grandet of De Balzac, the most diverse peculiarities are brought together, and Mr. Robson not only grapples with them all, but brings them into the most perfect harmony. Daddy Hardacre is facetious, in his rough way, when he has the best of a bargain; his love for his daughter imparts an exceptional tenderness to his nature; his grief when he is robbed rises to a tragical demonstration of intense agony. Every one of these peculiarities is pursued to the minutest detail, and the chuckle which accompanies his dealings with his less astute neighbour, Jobling, is as effective in its way as the frenzy of rage with which he assails his too charitable daughter. But, although Mr. Robson's representation of Daddy Hardacre stands alone among the theatrical phenomena of the day, the general excellence with which the entire piece is played is too remarkable to pass observation. As the miser's daughter, devoted to her father, and only sinning from excess of kindliness, Miss Hughes acts with that appearance of gentleness and goodness which renders her one of the most valuable performers in domestic drama. Mr. George Cooke is, of course, at home as the village lawyer, one degree less sharp than the overreaching Daddy; and his nephew, the rustic beau, is endowed with all that eccentricity which Mr. H. Wigan knows so well how to bestow when he has to deal with a sketch of decided character. Mrs. Stevens thoroughly renders the hearty qualities of the old servant, and Mr. Walter Gordon is a satisfactory representative of the interesting cousin, who is deprived of the unamiable attributes with which he has been invested by De Balzac. There is not a defective place in the entire drama.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Although, in representing those sympathetic twins who have been famous in London ever since Mr. Charles Kean presented the public with a version of *Les Frères Corses*, Mr. Fechter has not the same scope for his genius as when he delineated the enthusiastic and impassioned Ruy Blas, he makes us aquainted with a new form of his artistic skill. To define his conception of the characters, apart from his talent in producing those melodramatic effects which are so essential to the piece, we would say that it is based on a combination of the qualities proper to a rude state of society with those of a nature eminently susceptible of conventional polish. His Corsican is a Corsican heart and soul, with a love for the wild condition of his fatherland, but he is not without a feeling for a higher state of civilisation, and this is eminently shown when he reconciles the quarrelsome peasants, and appears as a true gentleman amid a fraternity of ruffians. Still his cultivation has not penetrated much below the surface, and when his passions are roused they speak out with a native frankness that distinguishes him from those who have been trained in great cities. Fancy a country gentleman of the old school placed in a metropolis, and you have an approximation to Mr. Fechter's idea of the Dei Franchi. The piece has been remodelled from the shape which it originally wore in Paris, and also in London, the incidents of the masked ball being transferred to the commencement, so as to introduce all the other events, both of the natural and supernatural classes. This arrangement, at the first glance, has in its favour the law of cause and effect, for the logical mind will be more easily satisfied by seeing a gentleman's ghost follow his decease than by seeing the ghost come first and the death afterwards. But then, on the other hand, it will be recollected that, contrary to dramatic precedent, the incidents in two acts of the *Corsican Brothers* are supposed to be not consecutive, but simultaneous, the spectre being less a posthumous ghost than a "wraith," and we may add that the old-fashioned plan had this advantage, that it interrupted the sequence of supernatural gloom with the fun and brilliancy of the Parisian carnival. The piece is generally well acted, and capitally put upon the stage, a new and effective dance being introduced in the masquerade scene; but we must regret that Mr. W. Lacy did not play his old part of Chateau Renaud. Mr. A. Harris is a lively and agreeable actor, but there is an obvious good-humour about him which recoils from the impersonation of the cold-blooded duellist.

MR. BALFE'S BIANCA.—Mr. Balfe's new opera is an unquestionable success. On Saturday night, at the third representation, a very crowded audience confirmed the favourable verdict which had been unanimously awarded on the Thursday previous, and the composer was again loudly summoned at the fall of the curtain. Having already glanced at the general merits of the performance, our remarks at present must be confined to a brief examination of the work itself.

The old German drama, by Zschokke, entitled *Abällino*, the origin of Monk Lewis's romance of *The Bravo of Venice*, and of Monk Lewis's play of *Rugantino* — both at one epoch the delight of our forefathers — is also the origin of *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*. In how much Mr. Palgrave Simpson is indebted to the German original, in how much to the English adaptation, and in how much to his own invention, would take too long to examine, and indeed would scarcely repay the pains. Enough that he has manufactured an effective operatic libretto out of a subject once universally familiar, now almost universally forgotten. Mr. Simpson's Bravo (Mr. Harrison) is a gentleman of sufficient ingenuity to pass muster creditably for a considerable period as three different personages. His object is to win the heart of Bianca (Miss Louisa Pyne), daughter of the Duke of Milan (Mr. Alberto Lawrence)—the scene, for some not evident reason, being changed from Venice to Milan — and to accomplish that object he undergoes two successive formations. The *bonâ-fide* Duke of Ferrara, he has been selected by the Duke of Milan — against the wish of Bianca, who has a leaning towards some one else — as a son-in-law; but, anxious to obtain the goodwill of the young lady, who has never seen him, on the strength of his own personal merits rather than by the weight attaching to his rank and dignity, he appears at the Court of Milan as a young soldier, under the name of Odoardo, winning at one and the same time distinction in the Duke's armies and a place in the affections of Bianca. At the head of an expedition organised against the renowned brigand Fortespada (Abällino—Rugantino)—whose name, in consequence

of many daring and successful escapades, inspires a kind of supernatural terror — he traces that worthy to his lair, and from Fortespada's dying words gleans information of a conspiracy, in which the bravo himself was to have taken part against the life of the Duke of Milan, who, together with his daughter, his ministers, and others connected with the Court, is to be assassinated at a certain place on a certain day. But, though Fortespada's aid was reckoned on as an important element of the plot, with the easy indifference to probability belonging to a particular class of romance, we are given to understand that his person is unknown to the heads and promoters of the conspiracy. Informed of this, Odoardo, passing himself off for the bravo, penetrates into the counsels of the conspirators, and prevails on them by threats of discovery to acknowledge him as leader, eventually frustrating their plans and handing them over to justice. The various and startling manœuvres by which the catastrophe is brought about, the lives of Bianca and her father saved, the heart of the lady won not merely for the soldier but for the bravo, and ultimately even for the dreaded Duke of Ferrara — much to the satisfaction of the high-minded ruler of Milan, whose objection to Odoardo is founded on scruples about birth and extraction — had best be witnessed. To recount them, step by step, would be a thankless task, while to view them, one after the other, through the attractive medium of Mr. Balfe's music, which scarcely for an instant allows the interest to sleep, is quite another matter. Suffice it, the audience, perfectly satisfied at the end that Odoardo, Fortespada, and the Duke of Ferrara are one and the same person, experience no surprise that the designing conspirators, the unsuspecting Duke of Milan, and the enamoured Bianca herself, should have been throughout so consistently deceived. In the last scene Mr. Harrison has only to perform a series of evolutions with the assistance of an accommodating cloak, which, according as it is assumed or laid aside, is allowed to stand for his credentials, and everybody accepts him for just what he pleases to declare himself,— Odoardo, Fortespada, or the Duke of Ferrara — which of the three he may find it convenient for the moment to impersonate. He has, however, subdued a bravo, baffled a conspiracy, rescued the state, won the hand of a princess, and afforded a popular composer a great many excellent opportunities of display; what more need be demanded of the hero of a romantic "libretto?"

Mr. Balfe has written more ambitiously in *Bianca* than usual, and, it must be added, with a proportionate degree of success. His first act is a closer approach to what is termed "grand opera" than anything from his pen with which we were previously acquainted. After a brilliant, if not very coherent, overture, the curtain rises upon an introduction admirably designed and full of genuine beauties. This comprises, among other things, a prayer—"To Thee above our hearts we raise" (with organ accompaniment)—remarkable for melody and grace, and an air with chorus —"The demon of darkness"—for Beppo (Mr. St. Albyn), the comic personage of the drama, who narrates the legend of Fortespada's diabolical birth in music alike vigorous and characteristic. Not less remarkable is the scene which ensues—the conference of the conspirators, the chiefs of whom, Count Malespina (Mr. H. Wharton), a thorough-paced villain, and Memmino, a bit of a coward (Mr. H. Corri), are effectively contrasted in the musical treatment. This scene, which emulates the declamatory breadth of Meyerbeer, contains an air of considerable merit for Malespina, the first and best part of which, "When cruel scorn and cold disdain," was omitted at the third performance, the quick movement only, "The vengeance cloud," being retained. The action of the first *finale* further developes the conspiracy, and introduces Fortespada, whose individuality here, as throughout the opera, is indicated and preserved with consummate skill. This *finale* is conducted in a masterly manner. Besides being thoroughly well knit, it includes one or two passages that stand out with vivid distinctness, and are remembered for themselves, independently of the framework that surrounds them. Instance the concerted piece where the conspirators swear never to rest until Milan is freed from its tyrant; and the drinking song, "Glorious wine," with chorus, with which Fortespada enlivens the ceremony —one of the most sparkling and exhilarating bacchanalians that modern opera has produced. The musical passage, too, which, whether the bravo is on the stage or not, illustrates, with more or less prominence, every hint at his personality, is here presented *in extenso*, and cannot fail to impress by its originality. Mr. Balfe has, perhaps, laid himself open to the charge of excess in his employment of this peculiar means of individualising his principal character (invented, if we are not mistaken, by Weber, who thus everywhere identifies Zamiel in his *Der Freischütz*); but the intention is good, and we are not disposed to criticise what, at the worst, may be arraigned as a stretch of consistency. At all events, in the first *finale*, often as it is alluded to, the Fortespada passage is never out of place.

The second act is shorter than the first, but hardly less interesting from a musical point of view. It opens with a delicious chorus for women's voices—"As slowly fades the light of day"—sung at the door of the cathedrals by the ladies of Bianca, who is about to perform her orisons in the interior of the sacred building. A duet for Bianca and Malespina—"Although with cold disdain" —contains several fine passages, the last movement being none the less agreeable on account of its slightly approximating to the manner of Verdi. The accompaniments to this offer some new and striking combinations; and it may be remarked *en passant* that in almost every scene of *Bianca* Mr. Balfe has zealously endeavoured to distinguish his orchestral arrangements by bold and suggestive colouring. If occasionally, as now and then with the stringed instruments, he may be accused of transgressing the conventional limits of experiment, in the majority of instances he is eminently successful. This onward tendency in a composer so unreservedly acknowledged that it is unnecessary for him, in order to insure continued acceptance, to deviate from the path he has hitherto been accustomed to tread, merits honourable acknowledgment. Another very happy example is revealed at the commencement of the second *finale*, when Fortespada, disguised as a beggar, solicits the aid of Bianca, whose life he subsequently preserves from the dagger of Michele, a hired assassin of Malespina. Here the combination of the tenor voice with the bass clarionet in the orchestra recals the scene of the pretended miracle in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, of which, nevertheless, it is in no sense a plagiarism. The second *finale* includes other good things, among the rest a graceful phrase addressed by Fortespada to Bianca, after the death of Michele, by the hand of the assumed beggar, and the chorus of the "Gratias Agimus" from the chapel of the cathedral. "Look up, look up, my dearest," indeed, if it occupied a more isolated position, might aim at becoming a popular ballad. The whole *finale* is cleverly built, and although the Verdi-like *coda* is scarcely up to the mark of its more original precursor, at the end of Act I., it is always animated and dramatically effective.

The introduction to Act III. is a masterpiece of tuneful, light, and sparkling music. Zeffirina (Miss Thirlwall), Bianca's principal attendant, is preparing for a masque about to be held in the palace, and instructing groups of dancers in the parts they are destined to play. A comic vein is elicited by the co-operation of Beppo (Mr. St. Albyn), an emissary of the Duke of Ferrara (Fortespada), whose mission is to sound Zeffirina about the state of her mistress' affections, and who is compelled to ferret out the desired information while being drilled severely in a *pas de deux* set down for him to execute at the masque with Zeffirina herself. The stage effect is as ludicrous as the music is irresistible, and, coming immediately after so much that is serious and even gloomy, nothing can be more happy or to the purpose. The occasional interpolation here and elsewhere, however, of snatches from the chorus, "As slowly fades the light of day" (Act II.), has no evident meaning, and may be justly stigmatised as a musical *non sequitur*, —unlike a similar expedient already defended, which stamps the individuality of Fortespada. In the same scene Bianca sings a ballad—"'Twas he, my only thought"—for its catching melody and expressive character to be compared with the "Power of Love," which made the fortune of *Satanella*, and upon the orchestral accompaniments to which the composer has bestowed equal pains. The Duke of Milan's song, "Oh crown of power," bears a faint resemblance to one of the only real *tunes* in Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser*; but we are loth to charge the composer of *The Bohemian Girl* with any intention of emulating so eccentric a model and must put the resemblance down for an unanticipated "coincidence." "From my childhood"—a somewhat laboured and spun out, though undoubtedly clever, duet, in which the Duke endea-

vours to mould the heart of Bianca to his wishes with respect to the Ferrara alliance—commences with a very original declamatory phrase; contains further on a passage unquestionably suggested by Verdi, in his *Trovatore*; includes another and even finer phrase of declamation, where Bianca pleads the cause of Odoardo—"His manly form, his beaming eye," &c.—and winds up with a quick movement, which, but for one or two somewhat uncouth transitions near the end would be unexceptionable. The third *finale*, embodying Fortespada's unexpected apparition before the Duke of Milan, his recognition by Bianca, and his sudden flight when just within the grasp of his baffled pursuers (described in the book as "tableau of confusion and consternation"), is ingeniously contrived, ably written, and full of animation. The response of Fortespada, however, to the contemptuous reproaches of the Duke —"'Tis not purple and gold that ennoble the man"—is so like "The fair land of Poland" (*Bohemian Girl*), both in sentiment and melodic outline, that the least practised ear can hardly fail to detect the plagiarism. Mr. Balfe may, of course, plead that he only repeats himself; and, as many will in all probability prefer the new version to the old (if only because it is new), the energetic outburst which reveals the patriotism of Thaddeus may have to give place, at least for a time, to a successor.

The fourth act opens with a grand scena for Bianca, the last movement of which—"A torrent roaming"—as florid, brilliant, and difficult to execute as the first—"Yes, I shall see him once again"—is unaffectedly expressive. A piece of very unequal merit comes next, comprising a duet for Bianca and Fortespada—"One only boon on earth I prized;" a ballad for the last named —"Once more upon the path of life," and a trio in which the Duke of Milan makes up the complement of singers. The duet is extremely pretty, and charmingly instrumented; the ballad opens promisingly, but does not fulfil its promise; the trio is dramatic and effective. As a whole, however, the undue length of this miniature trialogue is scarcely atoned for by the amount of musical interest it presents. The next scene has been considerably abridged since the first representation. This was, perhaps, inevitable, in order to bring the duration of the performance as nearly as possible within the limits of four hours; but some very fresh and charming music of the Auber cast has thus been necessarily relinquished, the pretty chorus, "While twinkling stars," and the not very lively ballad of Malespina, "Chiefs on might relying"—only the last verse of that, by the way—being all that remains of the original structure—with which, if we do not greatly err, the composer himself must have been well pleased. The last *finale* opens with some capital ballet music, including a galop (the lively and picturesque arrangement of which, by M. Pettit, has been noticed) set to a tune once heard not easily forgotten. It was said of Auber's *Gustave III.*—"At least there is a galop in it;" and as much may be remarked of Mr. Balfe's *Bianca*—which, when it is remembered what a crowd of beautiful things, besides the famous galop, are contained in the masterpiece of the French musician, will not be misconstrued into a sneer. Another feature of this last *finale*—less solidly constructed, by the way, than the others (in accordance with a custom only disregarded as a general rule in the scores of Mozart, Beethoven, and Cherubini)—is the chorus, "Seize him! seize him!" occurring just after Mr. Harrison, as Fortespada, has accomplished his first metamorphosis with the cloak, a chorus marked undoubtedly by vigorous dramatic expression, but apparently modelled after (without plagiarising from) the "Guerra! Guerra!" of Bellini's *Norma*. The last concerted piece for the principal characters, immediately preceding the betrayal of the conspirators by Fortespada, is in keeping, if not startlingly new; the last two phrases of recitation put into the mouth of Fortespada, and the words of which, as affording a sort of bird's-eye view of the imaginary bravo's self-imposed mission, we subjoin:—

"The bravo-band I crush'd. Fate led me then,
Where Fortespada, in his brigand den,
On death-bed lay, and with his dying breath
Confess'd the foul conspiracy of death.
As bravo, then, disguis'd, I sought to learn
The traitors' plans, and thus their schemes o'erturn;

(*pointing out the conspirators*)

I swore my fate to bind to her alone,
Whose heart of love, unconscious of my throne,
Should love me for myself—whate'er betide—
And now my bride I've won—the Bravo's Bride;"

(*when, after the final cloak-transformation, Fortespada, as Duke of Ferrara, claims the hand of Bianca*),

are declamatory, if nothing more; while the last piece for Bianca, a so-called "*rondo-finale*,"—

"What sunshine bright,
Through murky night,
Upon my wakening soul doth glide!
What heavenly joy,
Without alloy,
To own myself the Bravo's Bride!"

is a tuneful, sparkling, and brillant display (*original* to boot—something uncommon in a "*rondo-finale*") for the heroine of the opera, enough to make the fame and fortune of a "prima donna" capable, like Miss Louisa Pyne, of executing it to absolute perfection.

From the foregoing it will be concluded that in our opinion Mr. Balfe's reputation is likely to be increased rather than diminished by his *Bianca*. The recent example of honourable emulation has clearly not been lost upon him. The genuine reception accorded to *Lurline* and *Robin Hood*, and the revival of the *Night Dancers*, followed up with another success achieved by the most fertile of our dramatic composers, looks well for the future. National opera seems now to have a chance of being established on a firmer basis than it ever previously reposed on. The musical public will anticipate with interest Mr. Wallace's forthcoming *Amber Witch*, Mr. Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened* (which was surely never originally intended for the concert-room), Mr. Frank Mori's *Lambert Simnel*, Mr. Benedict's *Esmeralda*, and last, not least, Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas*—all of which are promised, and from all of which great things are anticipated. Formerly an opera—by which is not intended a mere ballad opera,—from the pen of an English composer, was regarded in some sort as a phenomenon; but it would appear from what is now on hand that our musicians have progressed with the times.—*Times*.

Provincial.

A musical phenomenon has appeared in BRIGHTON in the person of Mlle. Carlottina Badia, aged four years, and—if we are to accept the verdict of the local authorities as correct—with extraordinary success. This young sapling of the tree of art is daughter to Signor and Mad. Badia, whom we have heard playing and singing respectively at the Crystal Palace Concerts last season. Our readers are well aware that we put no faith whatsoever in the forcing system, which we have always found in the animal economy to be deleterious, if not entirely ruinous. We have followed the career of numerous phenomenons, and invariably found they never arrived at greatness, in most instances, indeed, sinking into utter incompetence. Morally and physically speaking, a child of four years old cannot escape the effects of rigid training, but must succumb either to toil or thought. The pity is that the parents will not wait for the young and promising bud to put forth its blossoms, but must have recourse to all kinds of didactic guanos to urge it into premature growth. The leaves look green, the flowers expand, the colours seem bright; but, alas! it is at the expense of life and health. Nature, just mother, frowns at those who despise her gentle and sure ordinances, and will not interfere to save the poor tortured babe who has been kidnapped from her supervision. In speaking thus, we say nothing directly regarding Miss Carlottina Badia, but argue from example, that no amount of talent can justify the parents in bringing the child before the public. What the Brighton public thinks of the child may perhaps be gathered from the following notice taken from the *Brighton Guardian*:—

"The principal novelty of the *soirée* was the appearance of the child, Carlottina Badia, whose advent had exalted her into something approaching a 'phenomenon.' She is an interesting child, and perhaps may well lay claim to some extraordinary capabilities when she stands beside a piano, to the key-board of which her head hardly reaches, for the purpose of performing operatic solos before a fashionable audience.

She had to be lifted on to the platform, and when there, paternal encouragement had to be given to her before she would begin. The audience could not be anything else than sympathetic, and the little lady, on her second essay, got off into 'La donna e mobile' in sparkling style. She sang it most correctly, and even somewhat artistically. The latter quality was, however, more apparent in 'Di quell' amor,' from *La Traviata*, her second song, which she sang immediately after the first. During this performance her imitations (we hope the word will be forgiven; it is the most correct one occurring to us) of the usual attitudes adopted by stage and platform singers drew forth loud laughter and applause. When she retired, the audience would fain have further tested her musical attainments, but she declined the honour with an orthodox curtsey, thus still further increasing the good opinions she had gained. Her voice has that beautiful freshness only found in a first-class child's voice, and the simple efforts of which possess an inexpressible power of charming the ear, even when one would turn uninterested from the laboured *roulades* of a *prima donna*. Mixed opinions are held as to the advisability of introducing children in this way at such a tender age; but, apart from this, the appearance of Carlottina Badia on the present occasion seemed to give unmixed gratification to the audience."

There is also a glowing eulogium in the *Brighton Gazette*, so that the success of the "phenomenon" can hardly be doubted.—The *Caledonian Mercury* informs us that Mr. Howard Glover's cantata, *Tam O'Shanter*, has been produced at the Popular Concerts, given at the Music Hall, Edinburgh, with eminent success, in spite of a very indifferent performance. As its reception, according to the writer, "is likely to ensure its repetition at an early period," it is to be hoped a little more pains will be taken with the rehearsals. The nationality of the Scotch should be enlisted in the cause. The tenor music, written especially for Mr. Sims Reeves, does not appear to have fallen into inefficient hands in Mr. Kennedy, whose singing and acting (?) are much praised. At the Saturday Evening Concerts, the sixpenny public was last week tested with Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, a classical overture, and a fugue on the organ, with most satisfactory results. The audience were most attentive and reverend, and applauded with discrimination. That the "land o' cakes" was also the "land of song" we never doubted.—The first concert of the Birmingham Musical Union is thus alluded to in the *Birmingham Journal*:—The first concert of the present series took place at Dee's Hotel, and was well calculated to maintain the *prestige* of these enjoyable gatherings. The attendance was numerous, although scarcely attaining the average of previous years. The performers were Miss Armstrong (vocalist), Messrs. H. and G. Hayward (violins), Mr. R. Blagrove (viola), Signor Piatti (violoncello), and Messrs. Duchemin and Flavell (pianists). The vocal selections, consisting of Blumenthal's song, "The Orphan," and Weber's "When the thorn," were rendered by Miss Armstrong with characteristic sweetness, but a perceptible deficiency of expressive power. Mr. Duchemin played one of Heller's "Wanderstunden," and a capriccio by the same master, on a theme of Schubert, and Signor Piatti a violoncello fantasia on popular airs. Both gentlemen experienced a hearty reception. The selection embraced Beethoven's instrumental quartet, No. 3 (Op. 18), executed by Messrs. H. and G. Hayward, R. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti; Mozart's quartet, No. 2, in E flat, pianoforte and strings, and Mendelssohn's second grand trio, for pianoforte and strings, (Op. 66), by Messrs. Duchemin, Hayward, and Signor Piatti, may be described as the most remarkable performance of the concert.—Devonshire has been more than musical of late. Miss Arabella Goddard and the English Glee and Madrigal Society have been delighting the amateurs of Devonport, Torquay, Plymouth, and Exeter with a series of concerts (two at Exeter), all of which were well attended; all of which went off brilliantly, and as a specimen of the style of which on each successive occasion the following programme may suffice:—

Part I. — Quintet, "Come see what pleasures" (Elliott), by the Union. Glee (four voices), "Discord, dire sister" (S. Webbe), by the Union. Song, "The voice that we love" (S. Glover), Mrs. Lockey. Pianoforte Solo, "Grand Sonata" in F. Major, No. 2, Op. 10 (Beethoven), Miss Arabella Goddard. Quintet, "Blest pair of Sirens" (S. Smith), by the Union. Four Part Song, "The hunt is up" (Hatton), by the Union. Recitative and Air, "Genevieve" (Hatton), Mr. Montem Smith. Pianoforte Solo, "Songs without words," by particular desire (Mendelssohn), Miss Arabella Goddard. Quintet, "To my lute" (R. Cooke), by the Union.

Part II. — Quintet, "Blow, gentle gales" (Bishop), by the Union. Song, "True love" (Macfarren), Miss Banks. Quintet, "Mark'd you her eye" (Spofforth), by the Union. Song, "The maid I love" (J. L. Hatton), Mr. Lockey. Pianoforte Solo, Grand Fantasia, on the Quartet from Il Rigoletto, first time of performance (Listz), Miss A. Goddard. Duet, "The exile's home" (Romagnesi), Mr. and Mrs. Lockey. Glee (four voices), "Here in cool grot" (Mornington), by the Union. Song, "The blacksmith's son" (Hatton), Mr. Winn. Glee (four voices), "Lo, the day's champion" (Bishop), by the Union. Catch (three voices), "Ah! how Sophia" (Dr. Callcott), by the Union.

Mr. Ashe was, as usual, the *entrepreneur*, and on Monday evening, at the first concert (of which the foregoing was the programme), a crowded and fashionable audience was attracted to the Royal Public Rooms, Exeter, which presented, according to the *Exeter Western Times*, a brilliant appearance. The following is an extract from the article published by that paper:—

The vocalists included Mrs. Lockey, Miss Banks, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Foster, but the greatest attraction, and sole instrumentalist, was Miss Arabella Goddard, the first of English *pianistes*. Mr. Lockey was also to have been present, but was prevented by illness, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper was his substitute. The first two glees were warmly applauded, Mrs. Lockey sang Glover's song very sweetly, and the correct style, and clear enunciation of this charming vocalist must have been most pleasing to the refined ear. Miss Arabella Goddard, on entering, met with a cordial greeting, and her pianoforte solo was a wonderful piece of execution. The quintet was rendered by the Union with thrilling effect, and met with an *encore* which was readily conceded. Mr. Hatton's "The hunt is up," was given briskly, and with effect. The same composer's ballad of "Genevieve" was a perfect success in the hands of Mr. Montem Smith for whom it was expressly composed. Miss Arabella Goddard riveted the feelings of her audience on Mendelssohn's expressive "Songs without words," which were warmly applauded. The glee "To my lute" was given with exquisite sweetness by the "Union." The quintet "Blow gentle gales," met with a spontaneous *encore*. Miss Banks, who possesses a delightful soprano voice, gave Macfarren's exquisite "True love" with great taste and feeling. The glee, "Mark'd you her eye," was the least successful in the programme. Mr. Lockey being absent, the song set down for him was passed over, and Miss Arabella Goddard performed her grand fantasia (Liszt's *Rigoletto*) with matchless power, ease, and delicacy of touch. The rapidity and brilliancy of execution created a furor, and an *encore* was inevitable. The *pianiste* returned and treated the audience to the ever favourite "Home, sweet home," by Thalberg, which was loudly applauded. Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who gave a song in lieu of Mr. Lockey, and Mrs. Lockey and Mr. M. Smith in "The exile's home," and the Union in "Here in cool grot," were all received with much applause, while "The blacksmith's son," by Mr. Winn, sung with great spirit, received an *encore*. The concert closed with "God save the Queen," by the Union. The performers arrived at Exeter by the down express on the South-Western Railway, and had had an uncomfortable journey. Owing to the overflow at Coombe Water, the train was delayed a couple of hours, and did not reach Exeter till six o'clock, just two hours before the commencement of the concert. On Friday there were two concerts at Exeter, one in the morning at half-past one, and the second in the evening. Both were well attended, and we trust that the result may induce Mr. Ashe to treat the city and neighbourhood to a repetition of such admirable concerts in due season. It may be remarked that a more classical tone was given to some of the concerts by the introduction alternately of Beethoven's admirable sonatas in C sharp minor (*Moonlight*), and in F major (Op. 10), played to perfection by Miss Arabella Goddard, and thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

A correspondent from Gloucester sends us an account of the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, which is far too long for insertion. The programme indicated a feebleness on the part of the directors not easy to be accounted for. The performance of the first movement only of a symphony is a bad example set by an important institution. Miss Clari Fraser, the solo vocalist, acquitted herself admirably, singing "Vedrai carino," "Where the bee sucks," and the ballad from *Lurline*, "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," in her most charming manner. Our correspondent writes warmly of the young lady's efforts, and says she was the real attraction of the concert.

HERR BECKER.—Our readers are doubtless aware that, in consequence of an unfortunate and vexatious accident, we are deprived for a time of the presence of one of our most welcome musical guests, the excellent violinist, Herr Becker. This accomplished artist has been unfortunately suffering so severely from the effects of this accident (the snapping of a string, which struck, though not, it is apprehended, seriously injured, one eye) as to have been prevented from fulfilling several public engagements, and to render it prudent for him to abstain from playing altogether for a while. He has therefore left England for the purpose of spending a short time at his residence in Strasbourg, and reckons upon returning to London towards the end of January.

FUNERAL OF RELLSTAB, THE CRITIC.—Berlin, December 2.—The funeral of Ludwig Rellstab, who was well known in the literary and artistic world, took place yesterday, and was attended by a vast number of eminent men, representing the arts and sciences and literature. The deceased was not less renowned for his ability as a musical critic than for the various services he had rendered society by his exertions to promote useful works, and especially for the part he took in the question as to how Prussia might be best furnished with a railway system some years since. Among the mourners at the funeral, science was represented by Professor Bockh; art, by the General Musical Director, M. Meyerbeer; the public institutes, by the Intendant-General von Hulfen; the press, by the chief editors of two of the Berlin papers; and there was besides a great concourse of public men and officials of all grades. The procession was of immense length, and comprised the members of several choral societies and the bands of a dragoon regiment and of the Cuirassiers of the Guard, who at intervals along the route sang and played solemn music, and again at the interment, which took place at St. Peter's Cemetery.

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The day, pretty darling, draws near to its close,
Come, cease from your play, on your pillow repose,
You peep from the cradle still laughing and bright,
Kind angels for ever preserve you, good night.

With freedom from sorrow, dear child, you are blest,
To you a pure heaven is your fond mother's breast;
Wild passion some day will your happiness blight,
Kind angels preserve you, my darling, good night.

Ah! happy is he who can slumber like you,
Be ever, dear child, to your innocence true,
The righteous are watched by the spirits of light,
Who guard them while sleeping, my darling, good night.

"Few songs of modern days have achieved a more decided or better merited success than Herr Reichardt's charming lied, "Thou art so near and yet so far," which has for the last two years been the delight of all concert-goers and drawing-room vocalists of more than ordinary pretensions. Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have just published a new composition, from the same original and elegant pen, entitled "Good Night" (à cradle song). The words are exquisitely simple and unaffected, being the address of a mother to her sleeping babe; and it is but justice to Herr Reichardt to say that he has wedded an exquisite domestic poem to a most graceful, unaffected melody, which breathes the very spirit of maternal tenderness. The song, which is written for a tenor voice—the composer being, as our readers know, one of the first of living German vocalists—is in the key of F major; and to amateurs of taste we can cordially recommend "The Cradle Song" as a composition worthy of their attention."—*Liverpool Mail.*

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When winds have swept the gay parterre.
Just like a true and constant friend,
Whose faith no storms of life can bend;
Not the mere friend of summer day,
But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline;
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
And sad the spirit sighs alone.
Then marvel not that thus I twine
My thoughts around this gift of thine,
And muse on hopes and joys that last,
And bloom through life's most piercing blast.

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The custom of watching armour in church was a religious duty imposed upon knights who used to consume whole nights in prayer to some saint whom they chose as their patron.

Sir Neville spurr'd his gallant grey,
And bled him on his lonely way;
But ere he from the saddle sprung,
The abbey's midnight chimes had rung.

He doffed his armour, whose fair sheen
The stains of battle ne'er had seen;
And said, "Heav'n send thee I may be,
A worthy son of chivalry."

In hours when bright remembrance came
Athwart his memory like a flame,
A crimson scarf was given to tell,
Of one who loved Sir Neville well.

The gift was fondly cherished yet,
And while his burning glance it met,
He sighing said, "Be thou to me
The beacon star of victory."

Sir Neville kept his vigil lone,
Till the matin star had come and gone,
Then donned his armour and away,
He sped him on his gallant grey.

In many a land on fields of fame,
The watchword was Sir Neville's name.
Where fell the bravest, there fell he,
Fighting for love and chivalry.

The above popular and romantic ballad, now being sung everywhere with the greatest success by Mr. Weiss, is just published, beautifully illustrated, price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

NEW BALLAD.—"IN A LEAFY GARDEN," by GEORGE LODER. Sung with great success by Mr. RICHARD SEYMOUR, is just published, price 2s. 6d.

In a leafy garden, 'neath the evening star,
Hand in hand they wander, they that lovers are.
In the west a gleaming, where the sun went down,
In the east a splendeur from eve's brightning crown;
Gloom beneath the branches, odours in the air,
Happy are the lovers wandering slowly there.

Night hath many voices, none to him so dear
As the low-toned whispers dying on his ear;
Night hath dim revealings, none for him so high,
As the true love beaming in that soft dark eye;
In a summer garden, 'neath the evening star,
Ever will they wander, they that lovers are.

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"MAY."—New Duettino for equal Voices, by HENRY SMART, is just published, price 2s. 6d.

I hail thee, May,
Midst smiles so gay,
And song and sunny hours;
'Tis sweet to stray
At close of day
To cull thy daisy flowers.

'Tis sweet to tread
The chosen bed
Of daisies bright and fair,
And hear the song
Which floats along
From feather'd warblers near.

Then while I live
I'll ever give
A welcome to thee, May,
For thou art queen,
Of fairest green,
Oh! smiling, lovely May.

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This world is a garden, and women I'll prove,
Are the flowers that surround us wherever we rove,
The blooming and blushing, the sad and the gay,
All beauties combined in dear nature's bouquet.

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

Dec. 6, 1860.

At last the long-talked of new ballet, due to the invention of the celebrated *ex danseuse* Mad. Taglioni—*Le Papillon*, as it is called, —has emerged from its chrysalis state, and expanded its bright wings before an admiring multitude. Never in the annals of insect life was butterfly doomed to more tribulations than the heroine of this pantomimic drama, who, by the way, is no butterfly at all, but a beautiful human being of the female sex. Some account of the story may interest your readers, especially as the new ballet will no doubt be mounted on one or other of your great operatic stages—perhaps on both. The scene is in Circassia. Farfalla is a charming young creature in the service of the wicked fairy Hamza, of whom the young prince Djalma, nephew of the Emir Ismael Beg, grows enamoured. She thus becomes the rival of the fiery Hamza, who employs her supernatural powers against her. By a wave of her wand, she changes her into a butterfly, in which shape Farfalla is captured by the prince, who, with the cruel indifference of a Kirby or a Spence, pins her up against the bark of an oak tree. Immediately, by an optical device of the most charming effect, the butterfly is transfigured, and, detaching herself from the tree, is seen to sail through the forest amidst a swarm of winged sisters. Djalma recognises the young girl with whom he had fallen in love, and hastens in pursuit of her, but the wicked fairy again intervenes with her magic wand, and entangles the butterfly in a net. A woodman however succeeds in robbing the old fairy of her wand, and Farfalla is thus delivered from her captivity, while Hamza is herself caught in her own trap. The captive fairy is brought before the Emir Ismael, who has a long and terrible reckoning to settle with her. She it was who years ago had carried off his beloved daughter, and that daughter is Farfalla herself. Hamza is frightened by the threats of the Emir, and as she has recovered her magic wand, she promises to restore his daughter to him. Accordingly, Farfalla is presently seen preceded by a brilliant procession, and seated in a palanquin. Ismael is transported with joy, and presents his daughter to Djalma, whose bride he had destined her to be. Djalma at first rejects the offer, but recognising Farfalla, he throws himself at the feet of his cousin. Just as he is about to imprint a kiss on the cheek of his betrothed, Hamza steps between them and intercepts the kiss to her own advantage. At the same instant her wrinkles, hoary locks, and decrepid figure vanish, and she appears dazzling with youth, beauty, and magnificent attire. Farfalla resumes her butterfly shape and flutters away, while the Prince falls down in a swoon, fascinated by the magnetic glance of Hamza, who strikes the earth with her wand, and transports herself with him to her enchanted garden. Djalma on awaking, imagines he has been dreaming, and while he is gazing in wonder around him, he hears a slight rustling as of wings, and beholds Farfalla approaching him as she hovers above a bed of flowers. He seizes her and places her in safety in the midst of a cluster of roses. Hamza reappears surrounded by a brilliant retinue, and preceded by a lovely child bearing a lighted torch,—the torch of hymen. The light attracts the butterfly; she flutters restlessly round it, and at last burns her wings. Immediately the spell is broken. The magic wand of the fairy is shattered in her grasp, and Farfalla resumes the form of a lovely maid, to the great joy of the prince, of his uncle, and in fact of all Circassia.

Mlle. Emma Livry, on whom the filmy mantle of the renowned Taglioni has airily descended, plays the heroine of this graceful fiction, and has completely fulfilled the highly-wrought expectations of the public. The marvellous grace and agility with which she sustains her butterfly attributes are really admirable. The air seems her natural element, and when she touches the earth, it is only to bound up from it with renewed buoyancy. Mlle. Louise Marquet distinguished herself not a little also as the fairy Hamza. To veil her natural gifts under the semblance of age and decrepitude, must have been a mortifying task, but she amply repaid herself in the second act by appearing twice as radiant with youth and beauty, as if her charms had never suffered the temporary eclipse. M. Jacques Offenbach's music is graceful, lively and rhythmical, as ballet music should be. The melodies are of the popular and catching sort, and one air in particular, that of the *Valse des Rayons*, made a vivid impression, and is destined no doubt to be done to death by wandering organs. Mlle. Livry was enthusiastically called for at the fall of the curtain, and appeared leading by the hand her theatrical sponsor, Mad. Taglioni, the once adored executant and now ingenious inventress of ballets. The Emperor was present on the first night, and seemed gravely to enjoy the performance. By the way the recent ministerial changes which have placed Count Walewski in the position of M. Fould, also invest him with the control of the Imperial Opera. This is a curious conglobulation of attributes, to concert measures of imperial policy with the head of the state, and dispose of the destinies of cantatrices and ballerinas. Figaro was not more versatile in the service of his patron than the supple Count Walewski. If the minister is allowed a benefit after the manner of other operatic managers, he might increase its attractions by effectively making his *début* in the part of the accommodating barber. His "Largo al factotum" would be irresistibly natural, and Rossini would have to look to his laurels.

Drawing-room operas again promise to be in vogue this season among the wealthy patrons of musical art, and Mad. Gavaux Sabatier, the *fauvette des salons*, who so enchanted London some ten or eleven years ago, having resumed her profession, will be the reigning star of these performances. She sang the other evening at Mad. Orfila's, in an operetta entitled *La Perruque du Bailli*, with brilliant success. The words and music of this little book, both of which are charmingly graceful, are by Mlle. Pauline Thys, now Mad. Sebault.

A new and important phase in the musical pitch movement has just occurred. At the last sitting of the Royal Academy of Belgium, in the Fine Arts class, M. Fetis read a report on the question whether it was expedient that Belgium should imitate France in adopting the measures which have there been taken with respect to the new diapason. The learned professor came to the conclusion that the diapason should be *fixed* as it at present exists, but *not lowered*. M. Fetis probably wishes that the C sharp, "*de poitrine*" of certain exceptionally gifted tenors, should lose none of its marvellous character

Mad. Carvalho is now at Nantes, where, after singing at a concert given by the Société des Beaux Arts, she is giving a series of performances at the theatre. There is an excellent operatic troupe there to assist her, under the direction of M. Solié.

The opera balls, under the direction of Strauss, whose orchestra will be employed, are to commence on the 15th of this month, previous to which there will be a ball for the pension fund of the establishment.

I suppose you have already heard of the death of poor Louis Lurine, the director of the Vaudeville. It was quite sudden, and he was in the prime of life. He was a very amiable and a very clever fellow, and is much regretted by his friends, of whom he had many. They buried him last Sunday; the funeral service was performed at Notre Dame de Lorette.

December 12, 1860.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The new opera of M. Offenbach, *Barkouf*, which has been put off on account of Mlle. Saint Urbain's illness, has caused the manager of the Opéra Comique to bring unexpectedly forward a little opera called *l'Eventail*, which its authors had given up all hope of seeing performed before next year, if at all. The words are by MM. Barbier and Carré, and the music by M. Ernest Boulanger. In plot it resembles not a little Alfred de Musset's *Caprices de Marianne*, except as regards the *dénouement*. A young widow, who is growing tired of her lone condition, is beloved by a poet, but being both cruel and a coquette, she has him driven away with cudgels when he attempts to serenade her. The poet confides his sorrows to a friend, a military gentleman of swaggering and tavern-haunting propensities. He attributes the poet's failure to his romantic nonsense, takes his mandoline from him, and promises to show him how to win a woman's heart. The captain places himself under the widow's balcony, and trolls forth a jolly ditty, with a slight spice of satire about it. The lady truly answers to the appeal, and shows herself at the balcony,—but it is to throw the minstrel a penny. The captain is exasperated at this treatment, and joins the poet in a scheme to mortify the proud beauty. In

carrying it out, the captain, however, really falls in love with the widow, while the poet is quickly prompted to console himself with the affection of her sister, which he discovers he has won. A double match terminates the little comedy, in which a fan passed from hand to hand has much to do with bringing about a satisfactory settlement of affairs. The music is not deficient in melody, which is made the most of by skilful treatment, and the success of the work was as complete as could be desired.

M. Offenbach's opera will, it is said, be produced on the 20th inst., and Mlle. Marimon will take the part intended for Mlle. St. Urbain.

The new ballet *Le Papillon* proceeds in its career with increasing success. The Emperor has been twice to see it since the first night. Whether he seizes eagerly at anything that will momentarily draw his mind from the care of his present anxious position, or whether he desires to give a fillip to the fortunes of the establishment under the immediate superintendence of his prime minister, I know not. Perhaps both motives weigh with him.

At the Italian Opera *Marta* has been revived, and Mad. Alboni has made with her brilliant singing and consummate acting in the part of Nancy, a complete sensation.

In the theatrical department, there has been a new comedy in five acts at the Odéon, by M. Louis Bouilhet, entitled *L'Oncle Million*, which has proved successful, and at the Palais Royal two amusing little pieces have been equally fortunate. One is called *Le Passé de Nichette*, the other *Le Serment d'Horace*. The latter is by M. Henri Murget, and does not belie its authorship, for it abounds in pleasant and witty sallies. The Vaudeville, until a new manager is appointed, is being carried on by a committee composed of MM. Lafont, Brindeau, and Saint Germain.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER III.

WOULD you see the impresario in trouble—a cloud of thunder on his brow—the victim of despair? Watch him when he hears that his popular *primo tenore*, or the favourite *prima donna* is indisposed. The opera which is drawing crowded houses has to be changed, or sung by a substitute not attractive to the public. The manager may for a while have thrown the reins of government carelessly aside, a flourishing account from the box office having increased his appetite for the good dinner at which he is comfortably seated. A delicate little note is handed to him (whether from a tenor or *prima donna* does not signify; they both indulge in similarly diminutive sized envelopes). It is opened; the manager turns pale as he peruses the contents; a few incoherent sentences escape his lips; his dinner and peace of mind for four and twenty hours are irremediably ruined. The delicate little note informs him that a change of opera is unavoidable. The soup is left untouched; he hastens to the theatre; his secretary is forthwith despatched to summon other artists; the call-boy runs for his life to the printer; instructions are given to the door-keepers, scene shifters, in fact, to the entire establishment, to prepare for the emergency. A bill is drawn up, expressing the regret of the "management" (why the impresario of an Italian Opera insists upon calling himself the "management," I know not) in being obliged to announce a change in the performance of the evening, Signora So-and-so being unable to appear. The secretary returns, having had a furious drive to all the outskirts of London (singers, strange to say, in this country, always manage to live as far away as possible from their place of business, the theatre), and finds the manager pacing his room in an agony of disappointment and uncertainty. Sometimes the secretary has been successful, and tranquillises his chief with words of consolation. Sometimes, however, it is otherwise; and he is the bearer of anything but satisfactory intelligence: the artists he has sought may not have been to be found, or, if found, are equally unable to appear as the singer whose illness is the cause of all the difficulty. The impresario is now in what is popularly called a "quandary," and uncertain whether to open the theatre or not. Generally matters are so arranged that it is unnecessary to resort to the last alternative; but the impresario's appetite and dinner are spoiled, and his temper pretty considerably ruffled. The chances are, moreover, that he is abused by the aristocratic *habitués* of the stalls, and the democratic frequenters of the pit, for not keeping faith with the public, neither aristocrat nor democrat considering for one moment that it is the singer's throat that is sore, and not that of the impresario, who would willingly sing soprano, contralto, tenor, and base, were it in his power to do so to the satisfaction of the aforesaid grumblers. Strange *contretemps* will sometimes happen on such occasions. Artists who were not to be found when wanted will arrive at the last moment, after others have been persuaded to sing for them. I remember such an occurrence at Covent Garden some years ago. Illness had necessitated a change of opera, and *Il Barbiere* was to be given instead of the one originally announced.

The alteration was made at a very short notice. Ronconi, who, according to a stipulation in his engagement, had the part of the Barber allotted to him, was out of town. No other opera, under the circumstances, being practicable, Tamburini, after much coaxing, consented to sing the Figaro, and repaired to the theatre at the usual time. A few minutes before the opera was to begin Ronconi made his appearance, and insisted upon his right to the part Tamburini had undertaken. He went to his room and dressed. As the curtain was about to be drawn up, there was Ronconi on one side of the stage and Tamburini on the other, both in the well-known costume, and ready to appear as the vivacious Figaro. Here was a chance of a *Barbiere* after the fashion of the *Corsican Brothers*. It was truly a momentous question. Had the curtain been raised, the Figaro would have had a "double," which would have puzzled the audience more than even Charles Kean's celebrated impersonation of the De Franchis. The commencement of the opera was for a short time delayed while the matter was explained to Tamburini, who, to his honour be it said, relinquished the position with the politeness of a gentleman and good feeling of a true artist.

When it is considered how entirely the fulfilment of the announcement of an Italian opera depends upon the health (and sometimes, with all deference be it said, the caprice) of the sensitive soprano or tenacious tenor, it is, perhaps, surprising that disappointments are not more frequent, and that an enterprising impresario can at any time enjoy his dinner undisturbed.

ANTRACTE.

OTTO JAHN'S "MOZART."

(From the Morning Post.)

SECOND ARTICLE.

MR. OTTO JAHN, having duly acknowledged the efforts of preceding biographers, and informed us that such new sources of information have been opened up to him as to make it his duty "to erect an entirely new building upon a new ground" ("auf neum grund ein ganz neues gebünde aufzuführen") proceeds at once to his work.

The first book, embracing a period of twelve years, from 1756 to 1768, treats of Mozart's boyhood, and naturally includes an account of the composer's family, especially of his father, Leopold Mozart, the violinist and composer, who exercised so very great an influence over his son's career.

Mr. Jahn gives Leopold Mozart a very high character; but here we cannot quite agree with the generous biographer. May it not be gravely questioned whether the terrible illnesses of which he speaks (four desperate struggles for existence within a short space of time) were not brought on in a great measure by the unnatural exertions and constant excitement to which Wolfgang was subjected in being at a very tender age carried from court to court for exhibition as a prodigy? Were such proceedings beneficial to any one but the father who pocketed the pecuniary rewards?

In an artistic point of view, this eternal locomotion and interruption to study could be of no use to the little *wunderkind*; and it was difficult not to ascribe the early death of the immortal composer, which deprived the world of many a masterpiece, partly at least to the forced premature development of his powers. Had Leopold Mozart been the sensible, honest, and amiable person Mr. Jahn supposes, he would have felt that a young, delicate creature like Wolfgang, whose nervous system was so exquisitely sensitive

that the mere blast of a trumpet once threw him into a state of most violent excitement, whose soul-felt passion for ideal beauty, for the abstract loveliness of sound and form, rendered him tremblingly alive to any manifestation of it, and who was so impressionable with respect to outward influences, that things unheeded by others would act upon his being like the wandering wind upon the Æolian harp—thrilling him with music—was not fit to bear the enormous amount of downright hard work and constant excitement thrown upon the earliest years of his career, and acted accordingly.

Would a really sensible man have risked the permanent value of his stock-in-trade—which in Leopold Mozart's case was a son's life—without some pressing, immediate, and personal motive? We would wish to consider Leopold Mozart as the reverse of sensible, because by so doing—in relieving him from great responsibility—we should protect him from great blame; but such worldly shrewdness and diplomatic caution are exhibited in the later portion of his career that we cannot certainly set him down as a fool.

Did Leopold calculate upon the amount of mental and physical labour his son might possibly endure for so long a time as he might be serviceable to the paternal interest, without care for a future, which, according to the ordinary course of things, might probably relate to others rather than to himself? Such hypotheses are proposed quite *à contre-cœur*, but we must take them as they occur to us. Mr. Jahn himself suggests them by the "inexorable logic" of his facts, the real bearing of which upon Leopold's character appears to have escaped him.

In October, 1762, we find Wolfgang laid on a sick bed for fourteen days with the scarlet fever. In August, 1764, an inflammation of the throat again placed his life in jeopardy. Passing through Lille in 1765, he was equally in danger—four weeks confined to his room; and in the same year the child had one more terrible trial, namely, an attack of malignant fever, which nearly carried him off; and all this time he was being hawked about from country to country, from town to town, and made to display his genius in public as often as he was able, the sensible and amiable father profiting thereby.

To us, we must confess, all this looks doubtful, and more especially as the sister of Wolfgang, also a *wunderkind*, who accompanied the expeditions, and was exhibited with her brother in the concerts, suffered likewise from constant excitement; and once indeed, up the Hague in 1765, was in such imminent danger that, despite all the efforts of Professor Schunnckel, physician to the Princess Wulburg, sister of the Prince of Orange, the young artist's life was despaired of.

With Mr. Jahn's estimate of Leopold Mozart's moral worth we cannot agree; neither in the proceedings of the father with respect to his son's early career, nor in later events can we discover any of his acts untainted by selfishness.

Letters to the Editor.

VERSUS "PETIFACE."

SIR,—Your periodical of the 8th instant contained a contribution of mine, as it has done many before; but you have not previously found it necessary to make additions, and to adapt my communications for what they were not intended. My object for sending you occasionally such thoughts as were suggested was not for the sake of playing the fool with an art which seems to be the principal object of one of your contributors—but for the purpose of calling attention and exciting discussion on certain points which appeared to me defective; and for the amelioration of which in all departments of science and art such journals as the present are, I presume, specially called into existence. Now, to come to the point; I am at a loss to know by whose authority your eccentric and incomprehensible friend "Petiface" alters and adapts according to his peculiar whims, the contributions whose authors he knows nothing of, and who know nothing of Mr. "Petiface." My contributions are doubtless of but little value; but I should imagine that the MUSICAL WORLD found it difficult in a country like this to obtain matter worth printing for *nothing*. Certainly, however low my contributions may be valued, I cannot suffer such impertinence to be again practised, which I think on the part of any one is a great familiarity. Had Mr. "Petiface" affixed my proper name, I should have been extremely disgusted, as I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Horace Mayhew, nor the least wish to criticise his recent performances.

You will oblige me by inserting this, as I consider by altering or adapting the occasional contributions of your supporters, is not only the way to lose *their* support, but that of *others*, to say nothing of its being an act of unprovoked familiarity.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A CRUMP.

[The signature of the first communication was unintelligible. "Crumb" was the nearest guess that could be made, and the Socratic irony that distinguished the style of our correspondent warranted its acceptance as genuine. Nevertheless, Petipace—not "Petiface"—apologises to Messrs. Crump and Mayhew; although had Mr. Crump affixed his (Petipace's) proper name, he (Petipace) might have been "extremely disgusted."—ANGUISH.]

A SUGGESTION FOR FACILITATING THE READING OF MUSIC.

SIR,—If printers would use *red* ink for the first and fifth lines, they would greatly facilitate the execution of difficult and crowded passages.

HAWK.

Birmingham, Dec. 7th, 1860.

SIR,—If you can possibly get through it, read the enclosed, and mark the taste, style, musical knowledge and critical acumen displayed by the Brummagem critic. Oh for a "Petipace" to pickle such an idiot. Your constant reader,

MUSICAS.

"In the allegros, as a rule, notwithstanding the invariable evidence of earnest thought and high musical capacity, Beethoven's genius is less thoroughly at home than in the andantes. He writes them frequently in evident compliance with the exigencies of the sonata form rather than the instigation of his fancy, and appears to find in a solemn *adagio*, a plaintive *andante*, or a wildly sportive *scherzo*, more congenial expression for the teeming visions of his mind. The first allegro of the No. 3 quartet is nevertheless a long, richly instrumented and symmetrical movement, and thanks partly to the admirable execution of the before-named gentlemen was warmly applauded. The second allegro, a short graceful movement, and the concluding presto, with its fiery tarantula measure, experienced in a minor degree the sunshine of popular favour, and the performers retreated from the platform amid a shower of plaudits."

[*Chacun à son gout, est notre gout.*—ANGUISH.]

DANCING-MUSIC, OR MUSIC-DANCING.

To HORACE MAYHEW, Esq.

GENTLEMAN,—In the MUSICAL WORLD of the 8th instant, appears an article of mine, headed "New school of Dancing Music," to which the editor has added under the title, "To the joined Authors of the *Goose with the Golden Eggs*;" and at the end of the article, "Yours, Gentlemen and Wits." As no such expressions were in my copy, will you oblige me by exerting your interest at head-quarters in procuring the insertion of this reply in the next number, that I may be free from the imputation of having begun or concluded the article with two such ridiculous absurdities? The plan of dancing to music of a higher class than that now in use is not by any means impracticable; but in offering something new to the public, the author has to contend with the class of narrow-minded persons who may be the arbitrators on its merits, as remarkably exemplified in the two following instances:—Haydn, on entering his career in instrumental composition, presented himself on the lists with six *trios*. The peculiarity of the style and the novelty of the thing gave them immediately the greatest celebrity; but the grave German musicians warmly attacked the *dangerous* innovations with which they were filled. The charming thoughts of the young musician,

the warmth of his style, called forth against him all the invectives of the Vienna musicians, particularly the amateurs, who would not have hesitated, had the idea crossed their minds, to have designated this new school, *the Goose with the Golden Eggs*. The other is an instance in the career of the engineer Stephenson, who in endeavouring to get an Act of Parliament passed through the House of Commons to enable him to lay down the first railroad he accomplished, on asserting to some of the members that he would obtain a speed of twenty miles per hour, these gentlemen (like the writer of the two witty expressions in my recent article on a new school of dancing-music), replied, "Your mind, Mr. Stephenson, is deranged through too much application to your railroad, or you would not talk of a speed of more than fourteen miles per hour." When, in order to pacify them for the time being, to avoid retarding the passing of the Bill, he deemed it prudent to say fourteen instead of twenty, when they were satisfied; otherwise, like the author of the lofty expression *added* to my heading, emanating (no doubt) from a mind equally as lofty as the sublimity of the two additions—the members would probably have designated Mr. Stephenson's scheme, *the Goose with the Golden Eggs*. The articles I have furnished to the MUSICAL WORLD were not written expressly for it, but merely copied from one hundred and fifty in prose and verse, filling three books composed by your humble servant during the last ten years; and, whatever may be their "shortcomings," as my motive is good, the editor might refrain from endeavouring to turn into ridicule, what is intended to advance one of the popular accomplishments of the day, and no doubt will be carried out at some future period, or something approaching it, when the present music will not have sufficient variety to meet the improved taste of the dancing class.

Craving your excuse for troubling you with this communication,
I ascribe myself, Gentleman, yours respectfully,
Dec. 12th, 1860. HAYDN WILSON.

VIENNA, *Nov.* 15, 1860.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The rehearsals of Rubenstein's opera, *Les Enfantes des Landes*, have been suddenly discontinued. It appears the tenor Wachtels is in litigation with the direction of the court theatre at Hesse Cassel, having failed to fulfil his engagement last year for some cause, whether sufficient or otherwise, to be decided by the lawyers. An official request has been made by the legal authorities of Prussia, that Wachtel, *pendente lite*, should not be allowed to sing in Vienna, which request has been acceded to by the Austrian Government, and Rubenstein's opera postponed in consequence. It is a question whether Wachtel's salary will be suspended, but I should hardly suppose the Viennese authorities will so far take part in a quarrel, in which others only are concerned. It is bad enough that they have prevented his appearing, and acted courteously to a neighbour to the detriment of an artist. Refusal of payment would be the most unjustifiable and discreditable proceeding, as evincing decided partiality in a dispute, the rights of which have yet to be determined.

MADRID.—In a recent number of the Madrid *Correro* there appears the following critique respecting the *début* of an artist who for some years held an honourable position in the Royal Italian Opera Company:— "The great novelty of the evening was Mad. de Méric Lablache, who was making her *début* in our theatre. Every one was anxious to see and hear the celebrated contralto, who had sung for ten consecutive seasons at the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg, and has been so well received in all the capitals where she has appeared. Expectation was not disappointed; and the part of Orsino was sung by Mad. de Méric in a style thoroughly worthy of an artist of her reputation. She possesses a magnificent and fresh contralto voice, an excellent method of singing, and a fine presence. She acts with consummate talent, and is, in fact, gifted with all the qualities which may be expected from an artist of her reputation. Our public saw immediately what kind of lady had to be judged, and soon pronounced in favour of the talented and comely contralto, covering her with applause both in the course of the opera and in the well-known *brindisi*. This last Mad. de Méric sang in the best style possible, giving proofs of a rare talent, and that exquisite taste which is peculiar to great singers. Mad. de Méric dresses with such gracefulness and propriety that she won for herself general approval, and she wears the male attire in a fine and very engaging manner. The reception which this artist met at the hands of the public could not be more brilliant; it was, in fact, in keeping with her merit. From this great success we areled to look forward with much pleasure to further performances, such as *Arance* and others of the same kind, wherein Mad. de Méric will have an opportunity of displaying all her powers. M. Bagier, the manager, could not have secured a better artist, and we congratulate him with as much warmth as several of our contemporaries have done before us."

MAD. DE VAUCHERAN, the pianist, gave an evening concert in the new Vestry Hall, Chelsea, on Monday last, under the patronage of Lord Ranelagh and the officers of the South Middlesex Rifle Volunteers. As a matter of course the room was well attended, and a great number of the "force" were present. Among the vocalists were Miss Clari Fraser, Fraulein Von Kettler, Mr. Leonard; Herren Goffrié and Schmidt were the violins; Mr. R. Blagrove was concertina, and Herr Oberthur harp. The fair concertgiver, played several times during the evening, her best performance being Herr Oberthur's duet for harp and pianoforte, on *Lucrezia Borgia*, which she gave in capital style. She was ably assisted by Herr Oberthur in the harp part. The latter also played in his usual elegant manner some pieces of his own composition. Mr. R. Blagrove's solo on the concertina (airs from *Lurline*), was equally successful. Among the best vocal performances were those of Miss Clari Fraser in "John Anderson my Joe," and "Where the bee sucks," (both of which delighted the audience); of Fraulein Von Kettler, in an Italian cavatina, and some German *lieder*; and of M. Leonard, in "Largo al factotum," which he declaimed and sung with infinite spirit, obtaining well merited applause at the conclusion. Macfarren's charming trio, "The Troubadour," might have had more pains bestowed upon it than it received, the vocalists evidently not having rehearsed it. Mr. Thomas accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

MISS WHITTY.—A letter from a friend in Milan, speaking of Miss Whitty, says—"La Signora Vitti, as she is called here, is a great favourite—and no little merit as a singer is required to please a Milanese audience. An engagement here is an affair not easy of attainment, and an honour greatly coveted, as, if successful, the fortune of a vocalist is made. Miss Whitty is, moreover, an excellent actress, and, although not strictly handsome, is very sweet-looking, graceful, and ladylike. In Florence she created *quite a furore*.—Another young countrywoman, Mary Beati, daughter of the late Dr. Davey of London, made her *début* a few weeks ago at Lugano with great success: she played thirteen or fourteen times in succession, and was on each occasion more warmly received. She has been very much spoken of in the papers, and very favourable opinions are entertained of her voice and style of singing."

DR. M. V. BLY.—Necromancy in some shape or other is one of the fashions of the day, now descending into the prosaic card-trick, now soaring into the more mysterious region of spirits and mediums (Priscian would have preferred "Media"); now boasting that it can restore a burnt pocket-handkerchief without the aid of a double-bottomed casket, now more awfully pretending to maintain an intercourse between the living and the dead. The gentleman who years ago would have been burnt for a wizard now finds the black art a very convenient source of revenue; and really this art is splitting into so many departments, that we may in time have a numerous body of conjurors, who will all thrive merrily without jostling one against the other. Among necromancers of the more mystical school, Dr. M. V. Bly, a newly-arrived American professor, who displays his wonders at the New York Hotel, Leicester Square, is likely to take a conspicuous place. Indeed, he has already puzzled many connoisseurs, accustomed to all the marvellous illusions of the last twenty years; not only does he abstain from the use of apparatus, but he even refuses the advantage of distance, the person to whom he displays his proficiency being invited to sit with him at the same table—an ordinary piece of mahogany, with its legs perfectly visible, and consequently as far above suspicion as the required reputation of Cæsar's wife. Thus brought face to face with the magician, the visitor writes with a pencil the names of a number of persons on some scraps of paper, which he immediately crushes up into little pellets, without giving Dr. Bly the least chance of seeing the inscription. The learned doctor is at once seized with a convulsive trembling of the true Pythian kind; and, frantically snatching up a pencil, writes backwards a short note, signed with one of the names contained in the pellets. He also orders his visitor to put the pellets into sealed envelopes, and picks them out by name, when repeated crumpling has rendered the inscriptions almost illegible to the writer himself. The information contained in the notes written by the doctor is not of a very exciting description; but

how he acquires knowledge of the names, hastily written as they are, and crushed up immediately—this is really a mystery, especially as the feat is performed under circumstances which seem to preclude the possibility of collusion. Indeed, the exhibition ordinarily takes place in the presence of a very select few, any one of whom is at perfect liberty to take the post of honour at the table, and test the professor to his heart's content. Sometimes an imposing variety is given to the exploit by the appearance of the name in red letters on the doctor's wrist. Details of this kind, as well as the convulsive movements of the magician, and the noises occasionally elicited from the table, will be set down by the sceptical as belonging to the hocus-pocus of the art; but how did the name get into the doctor's head? That's the real question.

MR. SIMS REEVES ACCEPTING AN ENCORE.—"Mr. Sims Reeves, who was in the fullest possession of his incomparable voice, added to his long list of artistic triumphs by his exquisitely beautiful rendering of Dussek's charming, quite Mozartian, canzonet, which elicited unanimous applause of the warmest kind. This can scarcely fail to become a stock piece at concerts. Of Mr. Sims Reeves' version of 'Adelaide,' what can we find to say that has not been said a hundred times already? Such singing as this, with the pianoforte accompaniments of Miss Arabella Goddard, is indeed an executive triumph, which we believe no other two artists in Europe could achieve. The 'Adelaide' was so overwhelmingly redemanded, that Mr. Reeves, despite his objections to the 'encore system,' obliged the audience by singing the second movement again."—*Morning Post.*

MR. WEISS AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—"To Mr. Weiss, firstly, belongs the praise of having been the first to let the public know what Mr. George Macfarren really means by the very fine song from '*Robin Hood*' entitled, 'The monk within his cell,' which we may safely assert was never *sung* in public before last night, however well it may have been *acted*. Mr. Weiss did ample justice to this admirably characteristic composition. It suits his noble voice exactly, and he sung it with all the musical skill and dramatic expression it demands. Secondly, our famous English *basso* must be unreservedly eulogised for his inimitable rendering of Mendelssohn's 'I'am a roamer;' but, as Mr. Weiss's version of this capital comic song is thoroughly familiar to the musical world, we need only record that it was heartily encored, although the singer merely returned to the orchestra and bowed his acknowledgments of the compliment."—*Morning Post.*

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—"To those who are curious to know how our eminent English pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, acquitted herself—who would learn whether she has been progressing backwards or forwards since last she appeared in a London orchestra—we can say at once that the young lady never achieved a greater triumph, or more richly deserved the homage of musicians. The symmetry, chasteness, and dignity of Miss Arabella's style, her full, sympathetic tone, and solidly brilliant agility, might doubtless have been more profitably employed than in the execution either of Steibelt's or Haydn's sonate (the latter of which, by the way, is but an arrangement of one of the author's string quartets), though both these works are highly interesting, and far too good for oblivion. Miss Arabella Goddard might have selected a solo sonata by Beethoven—for instance, the long 106, which she plays better than any one. The audience, we feel convinced, would have been delighted to hear it again from her, if only because no other pianist ever attempts it. However, the accomplished artist, if she did not show all she can do on this occasion, at least vindicated her claim to the laurel crown that graced even her baby-brow, and which she has worn unblemished for many years in spite of rivalry by no means despicable. Miss Arabella Goddard was most enthusiastically received, warmly applauded on every possible occasion, and unanimously recalled into the orchestra at the termination of Steibelt's sonata, which she played to perfection."—*Morning Post*, Dec. 17th.

DR. WYLDE gave his annual Christmas performance of the *Messiah* in St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, before a large audience. The *Messiah* is more attractive at Christmas than at any other time, since many look upon it as a duty to attend a performance of Handel's sublime oratorio at this season of the year. The soloists were Miss Parepa, Miss Spiller, Miss Lascelles, Mr. G. Perren and Mr. Santley. Miss Parepa sung her very best, and Miss Spiller, who shared with her the soprano music, acquitted herself exceedingly well. Miss Lascelles was most effective in "He was despised." Mr. G. Perren sang the tenor music very artistically, and Mr. Santley's fine voice and admirable delivery were highly appreciated in that allotted to the bass. The chorus was not quite so steady, in many pieces, as we could have wished, though Dr. Wylde conducted with his accustomed vigour and ability.

SPOHR AND THE VIOLIN.—Of Spohr's distinguished merits as a composer of quartets, enough has been said in the analytical programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts. The reproduction of a few sentences will suffice to explain, to such as have not hitherto been in the habit of attending these performances, the opinion entertained of the late Kapellmeister of Hesse-Cassel as a fertile and ingenious producer in this particular branch of his art. As a composer of quartets—it was urged—and indeed of all varieties of chamber music,—for stringed instruments, Spohr eminently excelled. Only Hadyn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn can be said to have surpassed him; while, on the other hand, he produced in this department almost as much as the last three in common. Here, however, his darling instrument was at command, and none will refuse to admit that, as a writer for the violin, Spohr was unrivalled. No predecessor or contemporary has done so much or so well for the first of orchestral, as it is the first of solo, instruments. His compositions for the violin (as a performer on which, in many respects, he equally transcended all competitors) form one of the most important and valuable bequests that genius has made to art. He represented, moreover, and pre-eminently, the great German school of playing, the most solid, legitimate, and classically pure, if not the most graceful, impetuous, and brilliant. "All the composers for the violin put together, since legitimate music was provided for that instrument, would not," says a modern critic, "make *one* Spohr." This was the domain in which he knew no rival, and in which, whether as producer or executant, he distanced all competitors. Spohr was the rock against which the so-called *virtuosity* of his time could make no head. In an age of semi-charlatanism he retained for his darling instrument its classic character, and dedicated works to the fiddle which are likely to survive while music continues to be cultivated. Violinists, indeed, of every category, those alike who aim at mere display and those who entertain a worthier ambition, are infinitely his debtors; since, through the method he inculcated, and the writings he published, he not only regulated taste and developed style, but, more than any predecessor or contemporary, helped to advance the mechanism of the instrument, and thus to multiply its resources and vary its means of effect. His quartets (of which he produced about three times as many as Mozart, and twice as many as Beethoven), his quintets, and other examples of what is termed *chamber music*, form a library of themselves.—*Programme of the Monday Popular Concerts.*

FOOD FOR BABES.—(*In Words of not more than Two Syllables.*)—Once up-on a time, a hawk had a num-ber of lin-nets in a tree, who sang so sweet-ly that the pas-sers by gave the hawk bits of meat. But the pas-sers by did not want to hear all the lin-nets at once. So the hawk sent some of them a-way from the tree, which stood in a large Mark-et for Hay, to a gut-ter near Der-by Round, that o-ther pas-sers by might give bits of meat to hear them. But when the lin-nets came back to the Mar-ket for Hay, the pas-sers by (who were call-ed swells) would not hear the lin-nets who had been sing-ing in the gut-ter. So all the lin-nets flew a-way, and the hawk had to go with-out his meat.—SHOULDER.

STAINES.—On Thursday evening, December 6th, a concert was given in the Literary Institution. The artists were Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Miss Louise Jarrett, Mr. Dyson, and Mr. Lambert; Mr. W. Goss Custard presided at the pianoforte. The programme was miscellaneous. The inclemency of the weather prevented many families from attending.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The nomination for the two King's scholarships vacant at this time of the year took place on Monday the 17th inst. The board of examiners consisted of Mr. Charles Lucas (chairman), Mr. John Goss, Mr. Henry Blagrove, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. W. H. Holmes, Mr. Frank R. Cox, and Mr. Walter C. Macfarren. The number of candidates examined was

25—nine young gentlemen and 16 young ladies. The following were elected scholars:—Miss A. Zimmermann and Master John Still. The following candidates were specially commended:—Miss L. Bayley, Miss R. A. Brinsmead, Miss Kinkel, Miss E. Peachey, and Miss E. G. Stevens; Messrs. F. J. Amor, B. Mallatratt, and S. Weeks. The following were commended:—Miss H. Milton, Miss E. P. Sellman, and Miss S. J. Thomson; Master C. H. Deffell.

Advertisements.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1861,

On which occasion the celebrated Violinist,

M. VIEUXTEMPS

(Who has been expressly engaged for these Concerts),

Will make his First Appearance in London, after an absence of Eight Years.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in D minor, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Schubert), M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI. Song (Benedict), Miss LASCELLES. Song (G. A. Macfarren), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Prelude and Fugue, à la Tarantella, in A minor—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(J. S. Bach), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART II.—Sonata, in C minor, for Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Pianoforte, and M. VIEUXTEMPS, Violin—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Beethoven). Song (Henry Smart), Miss LASCELLES. Canzonet (Dussek), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Quartet, in E major, No. 59, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Haydn)—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; Chidley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside, Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street, And CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street.

To Correspondents.

A correspondent will be glad if the editor of the MUSICAL WORLD will answer the following questions in his notice to correspondents, also the same questions with respect to Signor Giuglini:—

What is the age of Mlle. Titiens?
Where is she living?
What place is she a native of?
Has she any relations living with her?
What is her private character?
What is her Christian name?
Of what religion is she?
How long has she been on the stage?
Is there any talk of her being married?
Correspondent's initials, E. M. E.

December 1st, 1860.

MUSICAS.—Petipace is on a journey. Call him louder.

J. T., BRIGHTON.—If our correspondent will forward a description of his implement we shall be happy to insert it.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—The compositions are nowhere to be found. It is possible they may have been mislaid, possibly they may never have come to hand. In either case our correspondent might, without much trouble, forward other copies to the office of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

MR. T. DYSON will receive early attention.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

WE have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the following:—

MR. HULLAH.—A strong desire has been manifested, in various influential quarters, to render some service and encouragement to Mr. Hullah, late of St. Martin's Hall, at a very trying period of his life. With the view of consolidating this general feeling of goodwill towards a gentleman who has faithfully devoted many years and many acquirements and energies to an important branch of public education, and whose labours have now to be begun again, the following Committee has been formed:—

Charles Dickens, Esq., Gadshill, near Rochester, Kent, Chairman. The Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne, Bowood, Wilts; the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge, Knt., Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary, Devon; Sir James P. Kay Shuttleworth, Bart., 38 Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, W.; the Very Rev. R. C. Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster, Dean's Yard, S.W.; A. W. Blomfield, Esq., 8 St. Martin's Place, W.C.; W. Butterfield, Esq., 4 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.; the Rev. Samuel Clark, the College, Battersea, S.W.; Harry Chester, Esq., 63 Rutland Gate, S.W.; J. D. Coleridge, Esq., 3 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.; the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, St. Mark's College, Chelsea, S.W.; the Rev. R. Elwyn, Charterhouse, E.C.; Edward Foster, Esq., 220 Marylebone Road, N.W.; Edward J. Fraser, Esq., 26 Craven Street, Charing Cross, W.C.; James Humphry, Esq., 49 Hilldrop Crescent, Holloway, N.; H. C. Hextall, Esq., 145 Cheapside, E.C.; T. H. Headland, Esq., 9 Heathcote Street, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.; the Rev. H. W. Phillott, Staunton-on-Wye, Herefordshire; the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, Kings College, W.C.; Geo. T. Porter, Esq., 4 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.; Geo. Richmond, Esq., 10 York Street, Portman Square, S.W.; H. Wedgwood, Esq., 6 Queen Anne Street, W.

Subscriptions will be received on behalf of the Committee by any Member of the Committee, or by Messrs. COUTTS and Co., Strand, or Messrs. GLYN and Co., Lombard Street, London. The Committee are already enabled to announce the following:—

The Marquis of Lansdowne 100*l.*; the Right Hon., W. E. Gladstone, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, 50*l.*; Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, Bart., 50*l.*; A. Hobhouse, Esq., 50*l*; G. Richmond, Esq., 25*l.*; S. Pitts, Esq., 10*l.*; C. Dickens, Esq., 10*l.*; E. C. Tufnell, Esq., 5*l.*; Rev. E. H. Plumptre 5*l.*; E. Foster, Esq., 100*l.*; H. Wedgwood, Esq., 25*l.*; E. Raphael, Esq., 5*l.*; Harry Chester, Esq., 21*l.*; Rev. F. D. Maurice 10*l.*; H. C. Hextall, Esq., 50*l.*; W. Butterfield, Esq., 25*l.*; T. H. Farrar, Esq., 10*l.*; J. Humphry, Esq., 20*l.*; E. J. Fraser, Esq., 20*l.*; E. B. Denison, Esq., Q.C., 10*l.*; A. W. Blomfield, Esq., 5*l.*; Rev. D. Coleridge, 10*l.*; Rev. T. Helmore 5*l.*; Mrs. Carr 5*l.*; Rev. S. Clark 10*l.*; Rev. Muirhead Mitchell 25*l.*; C. Wentworth Dilke, Esq., 10*l.*; Rev. Thos. Astley Cock, King's College, London, 20*l.*; S. Servante, Esq., 5*l.* E. J. Fraser, Hon. Sec., 26, Craven Street, Charing Cross.

Mr. Hullah's claims need no advocacy. They speak for themselves. We understand that in addition to the subscription two grand concerts (morning and evening) are being organised for his benefit. No professor of whatever eminence will withhold his services on such an occasion. As soon as we are acquainted with further particulars they shall be published. Meanwhile our columns are open to any suggestion that may help the cause.

THE last of the Monday Popular Concerts was interesting, for more than one reason, and especially for the introduction of a name which has hitherto been somewhat unaccountably ignored. Steibelt may be neither a Dussek nor a Hummel, but his merits are too solid not to be taken into account by directors of entertainments such as these; a principal object of which, if we are not mistaken, is to explore the whole field of art-culture, from the Bach-Scarlatti-Handel period until now. To trace further back would involve the consideration of a still more various, comprehensive, and extended plan; but in attempting thus much the Monday Popular Concerts are already affording valuable aid to the progress of musical taste, and thus fully establish their claim to be viewed in the light of a *bonâ fide* art institution. This necessarily assumed and unanimously recognised importance, however, brings with it certain inevitable duties. To accomplish with entire success their cheerfully accepted and highly honourable task, it is manifestly insufficient to parade a catalogue of the most eminently celebrated names. A prominent feature of their mission is unquestionably that of revivals. Dead giants must temporarily make room even for living dwarfs. The world has only one conglomerate ear, and cannot listen to all at once. But when the dwarfs have strutted and the asses brayed for an hour, the world, if directed by skilful and conscientious pioneers, will once more readily give attentive audience to the lions and *colossi*. Round about these last, moreover, are grouped a number of healthy, strong and genuine workers, who, if they achieved less than the others, are not the less worthy to revolve in their direct vicinity, as satellites and planets. There can be only one sun to a system; but the light derived from its solitary magnificence is reflected by the lesser stars, the more brightly as they approach nearer to the self-luminous centre of their different orbits. But, to quit the celestial spheres, into which we have soared unwittingly, and redescend to earth;—such labourers on the fertile soil of art as Daniel Steibelt, &c., must not be passed over in a scheme like that of the Monday Popular Concerts. In presenting his patrons (the "great public") with so fair a specimen of Steibelt's genius as the sonata in E flat, dedicated to Mad. Bonaparte, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, the active, zealous, and really enterprising manager, has done nor less nor more than see his way clearly though the carrying out of a principle professed at the outset, and—to the credit of those concerned, be it said—adhered to with immovable pertinacity up to the present moment. Whatever shades of opinion might have existed in reference to the precise value of this particular sonata—as a plastic whole, as an artistic structure, or simply as an exhibition of individual acquirement,—its thorough adaptability to the place accorded it on Monday could hardly otherwise than, by common consent, be admitted. The appearance of Steibelt, therefore, at the forty-seventh of the Monday Popular Concerts was hailed with satisfaction, as the opening of a new vein of interest; and gracefully as the hitherto forgotten master was introduced, through the medium of Miss Arabella Goddard—in whose agile and expressive fingers lives an unfailing eloquence with which mere verbal arguments cannot compare—his success was triumphant. Miss Goddard's remarkable talent, notwithstanding the youthfulness of its possessor, has for years been the lamp to light earnest seekers after the beautiful to those treasures of the past which have so long lain hidden and neglected, and into which, with the co-operation of rare genius and kindling enthusiasm, she breathes new life. In an admirable notice of the last of the Monday Popular Concerts, the musical critic of the *Daily News* pays a warm tribute to Miss Goddard, the more immediately appropriate, inasmuch as it is connected with her revival of the sonata by Steibelt, to which allusion has been made. We subjoin an extract:—

"The concert of last night drew the most crowded audience of the season; the great attractions evidently being the first appearance of Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Sims Reeves. Our fair pianist has been absent from town for a considerable time, engaged, as we learn from the provincial papers, on a very successful tour in the west of England. She received an enthusiastic welcome. Her first performance was Steibelt's sonata in E flat for the pianoforte solo, dedicated to Madame Bonaparte; a *chef-d'œuvre* of one of those great composers of the eighteenth century whose admirable works for the pianoforte Miss Goddard has done so much to revive. She has made the long-forgotten name of Dussek once more a household word familiar in the mouths of the English public, and is now apparently going to do the same thing for the name of Steibelt, by showing us that he, too, is a great master, whose works have been allowed to fall into unmerited neglect. From this sonata in E flat Steibelt may be said to belong to the school of Mozart; but his music shows individuality of character, a brilliant imagination, and much grace and delicacy. His *cantabile* phrases are charmingly melodious, and his *bravura* passages are sufficient to tax the powers of the most accomplished pianists even of the present day. Miss Goddard's playing of this sonata was absolute perfection. We could not even imagine a more exquisite combination of tone, execution, and expression."

There is still another sonata from the same pen, and in the same key (E flat), to which Miss Goddard's attention might advantageously be directed. We mean the sonata, Op. 60, inscribed to the Duchess of Courlande, an eminent *dilettante* performer in her day,—a "*virtuosa*," indeed, of the first rank—who received instructions in Paris from Dussek as well as from Steibelt, and to whom Dussek, as well as Steibelt, dedicated one of his most remarkable compositions.

LAMORAKE.

—♦—

EXPERIENCE is the best of all instructors. There can be no mistake about the lessons she teaches. He that will not learn what knowledge inculcates is either wilfully blind, or is unable to better his condition. It is to be hoped that Mr. E. T. Smith has been taught wisdom from the past season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Enterprise and energy do not always command the success they merit, and speculation, for the most part, is a mere hazard of the die. The new manager of the great opera in the Haymarket is a bold thrower as well as a shrewd and liberal director. His shrewdness and enterprise led to the establishment and ultimate success of a second national opera; but his love of playing at chances with the fickle goddess spoiled what promised to turn out one of the most lucrative of modern theatrical undertakings. Who doubts that, had Mr. Smith abided by the English performances alone at Her Majesty's Theatre, he would have filled the coffers of his treasury? Can anybody call to mind on the boards of any Opera whatsoever, foreign or native, a more legitimate success than that of *Robin Hood* at Her Majesty's Theatre? Could any one have anticipated a failure, under any circumstances, for Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini? It is but justice to these great singers to say that their want of success was entirely irrespective of artistic considerations. The public who support the Italian Opera were out of town; and the music-loving section of the public who remained, not caring for Italian music, were uninfluenced by reduction of prices. Moreover the attractions of the new English company were almost unprecedented. Mr. Sims Reeves' return to the stage after several years' secession would alone have created the most powerful excitement. Then there was the first appearance on the boards—in England, at all events—of Mad. Lemmens-

Sherrington, who had elicited such unqualified praise from every one who knew her in the concert-room, and about whose dramatic future the best anticipations were formed in the highest quarters. The fact, too, that the great theatre of the aristocracy would be opened for the first time for English opera constituted a strong appeal to those who, standing up for the honour of their country, love to behold national amusements treated with as high regard as those of the privileged classes, and would be inclined to view such a circumstance as a breaking down of one of the strongest and most invidious barriers between the nobility and the people. Hundreds, no doubt, supported English opera at Her Majesty's Theatre who never lent their countenance to Italian performances, there or elsewhere, either not caring about them, or acting on a false principle. When to the above unusual causes of attraction it is added that the opera first produced was from the pen of one of England's most accomplished living musicians, and that the libretto, founded on a popular English legend, was from the pen of one of England's most accomplished living writers, we have said enough to show that the success of *Robin Hood* was the direct result of natural causes.

Under these circumstances, what possible chance had the Italian Opera of succeeding? Everybody can *now* answer, "none whatever;" and yet few, if any, were wise enough at the commencement to hint at such a conclusion. Nay, was it not predicted by more than one most sapient aristarch of the stalls that it was injustice to English Opera and native talent to place them side by side with acknowledged masterpieces of the Italian repertory, and in approximation with two of the most eminent foreign artists of modern times? Moreover, did they not augur utter annihilation to the national speculation in consequence? *Now*, however, everybody blames Mr. Smith for his want of foresight in not seeing that the establishment of Italian Opera at that period of the year was a mockery and a delusion. The manager, nevertheless, did not act without some show of reason. Having engaged Mr. Sims Reeves as a first step towards the establishment of English Opera, and finding that the great tenor would sing three times a week only, Mr. Smith was compelled to look for attraction on the remaining three nights, or, in point of fact, to sacrifice those nights. In an unlucky moment—no doubt thinking that he had thus the power of conciliating two distinct sections of the public at once—he secured the services of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, and announced a series of Italian operatic performances, to alternate with the English. This was the head and front of his offending. Had he not had to pay the two foreign artists exorbitant sums—amounting almost to the entire expenditure on the English Company—he would at least have escaped scot free. The effects of the new coalition season may be stated simply thus:—a great deal of money was brought to the treasury by the performances of *Robin Hood*, but the larger portion was required to reimburse Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, &c. ANGUISH.

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WHAT has become of the *ballet?* We have two Italian operas, two English operas, and actually no *ballet*—or at least none that anyone thinks it worth while to stay and see after a long operatic performance. The *ballet* decidédly went out with Mr. Lumley. No choregraphic star of the first magnitude has been seen in London since Rosati and Pocchetti danced and mimed so admirably in the pretty *ballet* of the *Somnambule*, which was revived as if to give appropriate choregraphic brilliance to the last days of Lumley's management. We do not regret the *ballet* much. Let it go. But if it *is* to disappear, we should like it to vanish altogether; not merely as a separate entertainment, but also, and above all, as an element in our operas to which at present it seems to be considered indispensable. To have in the same entertainment one set of characters who express themselves not in ordinary speech, but in song, and another who replace the spoken language of everyday life by gestures and dancing is too absurd. Let us have either, but not both—at least not at the same time or in the same piece. Such a mixture is worse even than the confusion of speaking with singing in the Opéras Comiques of France, of which, by the way, the form was not invented by poets and musicians, but was forced upon the French by the stringent government regulations in favour of the one recognised Operatic Theatre.

Therefore, we say again, if we are to have no more legitimate *ballets*—no more Esmeraldas, or Sylphides, or Almas, or Gitanas—let us gain what we can by this loss, and exclude *divertissements* of dancing from our operas, or at least not have the *corps de ballet* dragged into them by the head and shoulders as, in a figurative sense, is too often the case at present.

But after all, why should the *ballet* die? We turn to our dramatic theatres and find Miss Lydia Thompson gaining wreaths of success at the Lyceum, while at the St. James's, bouquets of well-merited approbation fall to her imitator (or at least follower) Mlle. Albina di Rhona, to whom, by the way, Mr. Owen Meredith Bulwer Lytton might appropriately dedicate one of his forthcoming *Serbski Pesme, or Songs of Sewid.* Might not *ballets*, we mean legitimate *ballets*, containing nothing but pantomime and dancing, be given with good results at the Royal Italian Opera and at Her Majesty's Theatre? The managers at both these establishments prefer pantomimes at Christmas, it will be said; but why not get up ballets on pantomime subjects? The cattle show, for instance, as we could have treated it, would have been an admirable subject for a grand ballet in the antique style.

"Did the ancients, then, have cattle shows?" it will be asked.

"No; but the ancient Egyptians worshipped oxen, and danced before the sacred Apis, and fed him on oilcake like the bovine heroes of Baker-street; so that Apis, the holy prize ox of Egypt, might easily have been made the central figure in a *ballet*, which again might easily and naturally have been connected with the Baker-street cattle show. The dance of the Hebrews around the Golden Calf could also have been represented—the Golden Calf being, of course, an infant heifer to whom a medal of gold has been awarded for his obesity.

Could not something, too, have been done with Europa and the bull?

But all these notions occur too late. Christmas is at hand, and the *libretto* of our pantomime-*ballet*, which we had entitled "Harlequin Prize Ox, or Columbine and her Calf of Gold," is not even begun.

DINADAN.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL CHOIR commenced its operations Friday night week by a rehearsal of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. We cannot fancy the work to have been well chosen for the purpose. It is all in vain, we suppose, but we cannot help putting in a word for Cherubini's *Requiem*, which (the *Dies Iræ*, perhaps, excepted) is finely adapted to a mass of voices with only the organ.—*Athenæum.*

Provincial.

The Edinburgh Musical Association, according to the *Evening Courant*, last week gave a very excellent performance of Mendelssohn's music to a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, at the Music Hall, EDINBURGH. The play was recited by Miss Aitken, of Glasgow. The performance, however, did not prove attractive, whereupon the journalist thus denounces the public for their lack of taste:—"The attendance was very poor. If the conjunction of such names as Shakspeare and Mendelssohn could not draw out an audience, we daresay that Orpheus himself, if a reality and alive, would have found in Edinburgh his skill and 'occupation gone.' It seems that people must blacken their faces, and deal in buffoonery, to enlist the interest and patronage of our enlightened and art-loving population!"—A correspondent, dating from MANCHESTER, sends us the following chatty letter anent the doings of the touring party composed of Mesdames Louisa Vinning and Baxter, MM. Tennant and Allan Irving, Herr Becker, &c., &c., which has been lately rapidly and successfully coursing the provinces:—"What a blessing for sinners as well as singers that the Lord's day comes once a week, and that the said day is not an exclusive luxury. Here we are once more in Manchester, with nearly two-thirds of our tour over, and still some twelve or fourteen concerts yet on hand. I don't know how it is, but the weeks and days on tours appear to me to have unusual length, at all events, our day is often a precious long one, a matter of sev enteen hours, consequently the night on musical tours has only seven hours, a fact I have yet failed to see noticed in almanacks. It is also curious to note the perfect league that exists between the different hotels as to food. Twenty-eight establishments have I put up at, and never yet finished my dinner without an apple tart. Only imagine the whole twenty-eight to appear fresh and lively in a row before one some fine night! and as there are fifteen or sixteen more concerts, one has a sad look-out for the same number of the now detested pastry. Wonderful to relate, on this tour we have not only managed to get on right well with the public, but also—a far more difficult thing to do—with each other. Our ladies, Mad. Vinning and Mad. Laura Baxter—the latter singing for Miss Poole—have done wonders. I think Mad. Vinning's voice singularly improved since her marriage (not always the case), and her singing of the 'first violet' regularly brings down the public. Mad. Laura Baxter, although singing under a disadvantage (Miss Poole having been the lady engaged), makes matters all right with the public the moment they hear her really fine voice. 'Che farò' and 'Fanciulle che il core' are sure cards every night. Mr. Allan Irving and Mr. Tennant make up the rest of the vocal quartet, and do their best. Last, though not least, comes Herr Becker, who, I need hardly assure you, has made a grand success wherever he has performed, always playing genuine music, without resort to clap-trap of any kind. At Birmingham, the night of the day on which his accident took place, although quite blind and suffering tortures, the impression he made was positively enormous. He was recalled three times. I am delighted to hear through your columns that he is better. Mr. Chatterton (harp) and Herr Bohrer (piano) have joined the troup. There has been something to do since the tour commenced. Two concerts at the Crystal Palace, one at Chatham, Croydon, Leicester, Nottingham (engaged by the Robin Hood Rifles), Lincoln, Hull, Stockton, Edinburgh, Glasgow (with an audience of 3,500 to listen to music they would not have done ten years ago), Sunderland, Redditch (so called from the quantity of blood shed in the neighbourhood by one Cromwell, now celebrated for its needles, pins, and fish-hooks), Kidderminster, Leamington, Birmingham, Shrewsbury (where the party sang a local *ode*, with local orchestra, in honour of certain Wenlock games), Manchester, Worcester, Ashton-under-Lyne (with an hotel quite a caution to future tourists), Lancaster, Blackburn, and, last night, Manchester again. The rest of the tour will be taken out in Ireland, at Cork, Dublin, Armagh, and Belfast. Then Glasgow, Carlisle, and Newcastle, which will finish their peregrinations.

From the *Malvern News* we glean the following account of the new organ just completed for Manchester Cathedral:—

MR. Nicholson, of Worcester, has just completed a new and magnificent organ for Manchester Cathedral, the construction of which is carried out in a manner that more than sustains the reputation of the builder. The instrument is complete, and Mr. Nicholson has introduced a great many new inventions and mechanical contrivances, which are much desired by organists, and render it, as it was pronounced by Mr. Haynes, the most perfect instrument he had ever touched. It comprises upwards of forty stops, with three manuals, and gives to the organist full scope and power over the instrument. Among other additions there is a great improvement in the pneumatic lever, which makes it repeat as distinctly as the notes of the pianoforte. The plan of the pedal organ is quite new, and makes it easy to the organist to play upon. Instead of the pedals being flat on the surface and arranged in a straight line as the manuals, they are made concave and radiated, thus adapting themselves to the position of the performer, as the pedals will meet his feet as he is required to turn upon his seat. The diapason and reed stops are very fine, and the choir organ is particularly brilliant from its sweetness and purity of tone, the solo flute in the choir organ being as fine a one as we have heard. On Saturday last a large number of admirers of organ music and the *élite* of the neighbourhood assembled at Mr. Nicholson's manufactory, in Worcester, to hear the instrument. The company numbered upwards of 100, and amongst those present were Canon Wood, Revs. R. Sarjeant, T. L. Wheeler, R. R. Fowler, R. Cattley, J. H. Wilding, Temple, Atkins (Ombersley); W. P. Price, Esq. (a great admirer of organs, who came specially from Gloucester to hear the instrument), J. W. Isaac, Esq., — Osborne, Esq., &c., &c. The programme, the performance of which by Mr. Haynes, organist of the Priory Church, Malvern, brought out the many beautiful qualities of the instrument with admirable effect, was selected as follows:—Grand Organ Sonata in A major, Mendelssohn; Andante, 1st Symphony, Haydn; "Cujus Animam," "Stabat Mater," Rossini; grand fantasia, "Russian Hymn," Freyer; Benedictus and Gloria, "Twelfth Mass," Mozart; fugue, in A minor, Bach; Andante, Symphony in C, Mozart; grand fantasia, "Partant pour la Syrie," pedal obligato, W. Haynes. The pieces most admired were "Stabat Mater," the Benedictus, and the fugue. Universal admiration was expressed at the brilliancy and purity of tone of the instrument. We are pleased to find that the rev the vicar, in his arduous task of promoting the restoration of the fine old Priory Church, has not forgotten the organ; and we are informed that he has given orders to Mr. Nicholson to rebuild the entire organ in the Abbey, and to make several valuable additions, from specifications furnished by Mr. Haynes.

One of our Irish correspondents sends the following communication from ARMAGH, bearing date December 17, which we print entire:—

"A very excellent morning concert was given here on Thursday last, by Mr. Allan Irving's touring party, consisting of Mad. Louisa Vinning, Mlle. Laura Baxter, Mr. Tennant, Mr. Allan Irving, Herr Bohrer, and Mr. Frederick Chatterton; in addition to which we had Mr. Thackeray, a very good tenor, who has lately joined our cathedral choir, and Mr. George B. Allen. Mad. Vinning's sympathetic voice told effectively in a room well adapted for sound; and Mad. Baxter's fine deep notes came out most powerfully. Both ladies received much applause, and were encored in several pieces. Mr. Tennant was encored in Blumenthal's ballad, "We are parted," which honour, however, he declined; and Mr. Irving's chaste interpretation of Salaman's song, "I arise from dreams of thee," was highly appreciated by the audience. Mr. Thackeray sang "Sweet form, that on my dreamy gaze," from *Lurline*—a song, by the way, that few tenors would like to attack in the morning, its pitch being so very high—and proved himself equal to it. Herr Bohrer's playing of Liszt's grand fantasia on airs in *Le Prophète* was very fine, and established him as a first-class pianist. Mr. Frederic Chatterton gave two of his own effective solos in his own brilliant style, one of which was encored and was repeated, the audience not being disposed to let him off with merely a bow as they did the singers. Mr. Allen and Herr Bohrer alternately accompanied the vocal music in a musician-like manner; and, altogether, the concert gave great satisfaction to a most aristocratic audience, among which we observed the Countess of Erne, Lord and Lady Crichton, Lady Molineaux, Lady Caroline Burgess, the Dean of Armagh, Mrs. and Miss Disney, Major Caulfield, Mr. and Mrs. Verner, and a host of other fashionables."

From the same correspondent we have received a letter respecting a concert given by the same party at BELFAST, dated the day following which we also publish in *extenso*:—

"Mr. Allan Irving's party gave two concerts here last week with great success, as far as excellency of performance went, but not as regards audience. The fact is we are all here members of some society, and we go to our own concerts, but we object to all others *from principle* This is very absurd but it is quite true; and it is but fair that touring

parties of artists should be made acquainted with the fact. Our town is fast expanding, and we may hope in the course of a few years to see it outgrow the miserable petty jealousies which now exist between the musical societies to the detriment of all, and what is far worse—to the positive injury of art. A proof of the latter is not wanting. When Mad. Novello was about to pay us her farewell visit, it was proposed that each of the two leading societies—the Anacreontic and the Classical Harmonists—should engage her and party for one concert, so that this great singer should be heard in some great sacred work with band and chorus at one place, and in secular music at the other, and thus all tastes would have been satisfied; but, in consequence of a niggardly spirit shown, this admirable arrangement was prevented, and those who loved sacred music were obliged to hear such songs as those in the *Messiah* and *Creation* sung to a pianoforte accompaniment, or not at all.—But to return to Mr. Irving's concerts. The programme contained many pieces from the new works, *Robin Hood*, *Undine*, *Lurline*, &c., and the concerts were most agreeable ones and gave much pleasure to those who were fortunate enough to be present."

The Musical Union of BIRMINGHAM keeps up the character of its programme with fastidious care. At the last concert the following first-rate selection was given :—

Quartet No. 3, (Op. 18) Beethoven. Song, "The Orphan" Blumenthal. Solo, pianoforte, Heller. Quartet No. 2, in E flat, Mozart. Solo, violoncello, Piatti. Song, "When the thorn," Weber. Second Grand Trio (Op. 66), Mendelssohn.

The executants were Miss Armstrong (vocalist), Messrs. H. and G. Hayward (violins), Mr. R. Blagrove (viola), Signor Piatti (violoncello), and Messrs. Duchemin and Flavell (piano). The string quartet of Beethoven, a lengthy, elaborate, and beautiful work, but scarcely comparable as a whole to some other quartets of the same master introduced at former meetings, opened the proceedings. "In speaking of its performance, by Messrs. H. and G. Hayward, R. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti," writes the *Birmingham Journal*, "criticism becomes almost a task of supererogation. Whether as regarded the conception or the execution, the precision of the individual artists, or the unity of the whole, the performance was equally irreproachable, and even the accidental flaws to which human instruments in human fingers are ever liable, so few and unobtrusive as to excite the astonishment of every intelligent observer." Some remarks on Signor Piatti's playing, by the same writer, are worth quoting: "Signor Piatti's playing is characterised by great ease and fluency, and his tone by equal sweetness and power. He never seeks to dazzle but is content to delight, and evokes the sentiment of admiration more by the absence of all apparent effort in producing the most brilliant results than by the acrobatic dexterity which constitutes so remarkable a feature in the performance of other great violoncellists, especially of the famous Bottesini. With the same apparently limited expenditure of muscular effort he can produce the round, liquid tones of the flute, and the deep sonorous pealing harmonies of the organ, while in the more florid passages his *roulades* almost equal in ease, fluency, and emotional character the vocal execution of a brilliant songstress." Miss Armstrong, the vocalist, appears to have pleased more by her sweet voice and concert style, than her force or expression.

At LEEDS Handel's oratorio *Samson* was chosen for performance by the Leeds Town Hall Concert Society, at their last Saturday evening's concert, and was under the patronage of the Mayor (J. Kitson, Esq.), and the Corporation. The solo vocalists engaged were—Miss Helena Walker (soprano), Miss Crosland (contralto), Mr. John Morgan (tenor), and Mr. Weiss (basso). The chorus was composed of the Madrigal Society's Concert Choir, and the band was that of the West Riding Orchestral Union, led by Mr. Haddock. Mr. Spark presided at the organ, and Mr. Jackson, of Bradford, officiated as the conductor.

DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN, who are engaged by Mr. Mitchell, will make their first appearance in London early in January, at the large room, St. James's Hall, and will give a short series of their highly attractive Concerts.

BERLIN.—An intended performance of *La Traviata*, in Berlin, has been forbidden by the authorities on the ground that the libretto is unfit for the ears of a Protestant city; seeing that this drama in its original form of *La Dame aux Camelias* has been frequently performed on the stage there, this official interference is somewhat curious and inconsistent.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The sixth concert proved by far the most attractive of this season, St. James's Hall being crammed to such an extent as to make standing room a matter of difficulty. Independently of the excellence of the selection, which included compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Dussek, Macfarren, &c., there were other causes to account for the enormous attendance, the names of Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss no doubt exercising their influence, to say nothing of this being the last concert before Christmas, a month, indeed, elapsing ere the Monday Popular Concerts can be resumed. The quartets, Mendelssohn's in E minor (Op. 44), and Beethoven's in A (Op. 18), have already more than once been introduced at these entertainments; while Steibelt's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte solus (dedicated to Mad. Bonaparte), and Haydn's in F major, for pianoforte and violin (adapted from one of his string quartets), were heard for the first time. The pianoforte sonata of Steibelt was thoroughly welcome as a genial and interesting novelty, if not altogether, to be compared with many of those forming the extensive *répertoire* with which, thanks to the Monday Popular Concerts, the public are now familiar. Perhaps no small share of the applause it created may be attributed to the unsurpassable performance of Miss Arabella Goddard, who made her first appearance this season, and was received with that genuine heartiness only accorded to special favourites, and unanimously recalled at the conclusion of the sonata. As a second sonata from the same pen (and in the same key) is hinted at, we may possibly have another opportunity of judging of a composer who has been undeservedly neglected of recent years. Without pretending (as some insist) to very marked individuality *, Steibelt's music seems to possess (*does* possess) a certain (an *absolutely*) graceful and even flow, which must satisfy, if it does not precisely entrance (*how often* is that the case?) the hearer; and we doubt not it will improve upon acquaintance.† In the duet the honours were shared with M. Sainton, who, Frenchman though he be, shows himself thoroughly cosmopolitan in capability, and in every instance rendering the most ample justice to his composer, being alike at home in all and every school of music. Particularly noticeable was M. Sainton's playing in the quartets we have mentioned, firmness, vigour, and richness of tone characterising it throughout. Messrs. Ries, Schreurs, and Piatti, as usual, took the second violin, viola, and violoncello, and worthily maintained their reputation as executants of the highest class. From this our readers may infer that the whole of the instrumental part was, as it generally is here, little short of perfect. Nor was the vocal selection in any way less admirable. A charming canzonet by Dussek (the third of his that has been revived at the Monday Popular Concerts), "Gentle hope from heaven descending," was given by Mr. Sims Reeves with the utmost delicacy, and is sure to become as great a favourite as the two others that have preceded it. The music is as unaffected as it is charming, and the words, by Mr. John Oxenford, as in the other instances, present a marked improvement upon the original. The "Adelaide," of Beethoven, has fairly exhausted all terms of praise, and Mr. Reeves' singing, sustained by the refined and exquisite accompaniment of Miss Arabella Goddard, was the vocal "gem" of the evening. The audience would not rest satisfied with the eminent tenor's bowing his acknowledgments, but persisted in an encore, to which Mr. Reeves responded by repeating the last movement, an unwise concession, we think, from one who has lately set his face resolutely against the system so often justly decried as vicious. The Sompnour's song, "The monk within his cell," from Macfarren's very successful opera, *Robin Hood*, was heard for the first time as it is written, without curtailment, and those who know (and who does not?) the magnificent voice Mr. Weiss possesses, can well imagine how completely effective such a song would be in his hands. We hope to hear our great English basso repeat this at a future concert. The pedlar's song from Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger* has been so frequently sung by Mr. Weiss that we need do no more than say that upon this occasion it was rendered with even more than his usual spirit and energy, and commanded the most hearty applause. The concerts will be resumed on January 14th, when M.

* The *exact contrary* being the truth.—ANGUISH.

† It has no need of the ordeal.—*Ibid.*

Vieuxtemps is to make his first appearance in London after an absence of eight years.

DODINAS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A concert, for the exhibition of the students as composers or executants, was given on the 8th inst., at the rooms of the institution, Tenterden Street. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Selection from *Idomeneo*, Mozart; Overture; Coro, "Gediam la pace, trionfi amore," solo parts by Miss Sellman, Miss Flewitt, and Mr. Wallace Wells; Aria con coro, "Tutti nel cor vi sente," Miss Robertine Henderson; Aria, "Se il padre perdei," Miss Armytage; Aria, "Idoi mio se ritroso," Miss Robertine Henderson; Marcia and recit. "Odo da lunge," Miss Robertine Henderson; Coro, "Placido è il mar," solo part, Miss Robertine Henderson; Tersetto, "Pria di partir O Dio," Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Robinson, and Mr. Wallace Wells; coro, "Qual nuovo terrore," solo part, Mr. Wallace Wells; recit, "Solitudini amiche aure amarose," aria, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," Miss Armytage; duetto, "S'io non moro a questi accenti," Miss Armytage and Miss Robinson; coro, "O voto tremendo," solo part, Mr. Wallace Wells; Marcia Funebre.

PART II.—Andante and rondo, from concerto in C minor (MS.), for pianoforte, Mr. G. H. Thomas, G. H. Thomas; cantata (MS.), "The Sea Fairies," H. C. Banister. For chorus of female voices, soprano, and tenor solos, orchestra, and harp—Prologue, tenor solo, "Slow sailed the weary mariners," Mr. Wallace Wells; chorus, "Whither away?" "Day and night to the billow the fountain calls;" song with chorus, "And the rainbow forms and flies on the land." Miss C. Westbrook (harp obbligato, Miss H. Condron). Ballad (MS.), "The parting Wish," Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Clint; coro pastorale, "L'Asia in faville' (*L'Aureliano in Palmira*), soli parts by Miss Bramley, Miss Spence, and Mr. Wallace Wells, Rossini.

Mr. Lucas conducted. The concert was in every respect interesting, and in most respects satisfactory.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The sixth season was inaugurated on Friday evening in St. James's Hall, the destruction of St. Martin's Hall having rendered it necessary to seek another arena. St. James's Hall is much better adapted for a comparatively small number of voices than we should have expected. The area of the orchestra was contracted by means of a screen with projecting top, an arrangement by which much was gained. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—God save the Queen. Part-song, "Summer is flying," George Benson; part-song, "Shepherds up!" Fred. Clay; cradle-song, Henry Smart; sonata, for pianoforte and violoncello, W. S. Bennett; glee, "Once upon my cheek," Dr. Callcott; glee, for male voices, "O thou whose beams," John Goss; madrigal, "As Vesta," Thos. Weelkes.

PART II.—Summer song, W. C. Macfarren; glee, "When winds breathe soft," Samuel Webbe; serenade, "In this hour of softened splendour," Ciro Pinsuti; part-song, "Welcome, spring," Henry Leslie; air with variations, for pianoforte and violoncello, Mendelssohn; part-song, "Ah! could I with fancy stray," J. L. Hatton; madrigal, "April is in my mistress's face," madrigal, "Now is the month of Maying," Thomas Morley.

The part-songs, by Mr. Benson, Mr. Walter Macfarren, Mr. Clay, and Signor Pinsuti, were new, while Mr. Goss's glee, Weelke's madrigal, Morley's "April," and Mr. Hatton's part-song were novelties. There was, therefore, a good deal of freshness about the entertainment, though no special piece, on a large scale, was brought forward. The execution was almost uniformly good, the only exception being a slight trip in Mr. Leslie's part-song, which was, nevertheless, encored, a compliment also bestowed on Mr. Henry Smart's cradle song, Calcott's glee, and Pinsuti's serenade. The glee was sung by Miss Fosbroke, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Regaldi, and Mr. Hodson, and created quite a sensation. Such finished part-singing is seldom heard. "When winds breathe soft" was well sung by Miss Annie Cox, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Matthison, Mr. F. Walker, and Mr. Henry. The instrumental performers were Signor and Mad. Piatti, whose execution of Mendelssohn's duo and Sterndale Bennett's sonata gained them the warmest plaudits. Mr. Henry Leslie conducted with his usual steadiness and decision.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—On Thursday evening a lecture was delivered at the Architectural Gallery, 9, Conduit-street, by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, on Weber and his works, with musical illustrations, undertaken by the Arion choir. The conclusions arrived at by the lecturer appear to have been formed from a careful consideration of Weber's compositions. A comparative analysis of the pianoforte music of the great masters, in which the lecturer placed Weber as a writer for the instrument in a very exalted position, was perhaps the most interesting part of the discourse. The pieces performed by Mr. Gilbert, in exemplification of his remarks, were the slow movement and rondo (*moto continuo*) from the sonata in C Op. 24, and the Polonaise in E flat, Op. 50. The vocal illustrations were the Mass in G, the soli parts by Miss Charlier, Mad. Andrea, Messrs. Belton, Haughton, and Milne; a charming little chamber song, by Miss E. Gresham; "O Araby," (*Oberon*), by Mad. Andrea; and the soprano song from *Preciosa*, by Miss Fosbroke. In the scena, "Softly sighs," (*Freischütz*) Madame Gilbert was eminently successful. The final chorus in *Preciosa*, and a selection from *Euryanthe* concluded a most successful evening. From the manner in which the members of the Arion choir acquitted themselves, we are inclined to think they will take high ground amongst our metropolitan choirs. The accompanists, Mr. W. C. Filby (pianoforte) and Dr. Bennett Gilbert (harmonium) added much to the effect of the choral parts. The lecture was largely and fashionably attended.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—(*Communicated.*)—The Crystal Palace is likely to be the scene of great gaiety this Christmas. The movement for making Monday a general holiday has met with so much success, that it has been determined to commence the usual Christmas festivities on that day instead of on Boxing-day, as before. The centre transept and naves of the Palace will be garlanded and festooned with holly and evergreens, and decorated with shields and flags of various nations, and coloured lanterns; and in the centre of each twenty-four feet girder is hung a banner with an appropriate Christmas inscription. In the great transept, a spacious stage is placed, on which a variety of amusements by many of the most popular artists of the day, will be continued from mid-day until dusk, when the shadow pantomime will be displayed on the great screen in front of the stage. Besides these, there is to be a "Tent of mystery," various sports and pastimes, and other matters calculated to afford abundance of amusement and entertainment apart from the other well known attractions of the Palace. The whole of these amusements are under the direction of Mr. Nelson Lee. The great Christmas Tree is erected at the junction of the north nave with the centre transept. The thousands of toys, bannerets, variegated lamps, &c., depending from its branches and sparkling in every ray of light, give it a cheerful and brilliant appearance. This is of course *the* characteristic attraction of the season; but hardly less attractive, especially to the juvenile visitors, are the exhibitors' stalls, running the entire length of the naves, literally groaning beneath a crowd of countless varieties of toys and articles of a better description, adapted for Christmas presents. At dusk every stall is lighted up for the evening promenade, and then the entire Palace presents one of the gayest scenes conceivable.

It seems now pretty generally decided, that Monday the 24th, is to be a general holiday, and therefore, as we have already said, the Christmas entertainments will begin on that day. The London holiday makers are sure to gather here in great strength, and as additional facilities for railway communication are now offered by the opening of the Victoria Station, as well as the line to Canterbury, which passes through the Crystal Palace Station, a large accession of country visitors may be looked for at Christmas, particularly as the announcements of the Company truly state, that wet or dry, frost or snow, the Crystal Palace is the true winter resort for all classes. It is unnecessary to state that the Palace will be open as usual on Christmas day itself from nine till dusk.

MR. BALFE'S BIANCA.—Mr. Balfe's new opera of *Bianca* was repeated on Saturday evening before a crowded audience with increased effect. Certain judicious cuts made the piece play "closer" than on the first night, and the performers were naturally more at their ease. Mr. W. Harrison, in the very arduous character of Fortespada, fully maintained the reputation he has so long enjoyed. His intimate knowledge of what is termed "stage business" was perhaps never called more largely into requisition than in this opera, where also his conscientious delivery of concerted music, in which he always takes care to be perfect to a note, proves particularly valuable, as the work abounds in *morceaux d'ensemble*,

and his vocal means are excellently suited throughout, but especially in two songs—the spirited "brindisi," "Glorious wine," and the thoroughly Balfian ballad, "Once more upon the path of life," both of which, we may state by the way, were heartily redemanded on Saturday as on the first night of the opera. The scenes where Fortespada confronts the conspirators, becomes master of their secrets, and forces them to recognise him as their leader; when the bravo, disguised as an old mendicant, saves the life of Bianca; and when he mysteriously enters the Duke's chamber to demand his daughter's hand in marriage, unquestionably demand from the principal tenor of the opera ability of no common order; and it was precisely in these trying scenes that Mr. Harrison acquitted himself most honourably, and gained the largest amount of applause. The three new baritones brought forward by the Covent Garden management during the present season are furnished with parts in *Bianca*. Matteo Visconti, Duke of Milan, is played by Mr. Alberto Lawrence; Count Malespina (the chief conspirator), by Mr. Henry Wharton; while Mr. Theodore Distin appears as "a herald." Mr. Wharton's best success was gained on Saturday evening, as on the previous occasion, in Malespina's scena, "Yes, proud Bianca," the slow *cantabile* movement of which he sings gracefully and with considerable feeling. Mr. Alberto Lawrence, as Matteo Visconti, gave fresh evidence of talent which, with study and practice, may eventually be turned to good account. The scena, "A warning scroll," the duets, "From my childhood," and "Demon more than man," require very high musical and histrionic talent from the executant; and it is therefore no small praise to Mr. Alberto Lawrence to state that his performance was in every instance satisfactory. Of those clever and experienced performers, Mr. H. Corri and Mr. St. Albyn, little need be said beyond remarking that they have both parts well suited to their abilities, and play with their accustomed excellence. It should perhaps be added, that Mr. St. Albyn made an unusual sensation, not so much by singing or acting as by his extraordinarily vigorous and agile dancing. So captivating indeed were his performances upon the "light fantastic toe," that the house applauded him most enthusiastically. It was doubtless something quite novel to see a tenor make *entrechats* and *jettées sur la pointe*. To Miss Thirlwall, one of the most promising of rising vocalists, very great praise is due. Her intelligent and genial performance of a somewhat ungrateful part contributed largely to the success of the opera. For Miss Louisa Pyne we have nothing but eulogy. Whether as singer or actress she shone with extraordinary brightness, and never, certainly, was her genius more thoroughly appreciated. Such transcendently-beautiful singing as her renderings of the ballad "In vain I strove my heart to teach," the florid air, "Yes, I shall see him once again," and the *rondo-finale*, is rarely heard upon any stage; and as much may be said in honour of Miss Pyne's really fine musical declamation in the duet with the Duke in the third act, especially of the solo, "His manly form." We need scarcely add that Miss Pyne was enthusiastically applauded on every possible occasion, or that all her principal pieces were redemanded. Never, in short, did our great English soprano achieve a more legitimate triumph. The subordinate parts were well filled; and the band and chorus, under the able direction of Mr. Mellon, were all that could be wished.—*Morning Post, Dec. 10th.*

A THEATRE BEHIND THE SCENES.—A theatre is like a Hindoo household, and all the men and women before you are divided from each other by the law of caste. In one corner sits a "singing chambermaid"—a performer confined to acting such parts as waiting-women (with songs) and nothing else. If, in your ignorance as a young dramatic author, you were to wish her to take a character requiring the appearance of age, you would offend her, and the middle-aged lady sitting at her side, whose duty it is to play all the "second old women," and no others, upon that particular stage. On another couch is the "first old woman,"—an imperious-looking lady of the mother-in-law class—who has her sphere of action as strictly defined as that of a chess-board queen. Near her you will observe a rather cheerful middle-aged gentleman, known only dramatically as the "first old man," supported on his right by another middle-aged, rather thin gentleman, who is similarly known as the "second old man." The slim, genteel gentleman, not very young, who is talking to a handsome commanding lady, is the "light comedian," but nothing more. His companion is known as the "leading lady;" while the two young men who are standing opposite to her on the other side of the room, are the "first and second walking gentlemen." Near them is that highly important person the "leading low comedian," almost faced by his more humble brother act or the "second low comedian." Two other gentlemen, in different parts of the room, are known respectively as "eccentric comedian" and "utility actor;" and they have corresponding companions amongst the ladies.—"*Cornhill Magazine*" *for December.*

THE TRINUMMUS OF PLAUTUS.

BY HUDIBRAS THE YOUNGER.

"Old Charmides, gone money getting,
Has left a son too fond of betting;
So Callicles must keep an eye on
His house and very hopeful scion.
The youngster turns out most unsteady,
Gets very soon in want of 'ready.'
His purse grown empty, he supplies it,
Selling his house—his guardian buys it.
The world at this begins a mocking,
Good-natured friends cry out, 'How shocking!'
So one, whose name my verse won't fit in,
Determines with his fault to twit him,
But Callicles, to his oration,
Returns a thorough explanation:
'He's bought the house—he don't deny it—
'For fear another man should buy it.
'The father, knowing youth loves pleasure,
'Down in his cellar hid a treasure.
'It now is safe, i' th' proper quarter,
'For Charmides, or else his daughter.'
The youth Lysiteles advances—
Prefers hard work to love and dances.
Gets his papa's consent (not willing)
To wed a girl without a shilling.
Nay more, at last, on his suggestion,
Old Philto goes to pop the question.
The spendthrift now, with proper spirit,
Protests he'll bear his own demerit:
For dowry he is bent on giving
A farm—his only means of living.
So Stasimus, his servant trusty,
Finding his master cut up rusty,
Depicts in colours most unpleasant
The evils of this marriage present.
Tells Philto (such a lie is scrubbish)
It's just the place for shooting rubbish.
The youngsters next dispute and bother,
But neither can persuade the other.
The oldsters then, in consultation,
Hit on a plan of operation:
So Callicles the treasure digs up,
The while his friend an actor figs up
To come to save the youth's last pittance,
As father's friend, with a remittance.
Fourth act: quoth Charmides, excited—
'Had such a passage—quite delighted.
'But who's my friend? and who's his hatter?
'Calling—I'll find out what's the matter.'
But little does it take to show him;
'None knows himself as others know him.'
At last says he, concealment scorning,
'I'm Charmides, my friend—good morning.
Of course now comes an explanation—
Speeches polite, congratulation.
The wedding's fixed, and all are jolly,
The young man's pardoned for his folly;
But, as good vows sometimes miscarry,
With this condition—he must marry.
And this the poet thinks is quite a
Fate hard enough—so does the writer."

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"If I could change as others change" (Sung by Laura Baxter)	2	6
"I'm not in love, remember" (Sung by Miss Parepa)	2	6
"Oh! take me to thy heart again" (Sung by Miss Poole)	2	0

Published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.; where "I love you" may be obtained, transcribed for the Pianoforte by Emile Berger, price 3s.

'GOOD NIGHT," (Cradle Song—Wiegenlied) composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT, price 2s. 6d. London: published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

The day, pretty darling, draws near to its close,
Come, cease from your play, on your pillow repose,
You peep from the cradle still laughing and bright,
Kind angels for ever preserve you, good night.

With freedom from sorrow, dear child, you are blest,
To you a pure heaven is your fond mother's breast;
Wild passion some day will your happiness blight,
Kind angels preserve you, my darling, good night.

Ah! happy is he who can slumber like you,
Be ever, dear child, to your innocence true,
The righteous are watched by the spirits of light,
Who guard them while sleeping, my darling, good night.

"Few songs of modern days have achieved a more decided or better merited success than Herr Reichardt's charming lied, "Thou art so near and yet so far," which has for the last two years been the delight of all concert-goers and drawing-room vocalists of more than ordinary pretensions. Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have just published a new composition, from the same original and elegant pen, entitled "Good Night" (a cradle song). The words are exquisitely simple and unaffected, being the address of a mother to her sleeping babe; and it is but justice to Herr Reichardt to say that he has wedded an exquisite domestic poem to a most graceful, unaffected melody, which breathes the very spirit of maternal tenderness. The song, which is written for a tenor voice—the composer being, as our readers know, one of the first of living German vocalists—is in the key of F major; and to amateurs of taste we can cordially recommend "The Cradle Song" as a composition worthy of their attention."—*Liverpool Mail.*

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.—"THE CHRISTMAS ROSE." (Poetry by M. A. STODART.) Composed by LOVELL PHILLIPS. Price 2s. 6d.

The Christmas Rose! The Christmas Rose!
'Mid wintry frost and snow it blows;
And opes its portals pure and fair,
When winds have swept the gay parterre.
Just like a true and constant friend,
Whose faith no storms of life can bend;
Not the mere friend of summer day,
But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline;
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
And sad the spirit sighs alone.
Then marvel not that thus I twine
My thoughts around this gift of thine,
And muse on hopes and joys that last,
And bloom through life's most piercing blast.

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

NEW HARP MUSIC by C. OBERTHUR, "Thou art so near and yet so far." Reichardt's popular song transcribed for the Harp by C. Oberthür, is just published, price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

MR. WEISS'S NEW SONG—"THE KNIGHT'S VIGIL." (Poetry by J. P. DOUGLAS.) Composed and sung by Mr. W. H. WEISS.

The custom of watching armour in church was a religious duty imposed upon knights who used to consume whole nights in prayer to some saint whom they chose as their patron.

Sir Neville spurr'd his gallant grey,
And hied him on his lonely way;
But ere he from the saddle sprung,
The abbey's midnight chimes had rung.

He doffed his armour, whose fair sheen
The stains of battle ne'er had seen;
And said, "Heav'n send thee I may be,
A worthy son of chivalry."

In hours when bright remembrance came
Athwart his memory like a flame,
A crimson scarf was given to tell,
Of one who loved Sir Neville well.

The gift was fondly cherished yet,
And while his burning glance it met,
He sighing said, "Be thou to me
The beacon star of victory."

Sir Neville kept his vigil lone,
Till the matin star had come and gone,
Then donned his armour and away,
He sped him on his gallant grey.

In many a land on fields of fame,
The watchword was Sir Neville's name,
Where fell the bravest, there fell he,
Fighting for love and chivalry.

The above popular and romantic ballad, now being sung everywhere with the greatest success by Mr. Weiss, is just published, beautifully illustrated, price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

NEW BALLAD.—"IN A LEAFY GARDEN," by GEORGE LODER. Sung with great success by Mr. RICHARD SEYMOUR, is just published, price 2s. 6d.

In a leafy garden, 'neath the evening star,
Hand in hand they wander, they that lovers are.
In the west a gleaming, where the sun went down,
In the east a splendour from eve's brightning crown;
Gloom beneath the branches, odours in the air,
Happy are the lovers wandering slowly there.

Night hath many voices, none to him so dear,
As the low-toned whispers dying on his ear;
Night hath dim revealings, none for him so high,
As the true love beaming in that soft dark eye;
In a summer garden, 'neath the evening star,
Ever will they wander, they that lovers are.

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

"MAY."—New Duettino for equal Voices, by HENRY SMART, is just published, price 2s. 6d.

I hail thee, May,
Midst smiles so gay,
And song and sunny hours;
'Tis sweet to stray
At close of day
To cull thy dainty flowers.

'Tis sweet to tread
The chosen bed
Of daisies bright and fair,
And hear the song
Which floats along
From feather'd warblers near.

Then while I live
I'll ever give
A welcome to thee, May,
For thou art queen,
Of fairest green,
Oh! smiling, lovely May.

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

NEW ORGAN MUSIC by HENRY SMART.—"Fugue in E minor," from Handel's "Lessons." Arranged for the Organ by HENRY SMART, is just published, price 3s., by Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

"THIS WORLD IS A GARDEN."—Song by GEORGE LODER. Words by J. STERLING COYNE. Sung every evening by Mr. ROCKE, and enthusiastically encored, at the Lyceum Theatre, in the successful Operetta of "THE PETS OF THE PARTERRE."

This world is a garden, and women I'll prove,
Are the flowers that surround us wherever we rove,
The blooming and blushing, the sad and the gay,
All beauties combined in dear nature's bouquet.

London: Published, price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

NEW WALTZ, "The Woman in White," Valse mystérieuse, by Charles Marriott, dedicated to Wilkie Collins, Esq., is just published price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MEYERBEER'S ROYAL WEDDING MARCH (Quatrième Marche aux Flambeaux), composed in honour of the Marriage of the Princess Royal of England with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, which was played with such immense effect by the Band of the Guides at the Fête of the Orphéonistes at the Crystal Palace, is published for the Pianoforte, price 5s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER IV.

He has, however, his moments of enjoyment. If a man of taste and fond of art he has opportunities to indulge his fancy of which but few can boast. He will find a pleasure in his pursuits, such as is the envied privilege of artists who derive profit from that which is most gratifying to their self-esteem. By the exercise of his judgment a large class of the community is influenced. The progress of music and the drama may be promoted by his exertions; he can be of more service to rising talent than "the most distinguished patronage." And are not these advantages upon which an impresario may justly pride himself? His vocation is legitimate—speculative, unquestionably, to a certain extent, but not more so than any other business, while requiring, perhaps, greater judgment and experience to be followed with success.

Reckless speculation, whether induced by opposition or an inordinate desire of notoriety, is not enterprise, and is as much to be censured in a theatrical impresario as in any other individual, and perhaps in his case is more reprehensible when it is considered what numbers depend for their livelihood upon his careful and judicious management. The closing of a theatre or failure of any important undertaking for the amusement of the public deprives many families of their weekly stipend, reducing them to penury and want. Singers, actors, and musicians are not the only sufferers, and are better able to withstand such a misfortune than those employed in the other departments of a theatre. By these inferior officers the obedience paid to the manager or "Governor" (as he is called) approaches slavery. His orders are obeyed as implicitly and promptly as those of a despot. His sway is absolute, and he issues his edicts with the air and dignity of a monarch. A change of temper in the "governor" is discussed by the mercenaries with fear or delight as an important event, affecting their interests and happiness. The governor smiles, and the mercenaries rejoice; he frowns, and they are sad and silent. It is an evil *presage*, and none dare approach him until he smiles again.

So complete is the submission of these servants they will incur almost any danger, or perform any duty, to gratify the caprices of the manager. An instance is on record of the impresario of an English opera, who in a moment of hilarity, wished to play a practical joke upon the baritone of the company, desiring four of his minions to carry that functionary off the stage at a given signal. The order was executed when the unsuspecting victim was singing a ballad. A man seized each arm and leg, and in spite of violent kicking and struggling the unfortunate baritone was borne away upon the shoulders of the four servants, much to his own surprise and the astonishment of the audience, who had been listening to his singing thus unceremoniously interrupted. The baritone's name was Duruset, and the impresario's—but no, perhaps it is better that should not be mentioned. It was a folly of youth, and one he may perhaps wish to be forgotten, although I'm glad to say experience and age seem to have had but little influence upon his lively Hibernian temperament, which, though it rendered him unfit for the serious duties of an impresario, makes him a most vivacious and agreeable companion.

The "second in command," he whose authority is inferior in importance only to that of the manager himself, is the private secretary. He sits in the ante-chamber, and is the true medium of communication with the "spirit of management," whose "rappings" he interprets. The private secretary alone has free access to the throne-room of the theatrical autocrat. He is at once the Peter and Cerberus of the establishment, admitting those who please him—keeping at bay the importunate intruders. He is better acquainted with the affairs of the impresario than the impresario himself. Court is paid him by those who seek engagements; bribes are offered to secure his interest, which according to his honesty are accepted or rejected; in short, if the impresario is to be conciliated, his secretary is supposed to be the best medium of propitiation. Sometimes the private secretary is of the softer sex; then the representative of the office is a mere dummy, a domestic instructed how to act and what to say. The lady has unlimited influence upon the impresario, and manages the artists better than he can himself. She is generally of a certain age, having once enjoyed the reputation of a *prima donna*, and had long experience in theatrical affairs. She has a loud, shrill voice, speaks broken English with amazing rapidity and volubility; sometimes, in fact, so fast as to confuse her hearers and lose herself in the excitement of an argument, which she illustrates with the most energetic gesticulations. By Ravenswing, the new soprano who is to make the impresario's fortune, she is called endearingly "mama;" the great tenor, Baroski, is her *caro fig'io;* and the whole company look up to and respect her as the self-styled *madre del reggimento.* Most admirably she justifies that appellation by the care she takes of her numerous adopted progeny, who occasionally give "mama" much unnecessary trouble, and by their refractory conduct bring on a bilious attack which endangers the kind creature's life. Her home is a rendezvous for all musical people, who are invariably received with a hearty welcome. There the fate of artists is determined—there the fortunes of a theatre are made or marred. It is easily to be understood how invaluable such a private secretary must be to the impresario who is so fortunate as to secure her assistance. Singers and managers acknowledge her tact and talent, and no one blames her if at times she turns her singular position between them to her own advantage.

ANTEATER.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, conducted by Mr. Land, whose concerts at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, last season, obtained a large share of public favour, are about to recommence their entertainments in the same locality. The vocal efforts of the singers will be as before relieved by explanatory remarks and anecdotes by Mr. T. Oliphant. These concerts, we understand, are to be limited in duration to one month, commencing on the 7th January.

CHRISTMAS ELIJAH AT MANCHESTER.—The custom of giving an oratorio on Christmas day is, we believe, peculiar to Manchester; and it is certainly a matter of surprise that what is so appropriate to, and thoroughly in harmony with, the beautiful associations of the day, should not have induced other large towns to follow so worthy an example. This annual performance is anticipated by numerous families, not only of Manchester, but also of the surrounding districts; and large numbers come long distances to enjoy what they have for many years found a sufficient reward for the trouble bestowed in the journey. On the present occasion the oratorio was Elijah, one of those productions which can never be heard without the regret that Mendelssohn "fell asleep" so soon. Mad. Sherrington, Miss Fanny Huddart, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Weiss were the singers, a quartet not often surpassed in the provinces for general concert purposes, and, individually, well adapted to the particular class of music under consideration. There was a large choral body of professional singers. Mr. D. W. Banks, acted as conductor. Mr. C. A. Seymour as leader, and Mr. Henry Walker presided at the organ. Mad. Sherrington gave "Hear ye, Israel" with earnest fervour and in true appreciation of the composer's meaning, and we remember none surpassing her in the duet between the Widow and Elijah. Here Mad. Sherrington is thoroughly at home from the innate dramatic feeling which she undoubtedly possesses, and which her recent appearances in London have so successfully displayed. Miss Fanny Huddart's "Oh, rest in the Lord," is always greatly acceptable, and on the present occasion won a persevering encore. Mr. Wilbye Cooper succeeded in winning a large amount of applause. We are acquainted with but one tenor singer who gives sacred music generally with a truer interpretation—with more purity of tone, greater delicacy, and more earnest feeling. Mr. Weiss seems to have found refreshing influences, for he certainly is at this period singing finer than he has done for two or three years past. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the greater portion of what he had to do. He is always earnest and conscientious, and on the present occasion was in fine voice, and certainly showed that the rising men will have to study hard if they propose to pass him in the race. On the whole, the concerted music was beautifully sung—the trio "Lift thine eyes" gaining a rapturous encore. We have never heard the concluding chorus to the first part, "Thanks be to God," sung more effectively. The instrumentalists, also, must take their fair share of praise. The audience exceeded three thousand, and the applause, frequent and warm, gave indication of no small amount of enjoyment. In looking round upon that mass of earnest faces it would be difficult to

believe that the work of the night had not its ennobling and improving influences. On Saturday next (this evening) the whole party will again appear, with an important addition, that of Mr. Sims Reeves.

Letters to the Editor.

CONFUSION OF INSTRUMENTS.

SIR,—Being accustomed to consult your valuable paper, I was astonished to see you quote in your last number, *as "worthy of notice,"* (in what sense quotha?) a certain extract from a Birmingham newspaper. The learned critic in that precious morceau, by his own showing, does not know a violoncello from a double bass. Is it credible that any one undertaking to instruct the public in matters musical should be so grossly ignorant as not to know the instrument on which Signor Bottesini performs? We shall probably hear shortly that the "celebrated violinist *M. Thalberg*, and the eminent pianist *M. Vieuxtemps* are about to favour this town with a visit!" AMATEUR.

Birmingham, Dec. 24.

BETTER.*

SIR,—Allow me, in the overflowing of my gratitude, publicly to express my never-dying thanks to MESSIEURS PETIPACE (not desiring to "disgust"), CRUMB (bis ditto), HORACE (Esq.), MAYHEW, and WILL'S SON HAYDN, for the unmerited kindness they have (joined) done me in removing a most severe attack of hypochondriacalism. All the doctors for miles around had cast me up as incurable and to the above gentlemen alone is due the praise and glory of restoring me to an *almost* sound state of mind. I make this avowal notwithstanding the ANGUISH I may have to endure in so doing, and describe myself, Sir, Gentlemen, and Wit's-End, CRUSTY.

N.B.—That demented *Viola*, who last addressed you from this neighbourhood, is still at large, but closely looked after. The *Gipping* is daily expected to show signs of being on fire.

CHRISTMAS MESSIAH AT LEEDS.—The committee of the Leeds Town Hall Concert Society gave their annual performance of the *Messiah* on Saturday evening in the Victoria Hall. There was a large attendance. With the exception of Mr. Weiss, who enters so thoroughly into the work that he deserves to be a Yorkshireman, the principals, chorus, and band were selected from the West Riding; and, to those who know the resources of our county, we need not say that the performance was an excellent one, and fully realised the hopes which had been held out. The soprano music was entrusted to Mrs. Sunderland and Miss Whitham, the contralto to Miss Crosland, the tenor to Mr. Inkersall, and the bass to Mr. Weiss. The chorus was selected from the Leeds Concert Choir, strengthened for the occasion by voices from various parts of the Riding, and supported by a full band under the leadership of Mr. Haddock, and the organ played by Mr. Spark. Mr. Jackson, of Bradford, conducted. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, the principals were all in good voice, and the solos throughout were well sung. The opening recitative was finely declaimed by Mr. Inkersall, and the air "Every valley" with great sweetness, as also "Behold and see." He was followed by Mr. Weiss, whose enthusiastic reception was a well-deserved tribute to his great abilities; and the recitative "Thus saith the Lord," and the air "Who may abide," were given by him with admirable taste and expression. In the splendid air, "Why do the nations," he received the only *encore* of the evening, but in the trumpet solo his singing was marred by the unsatisfactory way in which the accompaniment was played. Mrs. Sunderland was received with a welcome not less sincere, and deserved the applause with which her singing was greeted. Her declamation was spirited, and the airs, "How beautiful are the feet!" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were exquisitely sung. She was ably supported by Miss Whitham, whose "Come unto me" was really a fine piece of vocalisation. The two contralto airs, "He shall feed his flock," and "He was despised," were carefully sung by Miss Crosland especially the former. The choruses were given with power and effect, and the organ accompaniments were well played. "And, the glory" was vigorously sung, and the "grand" choruses, together with "Lift up your heads," were given with true Handelian fire and spirit. The overture and Pastoral Symphony were very well played, and the performance appeared to give entire satisfaction.

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. W. B. Gilbert delivered the first of his two lectures on the Pianoforte on Wednesday evening last, at St. Peter's Schoolroom, on behalf of the St. Peter's Working Men's Institute. In the course of the lecture the following pieces were performed:—

"Gloria Tibi Trinitas," Blitheman, 1555; Popular Air, Bird, 1569; Air with "Doubles," Bull, 1591; Slow "Aire" and Jig, Lully, 1670; Air (varied), Murshausen, 1696; March, Couperin, 1700; "Harmonious Blacksmith," Handel, 1720; Allegro, Schröter, 1750; Air (varied) Haydn, 1760; Piece, Pleyel, 1770; Air (varied), Mozart, 1775; Sonata, Mozart, 1780.

At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks was carried by acclamation. The second lecture was given on Wednesday, when the following pieces were played:—

Clementi's Sonata in C, 1790; Clementi's Air (with var.), 1800; Field's Romance, 1800; Beethoven's Sonata Pathetic; Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata; Beethoven's Licknowsky Sonata; Mendelssohn's Song without words; Döhler's Nocturns.

Before the company broke up, the National Anthem was sung, and a handsome compliment was paid to the lecturer by the Rev. W. A. Hill (seconded by Mr. Arthur Whitehead), who expressed his gratification with Mr. Gilbert's ability and readiness to come forward and help the efforts now in progress at developing an institution whose chief purpose was the benefit of working men.

ROME.—The affair of the Philharmonic Society has been brought to a close much in the way that was anticipated. When the members met for rehearsal on Tuesday night the president vainly endeavoured to obtain a general acquiescence in the performance at the Aliberti Theatre, urging the charitable object, and so forth. The dissentients declared that, after the publicity that had been given to what had passed in their green-room, and to the expectation of a demonstration, that demonstration had become inevitable, because, if a portion of the audience should applaud them, a political motive would be supposed and the opposition would be sure to hiss. Finally, it was put to the vote whether the Aliberti performance should take place or not. Nominal voting was proposed, but objected to and overruled—very naturally, since those who voted against the benefit would have been marked men and women. The voting took place by ballot, and there were 42 noes to 43 ayes. So small a majority was equivalent to a defeat. Nevertheless the president asked the musical director if he would undertake to give the opera with 43 singers. The reply was that it would be impossible, and this was self-evident, since all the chief singers may have been among those who would not sing. The president, Signor Alborghetti, then declared his intention of resigning his post, which announcement was received in profound silence. The musical director and one or two other functionaries of the society followed his example. On the following night the last concert of the season took place under the management of a vice-president. A demonstration was anticipated, but, as it was the closing performance, the Government did not think proper to incur the odium of prohibiting it. The singers enter through three doors, one at the back and one on either side of the platform. As soon as the leading files made their appearance there was a burst of applause from a crowded audience, which was kept up and renewed for several minutes. The performance then proceeded. Yesterday it became known that Cardinal Altieri, Cardinal-Protector of the society—an officer whose functions are rather vague—had notified to the musical director the "suspension" of the Philharmonic Association. This may be taken as equivalent to a dissolution; but as the season is over it matters very little. The majority of the Philharmonists doubtless believe with joy that before another season comes there will be no Pope or cardinal in Rome to hamper their freedom of meeting and singing. The whole affair is an excellent illustration of the pettiness of the Papal authorities, and of the feelings of animosity entertained to them by the Romans. Great spirit was displayed in the matter by some of the ladies—to most of them it may fairly be supposed that it was some sacrifice to give up an opportunity of a little public display and admiration combined with a charitable purpose.

* Replique pour mie.

Advertisements.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1861,

On which occasion the celebrated Violinist,

M. VIEUXTEMPS

(Who has been expressly engaged for these Concerts),

Will make his First Appearance in London, after an absence of Eight Years.

PROGRAMME.

PART I. — Quartet, in D minor, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Schubert), M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI. Song (Benedict), Miss LASCELLES. Song (G. A. Macfarren), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Prelude and Fugue, à la Tarantella, in A minor —first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(J. S. Bach), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART II.—Sonata, in C minor, for Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Pianoforte, and M. VIEUXTEMPS, Violin—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Beethoven). Song (Henry Smart), Miss LASCELLES. Canzonet (Dussek), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Quartet, in E major, No. 59, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Haydn)—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; Chidley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside, Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street, And CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The Committee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society have great pleasure in informing their subscribers and the public that they have entered into arrangements with the Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts (Messrs. Chappell and Co., of London), which enable them to announce TWO CONCERTS in the exact style of those justly celebrated entertainments. The Programmes will be exclusively selected from the repertoire of the above Concerts, and include many of those pieces which have been received with the greatest favour at St. James's Hall. The artists, vocal and instrumental—including the renowned violinist,

M. VIEUXTEMPS,

(his first appearance in this country since 1852)—will be of the highest eminence. The Concerts to take place at the Philharmonic Hall, on FRIDAY Evening, January 11th, 1861, and SATURDAY Morning, January 12th, 1861.

The following is a list of the performers:—

INSTRUMENTAL.—Quartet, first violin, M. VIEUXTEMPS. Second Violin, Herr RIES. Viola, M. SCHREURS. Violoncello, Signor PIATTI. Pianoforte, Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

VOCAL.—Soprano, Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Bass, Mr. WEISS. Accompanist, Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

As no less than 47 of the Monday Popular Concerts have been given since their first institution, on November 14th, 1859, and as scarcely two out of the 47 Programmes have been precisely identical, it is of course impossible to do more than present some of those compositions which have produced the most marked effect at St. James's Hall. These, however, have been selected with a view not less to agreeable contrast than to individual excellence; and it is believed that the following may be safely offered as a model specimen of the Programmes to which the Monday Popular Concerts owe their reputation:—

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in G, (No. 1 (Mozart), M. VIEUXTEMPS, HERT RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI. Song, "Name the glad day" (Dussek), Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte, for violoncello and pianoforte accompaniment (Bach), Signor PIATTI. Song, "The Bell-ringer" (Wallace), Mr. WEISS. Sonata, No. 3, Op. 29, in E flat (No. 18 of Hallé's edition)—(Beethoven), Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

PART II.—Sonata, in B flat, Op. 69, No. 1, for violin and pianoforte (Dussek), M. VIEUXTEMPS and Mr. CHARLES HALLE. Song, "Ah! why do we love" (G. A. Macfarren), Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Song, "Sir Marmaduke" (Angelina), Mr. WEISS. Quartet, in B flat, No. 6, Op. 18 (Beethoven), M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. SMITH. THIS EVENING, THE BILLET-DOUX; Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS, Mr. TILBURY; Mrs. F. MATTHEWS, Miss ARDEN, and Miss H. HOWARD. PETER WILKINS; or, Harlequin and the Flying Women of the Loadstone Mountain. Mr. Cormack, Mr. St. Maine; Misses Gunniss; Mr. Naylor, Mr. Martin; Mr. Hulme, Mr. R. Power.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Notice.—Grand Morning Performance To-day (Saturday) of the Christmas Pantomime, commencing at 2 o'clock.

THIS EVENING, the original opera, entitled QUEEN TOPAZE. Raphael (a Captain), Mr. SWIFT; Annibal Barbiano (a rich Venetian), Mr. SANTLEY; Francatrippa and Fritellino (Gipsies), Messrs. PATEY and TERROTT; Gritti, Mr. BARTLEMAN; Zeno, Loredano, Manfred, and Bembo (young Venetian Nobles), Messrs. BEALE, St. ALBYN, BAKER, and THOMPSON; Countess Filomela, Mdlle. ALESSANDRI; Hostess of an Inn, Miss HEMMING; and Topaze (a Gipsy), Mdlle. PAREPA. Mdlle. MORLACCHI and M. MASSOT will dance in the incidental ballet. After which the entirely new and original grand musical, magical, and comical burlesque ballet pantomime, founded on one of the most popular of our old national stories, and entitled THE HARLEQUIN AND TOM THUMB; or, Merlin the Magician and the Good Fairies of the Court of King Arthur. The scenery, entirely new, under the superintendence of Mr. William Beverley, Artists, Mr. Charles Brew, Mr. Sanders, &c. The overture, choruses, and the whole of the music composed by J. H. Tully. The libretto by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and the whole produced under the direction of Mr. Robert Roxby; assisted by Mr. R. Phillips. The pantomimic physiognomy and designs for the dresses by Dykwykyn. The machinery by Mr. Tucker. The tricks and properties by Mr. Needham, Mr. Glindon, and Mr. H. Adam. The costumes by Miss Dickinson and Mons. Laurie, The harlequinade by the Lauri Family. Interior of Gaffer Thumb's Cottage—Gaffer Thumb, Mr. Forster; Goody Thumb, Mrs. Lindon; Merlin (the Wizard of the Early Ages, and Professor of Parlour Magic), Mr. Dixon. Tom Thumb ("the abridgment of all that is pleasing in man," engaged especially for juvenile patrons), M. Lilia Ross. Rosewater Lake and Romantic Haunt of the Fairies.—Rosalie (Queen of the Fairies), Miss Mason. Gaffer Thumb's Cottage.—Tom, the Tinker, Mr. Soiderwell. Farmyard and Distant Country. Turrets and Terrace of Giant's Castle.—Hurlothrumbo (the Giant), Mr. Feefawfofum. The Banqueting Hall in the Palace of King Arthur.—King Arthur ("He was a goodly King."—Minstrel of the Period), Mr. E. St. Albyn: Huncamunca (his daughter), Miss Highbury Barnes. Changing to the Chameleon Temple of the Fairies. Grand Magical Metamorphosis.—Harlequin, Mr. J. Laurie. Columbine, Miss Jenny Lauri. Clown, Mr. C. Lauri. Pantaloon, Mr. H. Lauri. Sprites by the celebrated Arabs. Scene 1.—Grocer's, Surgeon's and Chymist's Shops. Scene 2.—Furnished Apartments. Scene 3.—Light Fleeting Clouds and Final Tableau. Notice.—During the Pantomime the doors open at half-past 6, commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent.,

To Correspondents.

T. P. D. (Shrewsbury.)—Received.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—Received.

HAMMOND and NEPHEW shall be attended to at an early opportunity.

E. T. (Reigate.)—The copies were mislaid, but shall be sought out immediately.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD.—Acknowledged with thanks. There are two sides to the question, which, however, we have not at present to discuss.

L'ORGUE and "Twelfth Study" next week.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD *may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860.

THE death of Mr. Alfred Bunn, which occurred almost suddenly, from a fit of apoplexy, on Thursday, the 20th instant, at Boulogne, will be deeply regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Some eight or nine years since Mr. Bunn seceded from the management of Drury Lane Theatre, with the history of which his name is most intimately associated, and retired comparatively into private life. In 1833, Captain Polhill having withdrawn from the management of Drury Lane, he became lessee of that establishment, and also undertook the official administration of Covent Garden, which at the same time was left without a head. Mr. Bunn had been manager of the Birmingham Theatre so far back as 1826, and was engaged by Elliston as acting manager of Drury Lane. When Elliston withdrew, the government fell into various hands, and finally centred in those of Captain Polhill, Mr. Bunn retaining the executive reins under every change of administration. On

Captain Polhill's abdication, Mr. Bunn was, by universal request of the committee, called to the throne, and filled the regal seat with honour and renown until he laid down his crown and sceptre in 1848, after a brilliant reign of fifteen years. During this period Mr. Bunn proved himself one of the most enterprising and energetic managers that ever presided over the destiny of a great theatrical establishment. Some of the glories of the past drama — more especially the lyric drama — are connected with his administration. Certainly in his day the greatest reverence was not paid to the acknowledged *chef-d'œuvres* of the opera, and Mozart, Rossini, Auber, and other masters, were submitted without hesitation to the caprice of any musical director—Henry Bishop, Tom Cooke, Rophino Lacy, &c.—who thought proper to hew, hack, alter, and *improve* any work placed at their option, which they never failed to do mercilessly and without consideration. How such masterpieces as *Don Giovanni*, *William Tell*, the *Barbiere*, &c., were tortured and "fitted," as the saying was, to the popular taste, would be incredible in these days of respect and veneration. Mr. Bunn was no musician, and, if he were, might readily be pardoned for being carried away by the prevailing feeling. The English version of *Gustavus the Third*, brought out under his management at Covent Garden in 1833, although from the alterations and additions made to Auber's score it would now be termed a desecration, was one of the most magnificent and costly productions ever presented to the British public. With hardly less splendour and completeness, and with a trifle more regard to the composer, *Lestocq* was subsequently given under Mr. Bunn's direction. But more, besides the production of these and like operas on a grand scale, is due to Mr. Bunn. He introduced Malibran on the English stage, and had the *Sonnambula* especially translated for her. He first presented an opera by Mr. Balfe, and laid the foundation of the fame of our most popular operatic writer in the production of the *Siege of Rochelle*. In the first decline of the drama he endeavoured to uphold its fortunes by the engagement of Macready and a strong tragic company; and manifested his desire to please universally and in all ways by securing the celebrated *danseuse*, Duvernay, for the ballet, and by an occasional engagement with Mlle. Taglioni and lesser stars of the dancer.

With the *Maid of Artois*, we believe, commenced Mr. Bunn's essays in operatic writing, and one song in that work, at all events, "The light of other days is faded," obtained a celebrity, something of which was due to the character of the words. Having discovered in himself a new vein of talent, Mr. Bunn was not slow in turning it to account. The libretto of the *Maid of Artois* was followed by that of *The Bohemian Girl*, a still greater success for poet and musician, and the names of Balfe and Bunn went linked through the land among the shining lights of the day. That Mr. Bunn was a true poet, instinctively and artistically, it would be too much to aver; but that, because he was not a poet born or made, he was therefore incompetent to write, should not, we fancy, be insisted on. Mr. Bunn was extremely shrewd and clever, and knew as well as any man living what would please the million in prose or rhyme. His poetry was suggestive, if nothing else, and we have heard more than one person, and no fools either, go into raptures with the poetry of "When other lips and other hearts," although Mr. *Punch* offered a reward to any one who could discover its meaning. Nay, Mr. Bunn's poetry began to exert a special influence; managers and singers admired its abstractions and remote sentimentalities, and a school was being formed, of which some of our modern librettists are the true disciples. This is beyond contradiction a manifestation of powers; and if power is not intellect, we should like to know what is.

Mr. Bunn did not confine his literary efforts to inditing books for operas. He is the author of an exceedingly amusing work in three volumes, entitled *The Stage, Behind and Before the Curtain*, which created an extraordinary sensation when it appeared, in consequence of the fearlessness of its opinions and its theatrical revelations. He also wrote a curious little pamphlet, *A Word with Punch*, which made even a greater impression than the *Stage*, but was not so well-directed nor so humorous. Whether Mr. Bunn ever published his *American Notes* we know not, but we remember attending his lectures on his return from America, and being infinitely amused by their drollery and spirit. His latest contributions to literature have been sundry papers under various titles, which appeared in the *Era* up to a recent date, and which declare the writer in full possession of his faculties.

In private life Alfred Bunn was one of the most jovial companions that ever placed knee under mahogany; and in his own house he was the most munificent and exhilirating of hosts. He had long ceased dispensing his jests and hospitalities, but his friends will no less remember his unive rsal liberality, his unvarying kindliness, his deep sympathies' his good humour, and the merry, merry laugh that was wont to set the table in a roar.

ANGUISH.

MR. HULLAH.

(From the Morning Post.)

PERSONAL experience of this world's cares and sorrows, its trials and reverses, has been compared by a great writer to a pale musician holding in his hand a dulcimer of patience, whence the strain sends forth, in sad and perplexed minors, harmonies, which we cannot fully understand, of Heaven's will in man's chequered lot. Impatiently we demand, "Where is any certain tune, any measured music, in such notes as these?" And doubtingly, at times almost despairingly, we receive the assurance that what to us sounds harsh and jarring may be recognised in higher and purer spheres as the issue of completed cadence.

The experience imaged by a music so perplexed is at this very time most severely and sharply made by one whose services in the cultivation of English music, in extending its influence and diffusing its highest pleasures, have been above all praise. The pecuniary embarrassments which have overtaken Mr. Hullah in consequence of the burning of St. Martin's Hall have awakened throughout the whole country, but especially in the metropolis, where he has so zealously laboured, a feeling of spontaneous, generous, and active sympathy, which, we heartily rejoice to see, will not evaporate in mere empty words and phrases. The committee which has just been formed under the chairmanship of Mr. Dickens, in consequence of "the strong desire manifested in various influential quarters to render some service and encouragement to Mr. Hullah, late of St. Martin's Hall, and in order to consolidate the general feeling of good-will towards a gentleman who has faithfully devoted many years, and many acquirements and energies, to an important branch of public education, and whose labours have now to be begun again,"—this committee, of which the Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir John Coleridge, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, the Dean of Westminster, and many others of high social standing, have consented to be members, is only endeavouring to discharge an obligation of which the strong sense must

pervade all intelligent classes of the community. It has rarely happened that any single individual has rendered greater services to national culture in the highest sense of the words, to social refinement, and to popular taste, than Mr. Hullah; and it is but fitting that efforts so honourable to himself and so beneficial to the country should call forth a grateful recognition at the time when that recognition will be most prized because it is most urgently wanted.

We doubt if there be any one feature in our present English life by which a cultivated Englishman who returns from the colonies after an unbroken absence of five-and-twenty or thirty years is so much struck as by the increased diffusion of musical science, and the highest standard of musical taste now observable throughout the country. And what an infinite accession to human happiness does this change imply? In the hard work-a-day life of this our toiling and moiling England, where the press is so hot and the strife so keen, and the struggle so intense, it is no light matter that the genial and soothing influences of music should be still more and more invoked as a refreshment and a blessing, and a balm to the jaded spirit. It is quite true that the most exquisitely refined musical taste affords no criterion of the moral progress amongst the people where it is found. Those unhappy Neapolitans, whose whole political life seems one crashing discord, are to this hour conspicuous amongst all Italians, indeed amongst all mankind, by their sure appreciation, and singular relish, and unrivalled command, of all the graces and powers of vocal and instrumental harmony. It is equally true that many of the greatest and wisest benefactors of our species, even those gifted with lofty and imaginative genius, have been as insensible to the charms of music as was Sir Walter Scott, or have shared the contemptuous opinion of Doctor Johnson, that it was "as good as any other kind of noise." But it is not less certain that the general spread of musical tastes in our own country corresponded with our most brilliant epochs of political and literary greatness. It was not merely when England was "merry England, in the golden days of good Queen Bess," that high and low, rich and poor, the noble and the peasant, found in music a solace from the pressure of toil and care. The reader of Mrs. Hutchinson's delightful memoirs finds in them abundant proofs that the severe standard of Puritan manners never for an instant attempted to banish the enjoyments in which a Milton found his chief delight. But the art which was a favourite pleasure in the social life of the sixteenth or seventeenth has become almost an indispensable necessity in that of the nineteenth century. There has always appeared a profound significance in the fact that Shakspere, in the very drama, *The Merchant of Venice*, in which he has exhibited the most startling vicissitudes of commercial life, and the sordid and selfish passions by which that life is marred, as well as the more fatal antipathies of hostile races and creeds, should have lost no opportunity of exalting and glorifying the power of music, as if to illustrate its peculiar virtues in soothing the mind when agitated and torn either by pecuniary losses or by religious strife. The eloquent condemnation passed on and the stern warning directed against him who is not "moved with concord of sweet sounds," reminds one of the passage in which the most eloquent of ancient sages, when, picturing his ideal commonwealth, denounced the foe of science and of art, and doomed him to be driven forth to herd with the Centaurs and the Cyclops, just because true harmony was a stranger to his breast.

The Englishman who has laboured earnestly, unweariedly, and most successfully to make the "concord of sweet sounds" a cheaply and generally attainable delight has seen all his fortune vanish, swept away in a moment by an unforeseen calamity, in the midst of his professional career. The appeal addressed to the public on his behalf by some of our first statesmen and writers; by men who, having themselves long laboured in the cause of national education, are eminently qualified to judge of the extent of Mr. Hullah's services, will, we cannot doubt, meet with a hearty and practical response wherever it becomes known. The gentleman who is its object has been emphatically a national benefactor. Let all praise and honour be accorded to the man who, in whatever rank or class, performs his part in the hard drudgery of life manfully and bravely, whether to the artisan who toils at the loom, or to the statesman planning measures for his country's welfare in the silence of the Cabinet; but let it at the same time be remembered that he has scarcely less claims on the gratitude of his country whose efforts are still strenously directed to charm away the lassitude which artisan and statesman alike experience from their various toil.

The Theatres.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.—The good old pantomime is more than ever in the ascendant. A few seasons since his territory was fiercely invaded by that rampant Knight of the Spangles, Sir Burlesque, who not contented with his almost unlimited dominion at Easter-tide, would fain have encroached upon the Christmas holidays, and have driven away from their ancient pride of place *Clown*, *Pantaloon*, *Harlequin*, and the whole troop of motley that had for centuries monopolised the amusements of holy-time. Shining wit and brilliant writing, nevertheless, were found to have no chance with honest nonsense and downright absurdity in their heyday. Christmas is the veritable period of Misrule and Merriment, and freedom of speech is the best proof of universal trust and satisfaction. Let it once be granted that folks speak without thinking, and it follows that offence is impossible, and jollity transcendant. Burlesque, extravaganza, and fairy pieces made a tremendous onslaught on the harlequinade army for a lus re or so; but the magic wand of the chequered hero was too powerful, and the cry of "Hot Codlins" proved a war-blast that scattered the enemy to the winds. It is a fact—to descend from our camel—that in the Christmas amusements of the London theatres some few years since, the pantomime proved the exception, not the rule. In the present year, on the other hand, at every theatre in the metropolis, except one or two, the ancient entertainment is given—much matter for congratulation, we take it, to the children and elders of the present day.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This theatre commenced its Christmas festivities with an English version of M. Victor Masse's *Reine Topaze*, of which we cannot speak in the highest terms, although the music is graceful and refined, and the performance was altogether good, the singing of Miss Parepa, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Santley being unexceptionable. On some future occasion we may refer more at large to the opera. Just now our business is with the pantomime, which is founded upon the old English story of *Tom Thumb*, and is entitled *Harlequin and Tom Thumb; or, Merlin the Magician, and the Good Fairies of the Court of King Arthur*. The miniature hero, personated by Miss Lilia Ross, goes through all the traditionary adventures, is brought out of a magic album, shaken up in a bag of cherry stones, tied up in a batter pudding, swallowed by a red cow, engulphed by the giant Hurlothrumbo, devoured by a salmon, and finally brought before King Arthur, by whom he is knighted. Here the good fairy interposes, and he is transformed into Harlequin, whilst the rest of the characters undergo the usual metamorphosis. The celebrated Lauri Family support the humours of the harlequinade, and the ballet and the choral departments figure conspicuously in the opening. Mr. William Beverley has invented some most effective scenic contrivances for the embellishment of the opening; and

Mr. Tully, by original music, has given some striking features to the vocal illustrations; the masks and characteristic costumes are by Dykwynkyn. The pantomime of *Tom Thumb* is one of the most striking and interesting which has been exhibited in London for many years. Indeed, in one respect it is unique. No one living has beheld so diminutive a specimen of the human race exhibited on the stage as Miss Lilia Ross. In her way she is really incomparable, and whether she points a witticism, makes a speech, or indulges in a bit of fun, her shrewdness and perception are remarkable. That Miss Lilia Ross will prove the great attraction of the pantomime season we have scarcely a doubt. The Lauri family undertake the principal personages in the harlequinade, Miss Jenny Lauri being Columbine, Mr. J. Lauri, Harlequin, Mr. C. Lauri, Clown, and Mr. H. Lauri, Pantaloon. The "Sprites" are represented by "the celebrated Arabs," the "Rosewater Lake and the Romantic Haunt of the Fairies" is an exquisite "bit of Beverley." The transformation scene, "The Chameleon Temple of the Fairies," is one of the grandest and most magnificent tableau we ever beheld in pantomime. The excitement following the scene was immense, and a loud cry being raised for Mr. E. T. Smith, he stepped forward incontinently, and was saluted with hearty cheers from all parts of the house.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The *Marriage of Georgette* opened the ball on Boxing night, Mr. Balfe's opera, *Bianca*, being found too long until the pantomime has been properly worked into trim and shortened by expertness in the performance. The pantomime, entitled *Bluebeard; or, Harlequin and Freedom in her Island Home*, is by that capital writer Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, who has sustained the Christmas reputation of the Royal English Opera any day these three years. Briefly to describe the plot, let us say Bluebeard is in company with a certain King Despotino, and attended by the Demon of Remorse. Britannia is, of course, our own genius, whose mission is to foster the boldest efforts of Freedom everywhere and for everybody in the world; and the way in which she aids Freedom to overthrow King Despotino, by assuring her that she (Freedom) has her (Britannia's) "best wishes," is a sentiment calculated to reach to the depths of British patriotism. The moral of *Bluebeard*, as propounded by Mr. Bridgeman, is pointed point-blank at his Sicilian Majesty's head, and hits him remorselessly hard. Of the scenery throughout it is not possible to speak too highly; it is worthy of the artists (Messrs. Grieve and Telbin), whose old renown is associated with the so-called palmy of days pantomime. The dark scene which precedes the "transformation scene" is a design full of poetry. It represents a wreck-strewn seashore, on which there is a lightless lighthouse, giving a look of desolation to the view. The transformation scene is one of the most beautiful scenes of the kind ever seen, and has a charm wanting in such scenic displays, being beautifully harmonious in colour and graceful in arrangement of form. The harlequinade has the merit of being carried on by a double set of clowns, &c., among whom are several favourites, as Harry Boleno, M. Milano, W. A. Barnes. The fact most noticeable in this performance was the occurrence of an accident which, for a moment, threw the audience into a state of alarm. A mass of scenery fell forward with a crash, overthrowing a number of persons who were upon the stage. Mr. Harrison, however, came forward to announce that no one was hurt, and after a few minutes the business went on.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre commenced its winter season in earnest with a grand comic Christmas pantomime entitled *Peter Wilkins; or, Harlequin and the Flying Women of the Loadstone Island.* The introductory matter is as usual by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and it is not his fault that the rambling Cornish miner does not afford so many opportunities for comic effects as *Tom Thumb, Jack and the Bean Stalk, Little Jack Horner*, &c. Nevertheless he is fortunate in being able to illustrate it with some of the most gorgeous and artistic scenery and decorations ever devised by the inventive genius of Mr. W. Beverley. "Elfin Land in the Crystal Sphere," a magnificent Turneresque scene, filled by elves, fairly bedight in gold tissue, was the first great hit of the evening, and one of the most successful efforts of Mr. W. Beverley, who was summoned to the footlights to receive the enthusiastic congratulations of the audience. The "transformation scene," however, completely eclipses the "Elfin Land," and in many particulars surpasses any similar effort of stage decorative structure which we have hitherto seen. It represents a "great gathering of the Winged Women at the trysting place by the spreading Banian Tree," with beautifully winged glumms and gwaries descending through the air, in glittering array, in a grand scene of fairyland, illumined by rays of light of varied hues. Here, again, the audience were so taken by storm that Mr. Wm. Beverley was again vociferously called for, and overwhelmed with a perfect hurricane of plaudits. With the harlequinade which followed we must deal briefly. According to custom at this theatre, we were treated to a double pantomime company:—*Harlequins*, Messrs. Cormack and St. Maine; *Columbines*, the Misses Gunniss; *Clowns*, Messrs. Huline and R. Power; besides "a little one" by young Huline; *Pantaloons*, Messrs. H. Naylor and R. H. Martin; the *Sprites* by the celebrated Lavater Lee family. Amongst the allusions to passing events introduced, was a transformation from a gin-palace to a handsome wine rooms — wine at two-pence a glass being substituted for gin at five-pence a quartern. The house was crowded in every part from the very opening of the doors.

HAYMARKET.—The entertainments commenced with Goldsmith's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, and was followed by the new entomological and fairy Christmas pantomime, *Queen Ladybird and her Children; or, Harlequin and a House on Fire*, "produced with novel effects of fire and real water, never before attempted in any theatre." If this pantomime is to have a run, it must be both curtailed and re-worked. One great feature in it was a "muff dance" in Kensington Gardens, excellently and gracefully danced. As to the "fire and water," there was none of the former, and we have seen the latter better disposed on former occasions; but the combinations of glass in the scenery were superb.

PRINCESS'S.—The pantomime at this theatre, written by Mr. H. J. Byron, is entitled *Robinson Crusoe; or, Harlequin Friday and the King of the Caribee Islands.* The transformation scene intended for this occasion (in consequence of some accident occurring to the machinery) was substituted by one that had appeared some years since. We here become acquainted with Harlequin (Mr. Smith), Columbine (Miss Caroline Adams), Pantaloon (Mr. Paulo), and Clown (Mr. Forrest). The scenery is by Mr. W. Telbin, Messrs. Neville, Buck, Fenoulhet, Brown, and J. Gates, and does them infinite credit. The pantomime was produced under the direction of Mr. T. H. Higgie.

OLYMPIC.—Working on the old materials of *Timour the Tartar*, Messrs. Oxenford and Shirley Brooks have produced a most admirably written extravaganza. If the general public had been more fully acquainted with the original melodrama, the merits of the present travesty might have been more adequately appreciated. The extravaganza is very brilliantly mounted, and very well acted. Mr. Robson idealised the Tartar into the presentation of one of the most peremptory and vocal of tyrants, and Miss Louise Keeley sang several parody songs very nicely. Picturesque groupings and lively dances were interspersed, at fitting intervals, during the performance; and the closing scene, showing the "Fairy wedding-cake," properly magnified and illuminated with coloured fires, deserves commemoration. This closing scene is brilliant enough to form an attraction by itself; and the extravaganza generally will probably become a public favourite.

ST. JAMES'S.—The pantomime, by Mr. W. Brough, is entitled *The Loves of Diana and Endymion; or, the Naughty Boy who Cried for the Moon.*

ADELPHI.—*Blue Beard Regarded from a New Point of Hue* is the name of the Christmas offering of this house, and is from the ready pen of Mr. J. H. Byron.

LYCEUM.—Mad. Celeste presents her patrons with a Christmas extravaganza, written by Mr. Edmund Falconer, called *Chrystabelle: or, a Rose without a Thorn.*

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